

C. H. SPURGEON'S WORKS

AS PUBLISHED IN HIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE SWORD and THE TROWEL

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YEARS: 1877-1878-1879

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THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

**A RECORD OF
COMBAT WITH SIN AND
OF LABOR FOR THE LORD.**

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1877

“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 4:17-18

PREFACE

IN this magazine the reader has not only the history of those religions and charitable agencies which have found their center at the Tabernacle, but an outline of the religious condition and activity of the period. This we would now summarize. At no time was so much being done in so many ways for the spread of religion of one kind or another; the reign of stagnation has ended, and everywhere things are on the move as to spiritual matters. This is so far good, for anything is better than lethargy; but we are naturally anxious to discover the result of all this stir: does error flourish, or does truth prevail? This, then, is our judgment, formed from observing our part of the spiritual world. Rome compasses sea and land to make one proselyte, and she snatches up here and there a pauper or a peer, but we do not believe that she gains so many as she loses. Our own observation can readily be corrected by that of others, but it leads us to the opinion that Popery pure and simple is not making much headway in England. We once lost a member to the Church of Rome, and we are informed that he has now deserted it: we cannot remember another instance, but we have baptized many Catholics who have not only escaped from the errors of their former creed, but are most decided and established believers in the great doctrines of grace. In fact, before the steady preaching of the gospel, and in the neighborhood of an earnest church, the hold of Popery upon the mind is in many cases relaxing, and in not a few it is gone for ever. There is far more reason to fear the Ritualistic party in the Anglican Establishment: these double-faced gentlemen are making good their ground in the English Church, and are becoming more firmly planted every day. They gain both by their defeats and their successes, and advance none the less surely in places where apparently they are repressed. It is their connection with the National Church which is their strength, allowing them, under the prestige of authority, to lead men astray. Our Episcopalian neighbors at first disliked the Popish revival, then they tolerated it, next they excused it, and now to a large extent they admire it. It seems incredible that in so short a space a body of daring men should have set up the old idols, and brought back the entire Romish paraphernalia; if within the next ten years the church should reunite with that of Rome we should not be one whit astonished — nothing but the secular interests involved therein, and the dread of disestablishment, appear to us to prevent it. The National Church

is drunken with the wine of Rome's abominations, and reels towards the confessional and other filthinesses.

Where are the Evangelicals? Where are the Evangelicals? Fraternizing with the High Church. What more can be hoped for from them? They capitulated at Croydon, and the enemy exult in the surrender.

What of the Dissenters? The morning cometh and also the night. To our view there is a predominating faithfulness to the gospel among our brethren, but there are spots of rationalism which should cause great searchings of heart. We cannot be made to believe that Scotch Presbyterianism is largely affected, but we know a denomination in England which is sadly gangrened with a pseudo-intellectualism which counts it manly to doubt, and reckons the believer in the orthodox faith to be a weak-minded creature, worthy of their sublime pity. If this thing goes on, the prospect for those who indulge therein is none of the brightest; their fine notions will alienate the people and make many feel that even superstition is better than cold negations and the chill of perpetual questioning. Where this modern thought comes, it is the hand of death, and all things which are worth preserving wither before it. However, the truth lives and influences millions, and we believe that its profession is more vital and more extensive than ever it was. It cannot be frowned down or sneered down; never did it more prevail than now. Never had we a firmer hope or a brighter expectancy.

Concerning our own work, we render thanks that we have had a year of great mercy in connection with every department of it. Both in men and means the College has grown; the Orphanage has been blest with sufficient supplies, and the orphans have enjoyed remarkable health; the Colportage, though greatly crippled and straitened for money, has made progress; Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund has scattered happiness among the poor pastors more plentifully than before, and the church has steadily increased and all its agencies have been strengthened: in fact, all things have prospered with the increase of God. Blessed be his holy name for evermore.

One word only. Old and faithful friends have gone home, and we need new helpers. Our donors have decreased in numbers lately, and had it not been that the amounts given have been larger, we should have had a deficiency. We do not like losing the love and the prayers of the small givers. Where are they? Is this the work of the Lord? May he not, therefore, design that the reader whose eye now glances over the page should become a helper in

our labor of love? It is a great enterprise — read our shilling “History of the Tabernacle” and see for yourself — and it needs many helpers. The Lord will direct them to us. Is he now directing you?

Dear reader, we have done our best for another year, and now beg a continuance of your patience and good will for the time to come.

C. H. SPURGEON.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JANUARY, 1877

A NEW YEARS WISH.

“But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” — Philippians 4:19

THE Philippians had several times sent presents to Paul, to supply his necessities. Though they were not rich themselves, yet they made a contribution, and sent Epaphroditus with it, “all odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing unto God.” Paul felt very grateful: he thanked God, but he did not forget also to thank the donors; he wished them every blessing, and he did as good as say, “You have supplied my need, and my God shall supply yours. You have supplied my need of temporal food and raiment out of your poverty: my God shall supply *all* your need out of his riches in glory.” As he says in the eighteenth verse, “I have all and abound. I am full,” so, he adds, “my God shall supply all your need.” You have sent what you gave me by the hand of a beloved brother, but God will send a better messenger to you, for he will supply all your need “by Christ Jesus.” Every single word sounds as if he had thought it over, and the Spirit of God had guided him in his meditation, so that he should to the fullest extent wish them back a blessing similar to that which they had sent to him, only of a richer and more enduring kind.

Now, on this New Year’s day I would desire, somewhat in the spirit of Paul, to bless those of you who have supplied according to your abilities the wants of God’s work in my hands; and have given, even out of your poverty, to the cause of God, according as there has been need. I count myself to be personally your debtor though your gifts have been for the students, and the orphans, and the colporteurs, and not for myself. In return for your kindness, after the manner of his gracious love, “my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

This verse is particularly sweet to me, for when we were building the Orphanage, I foresaw that, if we had no voting, and no collecting of annual

subscriptions, but depended upon the goodness of God, and the voluntary offerings of his people, we should have times of trial, and therefore I ordered the masons to place upon the first columns of the Orphanage entrance these words, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The text therefore is cut in stone upon the right hand and upon the left of the great archway. There stands this declaration of our confidence in God, and as long as God lives we shall never need to remove it, for he will certainly supply the needs of his own work. While we serve him he will furnish our tables for us.

The text might suggest to us a field of gloomy thought, if we wished to indulge the melancholy vein, for it speaks of "all your need." Behold A GREAT NECESSITY, — *all your need*. What a gulf! What an abyss! "*All your need*." I do not know how many believers made up the church at Philippi, but the need of one saint is great enough: what must many need? It would not be possible to tell the number of God's children on earth, but the text comprehends the need of the whole chosen family — "*All your need*." We will not ask you to reckon up the wonderful draught upon the divine exchequer which must be made by all the needs of all the saints who are yet on earth: but please think of your own need; that will be more within the compass of your experience and the range of your meditation. May the Lord supply your need and *all your need*.

There is your *temporal need*, and that is no little matter. If we have food and raiment we should be therewith content, but there are many of God's people to whom the mere getting of food and raiment is a wearisome toil; and what with household cares, family trials, sickness of body, losses in business, and sometimes the impossibility of obtaining suitable labor, many of God's saints are as hard put to it as Elijah was when he sat by the brook Cherith. If God did not send them their bread and meat in a remarkable manner, they would surely starve; but their bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure. "My God shall supply all your need." You have, perhaps, a large family, and your needs are therefore greatly increased, but the declaration of the text includes the whole of your needs personal and relative.

After all, our temporal needs are very small compared with *our spiritual needs*. A man may, with the blessing of God, pretty readily provide for the wants of the body, but who shall provide for the requirements of the soul? There is need of perpetual pardon, for we are always sinning; and Jesus

Christ's blood is always pleading and cleansing us from sin. Every day there is need of fresh strength to battle against inward sin; and, blessed be God, it is daily supplied, so that our youth is renewed like the eagle's. As soldiers we need armor from head to foot, and even then we do not know how to wear the armor, or how to wield the sword, unless he who gave us these sacred implements shall be always with us. Warring saint, God will supply all your need by his presence and Spirit. But we are not merely warriors, We are also workers. We are called, many of us, to important spheres of labor, (and, indeed, let no man think his sphere unimportant,) but here also our hands shall be sufficient for us, and we shall accomplish our life-work. You have need to be helped to do the right thing at the right time in the right spirit and in the right manner, your need as a Sunday-school teacher, as an open-air preacher, and especially as a minister of the gospel will be very great: but the text meets all requirements — "My God shall supply all your need." Then comes our need in suffering, for many of us are called to take our turn in the Lord's prison-house. Here we need patience under pain, and hope under depression of spirit. Who is sufficient for furnace work? Our God will supply us with those choice graces and consolations which shall Strengthen us to glorify his name in the fires. He will either make the burden lighter, or the back stronger; he will diminish the need, or increase the supply.

Beloved, it were impossible for me to mention all the forms of our spiritual need. We need to be daily converted from some sin or other, which, perhaps, we have scarcely known to be sin. We need to be instructed in the things of God, we need to be illuminated as to the mind of Christ, we need to be comforted by the promises, we need to be quickened by the precepts, we need to be strengthened by the doctrines. We need, oh, what do we not need? We are just a bag of wants, and a heap of infirmities. If any one of us were to keep a *want-book*, as I have seen tradesmen do, what a huge folio it would need to be; and it might be written within, and without, and crossed and re-crossed, for we are full of wants from the first of January to the end of December: but here is the mercy, "My God will supply all your need." Are you put in high places? Have you many comforts? Do you enjoy wealth? What need you have to be kept from loving the world, be kept from wantonness, and pride, and the follies and fashions of this present evil world. My God will supply your need in that respect. Are you very poor? Then the temptation is to envy, to bitterness of spirit, to rebellion against God. My God shall supply your needs. Are you alone in

the world? Then you need the Lord Jesus to be your companion: your companion he will be. Have you many around you? Then you have need of grace to set them a good example, to bring up your children and manage your household in the fear of God: “My God shall supply your need.” You have need in times of joy to be kept sober and steady: you have need in times of sorrow to be strong and quit yourselves like men; you have needs in living, and you will have needs in dying, but your last need shall be supplied as surely as your first. “My God shall supply *all* your need.”

Come, then, brethren, and look down into this great gulf of need and exultantly say, “O Lord, we thank thee that our needs are great, for there is the more room for thy love, thy tenderness, thy power, thy faithfulness, to fill the chasm.”

That first thought, which I said might be a gloomy one, has all the dreariness taken out of it by four others; equally true, but each of them full of good cheer. The text not only mentions great want, but it mentions also *a great helper* — “My God;” next, *a great gift* — he “shall supply all your need;” thirdly, *an abundant store* out of which to draw the gift, — “according to his riches in glory;” and lastly, *a glorious channel* through which the supply shall come — “by Christ Jesus.”

First, then, for our enormous wants here is A GREAT HELPER: *My God* shall supply all your need.” Whose God is that? Why, Paul’s God. That is one of the matters in which the greatest saints are no better off than the very least, for though Paul called the Lord “My God,” he is my God too. My dear old friend who sits yonder, and has nothing but a few pence in all the world, can also say, “and he is my God too.” He is my God, and he is as much my God if I am the meanest, most obscure, and weakest of his people, as he would be my God if I were able, like Paul, to evangelize the nations. Is it not delightful to think that my God is Paul’s God, because, you see, Paul intended this; he meant to say, “You see, dear brethren, my God has supplied all my wants, and as he is your God he will supply yours.” I have been in the dungeon in which Paul is said to have been confined, and a comfortless prison indeed it is. First of all you descend into a vaulted chamber, into which no light ever comes except through a little round hole in the roof; and then in the middle of the floor of that den there is another opening, through which the prisoner was let down into a second and lower dungeon, in which no fresh air or light could possibly come to him. Paul was probably confined there. The dungeon of the Praetorium in

which he was certainly immured is not much better. Paul would have been left well nigh to starve there, but for those good people at Philippi. I should not wonder but what Lydia was at the bottom of this kind movement, or else the jailer. They said, "We must not let the good apostle starve;" and so they made up a contribution, and sent him what he wanted; and when Paul received it he said, "My God has taken care of me. I cannot make tents here in this dark place so as to earn my own living; but still my Master supplies my need, and even so when you are in straits will he supply you." "My God." Now, it has often been sweet to me when I have thought of my orphan children and money has not come in, to remember Mr. Miller's God and how he always supplies the children at Bristol. That God is my God, and I rest upon him. When you turn over the pages of Scripture, and read of men who were in sore trouble, and were helped, you may say, "Here is Abraham, he was blessed in all things, and Abraham's God will supply all my need, for he is *my* God. I read of Elijah, that the ravens fed him: I have Elijah's God, and he can command the ravens still if he pleases." The God of the prophets, the God of the apostles, the God of all the saints that have gone before us, this God is our God for ever and ever. It seems to be thought that God will not work now as he used to do. "Oh, if we had lived in miraculous times," say some, "then we could have trusted him. Then there was a manifest declaration of God's existence, for he pushed aside the laws of nature, and wrought for the fulfillment of his promises to his people." Yet that was a rather coarser mode of working than the present one, for now the Lord produces the same results without the violation of the laws of nature, it is a great fact that without the disturbance of a single law of nature prayer becomes effectual with God, and God being inquired of by his people to do it for them does fulfill his promise and supply their needs. Using means of various kinds he still gives his people all things necessary for this life and godliness. Without a miracle he works great wonders of loving care, and he will continue so to do.

Beloved, is the God of Paul your God? Do you regard him as such? It is not every man that worships Paul's God. It is not every professing Christian that really knows the Lord at all, for some invent a deity such as they fancy God ought to be. The God of Paul is the God of the Old and New Testament — such a God as we find there. Do you trust such a God? Can you rest upon him? "There are such severe judgments mentioned in Scripture." Yes, do you quarrel with them? Then you cast him off; but if, instead thereof, you feel, "I cannot understand thee, O my God, nor do I

think I ever shall, but it is not for me, a child, to measure the infinite God, or to arraign thee at my bar, and say to thee, 'Thus shouldest thou have done, and thus oughtest thou not to have done.' Thou sayest 'Such am I,' and I answer 'Such as thou art, I love thee, and I cast myself upon thee, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of thy servant Paul. Thou art my God, and I will rest upon thee?' Very well, then, he will supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Just think of that for a minute. If *he* will supply you, you will be supplied indeed, for God is infinite in capacity. He is infinitely wise as to the manner of his actions; and infinitely powerful as to the acts themselves. He never sleeps or tires; he is never absent from any place, but is always, ready to help. Your needs come, perhaps, at very unexpected times; they may occur in the midnight of despondency or in the noonday of delight, but God is ever near to supply the surprising need. He is everywhere present and everywhere omnipotent, and he can supply all your need, in every place, at every time to the fullest degree. Remember that omnipotence has servants everywhere, and whenever God wishes to send you aid he can do it without pausing to ask, "How shall it be done?" He has but to will it, and all the powers of heaven and earth are subservient to your necessity. With such a helper what cause have you to doubt?

The next point in the text is, A GREAT SUPPLY. "My God will *supply* all your need." Sometimes we lose a good deal of the meaning of Scripture through the translation, in fact, nothing ever does gain by translation except a bishop. The present passage might be rendered thus, — "My God will fill to the full all your need." The illustration which will best explain the meaning is that of the woman whose children were to be sold by her creditor to pay the debts of her late husband. She had nothing to call her own except some empty oil-jars, and the prophet bade her set these in order and bring the little oil which still remained in the cruse. She did so, and he then said to her "Go among your neighbors and borrow empty vessels not a few" She went from one to another till she had filled her room full of these empty vessels, and then the prophet said, "Pour out." She began to pour out from her almost empty cruse, and, to her surprise, it filled her largest oil-jar. She went to another, and filled that, and then another and another. She kept on filling all the oil jars, till at last she said to the prophet, "there is not a vessel more." Then the oil stayed, and not till then. So will it be with your needs. You were frightened at having so many needs just now, were you not? But now be pleased to think you have them,

for they are just so many empty vessels to be filled. If the woman had borrowed only a few jars, she could not have received much oil, but the more empty vessels she had the more oil she obtained. So the more wants and the more needs you have, if you bring them to God, so much the better, for he will fill them all to the brim, and you may be thankful that there are so many to be filled. When you have no more wants (but oh, when will that be?) then the supply will be stayed, but not till then. My God will fill up to the brim all your needs, according to the riches of his glory by Christ Jesus. How gloriously God gives to his people! We wanted pardon once: he washed us, and he made us whiter than snow. We wanted clothing, for we were naked. What did he do? Give us some rough dress or other? Oh no, but he said, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him." It was a fortunate thing for the prodigal that his clothes were all in rags, for then he needed raiment, and the best robe was brought forth. It is a grand thing to be sensible of spiritual needs, for they will be supplied. A conscious want in the sight of God — what is it but a prevalent request for a new mercy? We have sometimes asked him to comfort us, for we were very low, but when the Lord has comforted us, he has so filled us with delight that we have been inclined to cry with the old Scotch divine, "Hold, Lord, hold! It is enough. I cannot bear more joy. Remember I am only an earthen vessel." We, in relieving the poor, generally give no more than we can help, but our God does not stop to count his favors, he gives like a king. He pours water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground.

We must pass on to the next thought, and consider for a minute or two THE GREAT RESOURCES out of which this supply is to come. "He will supply all your needs, *according to his riches in glory.*"

There, the preacher may sit down now, for he cannot compass this part of the text. God's riches in glory are beyond all thought. Consider the riches of God in nature? Who shall count his treasures? Get away into the forests: travel on league after league among the trees which cast their ample shade for no man's pleasure, but only for the Lord. Mark on lone mountain and far reaching plain the myriads of flowers whose perfume is for God alone. What wealth each spring and summer is created in the boundless estates of the great King. Observe the vast amount of animal and insect life which crowds the land with the riches of divine wisdom, for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. Look towards the sea: think of those shoals of fish, so countless that when only the fringe of them is touched by

our fishermen they find enough of food to supply a nation. Mark, too, the sunken treasures of the ocean, which no hand gathereth, but that of the Eternal. If you would see the wealth of the Creator, cast your eye to the stars: tell ye their numbers if ye can. Astronomy has enlarged our vision, and made us look upon this world as a mere speck compared with innumerable other worlds that God has made; and it has told us that probably all the myriads of worlds that we can see with the telescope are a mere fraction of the countless orbs which tenant infinite space. Vast are God's riches in nature. It needs a Milton to sing as he sang in "Paradise Lost," the riches of the Creating God. The riches of God in providence are equally without bound. He saith to this creature "Go," and he goeth, and to another "Do this, and he doeth it," for all things serve his bidding. Think of the wealth of God in grace. There nature and providence stand eclipsed, for we have the fountain of eternal love, the gift of an infinite sacrifice, the pouring out of the blood of his own dear Son, and the covenant of grace in which the smallest blessing is infinite in value. The riches of his grace! "God is rich in mercy," — rich in patience, love, power, kindness, rich beyond all conception. Now, you shall be supplied according to the riches of nature and the riches of providence and the riches of grace: but this is not all; the apostle chooses a higher style, and writes "according to his riches *in glory*." Ah, we have never seen God in glory. That were a sight our eyes could not behold. Christ in his glory when transfigured was too resplendent a spectacle even for the tutored eyes of Peter, and James, and John. At the too transporting light darkness rushed upon them, and they were as men that slept. What God is in his glory do ye know, ye angels? Does he not veil his face even from you, lest in the excessive brightness of his essence even you should be consumed? Who amongst all his creatures can tell the riches of his glory, when even the heavens are not pure in his sight, and he charged his angels with folly?

"Riches in glory." It means not only the riches of what he has done, but the riches of what he could do: for if he has made hosts of worlds he could make as many myriads more, and then have but begun. The possibilities of God omnipotent who shall reckon? But the Lord shall supply all your need according to such glorious possibilities. When a great king gives according to his riches, then he does not measure out stinted alms to beggars, but he gives *like a king*, as we say; and if it be some grand festival day, and the king is in his state array, his largesses are on a noble scale. Now, when God is in his glory, bethink you, if you can, what must be the largesse that he

distributes — what the treasures that he brings forth for his own beloved. Now, according to his riches in glory, he will supply all your needs. After that, dare you despond? Oh, soul, what insanity is unbelief! What flagrant blasphemy is doubt of the love of God! He must bless us; and, blessed by him, we must be blest indeed. If he is to supply our needs according to his riches in glory, they will be supplied to the full.

Now, let us shut up our meditation with the fourth remark, and that is — THE GLORIOUS CHANNEL by which these needs are to be supplied. “According to his riches in glory by *Christ Jesus*.”

You shall have all your soul’s wants satisfied, but you must go to Christ for everything. “By Christ Jesus.” That is the fountain-head where the living waters well up. You are not to keep your wants supplied by your own care and fretfulness, — “Consider the lilies, how they grow.” You are to be enriched “by Christ Jesus.” You are not to have your spiritual wants supplied by going to Moses, and working and toiling, as if you were your own Savior, but by faith in Christ Jesus. Those who will not go to Christ Jesus must go without, for God will give them nothing in the way of grace except through his Son. Those who go to Jesus the most shall oftenest taste of his abundance, for through him all blessings come. My advice to myself and to you is that we abide in him, for since that is the way by which the blessing comes we had better abide in it. We read of Ishmael, that he was sent into the wilderness with a bottle, but Isaac, dwelt by the well Lahairoi, and it is wise for us to dwell by the well Christ Jesus, and never trust to the bottles of our own strength. If you wander from Christ Jesus, brother, you depart from the center of bliss.

All this year I pray that you may abide by the well of this text. Draw from it. Are you very thirsty? Draw from it, for it is full, and when it is pleaded the Lord will supply all your need. Do not cease receiving for a minute. Let not your unbelief hinder the Lord’s bounty, but cling to this promise, “My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” I know not how to wish you a greater blessing. If you are enabled by the Holy Spirit to realize it, you will enjoy what I earnestly wish for you, namely —

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

IT IS A QUESTION WHETHER WE SHALL ALL GO TO HEAVEN

A NUMBER of intimate friends being at dinner together, on the Lord's-day, one of the company, in order to prevent improper discourse, said, "*It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not.*" This plain hint occasioned a general seriousness and self-examination. One thought, "If any of this company go to hell, it must be myself," and so thought another and another; even the servants who waited at table were affected in the same manner. In short, it was afterwards found that this one sentence proved, by the special blessing of God upon it, instrumental to their conversion. What an encouragement is this to Christians, to give a serious turn to the conversation, when in company! It should be observed, however, that the Lord's-day was not instituted for the visiting and entertainment even of Christians. How is their conduct, who make a point of meeting and feasting on the Sabbath, to be distinguished from the Sunday parties of the profane? Our place of meeting, on that day, is the house of God; and our feast, the rich provisions of the everlasting gospel. How we wish that all professors would remember this!

GRACE SHOULD PERMEATE THE ENTIRE MAN

IN the camphor tree every part is impregnated with the precious perfume; from the highest twig to the lowest root the powerful gum will exude. Thus grace should permeate our whole nature, and be seen in every faculty, every word, every act, and even every desire. If it be "in us and abound" it will be so. An unsanctified part of our frame must surely be like a dead branch, deforming and injuring the tree. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and *all that is within me* bless his holy name" — when praise is truly spiritual it pervades the whole man.

HOW THE BOOK FUND PROSPERS.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON

“A RECORD OF COMBAT WITH SIN, AND LABOR FOR THE LORD.” These words on the cover of our magazine startled me the other day as I sat thinking over my work and what I should say about it. I felt almost ashamed of my audacity in presuming to ask a place again amidst these pages, seeing that I am not strong enough to bear a “sword,” and my “trowel” is such a very little one that it can only hope to gather enough mortar to supply some few of the laborers who build up the living stones. But I remembered with exceeding comfort that, when the wall of Jerusalem was repaired, in Nehemiah’s time, the work of the daughters of Shallum was as faithfully recorded as the labor of the princes and the priests.

So I take courage to tell again of the Lord’s great goodness to me, and how marvelously he has continued to help and bless the “Book Fund.” As certainly as if he had stretched forth his hand from the heavens and given me a written commission for the service, so surely do I know that this work came to me through his indulgent love, and from the first moment of its existence to the present, he has guided and supported and blessed it, and every atom of the glory shall be his. He sent me the needful funds to carry it on, by moving the hearts of his people to help me, for *not one penny* of that £926 was solicited except from him. And he has heard and answered the prayer that a great blessing might follow the books into the homes of his dear servants, comforting their hearts and refreshing their spirits, as well as aiding them in their preparation for the pulpit. I have *two great heaps* of letters from them, so heavy that I lift them with difficulty, and if all the joy and gratitude to God therein expressed could be written out it would fill some volumes. Knowing how deeply interested in these letters the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* have hitherto been, I propose in this paper to give a series of extracts from them, (When the writers of these letters recognize their own compositions they need have no fear of betrayed confidence, for with my own hands I have prepared all the copy for the printer, so that their names might be unknown.) a set of word pictures as it were, which I shall call —

A GLIMPSE AT SOME ENGLISH INTERIORS

Years ago, when I had the felicity of sharing my dear husband's annual holiday, one of our chief pleasures consisted in visiting the picture gallery of every continental town we entered. There, "walking circumspectly" over the shining, treacherous floors, we spent many happy hours, and enjoyed to the full the works of the grand old masters, but I am not ashamed to confess that I at least used to linger longer and more lovingly over a "Dutch Interior" by Teniers or Ostade, than I cared to do over any "Madonna and child" that Raphael or Rubens ever painted. These latter never stirred any *devotional* feelings within my soul, and failing this, they ceased to interest, and even grew tiresome by constant repetition. But it was charming to be absorbed in the "little beautiful works" (as an authority on painting calls them), which the Dutch masters loved to draw with such wonderful and tender minuteness of detail. The interior of a fisherman's hut, with its quaint wooden cradle, and its basket of freshly-caught fish, would on close inspection reveal unsuspected objects of interest, and the picturesque farm kitchens with their glittering array of bright pans, their wealth of delf ware, their chubby children, and their comely Vrows, were so homelike and so natural that the more one gazed at them the more vividly real they became, and it was an easy task to weave a tale of family joy or sorrow around each glowing canvas.

But now I want to show my friends, by pen in lieu of pencil, some scenes of English home-life where the tale of gladness or of suffering is even more plainly pictured, and needs no effort of the imagination to unfold it. A hasty glance into a parlor, at the moment when a gift from the "Book Fund" has arrived; a peep into a study where the four portly volumes of the "Treasury of David" have just enriched the scanty store of books; a glimpse of a figure with bowed head and clasped hands, pouring out a heartfelt of gratitude before his God, — these, and such as these, tell their own story, and as we pass from one picture to another will only need a word or two from me to introduce them. I could show some where tearful faces gather, and a little coffin occupies the foreground, but these are *veiled*, and my hand dares not withdraw the covering.

The first "interior" which I point out to you is shining with the brightness of domestic love. The little room may be poorly furnished, and the bookshelves *I know* are sadly bare, (how can they be otherwise when the minister's income has the very uncomfortable habit of oscillating between

£40 and £60 a year?) but you can see with what intense delight that kind and happy wife is assisting to unpack the treasure of new books which will cheer her husband's heart and make him feel a richer man for some time to come. There is a "Sword and Trowel" lying on the table, and.... but you shall look for yourselves —

"The receipt of your communication this morning was a surprise. A pleasing and agreeable surprise; for I had no idea that my kind, good wife had written to you. Often have I seen the 'Treasury of David' advertised, and have secretly desired to have it. But in order to be happy I am compelled to nip my desires in the bud, lest they should grow to be troublesome. My soul's desire for books has to be slain, which is wearisome work, so that some passages of Scripture, in an improper sense, have a secret meaning to my soul. 'My soul is weary because of murderers.' 'Happy is he that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones'; but in this case I have to thank you and my dear wife that my desire for the 'Treasury of David' has not perished with the rest; a little Moses saved, and I trust will prove a blessing. Please accept my *heartly thanks*. May the Lord abundantly bless you in your mission, and move the hearts of his children to contribute. Much pleased to see a sketch of your lemon plant, and to find it flourishing: I have often thought and wondered whether the little thing was still alive. No one but the Lord, and the partner of our joys and sorrows, knows the struggles of a minister. Thank God for a good wife. Minster churchyard, in Kent, has a monument to the wife of a minister, of whom it is recorded. 'She cheered him with her smile, sustained him with her counsel, and aided him in his ministry for thirty-six years.' And she is not the only one. After examining the work, I am constrained to write again and express my high appreciation of it. I am impressed with the immense amount of labor which must have been expended in its production — the mines of truth it contains. It is indeed a treasury of things new and Old — to me a treasure indeed. Others have labored, and I am favored to enter into their labors. It is the most valuable work I have, the Bible, of course, excepted. The whole church owes Mr. Spurgeon a debt of gratitude, not only for his own thoughts, but also for bringing up from the past of the thoughts of the thoughtful of other ages. It will, it must, be a lasting benefit to thousands, and ought to be on the shelf of every minister. Yours is a noble work, to distribute to those who cannot afford to purchase. Pardon me for writing a second time. If I were to hold my peace the stones would cry out."

There is so much homely yet pathetic grace in the next picture, that it must attract all eyes, and hearts also, I hope. How true to nature, and how touching is the chief incident — the evening stroll down the brightly-lighted streets of the town, the unmistakable *gravitation* of the poor minister's mind and body towards the fatal bookstall, and the overwhelming anxiety of the tender wife to avert the threatened peril to her scantily-filled purse!

“Being the wife of one of those ministers whom God has put it into your heart to help, I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude, and as my heart is too full to hold all it feels, I pour it out before God and you whom he has chosen to carry out a work so noble. A thousand thanks for your timely aid I am the mother of seven children — six are yet with us — the eldest is fifteen, the youngest, just over eight. While rearing these children up to now, mine has been a life of hard work and self-sacrifice. Our salary in the past has been much lower than it is now, but still we have to struggle to make ends meet as family wants increase year by year. My husband is a great lover of books, and I am almost ashamed to confess that when walking in town with him I have very carefully avoided going into the streets where the book stores were kept, *knowing it would be hard work for him to pass them by*. Many times after receiving our quarter's salary it has puzzled me to know how to divide it — the quarter's school bills nearly due, one must have a new suit of clothes, another a dress, the twin boys must have new boots, caps, etc. I assure you that to spare a little for my husband's library I have had to be servant, tailor, and dressmaker, and very frequently have my hands been in the dye-pot in order to send my family out respectable.”

We cannot help saying “Well done! good wife, good mother, the Lord reward thee in that day!”

Now we come to a small but choice picture. The minister sits in his study (a cozy one), and we rejoice to see his shelves moderately stocked with books; he has just had the pleasure of adding the “Treasury of David,” and “Watson's Body of Divinity” to his store; he is writing rapidly, and this is what he says: —

“This evening I have received the four much-desired vols. Heartily, I thank you, and unfeignedly bless the Lord, joining in the prayer so kindly recorded in Vol. 1 that the precious contents may avail me. Here is a mine of gold — I hope to dig up nuggets for my people. How the cream of the

gospel stands thickly on this unadulterated milk! Prayer and meditation shall churn it into butter; nay, shall I not give them butter and honey till they *all* know how to refuse the evil flesh-pots of Egypt, and choose the good things of the land where David dwelt, where milk and honey flow? Your noble efforts for ministers will be a blessing to both mind and body. It is rather trying to the nerves to be clearing the ground with a borrowed ax, carving wood with one's fingers, and working at the pump when the sucker is dry. But now, through Mrs. Spurgeon's loving work, poor men whose thoughts stand still for want of gear-oil will have heart and mind set spinning like the 'Chariots of Amminadib'!"

There is one difficulty I experience in arranging this little gallery of home scenes, which arises from the loving gratitude of the sketchers themselves. Some of the most interesting and touching letters I receive contain so many gentle and gracious *personalities* that I am obliged to conceal them from public view, and for this reason many a bright picture enshrined in the privacy of my "sanctum" can never leave it to touch other hearts as it has touched mine. I hope, however, that those I am able to present to my friends will interest them greatly, and next in order I place two stereoscopic views which need no comment.

"For nine full years I have toiled along as pastor here, my salary having generally been £80. I married soon after settling in this place, and have now five children besides one who is gone to the "better land." I have been obliged to eke out my scanty means by taking a few pupils. My library I need scarcely say is, for a minister, ridiculously small. It is impossible for me to purchase books which I should greatly value, and the possession of which would be a benefit not to myself alone, but also to the people to whom I minister.

"It is indeed kind of you to send me so munificent a present. I wish to express my very best thanks and to assure you that I shall value your generous gift very highly. Nor shall I alone reap the benefit; those to whom I minister are sure to participate in the blessing. I must tell you that yesterday was my birthday, and today is the birthday of my eldest little girl — six years old — so that your kind gift comes as a most seasonable present."

It is several long years since I have been able to replenish my small library with a new volume. With the strictest economy we find it is all that we can do to keep up an appearance suitable to our station and pay everyone

twenty shillings in the pound, which, thanks to our heavenly Father, we have done. My stipend is £62 a year, with a house. I have had a great deal of affliction in my house — five have passed away by death, and now my wife is ill and has been under medical care for eighteen months, so that, what with doctors bills and extra expenses, *new books* appear to be among the last things I can find money for. A grant ever so small will be thankfully received.

“When opening the parcel and beholding its precious contents I cannot express to you the emotions of my soul, nor will words convey to you the thanks I wish to express. I can only say that I happened to my study, and on bended knee poured out my gratitude to my heavenly Father, who has Supplied my need. Nor did I forget to invoke the benediction of heaven upon the kind donor.

The next picture has two aspects — winter and summer — for thanks to the kindness of dear friends, I was able, for a time at least, to make the sun shine in the hitherto cheerless prospect. Would to God I could do more, not only for this “good wife,” but for the many others who I know have terrible reason to be “afraid of the snow, for their households.” Just think of the dear little children patiently lying in bed while their scanty clothing was being washed!

“Forgive me for troubling you with a statement of our poverty. Many times I have felt prompted to ask if you have a fund for supplying poor ministers’ wives and children with clothes. If so, I sincerely trust you will have compassion on us, for we are in great need. My husband has been in the ministry more than twenty-six years, and has never received more than £5 per month. We are seven in family, and I am such a sufferer from rheumatics that I cannot do the housework, and as we cannot pay for hired help, our eldest girl, who was in a situation, is obliged to come home again. If you can help us in any way, it will be very, very acceptable, for the winter is near, and firing and house-rent are high, and my dear husband’s clothes are getting as bare as our own.

“I am going to try to drop you a few lines, but do not know how sufficiently to thank you and dear friends for your great kindness to us. We were all of us overjoyed; it is an old saying that it is always darkest before the dawn, and we found it is so, for when your present came to hand the dear little ones *were in bed, that we might wash their clothes*, as we had not change of raiment for them. But you may depend there was no more

sleep for that day when they were told that Mr. Spurgeon had sent money to buy them new warm clothes. Since then we have received a cheque from Mr.____, and a box of very valuable clothing from Mr.____ which we feel sure is through your sympathy..... We sincerely hope that none of the kind friends who have helped us will ever know one-tenth of the trouble that we have had, yet we never had so much joy as this week has brought us!"

One more picture I must give which has just come into my hands. This time not an "English Interior," but a French one. A night-scene evidently, for the midnight-oil is in full flow and the earnest student be-comes so fascinated by his studies that the early dawn finds him still input upon his treasure. There is a great dearth of theological literature in France, and this good pastor having acquired somewhat of the English language, ardently desired to enrich his mind and feast his soul on the fat things of English divinity. He wrote to Mr. Spurgeon asking for the "Treasury Of David" at a reduced price, and of course I gladly sent it as a gift from the Fund. His gratitude is intense, but he is far from being satisfied. His appetite is whetted, and he hungers for more of such substantial food. In the latter part of the following letter, which I have translated for my readers, he not only announces his determination to obtain the two volumes of "Treasury" (which alas! do not yet exist) but also begs to be informed what would be the cost, of the twenty-one volumes of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," which he thinks a necessary part of the equipment of every Christian pastor. I wish I could give them to him.

TRANSLATION

"I must tell you that I felt utterly amazed when I found that these precious and valuable volumes were actually a *present* to me, a perfect stranger! It is impossible for me to express my gratitude; but I do thank you with *all my heart*, and I wish I could see my greatly revered brother, to tell him with my own lips how much I owe him. Assure your dear husband, madam, that his books will be a real 'treasure' to me, and not to me only, but also to the people whom the Lord has confided to my care. I received the parcel at eight o'clock in the evening, and I spent the *whole night* in devouring the contents! I shall pray earnestly that Mr. Spurgeon may soon accomplish the work so successfully commenced, and that then every English-speaking Christian may be the happy possessor of the 'Treasury of David.' I dare not ask you to think of me when the work is completed, that would be abusing your kindness, but I shall not fail (though I am very poor) to

procure the other vols. for myself as soon as they appear, and appear they will I am certain, for the Lord would not allow so precious and useful a work to remain unfinished.”

Although I have *scores* more of such letters, I am afraid I must close my collection here lest I tire my readers' patience, and trespass too far on my Editor's precious pages. It has been a joy inexpressible to minister even in the least degree to the crying needs of the pastors who have sought the aid of the "Book Fund," but I cannot forget that there are hundreds still unsupplied, and if the Lord permit and spare me, I hope to do more this year than was accomplished in the past. I depend *wholly* on the Lord to move the hearts of his people to help me, and I know he "will not fail me," nor "forsake the work of his own hands." The amount of work already done stands thus —

4,967 volumes distributed. Of these 1,950 were "Lectures to My Students." 1,346 volumes "Treasury of David." 820 volumes of "Sermons."

And the remaining 851 volumes comprised works by other authors, some valuable secondhand books presented to me by friends, and the lesser writings of Mr. Spurgeon. 701 ministers have received grants of books (varying from 4 to 8 volumes each) and as I am *corresponding secretary*, as well as treasurer, manager, *etc.*, my friends can imagine I have had full employment. The only part of the work delegated to another is the *packing* of the parcels, and this service is always performed as a "labor of love" by the willing hands of the dear friend to whose devoted affection I already owe so much. Who should be my "director in chief" and my "referee" in all perplexities but my dear Mr. Editor? To him I run in search of counsel, comfort, or wise advice, and need I say I always find it?

Let me direct the attention of contributors to the fact that the *only expenses incurred in this work* are the carriage of books and the postage of "Lectures" (at 3d. each). These two items are heavy, but fully justified, for I consider the prepayment of parcels and books as part of the present, and think the gifts would be robbed of half their grace if they did not reach the recipients franked and free! The postage of the many letters written is more than covered by a donation of £610 from my beloved husband.

Dear friends, farewell. As on former occasions, so now I must beg that the effort to place before you some details of my work may be viewed with

lenient and indulgent eyes. "John Ploughman's Wife" may well be forgiven when she humbly acknowledges that the "pen of a ready writer" is not to be wielded by her feeble fingers; yet, notwithstanding conscious inability and weakness, she confidently hopes that some "honor, and glory, and blessing" will be laid at the Lord's feet by this tribute to his wonderful lovingkindness, shown so manifestly in the continued prosperity and rigor of the "Book Fund." —

"REMEMBER ME, O LORD, FOR GOOD."

THE SCHOOL BOARD VICTORY.

BY C. H. SPURGEON

WHEN we saw the polling lists for the London School Board we confess that we were as much astonished as delighted. The victory for the undenominational party was so complete, so universal, so far beyond the most sanguine expectations, that we could only look at the list again and again, and then thank God and take courage. We have from the first differed from the Birmingham platform, for we feel that if Government may educate at all it ought not to leave out the essential element of religion. The reading of the Scriptures from day to day we hold to be of the utmost importance if teaching is to have any moral influence whatever, and it is mainly upon the ground of moral influence that the nation educates at all. Moral teaching apart from the Bible we have no faith in, and education without moral teaching will not answer the design which the State aims at, namely, the production of intelligent and orderly citizens. In London we have no question about the use of the Bible in the schools; that is regarded as settled, not only by the authority of the Board, but by the practically unanimous consent of the parents. The contest therefore was not between the Church party and the secular party, but between the Church with the Prayer-book, and the Old School Board with the Bible: the issue is to us all the more pleasant, and to true Christians in the Establishment it ought to be all the less disagreeable. The people have decided that the truly National System, which knows nothing of sects, should not be held in fetters in order to leave space for the sham National System, which is in truth only the adjunct of the Episcopal denomination. This decision has been given, not in London alone, but in almost every constituency, and it will be wise

on the part of our opponents to accept the verdict, and never raise the question again; but we fear such wisdom can hardly be expected of them.

The Nonconformists of London did not desire to make the School Board the arena of controversy. Upon this last occasion the conflict was forced upon them, and they entered upon it with the resolve to do their best, but with grave fears as to the result. The common opinion among the voters in Lambeth was that we should be defeated, and there was some talk of accepting the situation and allowing the Anglican candidates to walk over the course. A compromise which would have divided the representation would have been cheerfully accepted; indeed, that was the only result aimed at or desired. But no, the opposition felt itself to be exceedingly strong, and must have four out of six representatives at the very least, and so they marched on with heads aloft to a defeat so overwhelming that the mere naming of it grieves some of them as much as the mention of a rope vexed the man whose father was hanged. They find to their amazement that their despised antagonists could easily have returned four members, and might possibly have even secured five. We do not care to “sound the loud timbrel,” but we do wish to gather up the lesson: let us know our strength and never give way to discouragement. Better far to fight well when things look dismal, and so gain an unexpected victory, than to glory before the event and meet with defeat; but it is best of all to be hopeful and daring from the very first. The fact is that Nonconformists do not know their own political strength, and consequently do not put it forth as they might; they will do well henceforth to feel their feet and take up their position without hesitation. We can do more if we will. In Parliament, as well as upon the School Board, if we have candidates who truly represent us, we can return them in scores of places where mere *Liberals* will fail, because they excite no enthusiasm, and have at present; no essential principles to maintain.

It has been said since this late election that the contest was not between Church and Dissent: it may be that it was not altogether and purely so, but; had the event been different the Established Church would have claimed it as a victory peculiarly her own. We do not care to claim it, because we have it; still it was made very distinctly an ecclesiastical conflict. Else why did even our evangelical brethren hang out the boards of the denominational candidates upon the railings of their churches? And what was the meaning of the handbill, “Churchmen, VOTE FOR — ?” Why did a bishop and several canons go off so loudly at public meetings? They knew what they were at; they saw the education of the people slipping out of

their hands, and they meant to stop the evil, for otherwise the masses might grow up unbiased to their peculiar views. This was their one concern, and the talk about economy was only a means to an end. The election did not declare for Dissent. God forbid that any election ever should be asked so to declare; *we* want no political favors, we only want equality; but it did thunder out the verdict of Englishmen that they do not intend to leave the education of their children in the hands of any sect, nor to allow a great national system to be hindered and thwarted by the partisans of a favored denomination. We never asked to have the children, we are content to see them read the Bible, and have no wish to intrude a book which would teach our special views. All we have ever asked is equality, not preference; our Episcopal friends must have favors, and the public have told them once for all that they do not intend to yield to their demands.

More than this, the polling lists of the School Board are in some districts not very far from the truth as a census of Church and Dissent. We are not in the minority, as we feared. So many churches have been erected, and the Establishment assumed such airs of greatness that we almost believed ourselves to be going back, though we could hardly tell how it was. High churchism boasted of its revival, and of the numbers crowding its churches, and we thought — surely the current has set in towards Rome, and pure religion will soon be hard to find. Our own churches are multiplied, enlarged, and greatly encouraged, but an undefined fear was upon us that after all we were not making headway. This did not dishearten us in the least, for it makes no difference to the truth of a cause whether its adherents are few or many, but we felt that we lived in “the day of small things,” and must be content to plod on and hold our own as best we could. *Our view of matters is now altering.* Upon inquiry we find that it is far easier to build a new church than to get a congregation, far easier to hold daily service than to secure more than the parson’s family, the sexton, and two ladies as a regular audience. We hear of huge churches in London, not in the city, where such things are general, but on our own side of the water, where, instead of a thousand hearers, there are not fifty. By means of endowments places are kept open long after they are resorted to, and thus the apparent strength of the Anglican system is far in excess of the reality. We have been informed by many witnesses that numbers of the edifices which were for a short time crowded by means of the scenic displays of the Ritualists are now miserably attended. We do not wonder at it, for what can there be in mere ceremonialism to retain a congregation;

but we confess we are glad to hear that the decadence of the system has come so soon. Evangelical churches, where the preacher has any ability, are still full, and we have no doubt will remain so, a feature of the case which gives us unfeigned satisfaction; but there are plenty of parochial edifices in which a heartless service has by degrees alienated the people, and made them forget that such a building exists, except as the right place for being married in. We do not wonder that Episcopalians object to a census of attendance at places of worship. It is the fairest test of the religious character of the people, but it would reveal too fully the nakedness of the land, and therefore it is not to be borne with. Let us also have an account of the *communicants* if the attendance at worship is not thought to be a sufficient index. In either way, we believe that the numbers will be such as to show that the favored denomination does not occupy the position which it thinks it does.

If Nonconformists will but look well to the spiritual condition of the churches, maintain earnest piety, and proclaim sound doctrine, they need not be under any apprehension as to their ultimately gaining their full civil rights. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." If we have the divine blessing resting upon us, we may look forward with confidence to the future. Among an educated, reading people our principles will have a fairer hope of success: the increase of light is in our favor. The more free the masses become to inspect and examine for themselves the better for us, for we court the most rigid inquiry. The eddies of public thought may tend every now and again towards the maintenance of superstition, but the set of the main current is in the right direction. God is abroad among men, the influence of truth and justice is being more and more felt, and by God's grace, if we are but true to our convictions the times of victory for the fight shall be hastened on.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON AND HIS WORK. ^{fi}

(FROM "THE FRIEND.")

WE know hardly any record of Christian work more worthy of perusal than that furnished in a shilling pamphlet, entitled "The Metropolitan Tabernacle, its History and Work, by C. H. Spurgeon." The history of the Baptist congregation now represented by that worshipping in the

Tabernacle is traced in the earlier chapters, from the time of the first Stuart kings of England, to a period, now twenty-three years ago, when Charles H. Spurgeon first preached in New Park Street Chapel. Soon after his settlement there as pastor it was found necessary to enlarge and improve the building, to accommodate the crowds who thronged to hear the young preacher. Whilst these alterations were in progress Exeter Hall was used as the place of worship, and the preacher's fame was yet more spread abroad by the caricatures published about him. Some of these are transferred to the volume before us. After various changes the Tabernacle was erected, and entered upon as a place for public worship in the spring of 1861. It cost £31,332 4s. 10d., and was opened free from debt. It accommodates about 6,000 people without excessive crowding.

The membership of Charles Spurgeon's congregation was at the close of

1854 — 313

1859 — 1,332

1864 — 2,937

1869 — 4,047

1875 — 4,813

Around the Metropolitan Tabernacle have sprung up an important group of auxiliary institutions. The Pastors' College receives men who are believed to have received a call from the Holy Ghost for preaching the Gospel, and gives them a training to equip them better for the work. Upwards of £5,000 annually is expended on the Pastors' College. The Stockwell Orphanage is another outcome of the Christian zeal of the Metropolitan Tabernacle congregation. Two hundred and forty boys are clothed, fed, and instructed, at a charge of £5,000 per annum. The Colportage Association was started under the conviction that the sale of bad books is most effectually counteracted by the diffusion of good ones. Forty-five men, under the direction of a secretary, are engaged in carrying literature — cheap, popular, and healthy in tone — from house to house in various districts of England and Wales. The colporteur is often missionary and preacher as well as hawker. Three hundred thousand visits annually, chiefly amongst our rural peasantry, must be an evangelistic agency of great power, irrespective of the permeating influence of the literature that is sold.

Bible classes, book funds, missions to the Jews, missions in various parts of London; services specially for the blind, for mothers, for ladies; Sunday-schools, with 1,000 children in regular attendance; benefit societies, loan

tract societies, are but a selection from the long list of affiliated agencies that cluster round the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

In the seventeenth century the Friends and the Baptists said many bitter things of each other. Yet their acts were often better than words. It is a beautiful episode in the dreary story of Nonconformist persecution, that John Bunyan owed his release from Bedford Jail to the kind offices of George Whitehead and other Friends. As time has passed the two denominations have often found it wiser to dwell on the many points in which they agree than on those in which they differ. Our last number contained an interesting notice of a breakfast given by the Mayor of Birmingham (George Baker) to some of the Baptist ministers who had been attending the autumn, meeting of their Union., The catholic tone of the meeting is echoed in last month's *Sword and Trowel*. C. H. Spurgeon says: —

Oct. 6th — A number of leading Baptist ministers breakfasted with the Mayor of Birmingham, who happens to be a member of the Society of Friends. All the speeches went to show how near akin are the Baptists and the Quakers. One common fear of priestcraft, sacramentarianism, and ecclesiastical domination over the conscience possesses both bodies; and though herein others are partakers, none are so sensitive upon these points. Several ministers said, "If I were not a Baptist I must become a Quaker, and we believe this to be the general feeling; certainly it is ours."

In view of the priestcraft and sacramentarianism rife on every hand, it is impossible to regard without deep thankfulness the work carried on by Charles H. Spurgeon, and not to desire that grace, strength, and wisdom may continue to be largely bestowed upon him.

It is, too, a question of the highest interest — Wherein doth his great strength lie? In the volume before us we read the following words: —

"We remark at once that at the Tabernacle *we have no written code of laws but the Book of Inspiration*, and we unhesitatingly assert that all such printed rules, as some have desired and others adopted, are only fetters at the best of times, and snares and traps in periods of dispute and difficulty. We have faith in sanctified common-sense, resulting from an application to the source of all wisdom by prayer and reading the Scriptures. Acting in things temporal after a truly business principle, and in things spiritual as God's word and Spirit dictate, no formal system of rules, in our opinion,

will ever be required. Certain recognized courses of procedure, from which, without cause assigned, no deviation shall be made are certainly necessary for mutual cooperation and peace in any Church; but for emergencies, special action should be adopted to suit the exigencies of the case, and no rules or traditions must forbid the course which wisdom suggests, even though it should be, contrary to all the precedents of the previous history of the Church. A general understanding of leading principles, and an elastic interpretation of them as cases may require, will be all the rule, outside of the Scripture required in churches where confidence abounds between pastors, officers, and members; if this be wanting, no rules, human or divine, can make them work harmoniously together. We must have faith in each other's intentions and integrity, or we shall loosen the pins of church action, and all will lapse into confusion and conflict."

In this passage we have the clue to much of Charles H. Spurgeon's strength. His sermons ¹² (of which more than a thousand have been printed, and millions of copies sold) tell the old, old story, much as Paul of Tarsus told it. He tells it with deep earnestness; he tells it with living faith in its power; he tells it in words ever seasoned with the grain of salt that prevents insipidity. He uses homely English speech. He has a voice that, without straining, makes itself heard through every part of the Tabernacle. His addresses possess that indescribable authority that arises from spiritual unction. It is not often that these qualifications are combined in one man, who also possesses the faculty for organization, and a homely practiced sense, which would have made him successful as a railway manager or as the Home Secretary of State. He handles the trowel as deftly as the sword.

In the phraseology of Friends, the purpose of this article is not the exaltation of the creature." It were an easy task to prove that the treasure is in an earthen vessel, It were easy to find, in the teachings of C. H. Spurgeon, views that do not commend themselves to our apprehension of Divine truth. It is easy to urge that he has nothing to say on some of the perplexing problems of nineteenth-century thought. So be it; and yet we repeat with confidence that few phenomena in the Christian life of our day are more teaching than the career of C. H. Spurgeon. The order of his mind is, in the best sense of the word, Friendly. His special talents are of a class that have been common amongst Friends, and are so at the present time, but which almost always find spheres of action other than that of

Congregational edification and development. Why this should be so, it is simply impossible now to discuss.

The present writer once found himself in the Metropolitan Tabernacle instead of his wonted seat at meeting. The day was wild and stormy; the building was comfortably full; two-thirds of the congregation were men. The preacher's text was, "Ye serve the Lord Christ." His discourse — admirably fitted for any congregation in England — was a powerful appeal for a spiritual, a practical, an every-day religion. As we wended our homeward way through the streets of Southwark, where there are now but few Friends to testify to these great truths, we could not but rejoice that so powerful a teacher had been raised up, in an age that is too prone to forget them. "The true way to serve the Lord in the common acts of life," said Charles Spurgeon on the occasion referred to, "is to *perform them as unto Himself*; and this can be done with everything which it is lawful to do. God forbid we should maintain, as some do, a broad, unbending distinction between things secular and religious. This wicked age must, forsooth, have its holy place and its holy days. What is this but a confession that most of its buildings are unholy, and its days unholy too? Of heaven it is written, 'I saw no temple therein,' and we get nearest to the heavenly state when all superstitious notions about sacred places and sacred substances shall be swept away once for all. To a man who lives unto God nothing is secular, everything is sacred. He puts on his work-day garment, and it is a vestment to him; he sits down to his meal, and it is a sacrament; he goes forth to his labor, and therein exercises the office of the priesthood: his breath is incense and his life a sacrifice. He sleeps on the bosom of God, and lives and moves in the Divine presence."

FALSE CONVERSIONS.

GETTING into a hammock is an art. I have seen a stranger attempt it and succeed so well that in getting in on one side he has fallen out at the other. It is an amusing sight to see how simultaneous are the getting in and the tumbling out, but the sight suggested to us a sad parallel. Conversions are thought to be easy things by a certain enthusiastic school, and truly they ought to be, for they are soon over. We have known men converted just long enough to become apostates, — a week sooner and they could not have so dishonored the church, for they had not then been found in the

inquiry room. Conversion is something more than this. It is a divine work. "Turn us, O God, and we shall be turned."

NOTES.

WE have been most savagely assailed for praying the Lord to preserve peace, and if our rulers would not learn wisdom, to remove them. We fail to see any reason for altering the prayer, and only trust that it may be heard. To us mere party politics are nothing; but when we see war threatened on behalf of a detestable tyranny, contrary to all the dictates of humanity and religion, we cannot do otherwise than implore the Judge of all the earth to save us from such an astounding wickedness, and to remove from office the man whose rash bravados give rise to our fears. It is ours to pray, but it is ever with the deep feeling that the Lord of Hosts will accomplish his own purposes in his own way, and if the form of his servant's prayers should not be answered yet the spirit of them will be acceptable with him. Many of the persons who have written us abusively have not signed their names, and we are glad that they did not, for there is hope that some sense of shame remains in them. Did they know how little their fierce language annoys us they would save their paper and postage. One such note as the following from Slavonia makes amends for a thousand scurrilous epistles; we do not give the writer's name because we have not asked his permission, but he is engaged in relieving distress among the fugitives from Bosnia. We suppose he alludes to our former prayer, that the Lord would break the power of the oppressor —

"Palcratz, Slavonia, Austria.

"Dear Sir, — I think it will interest you to know that the little quotation from our prayer which has appeared in the English papers has been translated into German and Serbian, and has been in most of the newspapers in those languages. While to the persecuted Christians of Turkey, and their brethren in race, language and faith, of other countries, the attitude of the English *Government* is so incomprehensibly hostile, a token of sympathy and pity, and the evidence that they are not despised and forgotten by the *English people*, is doubly precious. I write that you may have the pleasure of knowing that your words have cheered and comforted many sorrowful hearts. Oh, may they but be heard! and the thousands now groaning in slavery and exile, the victims of Turkish

barbarism, be delivered from the hand and power of the wicked. I am sure I need not ask you to be unceasing in your supplications for them.”

FUNDS — Thanks be to God, we have no longer to watch the ebb. The Lord has stirred up a host of kind friends, and the Orphanage exchequer, which was more and more closely nearing a condition of vacuum, has now been replenished. We have seldom had such a number of donations in so short a time. Our heart is full of gratitude to God and to the donors. We have a wish, and we take leave to express it to those who take a loving interest in our work. We hope to go to the South of Europe in a few days, and we shall, if the Lord will, be absent for six Sabbaths. We should like to leave enough bread and butter in all the cupboards for orphans, students, colporteurs, and the poor blind, so that we need not even think about them while we are among the olive groves of the Mediterranean Sea. Our rest under such circumstances would then do us the maximum of service. The Colportage, the Blind, and the Orphans are the most in need.

We go to press before Christmas-day, but already we see tokens that the orphans will not be forgotten. Not by any means enough has come in as yet, but there is a beginning made. We intend next month, if all be well, to get Mr. Pike to describe our Christmas festivities. The poor boys are merry indeed on that day.

COLPORTAGE — With the new year additional districts will be started at Sittingborne, Cardiff, Coseley, Dudley West, Cradley, also Hadleigh in Suffolk. Several other districts promise fairly, and we expect to send colporteurs soon. Increased attention is being manifested towards the work, not only in fresh places, but also in existing districts. The General Secretary has visited Bacup during the past month, where he addressed several hundreds of the colporteurs’ friends, who had previously taken tea together. The owner of a cotton mill who presided said that he had sought the services of a colporteur because of the large number of injurious publications he observed in the hands of his employees, and much good had been done during the past year through the agent’s work. Our balance at the bank is very low, and we have heavy publishers’ accounts to meet in a few days. In this department the “ebb” continues, but must soon have reached the worst, for there will be nothing left.

Tuesday Dec. 12th — We preached twice in Mr. Silverton’s new place in Nottingham, called Exeter Hall. Of all places we have ever preached in it is at once the most compact, easy for speaking and comfortable. We

recommend all who are building to see it. The cost was the lowest we have ever heard of for a building of such capacity, so substantial, and so elegant. It seats two thousand, and cost £4,700, apart from the site. Common sense is the characteristic of Mr. Silverton, and he has shown it in this case. The amount raised during the day was £500, and the giving and hearing were of the most enthusiastic order.

Friday, Dec. 15th — The men of the Pastors' College accepted the fraternal invitation of their brethren of Regent's Park College to spend the afternoon and evening with them. There was very hearty intercourse between the students and tutors of the two Colleges, and much enjoyment in consequence. Mr. Spurgeon spoke upon *culture*, and Dr. Angus upon *go*. With prayers, hymns, addresses, and speeches the time passed away very pleasantly. The words of wisdom of Mr. Rogers, "the old man eloquent," will probably abide in the memories of all present for many a year to come. May the two Colleges prosper with the rich blessing of God, and may the men while in training, and when actually in the field, never forget that "all we are brethren."

From our College the following brethren have gone forth to pastorates, Mr. G. Dunnett, to Newcastle-under-Lyne, Mr. N. T. Miller to Huraley, Wotton-under-Edge, Mr. T. H. Smith to Shefford, Mr. C. Joseph to Small Heath, Birmingham, where a new interest is in process of formation. Mr. Davis to Ottery St. Mary, Mr. Blaikie to Irwine, Mr. Bloyto Forncett, in Norfolk, Mr. Sumner to Brentford.

Mr. Hamilton, who left us to form a Baptist church at Cape Town, has been well received, for we have met with the following paragraph in the Cape Times:

"The Rev. Mr. Hamilton has preached for the last two Sundays, at Temperance Hall, to the Baptist congregation which is now forming in this city. The building is not large enough for the number of attendants, and it is now the object of the congregation to obtain a more commodious place of meeting. Mr. Hamilton is said to be an able and earnest preacher, and it would appear that, as a student in Spurgeon's College, he has caught something of the master's tact and power. The Baptists consider themselves very happy in having Mr. Hamilton's ministrations, and we hope that they will succeed in procuring a more suitable tabernacle."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth: — Nov. 27th, seven. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: — Nov. 30th, sixteen.

TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PERSONS may be so lost on land or on sea as to need saving and not seeking; but we were spiritually lost, so as to need both saving and seeking too. I heard a little while ago of a party of friends who went to the lakes of Cumberland and endeavored to climb the Langdale Pikes. One of the company found the labor of the ascent too wearisome, and so resolved that he would go back to the little inn from which they started. Being a wiser man than some, in his own esteem, he did not take the winding path by which they had ascended. He thought he would go straight down, for he could see the house just below, and fancied he should pitch upon it all of a sudden, and show the mountaineers that a straight line is the nearest road. Well, after descending, and descending, leaping many a rugged place, he found himself at last on a ledge from which he could go neither up nor down. After many vain attempts he saw that he was a prisoner. In a state of wild terror, he took off his garments and tore them into shreds to make a line, and tying the pieces together he let them down, but he found that they reached nowhere at in all the great and apparently unfathomable abyss which yawned below him. So he began to call aloud; but no answer came from the surrounding hills beyond the echo of his own voice. He shouted by the half-hour together, but there was no answer, neither was there anyone within sight. His horror nearly drove him out of his wits. At last, to his intense joy, he saw a figure move in the plain below, and he began to shout again. Happily it was a woman, who, hearing his voice, stopped, and as he called again she came nearer and called out "Keep where you are. Do not stir an inch. Keep where you are." He was lost, but he no longer needed seeking, for some friendly shepherds soon saw where he was. All he wanted was saving; and so the mountaineers descended with a rope, as they were wont to do when rescuing lost sheep, and soon brought him out of danger. He was lost, but he did not want seeking; they could see where he was.

A month or two ago you must have noticed in the papers an advertisement for a gentleman who had left Wastwater, some days before, to go over the hills, and had not been heard of since. His friends had to *seek* him, that, if still alive, he might be saved; and there were those who traversed hill and moor to discover him, but they were unable to save him, because they could not find him. If they could have found out where he was I do not doubt that, had he been in the most imminent peril, the bold hills'-men would have risked their lives to rescue him; but, alas, he was never found nor saved: his lifeless corpse was the only discovery which was ultimately made. This last is the true image of our deplorable condition; we are by nature lost, so that nothing but seeking and saving together will be of any service to us.

Let us see how our Lord accomplishes *the saving*. That has been done, completely done. My dear friends, you and I were lost in the sense of having broken the law of God and having incurred his anger, but Jesus came and took the sin of men upon himself, and as their surety and their substitute he bore the wrath of God, so that God can henceforth be "just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." This blessed doctrine of substitution, I would like to die talking of it, and I intend, by divine grace, to live proclaiming it, for it is the keystone of the gospel. Jesus Christ did literally take upon himself the transgression and iniquity of his people, and was made a curse for them, seeing that they had fallen under the wrath of God; and now every soul that believeth in Jesus is saved because Jesus has taken away the penalty and the curse due to sin. In this let us rejoice. Christ has also saved us from the power of Satan. The seed of the woman has bruised the serpent's head, so that Satan's power is broken. Jesus has, by his mighty power, set us free from hell's horrible yoke by vanquishing the prince of darkness, and has moreover saved us from the power of death, so that to believers it shall not be death to die. Christ has saved us from sin and all its consequences by his most precious death and resurrection.

*“See God descending in the human frame,
The offended suffering in the offenders name;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolved on thee.”*

Our Lord's saving work is in this sense finished, but there is always going on in the world his *seeking* work, and I want you to think of it.

He can save us, blessed be his name. He has nothing more to do in order to save any soul that trusts him. But we have wandered very far away, and are hidden in the wilds of the far country. We are very hungry, and though there is bread enough and to spare, what is the use of it while we are lost to the home in which it is so freely distributed? We are very ragged; there is the best robe, and it is ready to be put on us; but what is the good of it while we are so far away? There are the music and the dancing to make us glad and to cheer us, but what is the use of them while we still tarry among the swine? Here, then, is the great difficulty. Our Lord must find us out, follow our wanderings, and, treating us like lost sheep, he must bear us back upon his shoulder rejoicing.

Many need seeking because they are lost in bad company. Evil companions get around men and keep them away from hearing the gospel by which men are saved. There is no place to be lost in like a great city. When a man wants to escape the police he does not run to a little village, he hides away in a thickly populated town. So this London has many hiding-places where sinners get out of the gospel's way. They lose themselves in the great crowd, and are held captives by the slavish customs of the evil society into which they are absorbed. If they do but relent for a moment, some worldling plucks them by the sleeve and says, "Let us be merry while we may. What are you so melancholy about?" Satan carefully sets a watch upon his younger servants to prevent their escaping from his hands. These pickets labor earnestly to prevent the man from hearing the good news of salvation lest he should be converted. Sinners therefore need seeking out from among the society in which they are imbedded; they need as much seeking after as the pearls of the Arabian Gulf.

The Lord Jesus Christ in seeking men has to deal with deep-seated prejudices. Many refuse to hear the gospel: they would travel many miles to escape its warning message. Some are too wise, or too rich to have the gospel preached to them. Pity the poor rich! The poor man has many missionaries and evangelists seeking him out, but who goes after the great ones? Some come from the east to worship, but who comes from the west? Many more will find their way to heaven out of the back slums than ever will come out of the great mansions and palaces. Jesus must seek his elect among the rich under great disadvantages, but blessed be his name he does seek them.

See how vices and depraved habits hold the mass of the poorer classes. What a seeking out is needed among working-men, for many of them are besotted with drunkenness. Look at the large part of London on the Lord's day: what have the working population been doing? They have been reading the Sunday newspaper, and loafing about the house in their shirt sleeves, and waiting at the posts of the doors — not of wisdom, but of the drink-shop. They have been thirsting, but not after righteousness. Bacchus still remaineth the god of this city, and multitudes are lost among the beer-barrels and the spirit-casks. In such pursuits men waste the blessed Sabbath hours. How shall they be sought out? Yet the Lord Jesus is doing it by his Holy Spirit.

Alas, through their ill ways men's ears are stopped and their eyes are blinded, and their hearts hardened, so that the messengers of mercy have need of great patience, it were easy work to save men, if they could but be made willing to receive the gospel, but they will not even hear it. When you do get them for a Sabbath-day beneath the sound of a faithful ministry, how they struggle against it. They want seeking out fifty times over. You bring them right up to the light, and flash it upon their eyes, but they willfully and deliberately close their eyelids to it. You set before them life and death, and plead with them even unto tears that they would lay hold on eternal life; but they choose their own delusions. So long and so patiently must they be sought that this seeking work as much reveals the gracious heart of Jesus as did the saving work which he fulfilled upon the bloody tree.

Notice how he is daily accomplishing his search of love. Every day, beloved, Jesus Christ is seeking men's *ears*. Would you believe it? He has to go about with wondrous wisdom even to get a hearing. They do not want to know the love message of their God. "God so loved the world" — they know all about that, and do not want to hear any more. There is an infinite sacrifice for sin: they turn on their heel at such stale news. They would rather read an article in an infidel Review, or a paragraph in the *Police News*. They want to know no more of spiritual matters. The Lord Jesus, in order to get at their ears, cries aloud by many earnest voices. Thank God, he has ministers yet alive who mean to be heard and will not be put off with denials. Even the din of this noisy world cannot drown their testimony. Cry aloud, my brother; cry aloud and spare not, for, cry as you may, you will not cry too loudly, for man will not hear if he can help it. Our Lord, to win men's ears, must use a variety of voices, musical or rough, as

his wisdom judges best. Sometimes he gains an audience by an odd voice whose quaintness wins attention. He will reach men when he means to save them. That was an odd voice, surely the oddest I ever heard of, which came a little time ago in an Italian town to one of God's elect ones there, He was so depraved that he actually fell to worshipping the devil rather than God. It chanted one day that a rumor went through the city that a Protestant was coming there to preach. The priest, alarmed for his religion, told the people from the altar that Protestants worshipped the devil, and he charged them not to go near the meeting-room. The news, as you may judge, excited no horror in the devil-worshipper's mind. "Ay," thought he, "then I shall meet with brethren," and so he went to hear our beloved missionary who is now laboring in Rome. Nothing else would have drawn the poor wretch to hear the good word, but this lie of the priest's was overruled to that end. He went and heard, not of the devil, but of the devil's conqueror, and before long was found at Jesus' feet, a sinner saved.

I have known my Lord, when his ministers have failed, take out an arrow from his quiver, and fix upon it a message, and put it to his bow, and shoot it right into a man's bosom till it wounded him; and, as it wounded him, and he lay moaning upon his bed, the message has been conned, and felt, and accepted. I mean that many a man in sickness has been brought to hear the message of salvation. Often losses and crosses have brought men to Jesus's feet. Jesus seeks them so. When Absalom could not get an interview with Joab, he said, "Go and set his barley-field on fire." Then Joab came down to Absalom, and said, "Wherefore have thy servants set my barley-field on fire?" The Lord sometimes sends losses of property to men who will not otherwise hear him, and at last their ears are gained. Whom he seeketh he in due time findeth.

Well, after my Lord has sought men's ears he next seeks their *desires*. He will have them long for a Savior, and this is not an easy thing to accomplish; but he has a way of showing men their sins, and then they wish for mercy. He shows them at other times the great joy of the Christian life, and then they wish to enter into the like delight. I pray that, at this hour he may lead some of you to consider the danger you are in while you are yet unconverted, that so you may begin to desire Christ, and in this way may be sought and found by him.

Then he seeks their *faith*. He seeks that they may come and trust him; and he has ways of bringing them to this, for he shows them the suitability of

his salvation, and the fullness and the freeness of it; and when he has exhibited himself as a sinner's Savior, and such a Savior as they want, then do they come and put their trust in him. Then has he found them and saved them. All this does his Holy Spirit work in men for their eternal good.

He seeks their *hearts*, for it is their hearts that he has lost. And oh, how sweetly does Christ, by the Holy Spirit, win men's affections and hold them fast. I shall never forget how he won mine, how first he gained my ear, and then my desires, so that I wished to have him for my Lord; and then he taught me to trust him, and when I had trusted him and found that I was saved, then I loved him, and I love him still. So, dear hearer, if Jesus Christ shall find you, you will become his loving follower for ever. I have been praying that he would bring this message under the notice of those whom he means to bless, I have asked him to let me sow in good soil: I hope that among those who read these pages there will be many whom the Lord Jesus has specially redeemed with his most precious blood, and I trust that he will appear at once to them, and say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." May the Eternal Spirit open your ears to hear the still small voice of love. By grace omnipotent may you be made to yield to the Lord with the cheerful consent of your conquered wills, and accept that glorious grace which will bring you to praise the seeking and saving Savior in heaven.

NOTES.

With profound gratitude to God we record not only the ceasing of the ebb in our funds, but the continuance of the flood. We also with warmest love thank the many generous friends by whose united contributions we are now placed at ease with regard to the College and Orphanage. They have relieved the care of one to whom care is just now as a poison, and we hope that now our rest will be real, and therefore the more beneficial, because we leave all in good trim. By a little thought such another great drain may be avoided in the future. Occasional help given with regularity would furnish all that is needed for these works of the Lord.

The Colportage, however, still needs capital, and is worked under great disadvantage. One friend gave £100, and another £50 towards the £1,000, which is absolutely needed; but this, though we are very thankful for it, is not a fifth part of the real need. How are we to go on with sixty

colporteurs with no more capital than when we had ten? We cannot stop the work, but what are we to do? Can any friend show us how to make bricks without straw?

Our friends will be gratified to learn that the great wish of our beloved wife's heart was granted, and the contribution list of the *Book Fund* made up to a *thousand* pounds on Saturday evening, December 20th, 1876. She intends having the list printed, and thinks that in the form of a nice little book it will be welcomed and read with interest by every contributor.

We are charged to make a special offer to ministers who were formerly students of the Pastors' College, and *to them only*, of six volumes of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," as a little help towards completing their sets. They may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Spurgeon, and mentioning the number of volumes already possessed.

"G. B." who sent some really good second-hand books, and desired an acknowledgment in *The Sword and the Trowel*, is hereby warmly thanked for the gift.

December 22 — The College Evening Classes met to hold their annual meeting. A grand work is being done in these classes in the education of about 200 men, who remain at their trades, but thus become equipped for various branches of the Lord's work. The President was ill and unable to be present, but his two sons did their best to make up the deficiency. The meeting was good throughout.

Tuesday, Jan. 2 — was the Annual Meeting of the College. The ladies of the Tabernacle again gave the tea, the friends came up in great numbers, Mr. Mayors sang, and Mr. Silverton and Mr. J. A. Spurgeon spoke nobly. We also gave such a lecture as our weary brain could concoct. There are now 380 ministers actually in the field who were trained in the College. What hath God wrought! Our heart is very rejoiced to see how our Lord has made this good and needful work to prosper.

Jan. 5 — We met our Church Officers to tea and conference on the Lord's work, and had a most joyful season. Never church had better elders or deacons; never pastor so valuable a co-pastor. Never was any body of workers so hearty, so unanimous, in the work of the Lord. Points were discussed frankly and earnestly in such a spirit of love that it brought tears to our eyes to be one of such a band of true brothers. No heart-ache ever

comes to us through our friends in office, they do us good and no harm all the days of their lives.

The same evening three friends gave a meat tea to 450 hard-working men, coal-heavers and others. They were the real sort, as any one could see at a glance: not regular hearers of the gospel, but outsiders. The singing of Mr. Evan Edwards of Wynne Road, and the various gospel addresses, riveted their attention. We never saw a more hopeful meeting. We liked to see men in their working clothes, and to talk to them in working man's language. More of such meetings ought to be held. All sorts are willing to come, and eager to listen: we could have had ten times the number without an effort. We cannot expect them to hear on an empty stomach, and the cost of the food is a trifle compared with the joy of getting them to listen to the gospel. We felt equally at home with Stock Exchange gentlemen and coal-heavers, and hope to find many more such opportunities of going outside all regular congregations. By the way, we did not tell our friends that on *December 4th* we addressed more than a thousand gentlemen of the Stock Exchange in the Pillar Room of the Cannon Street Hotel. It was a very cheering opportunity. Our address can be had of our publishers for two-pence.

Tuesday Jan 9 — C.H. Spurgeon addressed the prayer-meeting of the Evangelical alliance at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall. There was quite a convocation of Wesleyan ministers, and we are bound to thank them for their hearty reception of their Calvinistic friend.

Wednesday, Jan. 10th — was the Annual Church Meeting at the Tabernacle. All accounts, having been duly audited, were read to the great host there present: the College accounts among them, as usual; for the College is part and parcel of our Church work. The Trust Deed of the College Buildings was signed in the presence of all, and that noble pile is now in the hands of trustees, with a sufficient sum of money to pay insurance, taxes, and repairs. Time has been taken to make the trust deed carefully, but, long ago, the Pastor executed a temporary instrument for fear his death might occur, or he might seem to wish to retain public property in his possession.

There are grave reasons why none of the great philanthropic works of the day should vest property in one person: everything ought to be in trust, and nothing should be done in a corner. Everything has been in the hands of trustees all along with the Orphanage; and at the first moment when we

could frame a deed to which our wiser brethren could perfectly assent we have made it so with the College property. No person ought to give money for buildings which are not to be put in trust, and we wish all donors would see to this, making it a *sine qua non* No matter how zealous and faithful a man may be he ought not to be the sole holder of public property in any case one moment longer than is absolutely needful. We have grave reason for saying that the Christian public may yet see serious reason to regret having in certain cases neglected the ordinary rules of prudence, and allowed single individuals to hold its property in their own name.

Our friends are probably aware that the College is built upon ground held from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for a long term of years, These gentlemen have with great courtesy agreed to sell us the freehold, and we are now in process of completing the purchase. As we often hear of instances of refusal to sell to Dissenters on the part of the great ones of the earth, it is only right to let it be known that the conduct of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to us has been all that could be desired. We pay a handsome and adequate price for what we purchase of them, but they might have refused to sell had there been any intolerance towards us. In a few days we hope the Trustees will hold the College free and unencumbered for the service of God's church till the Lord himself shall come.

The statistics of the Church at the Tabernacle are as follows —

INCREASE	
By baptism	317
From other churches	117
Profession by persons already baptized	39
Restoration	1
TOTAL	474

DECREASE.	
Joined other Churches	185
Emigrated	15
Non-attendance	81
Other causes	8
Deaths	49
TOTAL	328

Net increase 146. Number on Church Books 4938

Thursday, Jan. 11 — In the afternoon we had great pleasure in addressing the clerks engaged at Messrs. Peek and Frea'n's Biscuit Works. We have since received a very hearty letter of thanks from those gentlemen. These special occasions will, we feel sure, produce great results.

Tuesday, Jan. 1 — The London Baptist Association met at the Tabernacle and enjoyed a festival of brotherly love. God is with us in London and our churches are growing.

A gentleman sends us three different reports of one of our addresses, and asks which is correct and what are the public to do? We answer, no one of the reports is exactly accurate, and not one of them quite so faulty as usual. As to what the public should do, we are sure we do not know. It would be wicked to shoot all the incompetent reporters, and till this is done newspaper reports will generally be incorrect. Only one thing we ask our correspondent *not to do*, and that is, do not make us responsible for anything we are *reported* to have said. We will abide by our own utterances, but not by any reporter's notes, unless we know our man.

ORPHANAGE. Special thanks are due for the hosts of friends who loaded us with favors at Christmas. "God bless you all," says the chairman, and the boys join in with, "And so say all of us."

To Cambridge friends a shower of thanks: for two good collections after sermons by Mr. Charlesworth, for entertaining a choir of hungry boys, for

paying to hear the aforesaid boys sing in the Guildhall, for sending them home as happy as sand-boys and for making up in all £75 for the Orphanage. Old friends are sometimes the best of friends, and in this matter our Cambridge brethren have earned unto themselves a good degree. We would mention names, but perhaps we had better not, but return our thanks in the lump. Cambridge friends, we feel your kindness, and bless you for it.

COLLEGE — Mr. Herries has left us for Consett, Durham, with our best wishes and prayers for his success. Mr. G. Samuel has accepted the pastorate at Penge, from which Mr. Collins lately removed to Bedford Row.

Colportage Report — The secretary writes — “While I have nothing special to report this month, the work is steadily progressing. To encourage the colporteurs, and to obtain from them the best statement as to the need, value, and success of their work four prizes have been offered to them for the best Essays upon the subject; and it is hoped that much valuable information will thus be afforded to justify and extend colportage in England. We still need energetic Christian workers who have the business tact necessary to sell good literature, combined with some experience in Christian work and an earnest desire for the salvation of souls. Any such should apply to the General Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, Pastors’ College, S. E., who would also be very glad to receive the names and addresses of additional subscribers for the new year.”

Friends will please note that Mr. Spurgeon is now absent for rest, and will be glad to be considered as having gone beyond reach for a season.

Will friends please note that our contribution list closes early this month, so that many sums may not be acknowledged in print till March. Will donors be a little more particular in sending correct addresses. We have many receipts returned by the Dead Letter Office.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: — December 28th, twenty-three; January 1, nineteen; 4th, sixteen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

APRIL, 1877

SCALES TAKEN FROM THE EYES.

NO. 3205

A SERMON PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, JULY 7TH, 1910,

DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

“And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales.” - Acts 11:18.

THIS means that the film upon Saul's eyes was comparable to the scales of a fish, or else that it fell off as scales might fall. When the blinding film was gone, light broke into the darkness of Saul. In different men, sin manifests its chief power in different parts of their nature. In the case of many, sin is most apparent in their eyes; that is to say, ignorance, error, and prejudice have injured their mental sight. Some have the withered hand of conscious inability, others have the deaf ear of mental obtuseness; but there are far more who hear the joyful sound, and display much energy, but they hear without understanding, and are zealous without knowledge, for they are blind. This was Saul's condition. He was thoroughly honest: we might say of his heart, when; it was at its worst, that it was always true to its convictions. He was no deceiver, and no timeserver. He went in for what he believed to be right with all his might; lukewarmness and selfish policy were alien to his nature. He dashed with all his might against the doctrine of the cross because he thought it to be an imposition. His fault lay in his eyes, and so, when the eyes were set right, Saul was right. When he perceived that Jesus was, after all, the Messiah, the man became just as earnest a follower of Christ as before he had been a persecutor.

We will talk about scales falling from men's eyes. I want to address those who would be right if they knew how; who are earnest, but it is in the

wrong direction, for they do not see the truth. If the Lord, in his infinite mercy, will but touch that sightless eyeball, and remove the film, so that they discern the right way, they will follow it at once. May the Lord remove many scales while we are proceeding!

First, we will speak of *scales which men fail to perceive, because they are inside*. Secondly, we will *show what makes these scales come to the outside so that men do perceive them*; then, thirdly, *what instrumentality the Lord uses to take these outside scales away*; and, fourthly, *what did Saul see when the scales were gone*?

I. First, then, THERE ARE SCALES WHICH MEN DO NOT PERCEIVE.

Saul had scales upon his eyes when he was on the road to Damascus; but if you had looked at his face, he would have appeared to have as bright an eye as any man. Scales on his eyes! Why, he was a sharp-sighted philosopher, a Pharisee, and a teacher of others. He would not have believed you for a minute if you had said to him, "Saul, you are blind." Yet blind he was, for his eyes were shut up with inside scales, — the worst sort of scales that can possibly becloud the sight. Saul had the scale of *self* to darken his eye. He had a great idea of Saul of Tarsus. If he had written down his own character, he would have begun it, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee," and then he would have gone on to tell of countless good works, and fastings, and prayers, and have finished with, "concerning zeal, persecuting the church." He was far too great in his own estimation to become a disciple of Jesus Christ. How could the Rabbi who sat at the feet of Gamaliel become a follower of the despised Galilean? Poor peasants might follow the man of Nazareth, but Doctor Saul of Tarsus, — a man so educated both in the knowledge of the Hebrew literature and of the Greek philosophy, — it was not likely that he would mingle with fishermen and peasants in adoring the Nazarene. This is the reason why a great many people cannot see the beauties of Christ, and cannot come to him that they might have life, namely, because they are so great in their own esteem. Ah, my lord, it might have been a good thing for you if you had been a pauper! Ah, good moralist, it might not be amiss for you if you would sit by the side of those who have lost character among men, and discover that after all, there are not many shades of difference between you and them! Great "I" must fall before the great Savior will be seen. When a man becomes nothing in his own estimation, then Jesus Christ becomes everything to him; but not till then. Self is an effectual

darkener of the windows of the soul. How can men see the gospel while they see so much of themselves? With such a noble righteousness of their own to deck themselves with, is it likely that they will buy of Christ the fine white linen which is the righteousness of saints?

Another scale on Saul's inner eye was *ignorance*, and learned ignorance, too, which is by far the worst kind of ignorance. Saul knew everything but what he ought to have known; he was instructed in all other sorts of learning, but he did not know Christ. He had never studied the Lord's claim and character; he had picked up the popular rumors, and he had thought them to be sterling truth. Ah, had he known, poor soul, that Jesus of Nazareth really was the Christ, he would never have haled men and women to prison; but the scale of ignorance was over his eyes. And how many there are in this city of London, in what we call this "enlightened" nineteenth century, who know a great deal about a thousand things, but nothing about the one thing needful! They have never troubled to study that; and so, for lack of knowledge, they grope as the blind.

With ignorance generally goes another scale, namely, *prejudice*. The man who knows nothing about truth is usually the man who despises it most. He does not know, and does not want to know. "Don't tell me," he says, "don't tell me." He has nothing but a sneer for you when you have told him the truth to the best of your ability; the man has no candor, he has made up his mind, *he* has. Besides, his father before him was not of your religion, and do you think he is going to be a turncoat, and leave the old family faith? "Don't tell me," says he, "I don't want to know anything of your canting Methodism," or "Presbyterianism", or whatever it is that he likes to call it. He is *so* wise! He is wiser than seven men that can render a reason. O prejudice, prejudice, prejudice, how many hast thou destroyed! Men who might have been wise have remained fools because they thought they were wise. Many judge what the gospel ought to be, but do not actually inquire as to what it is. They do not come to the Bible to obtain their views of religion, but they open that Book to find texts to suit the opinions which they bring to it. They are not open to the honest force of truth, and therefore are not saved by it. Oh, that this scale would fall from every eye which it now closes.

Saul's soul was also darkened by the scale of *unbelief*. Saul had seen Stephen die. If he saw the martyr's heavenly face, he must have noticed the wondrous peace which sat upon his countenance when he fell asleep amid a

shower of stones; but Saul did not believe. Though no sermon, is like the sight of a martyrdom, yet Saul was not convinced. Perhaps he had heard about the Savior more than he cared to remember, but he did not believe it; he counted the things rumored concerning him to be idle tales, and cast them under his feet. O brothers and sisters, what multitudes are being ruined by this cruel unbelief towards Christ! Some of you, too, whom I have been addressing for years, are believers in the head, but unbelievers in the heart, not really putting your trust in Jesus. Who can see if he refuses the light? Who shall find salvation if he will not trust the Savior for it? Unbelief is as sure to destroy those who are guilty of it as faith is sure to save believers.

Then the scale of *habit*, too, had formed over Saul's inner eye, for he had been for a long time what he then was. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" If so, then he that is accustomed to do evil may learn to do well. They say that use is second nature; and when the first nature is bad, the second nature is like the first, only it goes further in wrong. Ah, dear friends, some of you have been so accustomed to refuse the gospel, so accustomed to follow after the pleasures and the vices of the world, that it does not seem possible that you should follow after Christ. Habits of secret sin are peculiarly blinding to the soul. May this scale be speedily made to fall!

Another scale is *worldliness*, and Saul had that upon his inner eye, for he loved the praise of men. He had his reputation to maintain, for he had profited beyond most of his brethren, and was reckoned to be a most hopeful and rising teacher of Israel. It was not likely that Saul would believe in Jesus Christ, for then he would have to lose, the esteem of his fellow-countrymen. The fear of man, and the love of man's applause, how they prevent men from seeing the truth about Jesus, and recognizing him as the Son of God! "How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another?" How can men bow themselves before Jesus Christ when, all the while, they are bidding high for the homage of their fellow-sinners? The love of adulation, which is a form, of worldliness, blinds the eye; and so will any other love of things beneath the moon. Let but the heart be set upon this blinding world, and there will be little sight for things divine.

II. These scales were upon the inside of Saul's eyes when he was on the way to Damascus, but now we have to notice them BROUGHT TO THE OUTSIDE. Those outside scales revealed in type and figure what had always

been the matter with Saul; they were the material index of the spiritual mischief under which he had long labored, only now they were brought outside so that he knew they were there, and others could perceive that they were there. Now there was hope that they would be removed from the eye; now that he was conscious of them, the evil was half cured. What brought those scales to the outside, and made Saul know that he was blind?

Well, first, it was *the exceeding glory of Christ*. He says, "About noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me," and he adds, "I could not see for the glory of that light." Let my Lord Jesus Christ only manifest himself to any of you, and you will be well enough aware of your blindness, and you will say to yourselves, "What a strangely blind being I must have been not to have loved such beauty as this, — not to have yielded myself to such grace as this, — not to have trusted myself to so complete a Savior as this!" Oh, the glory of Christ! It has even laid the saints prostrate when they have seen it. Those who dwell nearest to their Lord are frequently overcome with the exceeding brightness of his glory, and have to confess with those favored three, —

*“When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor’s glorious steep we climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o’er our sight.”*

So it is with the sinner when he gets his first view of a glorious Christ, the inrush of the glory makes him mourn his native blindness; he perceives that he has had no perception, and knows that he has known nothing.

Another thing which made the scales pass to the outside of Saul’s eyes was *that unanswerable question*, "Why persecutest thou me?" That brought home to him a sense of his sin. "Why?" That was a "why" for which Saul of Tarsus could not find a "because." When he discovered that the man of Nazareth was the glorious Christ of God, then, indeed, he was "confounded." He could make no reply to the demand, "Why persecutest thou me?" Oh, that the Lord would fix such a "why" in some of your hearts! Why should you live in sin? Why are you choosing the wages of unrighteousness? Why are you hardening your hearts against the gospel? Why are you ridiculing it? Why do you sneer at the servants of God? If the Holy Spirit drives that "why" home to your heart, you will begin to say, "What a blind fool I am to have acted as I have done, to go kicking against

the pricks, fighting against my best friend, and pouring scorn on those whom I ought most of all to admire!" The *why* from the lip of Christ will show you your blindness.

The scales were on the outside of Saul's eyes now, because *his soul had been cast into a terrible bewilderment*. We read of him that, when his eyes were opened, he saw no man; but, trembling and astonished, he asked the Lord what he must do. Some of us know what that experience means. We have been brought under the hand of God till we have been utterly astonished, — astonished at our Savior, astonished at our sin, astonished that there should be a hope remaining for us, astonished that we should have rejected that hope so long. With this amazement, there was mixed trembling lest, after all, the mercy should be too great for us, and the next word from the Lord should be, "You have kicked against the pricks so long that, henceforth, the gates of mercy are shut against you." May the Lord fill some of you with trembling and astonishment, and, if he does, then you will perceive the blindness of your soul, and cry for light.

I have no doubt the scales became all the more, perceptible to poor Saul when he came to those *three days and nights of prayer*; for, when you get a man on his knees, and he begins crying for mercy, he is in the way of being more fully taught his need of it. If relief does not come at once, then the penitent cries more and more intensely; his heart all the while is aching more and more and he perceives how blind he must have been to bring himself into such a condition. It is a good thing, sometimes, when the Lord keeps a man in prayer, pleading for the mercy, and pleading, and pleading, and pleading on and on, until he perceives how great his need of that mercy is. When he has bitterly felt the darkness of his soul, he will be exceedingly bold in bearing light to his fellowmen. May God bring many of you to agonizing prayer; and if that prayer should last days and nights, and you should neither eat nor drink for anguish of spirit, I warrant you that you will learn your blindness thoroughly, and the scales upon your eyes will be painfully evident to yourself.

III. Now thirdly, and here I should like to stir up the people of God to a little practical business; — we have seen Saul with the scales outside his eyes: he now knows that he is blind, though he did not know it before when he was a proud Pharisee; he can see a great deal better now than he could when he thought he could see; but, still, there he is, in darkness, and

we long for the scales to be removed; WHAT INSTRUMENTALITY DID THE LORD USE TO GET THE SCALES AWAY?

It was not an angel, nor was it an apostle, but it was a *plain man*, named Ananias, who was the means of bringing sight to blind Saul. We do not know much about this useful brother. We know his name, and that is enough; but Ananias was the only person whom the Lord used in taking off the scales from this apostle's eyes. Dear brethren, dear sisters, too, there are some of you, if you be but alive to it, whom God will bless in like work. Perhaps this very night, though you are unknown and obscure Christian people, he may make you to be the means of taking the scales from the eyes of somebody who will be eminently useful in future years. The Holy Spirit blessed the great apostle to the Gentiles by Ananias, and he may lead another of his mighties to himself by some obscure disciple.

Ananias was a plain man, but he was a *good man*. You can see that Ananias was a thorough man of God. He was one who knew his Lord, and recognized his voice when he said to him, in a vision, "Ananias," and he was a man whom the Lord knew, for he called him by his name. "I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine." The Lord will not send you on his errands unless you are sound, and sincere, and living near to him; but, if you be that, no matter how feeble you may be, I beseech you be looking not, even to-night, for some blind soul to whom you may be as eyes.

Notice, that this Ananias was a *ready man*, for when the Lord spoke to him, he said, "Behold, I am here, Lord." I know many professors who would have to answer, "Behold, I am anywhere else, Lord, but certainly not here." They are not "all there" when they are in Christ's work; the heart is away after something else. But, "Behold, I am here, Lord," is a grand thing for a believer to say when his Lord bids him seek the wanderer. It is well to say, "Behold, I am here, Lord, ready for the poor awakened one. If he wants a word of comfort, I am ready to say it to him; if he wants a word of direction, here am I, as thou shalt help me to speak it to him." My brother, be thou like Ananias was, a ready man.

And he was an *understanding man*, for, when the Lord said to him concerning Saul, "Behold; he prayeth," he knew what that meant. He well understood the first indication of grace in the soul. Beloved, you must have a personal experience of the things of God, or you cannot help newborn souls. If you do not yourself know what it is to pass from death to life, and do not know the marks of regeneration, you are useless.

At the same time, he was a *discerning man*, — an inquiring, discriminating man, for he began to say, “Lord, I have heard by many of this man.” He wanted to know a little about Saul, so he inquired of the great Master as to his character, and whether it was a genuine work of grace in his soul. It will not do to pat all people on the back, and give them comfort without examining into their state. Some of you must know by this time that indiscriminate consolation does more hurt than good. Certain classes need no consolation, but rather require reproof. They want wounding before they can be healed; and it is a good thing to know your man, and especially to wait upon the Lord, and ask him to tell you about your man, so that you may know how to deal with him when you do come to him. Use all diligence to know the case as Ananias did.

But when once he had made his inquiry, he was *an obedient man*. He was told to go into a house where I do not suppose he had ever left his card in his life; but he did not stop for an introduction, but went off at once to the house of Judas, and inquired for one called Saul, of Tarsus. He had divine authority; the Lord had given him a search-warrant, and so he entered the house.

***“Thus the eternal mandate ran
Almighty grace, arrest that man.”***

Ananias must be the sheriff’s officer to go and arrest Saul in the name of the Lord, and so away he went.

And you will notice what a *personal-dealing man* he was, for he did not stand at a distance, but, putting his hands on him, he said, “*Brother Saul.*” Ah, that is the way to talk to people who are seeking the Lord; not to stand five miles off, and speak distantly, or preach condescendingly, as from the supreme heaven of a sanctified believer, down to the poor sinner mourning below. No, go and talk to him; call him brother. Go and speak to him, with a true, loving, brotherly accent, as Ananias did, for he was *a brotherly man*.

Ananias also was *a man whose subject was Christ*. As soon as ever you do speak to the sinner, let the first thing you have to say be, “The Lord, *even Jesus.*” Whatever you say next, begin with that, “Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus.” Have something to say about Jesus, but say it personally and pointedly, not as though you were alluding to persons living in Australia

seven hundred years ago, but as referring to Brother Saul, and intending the word for him.

Among Christian people, there are mighty hunters before the Lord, who strive after souls, but I wish that a hundred times as many really cared for the souls of their fellow-men. Some church members never speak to anybody about spiritual things. You come into your pews, and you like two sets if you can get them; like gentlemen in a first-class carriage, you want a compartment to yourselves; and then, after service, no matter who is impressed, many of you have not a word to say. Should it be so, brethren? We should always be on the look out to seat strangers comfortably, and afterwards to drive home by personal remark any truth which may have been advanced. “Ah! says one, but I may speak to the wrong person.” Suppose you did, is it such a mighty misfortune to miss your mark once: Ah, brethren, if you were to address the wrong person fifty times, and ultimately meet the right one once in a year, it would well reward you. If you were to receive rebuffs, and rebuffs, and rebuffs, and yet at last you should find out the Brother Saul who is to have the scales removed by you, and by none but you, you would be well rewarded. A plain common-sense word from a common-sense Christian has often been the very thing to set some able critic at liberty. Some man of profound mind — a Thomas of abundant doubts and questions, — has only just wanted a simple-hearted Christian man to say the right word, and he has entered into peace and liberty. You must not think that learned personages, when the Lord touches them in the heart, want to be talked to by doctors of divinity. Not they! They become as simple-hearted as others, and, like dying kings and dying bishops, they ask to hear a shepherd pray, because they find more savor, more plainness, more earnestness, more faith, and more familiarity with God, in the humble expressions of the lowly than in the language of courtly preachers. Do not, therefore, Brother Ananias, say, “I cannot go and talk to anybody. I have never been to college.” Do not, sister in Christ, keep back because you are a woman, for oftentimes the Lord makes the sweet and gentle voice of woman to sound out the music of grace. God grant that many of us may be the instruments of taking the scales from men’s eyes!

IV. LASTLY, WHAT DID SAUL SEE WHEN THE SCALES WERE GONE?

The first person he saw was *Brother Ananias*. It was a fine sight for Saul to see Brother Ananias’s Christian countenance beaming with love and joy.

I fancy he was like one of our elders, a fine old Christian man, with love to souls written on his face. When Saul opened his eyes, it must have done him good to see just such a face as that, — a plain, simple man full of holy zeal and intense anxiety for his good. Dear friend, if the Lord opens your eyes, you will see the brotherhood of Christians. Perhaps you will enjoy that among the first delights of your Christian experience; and, for a little while, your faith, it may be, will hang upon the testimony of an instructed Christian woman, and your confidence will need confirmation by the witness of a more advanced brother in the Lord. But, my fellow-worker, the saved one will never see Brother Ananias unless Ananias goes to him, and becomes the means of opening his eyes; but if you will go and do that, you will win a friend who will love you as long as life lasts. There are some of you between whom and myself there are ties which death cannot snap. I will find you out in heaven if I can and I know you will desire to meet me. The Lord gave you to me as my spiritual children; and if it should come to pass that earthly fathers should not see their children in heaven, yet the spiritual father will see his children there praising and blessing the Lord. One of the next joys to knowing Christ yourself must surely be that of leading others to know him. Seek after this bliss.

The next thing that Saul would see would be *a Savior in Christ*, for Ananias said to him, “The Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight.” Now he would see what an opener of the eyes Jesus is, what a mighty Savior for sinners. And, oh, this is a blessed sight, — to see Christ as a Savior, as *my* Savior, opening my eyes, so, that I can say, “One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.” This is a heavenly sight. May you help many to gaze upon it!

Right speedily he saw *the Spirit of God waiting to fill him*: “that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.” Ah, dear soul, when thou hast come to see Christ, then the blessed Spirit will become dear to thee, and thou wilt rejoice to think that he will dwell in thee, to sanctify thee, to enlighten thee, to strengthen thee, and to make thee a vessel of mercy unto others.

One more thing that Saul saw, when his eyes were opened, was what some do not see, although their eyes are opened in other aspects. “He received sight forthwith, and *arose, and was baptized.*” He saw the duty of believed baptism, and he attended to it directly. You who believe in Jesus should

confess Jesus, and you who have confessed Jesus should gently bestir the memories of those very retiring young converts, who are afraid to put on Christ in baptism. You know right well that salvation lies in the believing, but still how singularly the two things are put together, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.” The two things are joined together by Christ, so let no man put them asunder. Surely, dear friends, wherever there is a genuine faith in Christ, there ought to be a speedy obedience to the other matter. I once met a man who had been forty years a Christian, and believed it to be his duty to be baptized; but when I spoke to him about it, he said, “He that believeth shall not make haste.” After forty years delay, he talked about not making haste. I quoted to him another passage: “I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandment,” and showed him what the meaning of his misapplied passage was. Now, soul, do not delay. As soon as Saul’s eyes were opened, straightway he took upon himself the outward badge of the Christian faith, and arose, and was baptized. Now, I call upon you who love the Lord Jesus Christ not to play the coward, but come out, and own your Lord and Master. You that are truly his disciples, confess it. I like to see the soldier wearing his red coat; it is the right thing for him to wear his regimentals. It is the same with the soldiers of Christ. What are you ashamed of? Be ashamed of being ashamed, if you are ashamed of Christ. “Oh, but, I am afraid I might not hold on my way!” Whose business is it to make you hold on your way? Is it not his business who has bidden you to take up your cross, and follow him, and who has said, “Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me, before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven”?

I pray the Lord to bless the feeble words of mine. O souls, O souls, it does seem to me so dreadful that so many of you should come here continually, and yet be blinded! I try to talk plainly about your souls need, and about Christ Jesus as able to meet that need; how long must I repeat the old story? Once again, I beseech you, think upon my Lord and Master, and see what a Savior He is, and how suitable it is for you. I would entreat you to delay no longer, but to close in with the invitations of his mercy. I think, sometimes, that my Master deserves that we should do more than invite you. We command you, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth to bow before his scepter, for he is the King. Own his dominion, and let him be your Savior, for this know, — that his gospel comes with divine authority as well as with gentle persuasion, neither can men reject it except at the peril of their

souls. He whom I preach to you to-night will shortly come to be your Judge; and if you will not trust, him, on his cross, you must tremble before him on his throne. Oh, come to him! Simple trust is the way to come to him. Believe in him, and he is yours, and his salvation is yours.

THE TWO DOORS.

OUR hotel stands upon the side of a hill, and so has two entrances, one in the usual position, and the other on the second floor; so that to meet some friends we who live upon the first story have to go down, and to speak with others we have to go up. This is the position of the average Christian; he has to come down to the weakness and scant spirituality of many of his brethren, but he must climb to have fellowship with better developed children of God. We allowed a friend to pass us the other day at the higher level, but by running down stairs we overtook him before he had passed our front door on the beach; and thus when you are unable to have communion with a brother in his high joys you can meet him upon the lower platform of his trials and infirmities. Some cannot understand the joys of the saints, and others cannot tolerate their griefs; it is well to have a porch on each of the two levels, so as to “weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice.”

NOTES OF THE EDITORS TRIP TO MENTONE.

As we are unable to furnish particulars of anything done in the Christian world, or in our own little domain at the Tabernacle, and are altogether over the edge of public life, we can only fill up our space with notes of our journey in search of health and rest. Some of our friends take such a personal interest in the Pastor himself that they have asked for this, and we do not profess to have modesty enough to refuse their loving request.

MONDAY, JAN. 22 — We left Charing Cross at 10:45 in company with our beloved deacon, Mr. Joseph Passmore, and two gentlemen whom we have long regarded as our country deacons, Mr. Teller, of Waterbeach, and Mr. Abraham, of Minster, near Oxford. The day was cold, the sea smooth, and the journey from Boulogne to Paris about as dull as other traversers of that monotonous piece of country usually find it: but the yoke was removed

from the shoulder, and pleasant companions were with us, and the time sped away. The next day was bitterly cold, and there was a piercing wind, but we saw some of the old sights over again, rode into the Bois de Boulogne, and tried to forget those burdens which have of late seemed so heavy to our soul. We lingered long in the Sainte Chapelle, that glorious vision of azure and crystal. We almost dreamed there of the unclouded skies where the weary are eternally at rest. We should like to gaze upon that gem of purest ray serene every morning in the year; one would surely never tire of such sweetness of light. Verily God maketh man a creature exceeding wise; what must his own wisdom be? By God's blessing the change of scene made our nights more refreshing than they have long been. O sleep, what a boon thou art!

WEDNESDAY, JAN 24 — We had eleven hours of cold ride to Lyons. The ground was all white with frost, but the country very pleasant to look upon, our track following the course of rivers, and running through many towns with historical associations. We are not going to inflict extracts from Murray upon our readers, or we could spin out a long description. The land is well tilled, and abounds in vineyards and corn lands. It was odd to see a woman driving a plough with two horses, but she seemed well at home at the work, and probably would not thank us for our pity. Mountains in the distance covered with snow made us glad that our iron way was unobstructed, and we sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Lyons was, as we have generally found it, sweltering in fog, and we were glad before eleven at night to be housed at the Hotel de l'Univers, close to the station, though not much aided in our slumbers by the roaring of lions and the trumpeting of elephants confined in a traveling menagerie in the square. We tried to see something in Lyons on Thursday, for there really is a good deal to be seen, but as the fog was too thick for us to do more than dimly discern the opposite banks of the rivers we made but small discoveries, and waited patiently till we felt strong enough for another day's journey. Lyons was no improvement upon London as far as damp and cold were concerned. We had come far and fared no better, but then we knew it would be better on before. We cheerfully traverse weary ways when we have a sunny clime before us. Life itself is such a journey to the land

*"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."*

FRIDAY, JAN. 26. — We were off soon after seven for nearly nine hours more of rail. We had a coupe, and so could see all that was to be seen, and could there be more? From the land of vines we glided into the region of mulberries, and on to that of olives, with here and there an orange to mark the neighborhood of a still sunnier clime. The Rhone was almost constantly in view, rushing between two walls of rock, backed by giant mountain masses, and the views were sublime. We were in the country of the Camisards and other heroic strugglers for our holy faith against the outrageous tyranny and sevenfold persecutions of Popish monarchs, — there was Valence still the headquarters of the Reformed Church in the South, and Orange, aforesaid a city of refuge for the persecuted Huguenot. The blood of saints has bedewed all that fruitful region, and watered the neighboring desert with its priceless drops. There, too, stands the monstrous dungeon-like pile of Avignon, the perpetual refutation of Rome's lying claim to apostolical succession, and perpetual unity and catholicity. Within these gloomy walls reigned successive Antipopes, making the Papal church a two headed giant, each head cursing the other with equal vehemence and infallibility. We dined beneath the shadow of the palace walls, and found no terrors in the cave from which Giant Pope has gone to bite his nails, and grin at pilgrims whom he is no longer able to devour. On we went till the blue waters of the Mediterranean informed us that the day's journey was nearly over, and we were near the city of Marseilles. The wind was blowing terribly, and in walking through the streets we were scarcely able, to keep upon our feet. So far we had gained in warmth but to no very great degree: damp, however, was gone, and so one factor of rheumatism had disappeared.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27, — we were on our way to Hyeres, and found on the road that great coats were an encumbrance, for we were in the heat of an average June day. At Hyeres beneath a cloudless sky, with a blazing sun, we thought we had found the golden isles at last, and could count on a summer holiday in mid-winter. There were avenues of palms, hedges of blooming roses, oranges, and pepper trees, and gardens all in full bearing, and withal a little town as quiet as a country village, just the spot for a Sabbath's halt. In the evening the temperature fell so much as to make the blazing pine logs on the hearth a real luxury, and in cheerful chambers we spent the evening, and at night our sleep was exceeding sweet to us.

The Sabbath was luxurious, no sky could be clearer, no created sun could bear more healing beneath its wings. We thought of beloved ones far away,

and as we broke bread together in our chamber in memory of our dying Lord, we had fellowship with the saints at home, yea, and with the whole family in heaven and on earth, and best of all with the ever glorious Head of the One Church “above, beneath.” In an olive garden we also whiled away a couple of hours, lying in the blessed sunshine, almost too warm to bear, and speaking together of the goodness of the Lord which we had each experienced.

This is a very cheap spot to sojourn in, the charges being little over five shillings per diem for lodging and three good meals a day, for those who take up permanent residence and do not demand the very best rooms. We cannot imagine a more delightful dwelling place if it were not for one exception, which is not a little one. The sun went down on Sunday night amid great splendor, and the full moon made the scene wondrously clear and lustrous, and all was after Herbert’s mind, “so calm so bright”; but the next morning saw a notable change. The sun was equally bright, but the *mistral* was abroad, a terrible wind, which is similar to our east wind with its worst qualities made yet more vicious. How it howled and raved, and raged, and tossed the palms about and bowed the trees and worried everybody! This one could bear; but the dust! Well, it seemed to cut the eyes, fill the hair, and make the teeth grind grit, besides demanding one’s hat and lifting the body as if the feet must no longer touch the ground. We gave up the unequal contest and remained indoors on Monday, resolved to remove our tent to Cannes and see whether the boisterous wind was equally abroad on the other side the Estrelles. Thus readily can the Lord stir up our nest, and make us say of the most dainty abode, “Depart ye, depart ye, this is not our rest.”

JAN. 30. — The railway journey to Cannes was delightful; every inch of the road is a picture. Among the olive gardens which look so quiet and solemn and old-world-like, the locomotive seems out of place. The contrast took another form when we paused within a stone’s throw of an ancient Roman amphitheater, and saw the remains of fortifications, city gates, and arches of aqueducts. From the age of pagan civilization to the present, very imperfect though it be, what a stride! Could the victims of the arena have foreseen a period like this, they would have called it the age of gold as compared with their own.

Cannes, stretching out its wide arms to embrace a beautiful bay, is quite a different place from Hyeres, not only because it has the seaside element,

but because the many villas of the wealthy give it an aristocratic character. It is none the better for that, but it is all the handsomer. The bay is lovely indeed, and the isle of St. Marguerite helps to shut it in and make it the more picturesque. Alas, we had not yet escaped the mistral. In a somewhat quieter mood it had followed us from Hyers and cast dust upon us as before. Resolved, however, to gain health and strength by exercise, we pushed along the shore to the garden of the Hesperides, where a vast number of orange trees, still loaded with fruit, well justified by their golden apples the name of the garden. What a sight a well-kept garden presents when in full bearing! Here is the reward for abundant labor and expense. Our Lord's garden, for which all has been done that can be done, should be of all others the most fruitful: and truly a church when it yields plenteously its works of faith and labors of love is a sight comparable to Paradise of old, and her ministry becomes as apples of gold in baskets of silver.

We were weary with the day's riding and walking, but found our sleep sweet to us, and our mind like a bird let loose. Blessed be the Lord, who resteth our soul

JAN. 31 — The wind blew still, and the day was by no means pleasant till a little before noon, when there came a sudden lull and then the gale ceased, and the soft balmy atmosphere comforted us. We took carriage to Grasse, a town above Cannes, more among the mountains, a place where essences, liqueurs, perfumes, and candied fruits are manufactured. The road ascended through fields of roses and forests of olive trees, and all along presented pleasant views; but the climax of the journey was the elevated esplanade of Grasse itself from which the far reaching scene is extraordinary, even for a land of beauty. We saw a sea of olives, dotted with villages like islands, and then, beyond all, the Mediterranean. We gazed in delight and wished that we could have lingered the livelong day, Our sojourn, however, was necessarily short, for the day was advanced, and it was needful to reach our hotel before the cold of evening could seize upon us. We observed rose-leaves and violets preserved as sweetmeats after the cunning manner of the confectioner, and for the first time we *tasted* violets and found them as sweet to the mouth as to the nose. Our friends need not be alarmed, we can assure them that our speech will not become flowery, we did not consume sufficient for that. Crack went the whip, and with the skid well on, we descended towards Cannes, dogs rushing out perpetually to bark at the hastening wheels. Cannes and canis must have a mysterious connection, for assuredly no town can boast such a

canine population. There are dogs everywhere, and such curs as we never remember to have seen before. We never thought so badly of the canine race before, and are inclined to believe that the hard oriental feeling towards dogs so frequently shown in the Bible must have arisen from there being so many of them in eastern cities, and those of the worst breed.

In wandering through the markets and streets we were pleased to meet the colporteur with his Bibles, and to notice a little square watch-box, by courtesy called a kiosque, upon which some good body had pasted pictures, scriptural cards, and pieces of religious literature. As an indication that a true heart was doing what it could we welcomed this laudable attempt to publish the gospel, but if its author wishes to attract attention the little business should be done a little more artistically, and with somewhat of the common sense which a tradesman would show when displaying his goods. That which is done for Jesus deserves to be done in the best possible style. It is well, however, when we see work done at all, for a voice for Jesus has power in it even if it be not accurate in melody.

We basked in the sun, and watched the waves hour after hour, having no wish for exciting scenes, or picture galleries, or museums: rest, sweet rest, was all we sought, and, finding it, we were content. Cannes abundantly justifies the partiality of Lord Brougham, who here spent his later years; it is a choice spot, even in a land which is the favorite of the sun.

FEB. 2 was a day which we shall not soon forget, for we had a sail past the island of St. Marguerite, in whose gloomy prison once dwelt the man in the iron mask, and, what is more to our purpose, where many Protestant pastors pined away in that terrible period which succeeded the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In later days Marshal Bazaine made his escape from the island in 1874. One would imagine that some back door must have been left open, and that sentinels winked very hard, or the bird would not have flown. Our voyage took us to the island of St. Honorat, which in early times was to this region what Iona was to Scotland, an island of saints. Honorat, in the opening years of the fifth century, retired to this little isle, and attracted around him a number of students, many of whom became such famous missionaries that the Romish church has enrolled them among her saints. The best known to our readers will be Patrick, the evangelizer of Ireland. Christianity was then almost as pure as at the first, and we can well imagine the holy quietude in which hundreds of good men spent the years of their preparation for future ministry among the rocks of

this sea-girt isle. It must have been a Patmos to them, with constant meditation and prayer, and when they, left its holy shores, they went forth, full of zeal, to cry like John the divine, "the Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." In all ages it has seemed good unto the Lord to gather men around some favored instructor, and enable them, under his guidance, to sharpen their swords for the battle of life. Thus did Honorat and Columba in the olden time, and so did Wycliffe and Luther and Calvin in the Reformation times, train the armies of the Lord for their mission. Schools of the prophets are a prime necessary if the power of religion is to be kept alive and propagated in the land. As we sat under the umbrageous pines by the calm sea, and gazed upon the almost more than earthly scene around, our heart swelled with great desires, and our prayer went up to heaven that we also might do something to convert the nations ere we go hence and be no more. If God wills it we may yet commence new missionary operations, and we mean on our return to call our men together to pray about it. Perhaps there are warm hearts at home which may be moved to pray with us, and something may yet come out of our meditations among the pines of St. Honorat.

FEB. 3 saw us safely landed at Mentone, our delicious haven of rest. VALE.

Mr. Morison Cumming has accepted a call from the church at New Barnet, N. The chapel is one built by the London Baptist Association during the Rev. F. Tucker's presidency.

Another brother, Mr. A.E. Spicer, has also just settled in Cornwall, having accepted an invitation to the church at Hayle.

LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

BELOVED FRIENDS, — I have heard with the utmost satisfaction of the enthusiasm with which the special services have been taken up by so many of you. It is a token for good which encourages my largest expectations. The anxiety of the church for conversions is in a very distinct manner connected with the desired result: for that desire leads to increased prayer, and so secures the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, and it also inspires an ardent zeal which sets believers working for the salvation of those around them, and this also is sure to produce fruit. I look there-fore for

the conversion of many with as much confidence as I look for the ships to arrive at their haven when a fair wind is blowing.

To those who are thus earnest for the Lord's glory I send my heart's gratitude, and for those who are not as yet aroused to like ardor, I put up my fervent prayers that they may no longer lag behind their brethren. Our children are growing up around us, our great city is daily adding to its enormous bulk, and our cemeteries are being gorged with the dead; so long as one soul remained unsaved and in danger of the unquenchable fire, it behoves every Christian to be diligent to spread abroad the healing savor of the Redeemer's name. Woe unto that man who conceals the light, while men are stumbling in the darkness. Woe unto him who keeps back the bread of life in the season of famine. Beloved, I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak.

Persevering, quiet believers, who in secret implore the divine blessing, and then regularly give their aid to the continuous worship, service, and intercession of the church, are the strength of the brotherhood, the main body of the hosts of the Lord. Let all such rejoice because their labor is not in vain in the Lord.

But we need also dashing spirits who will lead on in continually renewed efforts: thoughtful, practical men and women who will suggest and commence aggressive movements. We have such among us, but others need to be pressed into the service. One should canvass for the Sabbath-school, another should break up fresh tract districts, and a third should commence a cottage service, and a fourth should preach in a court or alley which has not been as yet visited. Brethren, we must all do all that can be done for Jesus, for the time is at hand when we must give in our account, and our Master is at hand.

Beloved in the Lord, my joy and crown, walk in all love to each other, in holiness towards God and in uprightness and kindness toward all men. Peace be with you all.

May those who have heard the gospel among us, but have not as yet felt its power, be found by the Lord during the services which have been held in my absence. If they have escaped the net when I have thrown it, may some brother fisher of souls be more successful with them. It is very hard *to think* of one of our hearers being lost for ever, but how much harder will it be for them to endure in their own persons eternal ruin! May the great

lover of men's souls put forth his pierced hand, and turn the disobedient into the way of peace.

I am most grateful to report that my health is restored, my heart is no longer heavy, my spirits have revived, and I hope to return to you greatly refreshed. Loving friends in Christ, I beg to be continually remembered in your prayers. I send my love to my co-pastor and true helper, to the deacons, elders, and every one of you in Christ Jesus.

Yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON.

Mentone, Feb. 13.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

APRIL, 1877

A CHURCH WE KNOW OF.

BY C. H. SPURGEON

APTNESS to discover and report faults is a very common gift. A good nose for heresy and a quick ear for slander are very ordinary endowments. In the Book of Record there are innumerable entries concerning the worldliness, discord, and general declension of the churches, and some of these are as full of lamentation as the prophet's roll. If it be *faithfulness* to publish failures and sins on the part of God's people, there has certainly been no lack of faithfulness in these last days; it even strikes us that the virtue has been a little overdone. Wise men and fools have been alike eager to try their pens at writing bitter things against the degenerate church of God. One could have wished that there had been more plentiful traces of tears blotting the record, and that the penman's hand had quivered a little with sorrowful emotion; but still the memorial has been made with stern fidelity, and nothing has been extenuated. A ruthless severity which has never fallen short of the truth has drawn the indictment, collected the evidence, and commented thereon unsparingly. Well, there may have been a need for all this; at least it will be wisest for the church to receive it all in the spirit of the saint who said, "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness, and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head." At any rate let us, hope that those who penned the charges and reported the evil deeds were themselves all the easier when they had relieved their minds.

Let the way of the faithful faultfinders shine with honor: we have, however, no wish to follow in their track while speaking of a church and people that are just now in our thoughts, and we could not if we would, for it would require us to be false to facts and untrue to our own heart. If all churches were as a church we know of, if all manifested the same unity, concord, and zeal, the very smallest drop of gall which ever entered into the

composition of ink would be far too much to write out the complaints of a century. The reader may accuse us of partiality, but we cannot help it: if others have taken leave to vilify dissenting churches, both in the measured language of distinct accusation and by the sneering caricatures of fiction, we also will have our say and give forth our opinion and experience concerning the one church of which we are better able to judge than any other living man. Facts are facts, and ought to be as freely stated to honor as to dishonor. Is detraction necessarily more impartial than praise? Must justice of necessity condemn? Is it not as faithful to praise the good as to censure the evil? So far as we can judge, the popular part is that of the censorious critic, while he who praises will certainly be suspected and will probably be condemned as a flatterer, or an injudicious partisan. We accept the difficult and unenviable position, and will speak the truth come what may of it.

The pastor of a church which we know of was weary in mind and needed rest. He had but to intimate the need, and he was urged to seek repose at once. He felt that he could not leave his post just then, but no tie held him to his work except such as he himself felt to be binding. Not a whisper laid a constraint upon him. All his friends wished him to do as he judged best, and what is better, they furnished him with the means to make holiday whenever he pleased. Quietly and unostentatiously this was attended to as a matter of course, but it was none the less gratefully received. No one had any wish but that the pastor whom they loved should find refreshment from mental strain, and come back full of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

In due time the pastor was gone — what then? Did matters flag, congregations fall off, and prayer-meetings decline? Far otherwise. Of course there was less of a crowd of outsiders at Sabbath services, but *the* people, the flock, did not wander; it was their point of honor to fill the house, and let the good men who occupied the pastor's place feel that they were appreciated. Good old Dr. Liefchild used to tell a merry story of his chapel-keeper, which is worth repeating. "Ah, Doctor," said the old lady, "there is one point in which I admire you above all the preachers I ever knew, for the most of them when they go away fill up their pulpits with any sticks they can find, but you never do that. I was only saying the other day that you never go out but what you sent us a better preacher than yourself." The pastor we are writing of always endeavors to imitate Dr. Liefchild in this point, and if he does not elicit quite so outspoken an eulogium he at any rate tries to deserve it. Yet even with the best

substitutes, certain fickle ones will not be kept at home, and therefore it is the more pleasant to meet with a church which is free from this fault. Nothing can be worse than to see a people scattered hither and thither because their elect preacher is unavoidably absent; it looks as if the work depended upon a single life, and it raises the suspicion that the faith of the hearers stands rather in the force of human teaching than in the power of the Holy Ghost. If ever a church member should vacate his seat it should not be in the minister's absence, for it sets an ill example and tends greatly to the discouragement of the servant of the Lord who has undertaken to minister temporarily in the congregation. The people of whom we write escape all just remark on this score, though from the absence of the strangers and the mixed multitude of curiosity-hearers some have taken opportunity to offer ungenerous and untruthful insinuations.

But what of the prayer-meetings? The church which is now in our mind's eye has always been given to prayer, and its assemblies for supplication constitute its main peculiarity and its source of strength. Some have hinted that interesting addresses are the potent attraction and that the presence of the pastor is a lodestone to many. How then did the preacher's absence tell upon the gatherings? Did the numbers dwindle down? No, they were greater rather than less. The praying people felt all the more their responsibility to sustain the sacred work of intercession, and therefore they mustered in full force; they would not desert the junior pastor, and the deacons and elders, rather did they feel that they must rally round them, and make the meetings for supplication more hearty and more prevalent. The senior pastor was prayed for with all the greater freedom because of his absence, and all his helpers were also the more fervently commended to the divine keeping because of the extra duties which devolved upon them. The Holy Spirit gave life to the supplications, and the praying brethren being many, and well led by earnest officers, the prayer-meetings were memorably excellent, and full of refreshment.

But it will at least be imagined that special efforts would slacken, or perhaps be suspended. Cruel sneers at the "one-man ministry" are often backed up by the question, "If the one man were gone, what would you do?" The church of which we are now writing is a fair specimen of this much-decried one-man ministry, and what is its fruit, what are its capacities when the despised "one man" is out of the way? Why, it is so soundly vital, so universally at work, so independent of any one individual, that it of its own accord selected the period of the senior pastor's vacation for the

holding of special services that there might be no call upon *him* for extra exertion, and that there might be an additional hold upon the young people to compensate for his absence. Those services under the divine blessing were attended with the best results. At the very commencement interest was excited, and very soon enthusiasm was amused; the officers were punctually at their posts, and the members who are addicted to soul-winning were there too; speakers were found among themselves, and, supplemented by brother ministers, sufficed to arouse and sustain the revival spirit. Week after week the services went on with growing energy, backsliders were restored, saints quickened, and sinners converted. The brethren, as one man, put their necks to the work of the Lord, and labored with double diligence. Beloved leaders were to the front, but there was no lack of the rank and file. The people needed no eloquent appeals or pressing exhortations, they had a mind to the Redeemer's glory, and therefore each one conscientiously took his place and filled it, and the Lord smiled on the united and earnest work of his people. No one could ascribe honor to the one man in the conversions wrought during his absence, and at the same time there was no fear of his instrumentality being despised among so attached a people, and therefore it seemed good unto the Lord to bless the efforts of his servants very remarkably. What a joy is this to the minister! How deeply he loves, and how greatly he honors the brethren who have thus dealt faithfully to the great Head of the church! What union of heart he feels with his noble band of helpers! God is very gracious in having raised up such men, and in having made them able to go in and out before the Lord's people with zeal and discretion clothed with the divine power.

Content, yea, delighted, to consecrate their substance and their gifts to the common cause, some of them labor more abundantly for the church than for their own secular business, while others to whom worldly possessions are denied do not envy their fellows, but heap up such things as they have upon the altar of the Lord, and by the unceasing sacrifice of time and toil for the good of the church earn unto themselves a good degree. Strife as to which shall be the greatest is altogether banished, but a sacred emulation as to which shall best conduct his own department still remains. Imperfect tempers, and erring dispositions are kept in check by the divine Spirit, and a powerful public sentiment of love and unity rules the little commonwealth, so that incipient evils are nipped in the bud. The Lord has done it, and it is marvelous in our eyes. Poor human nature could never

compass a score years of peaceful fellowship, but a baptism into the one Spirit has accomplished it, and works mightily still to the same end. Glory be to God for it.

But did no work flag? None. The over-looking eye doeth much; did not some things drag when in some measure let alone? No, not so much as one. The workers were more than ordinarily diligent, and the various agencies were rather quickened than retarded. Contributions did not fall off, the weekly offering was up to its general average; in fact, in the direction of liberality certain special matters were devised, arranged, and carried through with peculiar promptitude, and were reported to the pastor only as accomplished facts. The watch-man's eye fails to detect a failure anywhere, and it is lifted to heaven in adoring gratitude because "all is well."

These things are not written to magnify man, nor out of mere personal affection, but that they may stimulate others. This church prospers with the increase of God, and do you wonder? Where there is little love between pastor and people can the good work succeed? Where everything depends upon incessant whip and spur can there be real prosperity? Where the work of the Lord is official business, and the members find little else to do except to gossip, dispute, and quarrel, can the Holy Spirit dwell with them? There must be the graces of love, unity, zeal, or we cannot expect to see the hand of the Lord stretched out in power. We are afraid that there are churches still in existence where every church-meeting is anticipated with anxiety lest it should be made a season of debate, where family feuds poison the springs of Christian fellowship, and where differences of opinion upon vital doctrines effectually prevent any approach to spiritual unity. Under such conditions edification may be sighed for in vain, and the conversion of sinners may be regarded as most improbable. Surely there has been enough of that scrupulosity which wars a fierce warfare about microscopic points, and it is time to turn our care and energy into a more profitable direction. To remove everything which genders unto strife, to overcome evil with no weapon but love, to be eager to do service to the least of the Lord's people, and to be on a blaze with zeal for his cause — this is far, far better than cold decorum and watchful suspicion. Whatever else is lacking in a church, *love* must be present, or the best sign of blessing is absent. How sweetly does the inspired poet rehearse the praises of fraternal unity! But his warmest expressions are justified by experience.

*“Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell.”*

Let churches do less in criticizing their minister, and do more in praying for him; let them expect less from *him* and more from God; let them, as a whole, arise and put on strength; let them have no strife but which shall best serve the brotherhood to edification, and they will yet see the windows of heaven opened and a blessing poured out upon them unspeakably beyond their largest hopes. “The same God over all is rich unto all that call upon him.” He is a sovereign, but yet he acts according to recognized rule, and when a people are loving, living, laboring, and longing for his presence, that presence will be vouch-safe. When church fellowship is not a mere name, but a blessed, joyful, active reality, when those who are called “brethren,” are really so, then may we look for the blessing which maketh rich. Only the Lord can give to a church the condition requisite for success, but when he gives it he will not fail to send the corresponding increase. Churches need to be more loving within if they would be more powerful without. They must be more hearty, and more like a family; the shepherd and the flock must be on more tender terms, and brotherhood must be brotherhood indeed, and then shall we see greater things than these.

We have not space to give the letters which the pastor from Sabbath to Sabbath addressed to his loving people, but one telegram which he sent and the reply are worthy to be remembered, as they fairly express the mutual love and esteem which fills their hearts. The telegram from the pastor ran thus: — “*To my beloved church. John’s Second Epistle, third and twelfth verses.*” This, when written out in full, reads as follows: — “Grace be with you, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love. Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full.”

The answer sent was as follows: — “Yours to hand. Our reply. To our beloved Pastor. We give thanks always to God for you, making mention of you in our prayers. Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope, in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father.”

THE PALM TREE.

GATHERINGS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

When staying at Mentone the visitor is sure to observe a sunny promontory which juts into the sea at the extreme east. It is so constantly bright, and catches the sun so long after the shadows have fallen elsewhere, that it is quite impossible to avoid noticing it, and inquiring its name. "That is Bordighera," is sure to be the prompt reply; and if you take a carriage and go to the aforesaid Bordighera you will find it to be like Jericho, the city of palm trees; plenteously endowed no doubt with those noble plants because it basks so continually in the beams of the sun. There are forests of palms around the town, supplying such a spectacle as can be rarely seen out of the West Indies. Other towns along the Riviera possess a few stately date, palms and boast in them, but in Bordighera they abound, and mark: out the spot as altogether peculiar. The grand ceremonials of Palm Sunday and Easter at Rome require many leaves of the palm, and to Bordighera is given the honor of supplying St. Peter's and the Pope's Chapel. We were happy in seeing the palms before their fronds had been stripped off for papal uses; but had we been there after the stripping we should have been somewhat compensated by the story which is told of the way in which Bordighera obtained its peculiar Easter privilege. We had heard the anecdote told concerning a British tar, but that is an invention of our national vanity, the truth being as we now tell it. An immense multitude had assembled in Rome to witness the raising of a huge obelisk. Silence was enjoined upon all, on pain of death, while a host of laborers tugged at the cables of the lifting machinery. There was a suspense, the stone would not settle on its base, all the strength applied to it seemed insufficient, and yet the work was so nearly accomplished that the hitch was all the more deplorable. There was a sailor in the throng who saw it all, and knew the remedy; but the sentence of death held him in prudent silence. All men grazed with excitement while the monolith still resisted all force, and it seemed probable that the strain must be relaxed and the task abandoned. At last, death or no death, our sailor friend could restrain himself no longer, but shouted with all his might, "*Wet the ropes!*" It was done, and the obelisk was in its place, but the seafaring man had been seized by the papal guards, and was now to answer for his daring breach of infallible rule. He turned out to be a man of Bordighera, and being pardoned for his offense

was also rewarded for his courage and common sense by being allowed to ask any favor he chose. He only asked that his native town might be favored to supply his Holiness with palms; upon what terms we know not, but from the fellow's shrewdness we may be sure that they were not to be disposed of without money and without price. Our inference from the legend is, that he who knows how to do the right thing at the right moment is the man who will bear the palm. Many men have wit, but they have left it at home; they know that the ropes should be wetted, but they do not happen to think of it at the time.

Of course at Bordighera the palm is grown more for ornament than for use, and a most stately adornment it is to any street, or garden, or plain, where it may be found; but it is in other lands famous beyond measure for its usefulness. Beauty and utility are nowhere more completely united than in the date palm. In Kirby's "Chapters on Trees" we read, "The blessings of the date palm are without limit to the Arab. Its leaves give a refreshing shade in a region where the beams of the sun are almost insupportable. Men, and also camels, feed upon the fruit, and sweet liquor is obtained from the trunk by making an incision. It is called the milk of the palm tree, and by fermentation it becomes wine.

The wood of the tree is used for fuel, and as a material for building the native huts; and ropes, mats, baskets, beds, and all kinds of articles are manufactured from the fibers of the leaves. The Arab cannot imagine how a nation can exist without date trees; and he may well regard it as the greatest injury that he can inflict upon his enemy to cut down his date trees.

"There is rather an amusing story told of an Arab woman, who once came to England in the service of an English lady, and remained there as nurse for some few years. At length, however, she went back to her own country, where she was looked upon as a great traveler, and a person that had seen the world. Her friends and relations were never tired of listening to what she had to tell them, and of asking her questions. She gave such a glowing account of England, and the fine houses, and rich people, and grand clothes she had seen, that the Arabs became quite envious, and began to despise their own desert land, with its few villages scattered here and there. Indeed, the effect of the conversation was to make them very low spirited, and to wish they had been born in England. But happily this state of things did not last. The woman chanced to say as a kind of after-

thought, that one thing was certainly a drawback in the happy country she had been describing. In vain she had looked for the well-known date trees, and she had been told that not one single tree grew in England. It was a country without dates. ‘Ah, well!’ said her neighbors, much relieved, and their faces brightening up, ‘that alters the case. We have no wish now to live in England!’”

The Israelites were very fond of calling their daughters Tamar, or palm tree, the stately beauty of the tree appearing to be peculiarly symbolical of a queenly woman. What a sight must Tadmor or Tamar in the Desert have been! The Greeks rightly turned the Hebrew name into Palmyra; it was a palm city in the center of the wilderness where the caravans halted on their journey between the luxurious East and the needy West. Scarcely would the two thousand five hundred columns of pure white marble, all gleaming in the brilliance of an eastern sun, have rivaled the glory of the palms which lifted their pillar-like trunks into the air two hundred feet, and then threw out their graceful fronds, light as the feather of the ostrich, yet strong to resist the storms from heaven. Alas, the watercourses which feed the gardens of that magnificent city are broken up, the tanks which supplied the caravans of the merchants have been destroyed by war or by earthquakes, and, since the discovery of the passage by sea from Europe to India, the march of the caravans in that direction has ceased, there is no one to repair the stations of the desert, to dress the gardens, or to renew the palms.” In vain do we mention the names of Solomon, and Zenobia, Adrian and Aurelian, the palm-treed city of the wilderness is dead, and the Bedouin prowls around her tomb. Have we not seen flourishing churches also pass away in the same manner? Neglect, forgetfulness of the sacred irrigation of prayer, failure of spiritual life, and other causes, have caused the glory to depart, and made the city to become a heap, and the garden a desolation. May such evil never happen in our day, but may we see the Lord’s hand stretched out still to prosper his people.

We did not commence writing with the intention of saying all that can be said upon the palm tree, for many have been over this ground before us, and have brought out a vast variety of useful lessons; ours is but a leisure paper of odds and ends, perhaps not quite so well known to our readers as other matters about the palm may be. We have seen them growing in the Bordighera nurseries, and have borne upon our shoulder weighty branches pulled from growing specimens; we have also seen the male, or barren tree planted where it could fertilize its fruit-bearing neighbors; we have marked

the little ferns growing upon the decayed ends of the fronds, and watched the happy lizards sporting in the crevices, and we seem now to be at home with palms, at least as much so as a man can be who has never been in Egypt or Persia. Probably there are as many instructive uses in the palm tree as there are actual uses in its material, but we are too idle to work them out just now, and so we open a book written at Calcutta by the Rev. J. Long, and transfer a page to our magazine to let our readers see what an Indian missionary makes out of this oriental tree. He, says, “The righteous are like the palm.”

1. “*The palm tree grows in the desert.* Earth is a desert to the Christian; true believers are refreshed in it even as a palm in the Arabian desert, so Lot amid Sodom’s wickedness, and Enoch who walked with God amongst the antediluvians.
2. “*The palm tree grows from the sand, but the sand is not its food;* water below feeds its tap roots, though the heavens above be brass. Some Christians grow, not as the lily, Hosea 14:5, by green pastures, or as the willow by the water-courses, Isaiah 44:4, but as the palm of the desert. So Joseph among the cat worshippers of Egypt, Daniel in voluptuous Babylon: faith’s penetrating root, reaching the fountains of living waters.
3. “*The palm tree is beautiful,* with its tall and verdant canopy, and the silvery flashes of its waving plumes; so the Christian virtues are not like the creeper or bramble, tending downwards, their palm branches shoot upwards, and seek the things above, where Christ dwells, Colossians 3:1; some trees are crooked and gnarled, but the Christian is a tall palm as a son of the light, Matthew 3:12; Philippians 2:15. The Jews were called a crooked generation, Deuteronomy 32:5, and Satan a crooked serpent, Isaiah 27, but the Christian is upright like the palm. Its beautiful unfading leaves made it an emblem of victory, it was twisted into verdant booths at the feast of tabernacles, and the multitude, when escorting Christ to his coronation in Jerusalem, spread leaves on the way, Matthew 21:8. So victors in heaven are represented as having palms in their hands, Revelation 7:9. No dust adheres to the leaf as it does to the *battree*; the Christian is in the world, not of it, the dust of earth’s desert adheres not to his palm leaf. The leaf of the palm is the same — it does not fall in winter, and even in the summer it has no holiday clothing, it is an evergreen.
4. “*The palm tree is very useful.* The Hindus reckon it has 360 uses. Its shadow shelters, its fruit refreshes the weary traveler, and it points out to

the pilgrim the place where water may be found. Such was Barnabas, a son of consolation, Acts 4:36, such Lydia, Dorcas, others, who on the king's highway showed the way to heaven, as Philip did to the Ethiopian eunuch, Acts 9:34.

5. "*The palm tree produces fruit even in old age.* The best dates are produced when the tree is from thirty to one hundred years old; three hundred pounds of dates are annually yielded; so the Christian grows happier and more useful as he grows older: knowing his own faults more, he is more mellow to others; he is like the setting sun, beautiful, mild, and enlarged; or like Elim, where the wearied Jews found twelve wells and seventy palm trees."

This is very good, and has somewhat of freshness in it. It reminds us of what Dr. Thomson says in "The Land and the Book," upon the text, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." He says, "The palm grows slowly but steadily, from century to century," uninfluenced by the alterations of the seasons which affect other trees. It does not rejoice overmuch in winter's copious rain, nor does it droop under the drought and the burning sun of summer. Neither heavy weights which men place upon its head, nor the importunate urgency of the wind can sway it aside from perfect uprightness. There it stands, looking calmly down upon the world below, and patiently yielding its large clusters of golden fruit from generation to generation. They bring forth fruit in old age. The allusion to being planted in the house of the Lord is probably drawn from the custom of planting beautiful and long-lived trees in the courts of temples and palaces, and in all 'high places' used for worship. This is still common; nearly every palace and mosque and convent in the country has such trees in the courts, and, being well protected there, they flourish exceedingly. Solomon covered all the walls of the 'Holy of Holies' round about with palm trees. They were thus planted, as it were, within the very house of the Lord; and their presence was not only ornamental, but appropriate and highly suggestive. The very best emblem, not only of patience in well-doing, but of the rewards of the righteous — a fat and flourishing old age — a peaceful end — a glorious immortality. The Jews used palm branches as emblems of victory in their seasons of rejoicing, and Christians do the same on Palm Sunday, in commemoration of our Savior's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. They are often woven into an arch, and placed over the

head of the bier which carries man to his 'long home,' and speak sweetly of victory and eternal life."

We were thinking of the way of climbing a palm tree, and noted how easy it would be to step from the notch of one departed frond to another, but we could not see our way clear to read the lesson of the physical fact till, turning to good Moody Stuart's "Song of Songs," we found him thus sweetly expatiating upon the eighth verse of the seventh chapter: —

"I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof." This is for the purpose of gathering the fruit, or rather it is the grasping of the fruit itself, for the laden boughs of the palm are little else than vast fruit-stalks. No tree presents a more beautiful picture of abundance; the single, branchless, untapered stem, the magnificent crown of branching leaves at the summit of the stem, and beneath the leaves the boughs or fruit-stalks, each of them clustered round with innumerable dates, and sometimes hanging downward not far from the outstretched hand. The fruit of the palm is so abundant that in some of the oases of the great African desert, it is said to form the principal food of those sons of Ethiopia, 'who will soon stretch out their hands to God,' and pluck living fruit from a nobler palm. In these last days we sometimes look back with desire on the patriarchal infancy of the church ere the palm tree had attained its present height, and when our fathers in the faith gathered the ripe fruit from the low summit of its still slender stem.

*"Sweet were the days when thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaint and moan;
Thy words were then, Let me alone.
One might have sought and found thee presently,
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well." — Herbert.*

But if the tree has grown taller, its fruit is more abundant, in words of life multiplied tenfold to us and to our children; its thickened stem is more easily grasped, and is notched round year by year with helpful footsteps by the very gathering of the laden boughs. Each successive produce of the tree both prepares for a greater, and leaves like the palm a permanent step in the ladder by which we may reach the ample fruit, all the past a handmaid to the future."

Our musings and gatherings must now end. We must go from the palm trees of a sunny clime to the oaks and elms of Old England, which also have their teaching, and one of these days we may perhaps put it into words for our readers.

THE STAGE

THE Bishop of Manchester, whose manliness compensates for many faults, may nevertheless do a great deal of mischief if he continues to endorse the stage. Surely he cannot be so dazzled by the virtues of one or two eminent performers as to forget the manifest tendency of the whole institution. His grace need not go inside a theater in order to correct his present opinions; let him only pass by a playhouse between the hours of eleven and twelve and see what he shall see. If he should be in need of a housemaid, or a cook, or a butler, would he select a person whose character was endorsed — *is a frequent attendant at the theater*? Would the bishop in his heart think any the better of a young man for becoming an *habitué* of the pit? Would he wish his own daughter to become a *prima donna*, or would it gladden his heart for his son to become lessee of a royal opera? His grace has spoken upon the boards of two theaters — will he now introduce Mrs. Fraser and family to the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room, requesting the latter to feel themselves under no restraint whatever? Has the Right Reverend Father in God found grace and holiness promoted among his flocks by the plays they have seen? If so, would he be so good as to publish the titles of the dramas? Will communion with God, and likeness to Christ be most promoted in renewed hearts by tragedies or comedies? Dr. Fraser ought some times to think before he speaks; and not only to have the courage of his convictions, but convictions worthy of so much courage. C.H.S.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD HYMN

THE following hymn has been sung at the Tabernacle with remarkable effect. We print it in the *Sword and Trowel* because we hope that other congregations will be glad to use it. They can have it of our publishers for sixpence per hundred. Of course the eighth verse can only be sung where there are orphans, but all the rest, if only the voices mentioned are allowed

to join in their appointed verses, will go very sweetly, and make up a charming variety of praise unto the Most High.

“CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.”

**A HYMN ARRANGED FOR VARIOUS VOICES,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.**

TO BE SUNG BY ALL BELIEVERS —

*1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.*

*2 We who compose his court below,
And wait his gracious call,
In marshall'd ranks before him bow,
And crown him Lord of all.*

MEN'S VOICES —

*3 Let men and sires loud praises bring
To him who drank the gall;
Adore their now ascended King,
And crown him Lord of all.*

*4 Lo, in our strength and vigor we
Would crowd his royal hall,
Bring forth our sweetest minstrelsy,
And crown him Lord of all.*

WOMEN'S VOICES —

*5 Now to the Lord, of woman born,
Who slept in Bethlehem's stall,
Matrons and maids lift up their song,
And crown him Lord of all.*

*6 For unto us a Son is given,
To save from sin and thrall;
We join the angelic choirs of heaven,
And crown him Lord of all.*

CHILDREN AND THE ORPHANS —

*7 Because he suffers babes to sing,
And smiles on children small,
We make our loud hosannas ring,
And crown him Lord of all.*

*8 We who had else been fatherless,
Our Jesus "Father" call;
and by his care his name we bless,
And crown him Lord of all.*

TO BE SUNG BY ALL —

*9 Now in one glad exulting song
We at his footstool fall,
Unite with all the bloodwashed throng,
And crown him Lord of all.*

NOTES

OUR sojourn at Mentone has greatly refreshed us mentally, but the extreme cold of the *mistral* at Marseilles laid us up with rheumatism, and has caused us intense pain and weakness. Will friends accept our thanks for their great kindness, but will they be so good as not to send us any more remedies: we know now of at least fifty infallible cures, and are embarrassed with medical riches which, like the miser, we hoard up for the benefit of others. We had hoped and expected to be able to fulfill all our engagements, and work at high pressure, but it is now evident that home work is all that we shall be able to attend to.

A learned M. D. writes to the *Christian World* to complain of our theology and science, because we believe that our affliction, which was the result of a cold wind, was also of the Lord's sending. Now it so happens that the error, both in science and theology, lies at the door of the M.D., and not at ours. We believe that the *mistral* wind is sent for some wise end, but certainly not for that which *Adelphos*, M. D. supposes. It is the scourge of Province, and is neither the friend of fruits nor flowers, but is regarded as the enemy of man, beast, and plant. However, let that be as it may, even if the wind be sent to promote vegetation, yet this by no means prevents its answering other divine purposes as well. A special providence, even in the

lighting of sparrows, and in the number of the hairs of our head, is the doctrine of the Bible, and it is also matter of fact. While winds blow for great, far-reaching purposes the infinite Jehovah also sends them for special and individual designs. We, like the M.D., do not *see* how art unchanging, loving God can ordain ill weather to afflict his servants, but we do not want to *see*, we are quite able to believe it, and do not for a moment doubt that he does all things in love. The fact that wind and weather can be scientifically predicted, and that they are produced by fixed laws we know quite as well as M.D.; we are quite scientific enough for that: but this by no means opposes the grand doctrine that the hand of the Lord ordereth all things. Fixed laws do not operate apart from divine power; the hand of God is as certainly present in the ordinary operations of nature as in what we call miracles. True science teaches more truths than one. The *unscientific* inferences belong to M.D. and not to us. We trust we are not less reverent and scientific when we behold God in everything than those are who see him only here and there. When we testify to our faith in God's love it is hard to be accused of representing God as a capricious and vindictive ruler. Adelphos, M.D., writes in too friendly a spirit to have intended so scandalous an accusation. No, blessed be the name of the Lord, though he slay us yet will we trust in him. We loathe the very idea of calling our God vindictive.

COLLEGE. The Annual Conference of the ministers educated at the Pastors' College will be held during the week commencing April 9. Our longing is for the manifest presence of God. If the brethren shall all return to their churches full of the Holy Ghost we may expect great things for our land. We earnestly entreat the prayers of the Lord's people that it may be so. Mr. Phillips will give his usual supper, and we trust the Lord will incline the friends to furnish the funds as on former occasions.

Mr. Gooding, from our College, has settled at Burnham, Essex.

We are delighted to hear of conversions and baptisms in connection with Mr. Silverton's work at Nottingham.

Mr. Cuff is hard at work with his proposed Shoreditch Tabernacle. The place is terribly needed, but the friends are poor and must be aided from outside. If rich churches do not help striving societies in poor localities, how are the masses to be evangelized? The best way to benefit the crowded parts of London is to help earnest churches rather than mere personal enterprises.

We have received interesting accounts of the first baptism in Cape Town by our friend, Mr. W. Hamilton, who left us to form a Baptist Church in that colony. The work has from the beginning attracted attention, gathered to itself a goodly band of helpers and enjoyed the divine blessing. We should rejoice to hear of other colonies, cities, or towns, whether far or near, where there is need for a church after our order. If even a few brethren get together to form a nucleus, we are prepared to help during the commencement of the cause. There is very little enterprise abroad, or surely our principles would spread far more rapidly.

ORPHANAGE. — We understand that a person is going about selling picture cards and stating that the profits or proceeds will go to the Stockwell Orphanage. As no person has been authorized by us to do this, and as we believe the plan to be a fraud, we shall be glad of information which may enable us to call the party to account. All goes well with our orphan boys. Health excellent.

We hope our friends will be as gratified as we have been by the following testimony of the inspector from the Local Government Board. It is something to have an Orphanage, but it is far more to have it in a condition which secures such approbation: —

*Report of F. J. Mouat, Esq., M. D., of the
Local Government Board.*

“March 16th, 1877

“I have today visited for the second time the Stockwell Orphanage, and examined into the system of training and education pursued in it, with special reference to an inquiry in which I am now engaged, regarding the pauper schools throughout the country. In many important particulars this institution is well in advance of most kindred establishments which I have yet seen. The plan of feeding and clothing in particular is excellent, and the instruction of the class rooms is conducted with intelligence and life. The boys look healthy and happy, and I shall only be too glad if I succeeded in transplanting some of the advantages of this place to the pauper schools, in which they are much needed. I have seldom enjoyed a visit to any school more thoroughly than that of which I am now leaving this most imperfect record.

“(Signed) F. J. Mouat, M. D.,

Formerly Secretary to the Council of Education, Bengal.”

COLPORTAGE. — The work of the Colportage Association still progresses, and friends connected with various denominations apply for men, while sometimes a united local committee support the colporteur. The accounts received from the various districts are full of encouragement. Families are united in villages where otherwise the ritualistic priest would have full sway. The written word finds its way where the living voice cannot get the opportunity to speak, and will do its own work. Above all, numerous cases of conversion are reported. As the Annual Meeting will be held during the first week in May, and some of the colporteurs will then give details, we forbear to do so at present. Another £100 has been given by a friend towards the £1,000 needed for capital to work the society, and about £80 in smaller sums, for which we are very thankful, and trust that other friends will be moved to contribute the remaining £650. The need of this capital is really very urgent, and some of the Lord’s stewards will, we hope, consider the matter. How are we to enlarge this work on credit? It is not a right and safe principle to go upon. Additional colporteurs have been appointed to the following districts: — Walsall, Staffordshire, Sevenoaks, Kent, Nottingham, Notts; Shildon, Yorkshire.

MRS. SPURGEON’S BOOK FUND. — During our absence our beloved one has managed to get through a large amount of work, for a glance into her carefully kept records shows that she has distributed *one thousand three hundred and eighty-eighty* books since January 1, 1877. These are grand outgoings, and we trust that a like prosperity and success may attend her efforts during the entire year. An interesting little “Report” of the Fund has been printed and sent to every contributor whose address is known, and Mrs. Spurgeon will gladly post one (on application) to any friend interested in the work.

There have long labored at the Tabernacle as general managers of our tea department an excellent couple, Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield. They did their work for the love of it, and nothing came amiss to them. We all feel under immense obligations to them, as humble, laborious, useful, and yet almost unseen servants of the church. To the intense sorrow of us all our aged sister was struck down while in the very midst of her labor, preparing for a large Sunday School tea in the midst of all the arrangements she died upon the spot. Who could wish to die in better case? In the full service of the

church of God. No long illness, no enforced idleness, no sense of uselessness, but active to the last. We hope our dear brother Pasfield will be comforted concerning his departed one.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: — March 5th, seventeen; March 15th, twenty.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MAY, 1877

INAUGURAL ADDRESS ^{f3}

**DELIVERED AT THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE
OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON**

BELOVED friends, allow me to welcome you all most heartily. I have already received a blessing in the prayers which have been offered; and we have all, I think, enjoyed the earnest of a divine refreshing during the first hallowed hour of our meeting. Let us continue in the believing confidence that he who has already deigned to visit us will tarry with us until the time shall come for us all to say, "Let us go hence." I can hardly indicate in a few words the run of my address; you will discover its subject or range of subjects as we go along, but if one line could contain it, it would be: —

THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT AGE, AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

So far as I remember, every year has been an exceedingly critical period, and so far as I can see in history, almost every six months some fervid spirit or another has written about "the present solemn crisis." There are persons who always believe in the imminent peril of the universe in general and of the church of God in particular, and a sort of popularity is sure to be gained by always crying "Woe, woe." Prophets who will spiritually imitate Solomon Eagle, who went about the streets of London in the time of the plague, naked, with a pan of coals on his head, crying, "Woe, woe," are thought to be faithful though they are probably dyspeptic. We are not of that order: we dare not shut our eyes to the evils that surround us, but we are able to see the divine power above us, and to feel it with us, working out its purposes of grace. We say to each of you what the Lord said to Joshua in the chapter we have just read, — "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Our trust is in the living God, who will bring ultimate victory to his own

cause. Still, it is a wise thing to admit that these days have their own peculiar perils and trials. The kaleidoscope shifts, the scenes presented to our gaze are changed, whether for good or evil; good has infinite varieties, and so, has evil. We are not troubled, as our Puritan forefathers were, by persecution and oppression such as would take from us our civil rights and our liberty to worship God. Evil has assumed quite another form with us, and we must meet it as we find it. The battle front is altered, but do not imagine that the conflict will be less severe. I look for a sterner struggle than we have ever yet engaged in, and we must be prepared for it. During the progress of a battle, the Duke of Wellington was observed riding along the lines to a certain part of the field, and a soldier said to his fellow, "There goes the Duke, and there's sure to be warm work." Brethren, we have evidence that the Lord Jesus is with us, let us therefore set the battle in array. He is not a general who rides about for mere parade, he means fighting wherever he comes, and we may expect warm work! When he girds his sword upon his thigh, and rides forth on his white horse, you may rest assured that his sword will smite heavily, and his arrows will fly thick and fast, while on the other hand his enemies will furiously rage.

First among the evils of the age we must notice *the return of superstition*. Ritualism has sprung up among us, and spread as most ill weeds do. It is, I suppose, distinguishable from Romanism by omniscience, but it is also probable that omniscience sees more of its likeness to Romanism than we do. It is sadly spreading, spreading everywhere. It suits our evangelical brethren in the Church of England to speak of "a noisy minority practicing ritualism," and to remind us that each denomination has its difficulties; but to us, who are impartial onlookers, it seems that the most vital and vigorous part of the Anglican Church is that which is tainted with this error. The difference in the two parties is most marked, for the ritualists are brave as lions, and the evangelicals are timid as hares. You have only to go into the churches immediately around us, or into those of large towns, such as Brighton, to see the strength, the force, the determination, in a word, the detestable vitality of ritualism. Every doctrine of Romanism is preached by these men except the infallibility of the pope, and perhaps the celibacy of the clergy — the presence of certain rosy-cheeked boys and girls in the rectory garden proving many Anglicans to be soundly Protestant upon that point. I am persuaded that there are many priests in the Church of Rome who preach more gospel, and understand it better, than do these pretended priests in the Church of England. The worst of it is that the growth of

sacramentalism in the Established Church is not like that of the mistletoe or a fungus upon an oak, it is a real and legitimate branch of the parent stem. There is no man living, and there never was a man, and never can be one, who believes the whole of the Book of Common Prayer in its natural signification. The only way in which it can be done is by some such device as that of the two nuns who had borrowed a mule which would not go without being sworn at. As neither of them could be so profane as to swear, one good sister pronounced the first syllable of the French word *sacre* and the other finished it, and thus between the two the mule was made to go. So must it be with belief in the Prayer-book, no one man can believe it all; possibly high church, low church, and broad church can manage it between them. But if I were driven at the point of the bayonet to certify that one of the parties was a grain or two more consistent with the Prayer-book than the others I must declare in favor of the high church party. It is true that the articles are against them, but what are the articles? They are only read over perhaps once in a lifetime. The mischief is in the catechism and the service book which are in constant use. We have not to deal with a parasitical evil, but with a natural off-shoot of the national vine, which will remain as long as the Book of Common Prayer is unrevised; and when will it be revised? Then, too, this mischief is carried on by men who mean it. They are in downright earnest. I believe there is among them a remnant who, despite their ceremonialism and their mummeries, are true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. With them there is a host of mere believers in postures, masquerading, and drapery, and all that kind of rubbish; but there is, nevertheless, a gracious company whose sweet spirit breathes in holy hymns and in devout, Herbert-like utterances concerning our Lord, which we should be sorry to have missed. As a party they are earnest, they compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and great are the sacrifices which they make for the cause which they have espoused. This system, my brethren, is well entrenched, and you have to dislodge it.

This superstition, too, is in harmony with the innate idolatry of the human heart; it offers gratification to the eye and to the taste, it sets up a visible priest and outward symbols, and these man's fallen heart craves after. It offers to save men the necessity of thought by offering an outward service, and furnishing a priest to do your religion for you but alas it takes man off from the real and spiritual, it consoles him without true regeneration, and buoys him up with hope though he has not submitted himself to the righteousness of Christ.

A second, and what I regard as an equally terrible, evil, is *abounding unbelief*. I am not speaking now of that coarse kind of infidelity which rails at the Scriptures, and blasphemes the name of the Lord our God. There is not much mischief in such a devil as that, he is too black, too plainly a fiend of hell! There is a more dangerous spirit now abroad, entering into Nonconformist churches, climbing into their pulpits, and notably perverting the testimony of some who count themselves somewhat, and are regarded as leaders by those who reckon themselves to be men of culture and intellect. Macaulay rightly said that theology is immutable, but these are for ever contradicting that opinion in the most practical manner, for their theology is fickle, as the winds. Landmarks are laughed at, and fixed teaching is despised. "Progress" is the watchword, and we hear it repeated *ad nauseam*. Very far are we from denying that men ought to make progress in the knowledge of the truth, for we are aiming at that ourselves, and by daily experience, by study, and by the teaching of the Holy Ghost we trust that in some humble measure we are gaining it. But words need interpreting — what is intended by progress in this case? Which way does it go? It is too often progress *from* the truth, which, being interpreted, is progressing backwards. They talk of higher thought, but it is an ascending downwards. I must use their terms and talk of progress, but their progress is a going from, and not a going to, the place of our desires. Evidently it is progress from *usefulness*. They invite us to follow them in their advance towards a barren Socinianism, for thither the new theology tends, or to something worse. Now, we know at the present time certain ancient chapels shut up, with grass growing in the front of them, and over the door of them the name *Unitarian Baptist Chapel*. Although it has been said that he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, we have no desire to empty our pews in order to grow more grass. We have in our eye certain other chapels, not yet arrived at that consummation where the spiders are dwelling in delightful quietude, in which the pews are more numerous than the people, and although an endowment keeps the minister's mouth open, there are but few open ears for him to address. It is pretty certain that Christ is not lifted up there, for he does not draw all men unto him. There is no attractive force, no power, no influence for good; it is a frost-bound religion, and we are not at all desirous of making an excursion to that sea of ancient ice. "Gentlemen," we say to them, "you are immensely clever; we often wonder how one small head can carry all you know, but for all your cleverness we cannot give up the old, old gospel, for the results of your preaching do not

fascinate us. Where are your converts? Where are your hearers? Where will your churches soon be found?" Handel on one occasion played the organ in a country church, and at the close of the service he gave a voluntary of such a sort that all the people lingered to hear it. The old organist was indignant, and said, "Now, let that alone, *you* can't play the people out; let *me* do it." These progressive gentlemen certainly can play the people out. Their gifts of dispersion are amazing. Put them down in any warm-hearted Christian community and see if they will not scatter and divide it; place them in any town you may select, and though they may be at first attractive (for some are attracted by any novelty, however erroneous), yet after a short time, there being no life, there will be no power to retain the people. We remember the experiment of Daventry, under that eminently godly man, Dr. Doddridge, and we are not inclined to try the like under any circumstances. That worthy man did not dogmatize to the "dear young men" who came to his college, but adopted the plan of letting them hear the argument upon each side that they might select for themselves. The result was as disastrous as if error had been taught, for nothing is worse than lukewarmness as to truth. Dissent became enervated with a fainthearted liberalism, and we had a generation of Socinians, under whom Nonconformity almost expired. Both General and Particular Baptists have had enough of this evil leaven, and we are not inclined to put it again into the people's bread.

Besides, we are invited to follow the guidance of men who are not qualified to be leaders. I have waited with a good deal of interest to see whether modern thought would be capable of producing *a man*, a man of mark, of profound mind, and philosophic genius; but where is he? Where is the man who will found a school and sway his fellows; a man for the orthodox to tremble at, a great Goliath, head and shoulders above his fellows. Truly there are some who think they have power, and so they have amongst those young gentlemen whose moustachios are on the point of developing, but they have no influence over those who read their Bibles, have had experience, and are accustomed to try the spirits.

The great lights are the literary men who produce articles in certain reviews which are the oracles of the *elite*, or of those who think themselves so. I wonder how many these precious reviews sell, but that of course is of small consequence, because the *quality* of their readers is so high. See what airs a man gives himself because he reads a review! Are these things so very clever? I am unable to see it. I used to hear that evangelical writers

produced platitudes; I believe they did, but surely they never wrote more watery trash than is produced in the present day in opposition to the orthodox faith, but then you see it is given out in such a latinized jargon that its obscurity is mistaken for profundity. If you have the time and patience to read a little of what is written by the modern-thought gentlemen, you will not be long before you are weary of their word-spinning, their tinkering of old heresies into original thought, and their general mystifying of plain things. It only needs a man of power to smash them up like potters' vessels, but then the result would only be pieces of pottery. "Show us a man worth following," say we, "and when you do we will not follow him, but fight with him: at the present we are not likely to leave Calvin and Paul and Augustine to follow you."

We are invited, brethren, most earnestly to go away from the old-fashioned belief of our forefathers because of the supposed discoveries of *science*. What is science? The method by which man tries to conceal his ignorance. It should not be so, but so it is. You are not to be dogmatical in theology, my brethren, it is wicked; but for scientific men it is the correct thing. You are never to assert anything very strongly; but scientists may boldly assert what they cannot prove, and may demand a faith far more credulous than any we possess. Forsooth, you and I are to take our Bibles and shape and mold our belief according to the ever-shifting teachings of so-called scientific men. What folly is this! Why, the march of science, falsely so called, through the world may be traced by exploded fallacies and abandoned theories. Former explorers once adored are now ridiculed; the continual wreckings of false hypotheses is a matter of universal notoriety. You may tell where the learned have encamped by the *debris* left behind of suppositions and theories as plentiful as broken bottles. As the quacks which ruled the world of medicine in one age are the scorn of the next, so has it been, and so will it be, with your atheistical *savans* and pretenders to science. But they remind us of *facts*. Are they not yet ashamed to use the word. Wonderful *facts*, made to order, and twisted to their will to overthrow the actual facts which the pen of God himself has recorded! Let me quote from "Is the Book Wrong?"^{f4} by Mr. Hely Smith, a pamphlet worthy of an extensive reading.

"For example, deep down in the alluvial deposits in the delta of the Nile were found certain fragments of pottery. Pottery, of course, implies potters, but these deposits of mud, Sir Charles Lyell decreed, must have taken 18,000 years to accumulate, therefore there must have been men

following on the occupations of civilized life at least 7000 years before the creation of man as recorded in Scripture. What clearer proof could be wanted that the Book was wrong? For who would presume to suspect Sir C. Lyell of making a mistake in his work? A mistake, however, he had made, for in the same deposits of mud, at the same depth in which this 'pre-Adamite pottery' was discovered, there also turned up a brick bearing the stamp of Mahomet Ali! [Yet we were bound to shift the Bible to suit that 'fact' — muddy fact!] Again, some curiously-shaped pieces of that were discovered in 1858 in what has been called 'the famous cavern at Brixham.' It was at once decided that the flints showed signs of human workmanship, and as they were found in company with the bones of extinct animals, it was also at once considered proved that man must have existed in immensely remote ages, and the evidence was said to have 'revolutionized the whole of Western Europe on the question of man's antiquity.' The history of these flints is remarkable. For fourteen years they were kept under lock and key in the rooms of the Geological Society, but public curiosity was gratified by plaster casts shown at the cavern, and by illustrated descriptions published in an imposing volume. According to the evidence thus afforded to the public, there seemed no doubt left but that these flints bore the marks of the mind and hand of man, thus associating man with a pre-Adamite race of animals. The cause of truth owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Nicholas Whitley, hon. secretary of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, for the acuteness which led him to suspect that there was something wrong, the perseverance with which he followed up his suspicions, and the boldness with which he made public the result, which was simple but suggestive. The plaster casts, the drawings and descriptions, *were not the casts, drawings, or descriptions of the real flints found in the cavern!* The originals were, with one or two exceptions, evidently purely natural specimens of flints; and persons who have seen the landscape stones and the marvelous likeness of human faces on inaccessible rocks, will not be disposed to overthrow the whole of revelation because of one or two curiously-shaped stones found in company with the remains of extinct animals. If the cause had not been so weak, what was the necessity for trying to strengthen and supplement it by presenting the public with false statements? With regard to all these supposed that implements and spears and arrow-heads, found in various places, it may be as well to mention here the frank confession of Dr. Carpenter. He has told us from the presidential chair of the Royal Academy that no 'logical proof can be

adduced that the peculiar shapes of these flints were given them by human hands.””

So the bubbles go on bursting, and meanwhile more are being blown, and we are expected to believe in whatever comes, and wait with open mouth to see what comes next. But we shall not just yet fall down and worship the image of human wisdom, notwithstanding all the flutes, harps, sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimers, weekly papers, quarterly reviews, and boastful professors. *Show us a man of science worthy of the name*, and then we will not follow him if he dares to oppose revealed truth; but show us one in whom the next generation will believe; at present there is not one alive worthy to be compared with Newton and other master minds reverent to the Scriptures, compared with whom these men are mere pretenders. See, my brethren, we have unbelief, scientific and otherwise, to contend with, and we must meet it in the name of the Lord.

Another manifest evil of this our time is not so serious, but it is exceedingly annoying, I refer to *the spirit of disintegration* which infects portions of the church of God and causes much heartburn and discord in certain quarters. Years ago, when a man was converted, he used, as a matter of course, to unite with that church with which he most nearly agreed, and work for the Lord in connection with it; but now a brother does not like to go to the place where most of the Christians in the town or village assemble, but he prefers to hold a meeting in his own room, in order to show that he dislikes sectarianism, and believes in Christian unity. Not caring to work with any recognized organization, because it is denominational, he feels bound to form a little denomination of his own. We would not in an angry spirit forbid these brethren because they follow not with us, but we cannot conceal the fact that by thus working alone they are injuring themselves, weakening our churches, and robbing us of those who ought to be our most efficient helpers. I fear that some are bitten with the notion that work outside the church is more useful than regular efforts; but a little experience will, I hope, teach many of them better. Christian labors disconnected from the church, are like sowing and reaping without having any barn in which to store the fruits of the harvest; they are useful but incomplete. I trust the evil of Ishmaelitish enterprise will gradually cure itself, but meanwhile it goes on, and loving, earnest people are decoyed away from our fellowship. On the other hand, it is a good thing for some brethren who “count themselves something though they be nothing,” to have the opportunity of finding a sphere of activity, where they will

probably be less troublesome to us than they would have been nearer home. Some persons distinguished by a kind of piety which might be called *mag-piety*, are happiest where they can talk most. They are fond of hearing themselves speak, and can sing, "How charming is the sound" such are best accommodated in assemblies of their own convening. We have this to deal with, and to some brethren it is a cause of heart break, and has bowed them down with grief of soul. Many an earnest pastor can testify to this.

The fourth evil is one to which I call your very earnest attention, *the growth of wickedness in the land*, especially in two forms, which we ought not to overlook. One is *the growing worldliness among professing Christians*. They are indulging in extravagance in many ways, in luxurious habits, dress, equipages, feastings, and so on, and wasting the substance of which they are stewards. When a man is giving liberally to the cause of God I count it very foolish to forbid his spending liberally in other ways, for men usually spend by scale. It would be absurd to hold up a wretched miser who gives nothing either to God or man as an example to a liberal spender: but there is too much of ostentatious extravagance abroad which wastes the Master's money in worldly pleasurable and doubtful amusements, yes, and amusements worse than doubtful. Some who are called ministers of Christ have in these days even defended amusements which moralists have felt bound to abandon, but let us hope that such ministers will not repeat the mistake. We must be careful, wise, and yet decided in our dealings with this growing evil, or we shall lose all spirituality from the churches. But, beside this, have you not noticed with horror the increase of *the national sin of drunkenness* throughout the land? Only look at the bill for intoxicating drinks! That amount cannot be expended annually without producing a terrible record of drunkenness, crime, disease, and death. Ten years ago it is pretty certain that men drank quite enough: to what must we impute this ever-growing consumption? The evil is positively appalling. I look upon the law permitting the sale of wines and spirits at the grocers as one of the most mischievous pieces of modern legislation. To my grievous knowledge the sin of intoxication among women has been suggested in some instances and promoted in others by this easy and respectable method of obtaining strong drink. For women to drink is loathsome even to men who can freely indulge in it themselves. Is it really more shameful that women should be drunken than men? It has that appearance, and the frequency of the evil among them proves that the drink cancer is getting nearer to the heart of the body

politic. I was in France, at the Carnival at Mentone, and I remarked again and again that I saw no sign of intoxication. All day long the peasants and townspeople amused themselves with masks, and music, and comfits, amusements fit for little children, but I saw no drunkenness, and do not think there was any. Yet France is a Popish country: do we not blush to think that it should excel us in so ordinary a virtue as sobriety? One of my friends said to me, "If this Carnival had been held in England, these people would have been all drunk before they started the procession." Several years ago when staying on the island of Heligoland I noticed with regret a regulation that no more than four English sailors should come ashore at one time, and then each one must be attended by a soldier till he returned to the boat. I saw hale and hearty sailors come to the little town and walk up the street, but how differently they reeled back, and how difficult it seemed to get them safely away. Are our fellow-countrymen to become the scorn of mankind for their drunkenness? The world will begin to cry shame upon the Christian church unless something is done in this matter. Consider the suffering and poverty which arise out of the waste of money involved in this vice, and the crime which is its inevitable result. The whole land reeks before the Lord, and is corrupt with this sin. If Christians do not labor to stay this evil who will do it? If ministers do not seek to the utmost of their ability to apply a remedy, the world will think that their outcry against unbelief and other evils is not very sincere. He who does not cry out against the wolf cannot surely be at enmity with the lion.

These are the mischiefs. Now for the REMEDY. What are we to do to meet this superstition, and this unbelief, and this disintegration, and this growing drunkenness? I have only one remedy to prescribe, and that is that we do preach the gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, in all its length and breadth of doctrine, precept, spirit, example, and power. To give but one remedy for many diseases of the body is the part of an empiric, but it is not so in the affairs of the soul, for the gospel is so divinely compounded as to meet all the evils of humanity, however they may differ from one another. We have only to preach the living gospel, and the whole of it, to meet the whole of the evils of the times. The gospel, if it were fully received through the whole earth, would purge away all slavery, end all war, and put down all drunkenness and all social evils; in fact you cannot conceive a moral curse which it would not remove, and even physical evils, since many of them arise incidentally from sin, would be greatly mitigated and some of them for ever abolished. The spirit of the gospel, causing attention to be

given to all that concerns our neighbor's welfare, would promote sanitary and social reforms, and so the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations would work their beneficial purpose. Keep to the gospel, brethren, and you will keep to the one universal, never-failing remedy. You have read of sieges, in which the poor inhabitants have been reduced to skeletons, and fevers and diseases scarcely known at other times have abounded: when the city has at last surrendered, if you wished to give the people what would meet all their wants, you would begin with giving them food. Hunger lies at the bottom of the fever, hunger has caused the other diseases, gaunt and grim, and when the constitution is again built up by food it will throw off most of the other ills. Give the bread of life to the multitude, and the maladies and diseases of fallen humanity will be divinely removed. I am sure it is so. It is evident enough that the gospel meets *superstition*. In the Revelation we read "Babylon is fallen, is fallen," and we see her cast like a millstone in the flood. But was it not because a little before we read "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth." Between the fall of Babylon and the flight of the angel there was an intimate connection. If you were to enter a ruin and could not bear the hooting of the owls and the presence of the bats, and wanted to disperse them, if you could let the blessed light shine into the deserted halls, the bats and owls would soon find their wings. Let the flambeaux blaze in every corner and the creatures of darkness will quit the scene. Do you wish to put an end to baptismal regeneration, the lie of lies? Proclaim spiritual regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and exalt the work of the Spirit of the Lord. Would you make men see through the sham of Romish and Anglican priesthood. Proclaim the everlasting priesthood of the Great Melchisedec. If you would end belief in sacraments, proclaim the substance, of which ordinances can never be more than the shadow. You will find men turn away from the husks when you set before them solid food, God by his Spirit being with you to give them the wisdom to discern between things that differ.

As to the *unbelieving* business, my brethren, I bear my witness that the preaching of the gospel confronts it well. I was speaking to a brother minister concerning the number of young men who fall into one form or another of false doctrine. When I told him that I was very little troubled in that way he replied, "I don't suppose you are. Calvinism drives them away, it does not allow them enough scope. A man of that kind would not come to hear you many times." Now I am bold to say that in some preaching

dovecotes are provided for the birds of doubt, and I am not surprised that they fly in clouds, and as doves to their windows. Preach the doctrines of grace, dear brethren, and those who like not your Lord will either be changed themselves or change their minister. Preach the gospel very decidedly and firmly, no matter what people may say of you, and God will be with you. Some would like us to treat the Bible as if it were a peal of bells sounding forth from a church steeple which we can make to say whatever we please: rather let us sound forth Scriptural truth like a trumpet, giving a certain sound that people may know that there is a meaning in it, and may learn at the same time what that meaning is.

I give the progressive gentlemen a motto to be engraved on their escutcheon, for which I hope they will be very grateful, it is this — “*Ever learning.*” It is their boast that they are ever learning. Accept it, gentlemen, but take the whole of it, “and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.” 2 Timothy 3:7. They themselves confess that they do not come to definite knowledge, for they are always telling us that what they teach today they may repudiate tomorrow, for a process of development is going on, so that having commenced with the oyster of Calvinism they may yet reach the superlative manhood of atheism, for where else will it stop? Preach the truth with all your hearts as God teaches it to you, and this plague will be stayed.

As to disintegration, I know of no way of keeping God’s people together like giving them plenty of spiritual meat. The simple shepherd said that he tied his sheep by their teeth, for he gave them such good food that they could not find better, and so they stayed with him. Be this our custom as the Holy Spirit shall help us. Let us also labor by our preaching to make church fellowship a great deal more real. Have we not many times heard the remark, perhaps a pardonable one, “I will never go to another church meeting.” Why should it be so? An old story furnishes me with an illustration. A clergyman was burying a corpse, and not knowing whether to use the word “brother” or “sister” in the service, he turned to one of the mourners and asked, “Is it a brother or a sister?” “No relation at all, sir,” was the prompt reply, “only an acquaintance.” We are always talking about beloved brethren and sisters, but on examination how much of real brotherhood is there in most churches? Does it not amount to this — “No relation at all, only an acquaintance.” Do you wonder that people start a little meeting of their own where they hope that there will be a little more communion? Try to make church fellowship full of life and love by

preaching and living the gospel of love and brotherhood. Be to your people like a father among his children, or an elder brother among his brethren, that you may be the means of blessing to them, and at the same time meet the evil of disintegration. As to that terrible matter of *drunkenness*, I believe there are many palliations for the disease, but I am equally certain that there is no complete and universally applicable cure for it except the gospel. The best way to make a man sober is to bring him to the foot of the Cross. It is a practical question, well worth your pondering, whether in order to bring him there it may not be necessary to get him sober first, for we cannot hope to see men converted when they are drunk. You may find it wise to use with rigor all the appliances which the temperance movement has so amply provided, but whether you personally agree to do so or not, if you see others earnestly warbling with the demon of drink, even though they use weapons which you do not admire, do not despise them nor treat them otherwise than as allies. Let your own personal habits be such as shall tend to overthrow the evil, and to encourage those who are laboring to that end. Let the current and tone of your conversation be always friendly to the man who fights this foe, even if he does not come upon your platform, for the enemy is so strong and so all-devouring that no honest helper may be scorned. But, after all, the gospel is the needle-gun of the conflict. If you could make every man in England sign the pledge of total abstinence you could not secure sobriety for any length of time, since pledges are too often broken; but if men's hearts are changed, and they become believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, then the stamina of principle will by divine grace be given to the mental constitution, promises will be kept, and vices will be forsaken.

So far you have followed me in the *general* truth, I will now give a few practical exhortations. The old, old gospel is to be *preached*, it is not to be ground out like tunes from a barrel organ, but to be preached in the very best way, and by God's blessing we are so to work up the church that both ourselves and our fellow members shall confirm the witness of the gospel, and be hearty and unanimous in spreading it.

To begin with, *we must have more knowledge of the gospel*. It is not every minister that understands the gospel: many ministers who understand its elements have never attempted to grasp and to preach the whole of it, and even he who knows most of it needs to understand it better. You must preach the whole of the gospel. The omission of either a doctrine or an ordinance or a precept may prove highly injurious. Even points which

others think trivial must not be trivial to the man who would make full proof of his ministry.

Do not, for instance, fail to be faithful upon believers' baptism, for if that part of your testimony be left out, an ingredient essential to meet superstition will be wanting. Though it may seem at first sight as if you might very well leave out a minor doctrine without mischief, do not so, for since the God who put it into the word is supremely wise, he is not a wise man who would leave it out. Fulfill the whole of your commission: "teaching them," says your Lord, "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Preach the gospel north, south, east, and west, but be sure you preach the whole gospel as far as God has taught it you, and nothing else.

To accomplish this we are bound to search and study in order to know more and more of the inspired word. Have you not found that the precious gospel is like a cavern into which you must enter bearing the torch of the Holy Spirit, who alone can show you all things? Were you not astonished as you stood in the first chamber and saw its clear soft silver light? What treasures were all around you, for all its walls were slabs of silver, and the roof was hung with filigree of the precious metal. "I have found it! I have found it!" cried you for very joy. But just then one of the shining ones touched you on the shoulder and said, "Come hither, and I will show thee greater things than these." You passed through a portal hitherto unobserved, and lo, there opened up another chamber more lofty and more spacious than the last. The floor, the roof, and the pendant stalactites were all of gold — pure gold, like unto transparent glass; and then you said, "Now have I entered the inner most shrine of truth." Yet was there more to be seen, for again the shining one touched you, another secret door flew open, and you were in a vast hall, where every form of precious stone flashed forth upon you: rubies and jaspers, and emeralds, and amethysts emulated each other's beauties, while all in a blaze of light the terrible crystal and all manner of choice gems made the cavern to shine like a thousand firmaments crowded with stars. Then you marveled indeed. And now, perhaps having seen such treasures, you are of opinion that nothing more remains, but God's glory as yet no mortal hath fully seen, and the divine Spirit waits to lead you by study and prayer to a yet clearer vision of the deep things of God. In order to preach the gospel well we must have such a knowledge of it that we are *practically* conversant with it. We must have it in our hearts, and also, as the proverb has it, at our fingers' ends.

We must be rich that we may scatter treasures. We must be scribes well instructed that we may be apt to teach. Let us see well to this, dear brethren; and if any of you have at all slurred your private studies and your communion with God, and your deep searching of the word, I pray you do not so; for you may get on a little while with the stores you have on hand, but they will be soon spent, or become moldy. Gather fresh manna every morning; gather it fresh from heaven. Manna is all very well out of a brother's omer if I cannot go where it falls, but God's rule is for each man to fill his own omer. Borrow from books if you will; but do not preach books, but the living word. Get much inward knowledge, and then deal it out.

Secondly, *we must seek after a deeper and more experimental acquaintance with the gospel.* The word "experimental" is one which theology has manufactured; and it is not correct, for true religion is no experiment. Surely it is a well ascertained fact, a force the result of which may safely be predicted, for no cause more certainly ensures its effect. But we mean "experiential," or that which groweth out of experience; pardon the uncomely coinage. Does a man know any gospel truth a right till he knows it by experience? Is not this the reason why God's servants are made to pass through so many trials, that they may really earn many truths not otherwise to be apprehended? Do we learn much in sunny weather? Do we not profit most in stormy times? Have you not found it so — that your sick-bed — your bereavement — your depression of spirit, has instructed you in many matters which tranquillity and delight have never whispered to you? I suppose we ought to learn as much by joy as by sorrow, and I hope that many of my Lord's better servants do so; but, alas, others of us do not; affliction has to be called in to whip the lesson into us. Brethren, a minister who handles the word of God as one who has tried and proved it is known at once by his congregation. Even the unconverted know the touch of the practiced surgeon of souls. If a woman who never nursed anybody before were to come to your bedside to attend to you during an illness you would find it out without being told. But mark the skilled nurse. Note the wonderful way in which she makes up your pillow! What an art she has in putting on the bandages! How downy are her fingers when she touches the wounded flesh! And if she has ever been afflicted as you now are how pleasantly she says, "Ah, I know how you suffer. I understand that feeling; for I have felt the same." Why you feel that nurse to be the very one you needed. There is a way of talking about the gospel and its

privileges and duties in a style which does not come home to the heart at all. I once read the following criticism upon a certain preacher. I do not think it was at all just as applied to that minister and so I shall not mention his name, but the remarks were as follows: — “He preaches as if you had no father or mother, no sister or brother, no wife or child, no human struggles and hopes; as if the great object of preaching was to fill you with Biblical pedantry, and not to make the man better, wiser, stronger than before. Perhaps it may be, because this is the case, that the church is so thronged. You need not tremble lest your heart be touched, and your darling sin withered up by the indignant denunciations of the preacher. He is far away in Revelation or in Exodus, telling us what the first man did, or the last man will do; giving you, it may be, a creed that is scriptural and correct, but that does not interest you; that has neither life, nor love, nor power; as well adapted to empty space as to this gigantic Babel of competition, and crime, and wrong, in which we live and move.”

Such a criticism would justly apply to many preachers. They do not treat the gospel as a practical thing, or as a matter of fact which immediately concerns the people before them. If the gospel referred only to certain unclothed humanities in the bush of Australia, they could not themselves appear to be less interested in it. A pleading experimental sermon from them we could not expect, nor even the simple gospel, except so far as they may occasionally condescend to men of low estate by abusing themselves from the serenity's in which their highnesses exist in order to consider a few of the depravities of the lower classes. This will never do. No, we must have personal experience of the things of God. As to our own depravity we must feel it and mourn it; and as to the glorious power of the grace of God and the wondrous riches of Christ, we must go on to realize these in our own souls more and more, if we are to preach with power and meet the evils of the times.

I have to say, thirdly, that *we must keep to the gospel more continually*. I do not know any audience to whom there is less need to say this than to the present; but, still, let us “stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.” It is worth while stirring up that which is pure, the impure will be best let alone. Seeing that ye have these things, let me excite you to have them more abundantly. Often, very often, ought we to teach the simple rudiments of the gospel. It is astonishing, after all the preaching that there has been in England, how little the gospel is understood by the mass of men. They are still children, and have need to be told the A B C of the

gospel of Christ. Keep most to those themes, brethren, which are most soul-saving — to those which are practically useful to the people. Keep close to the cross of Christ. Point continually to the atoning sacrifice and to the doctrine of justification by faiths, which, when preached aright, are never preached without the divine approbation. Every truth is important, let it have its due place; but do not suffer many secondary truth to take you away from the first. Aristotle, in his wonderfully unnatural natural history, tells us that in Sicily the herbs in the woods and fields smell so exceeding sweetly that the dogs lose all scent of their prey, and so are unable to hunt. Let us beware of such herbs. There is to our minds — to mine, I know — a great fascination in poetry, in true science, in metaphysics, and the like; but you, I trust, dear brethren, will prove to be dogs of so keen a scent that the perfume of none of these shall prevent your following closely after the souls of men, for whom you hunt at your Master's bidding. No doubt many are taken off from the main pursuit, and think, when they have taken to frivolous philosophizing, that they have outgrown their fellow Christians, but be not ye of their mind.

A woman was once very busy in fetching out of her burning house her pictures and her choicest pieces of furniture. She had worked for hours at it, toiling hard to save her little treasures, when on a sudden it came to her mind that one child was missing. One child had been left in the burning house, and when she rushed back again that chamber had long ago been consumed, and the child had, doubtless, perished. Then did she wring her hands, and bitterly bewail her folly. Every bit of furniture that she had saved she seemed to curse, and wished that she had not saved it, because by looking after such poor stuff she had lost her child. Even so every little piece of curious learning and quaint proverb, and deep doctrine that you manage to save from the fire will only accuse your conscience if you let men's souls perish. *We must* have them saved, and it is infinitely better that fifty of those admirable discourses upon a difficult point should lie by till we are dead than that we should bring them out and waste fifty Sundays when precious souls are waiting for the good news of mercy. I have often wondered what some sermons were preached for, what design the preacher had in concocting them. I would not suspect the preachers of wishing to display themselves; what else they meant I do not know. Caligula marched his legions with the beating of drums and sounding of trumpets, and display of eagles and banners down to the sea-shore, *to gather cockles*. And there are sermons of that sort: beating drums and sounding trumpets and

flaunting flags, *and cockles*. A beautiful story is told of the famous Bernard. He preached one day to a congregation with marvelous eloquence and poetic diction; he charmed them all; but when the sermon was done, Bernard was observed to walk away disquieted. He wandered into the wilderness and spent the night alone, fasting because of sadness. The next day, at the time for preaching, he was ready, and delivered himself of a common-place discourse which the great gentlemen who had listened to him the day before thought nothing of, but the poor of the people understood his words and drank them in, and though he heard the censures of the critics, he was observed to walk away with a smile upon his face, and to eat his bread with a merry heart. When one asked the reason, he said, "*Heri Bernardum: hodie Jesum Christum.*" "Yesterday I preached Bernard; but today Jesus Christ." You, my brethren, will feel happy when you have preached unto them Jesus, and, whoever frowns, your sleep will be sweet to you, for your Master has accepted you.

Keep to the gospel, then, more and more and more. Give the people Christ and nothing but Christ. Sate them, even though some of them should say that you also nauseate them with the gospel. At every meal set out the salt without prescribing how much. If they do not like it (and there are creatures that cannot endure salt), give them all the more, for this is your Lord's mind.

I would add that in our preaching we *must become more and more earnest and practical*. That paragraph which I read to you just now concerning a certain divine, must never be true concerning us. We must preach as men *to men*, not as divines *before* the clergy and nobility. Preach straight *at* them. It is of no use to fire your rifle into the sky when your object is to pierce the heart. To flourish your saber finely is a thing which has been done so often that you need not repeat it. Your work is to charge home at the heart and conscience. Fire into the very center of the foe. Aim at effect. "Oh! oh!" say you, "I thought we ought never to do that." No, not in the perverted acceptance of the term, but in the right sense aim at effect — *effect* upon the conscience and upon the heart. Some preachers remind me of the famous Chinese jugglers, who not long ago were everywhere advertised. One of these stood against a wall and the other threw knives at him. One knife would be delivered into the board just above his head, and another close by his ear, while under his armpit and between his fingers quite a number of deadly weapons were bristling. Wonderful art to be able to throw to a hair's breadth and never strike! How many among us have a

marvelous skill in missing! “Be not afraid,” says the preacher, “I am never personal, never give home-thrusts.” Stand quite still, my friend! Open your arms! Spread out your fingers! Your minister has practiced a very long while, and he knows how to avoid troubling you in the least with truth too severely personal. Brethren, cultivate that art if you desire to be damned and your hearers also; but if you desire both to save yourselves and them that hear you, cry to your Lord for faithfulness, practicalness, heart-moving power. Never play at preaching, nor beat about the bush; get at it, and always mean business. Plutarch tells us of two men at Athens who were nominated for a public office. One of them was famous for his oratory, and to gain the election he gave a description of what he could and would do if the citizens would choose him. He would have charmed them with his fine promises, but they knew him too well. His rival was a man of few words and simply said, “All that this gentleman has *said* I mean to *do*.” Now, be ye of that kind, not speakers of the word only, but doers also. Have you not heard scores of sermons about the gospel, and about what the gospel is to do? Is it not a grand thing at a public meeting to give a glorious description of what the gospel has accomplished and what it will accomplish, though you have contributed nothing to the grand result? But of what avail is it to preach *about* the gospel, let us *preach the gospel itself*. Hope not to alarm the foe by a description of a Krupp-gun, but wheel up your artillery and open fire. Don’t be content with describing conviction of sin, but labor in the power of the Spirit to produce conviction at once. Don’t satisfy yourself by picturing the peace which follows upon believing, but preach the truth which men are to believe, so that they may actually obtain the peace which you describe. We want more of what I call the “doing” preaching, and less of the “talking” preaching. Set yourselves steadily to labor with men even to an agony. Show men their sin. Set it out before them, and say, “Sinner, is not this sin? Are you so blind that you cannot see it. If you cannot see it I will mourn your blindness and pray the ever-blessed Spirit to open your eyes. And do not you see Christ, sinner? I have seen him! It was the most blessed sight I ever beheld, for his wounds are my healing and his death is my life. I have nothing to show you but Christ my master, but a look at him will save you. I will pray the Holy Spirit to illuminate you, but if you do not understand, it shall be the fault of *your* mind and not of *my* language.” We have heard sermons preached in which the minister prayed God to save souls, but unless he had departed from his usual laws of procedure it was not possible for the Almighty God to use such discourses for any such purpose, for they have consisted of

mere trifling with words, or an exposition of some minute point of opinion, or a philosophizing away of the mind of the Spirit. Pray the Lord to save your hearers, and then drive at them as though you could save them yourself. Trust in God, and then employ such logical arguments as may convince the judgment and such pathetic appeals as may touch the heart, so that if effects depend upon causes you may see them produced, God's hand being with you.

I need scarcely add to you, brethren, that *we must be more and more simple and clear in the preaching of the gospel*. I think we are pretty clear and plain already, but sometimes young men are fascinated by some famous preacher whose style is grandiose, sublime, or involved. They see the thing done very splendidly, and as they look on they marvel, and by degrees think they will try that, too; and so they put on the seven-league boots, large enough for them to live in, and the result is ridiculous, nay, worse than that, it is spiritually useless. When a man tries to do the magnificent, with elaborate sentences, and pompous diction, and grandeur of manner, it must and will come to nought. There is also a tendency among some young gentlemen to go off into excessive quotation of poetry. There are fine young men who probably were born with a rose between their lips, and with a nightingale singing above their bed when first their infant cries were heard, and these are for ever consecrated to the sublime and beautiful. Every breeze wafts to them from the mountains of Araby the sweet odors of poetic thought.

*“They scarce their mouths can ope
But out there flies a trope.”*

Very fine! very fine, brethren; but do not be beguiled with it. As much as ever you can avoid all artificial oratory, or what simpletons now-a-days mistake for eloquence. The word is shamefully used, but in the common acceptance of the term the most detestable thing is eloquence. Speak from your heart and never mind eloquence. Do not speak after the manner of oratory; speak as a lover of souls, and then you will have eloquence, real eloquence. The oratory which allies itself with the dancing-master, and practices before a looking-glass, and is fond of classical geography, and obscure verses from unknown poets, is for ever to be abhorred by you. Perishing sinners do not want your poetry, they want Christ. If you are poetical ride on the back of your poetry, but do not let it ride you. What you have to do is to be the means of saving souls, and look you well to

that. If soldiers can win a battle and sing sweetly at the same time, by all means let them sing, but if it so happens that while regarding the harmonies they miss a cut at their enemies, let the singing come to an end at once. There, young warrior, give over your crotchets and quavers and vault into your saddle. I regard your pulpit as your steed, and dash into the battle like Khaled of old, smiting right and left with dauntless valor; and when you come back you will have more honor from your Master than he who stayed at home to arrange the plumes of his helmet, and then at length rode out bedizened to admiration only to come home like that glorious hero of old time who “marched up a hill and down again.”

I must hasten on to notice that if we are to make the gospel meet the evils of the time, *we must be quite sure to exemplify it in our lives when out of the pulpit.* I thank God I know, in the case of numbers of brethren here, that the gospel which they preach is illustrated in their lives by their self-denials and self-sacrifices. It charms me when I hear a brother say, “I left my position to go to one where my income would be twenty pounds a year less, for I felt that there was a wider sphere of usefulness before me, and that I should not be building on another man’s foundation, but conquering new territory for Christ.” I glory in God’s grace as shown in many of you, because of your zeal, your endurance of poverty, and your faith in God. The Lord will bless you. It delights my soul to think that the spirit of the apostles and martyrs is in many of you. You make sacrifices for Christ and say nothing about them, content to do grandly though none proclaim it. Go on, my brethren, in the name of the Lord. I hope you will not have to suffer more than needs be, but where there is a needs be take you the suffering joyfully. If we cannot conquer without the loss of a few men, do not let us hesitate for a moment. If we cannot take this Malakoff without filling the trench with dead bodies, let us leap in. Let us never shrink from poverty, rebuke, or hard labor; but determine that the old flag shall be carried to the top of the fortress, and, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, error shall be trodden under foot as straw is trodden for the dunghill. Ah, it is a cause worthy of your utmost zeal, if you could spill your blood in a thousand martyrdoms a day the cause deserves it. It is the cause of God, the cause of Christ, the cause of humanity. Preach the gospel, brethren, preach it all, and preach it with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and you shall yet save this perishing world, but may God help you to live in the spirit of the gospel, or you will fail.

I am afraid that there are some ministers who get into a pulpit, intending there to stick. There is no moving *them*, and they never move the people. It is sometimes remarked to me, "Some of your men move about a good deal." "Yes," I say, "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase." I like the self-sacrifice of a man who feels that he can move and will move when he can do more good elsewhere. Never move or stay for selfish reasons, but hold yourself at your great Captain's beck and call. An old Scotch minister, as he was riding along, saw, according to his own description, something coming which greatly alarmed him. It was a gypsy riding aloft upon an ass which he had loaded high with fagots. The beast which the minister was riding was alarmed as well as its rider, set its feet down very firmly, and put its ears back, after the manner of amiable horses! "And," said the minister in describing it, "I prepared myself for a fall, so that I fell somewhat more easily." "But," said a friend, "I should have got off." That idea had never crossed the worthy man's mind. So it is with some ministers, they prepare themselves to be dismissed by their people, but never propose to remove of their own will. It is within my knowledge that a brother, not of our Conference, said to his people, when they were in a most earnest manner endeavoring to get rid of him, "it was the Spirit of God that brought me here, and I shall never go till the Spirit of God leads me to go away, *and that will be a very long while.*" The last sentence cast suspicion on all that preceded it, for, surely, he could not foretell what the mind of the Spirit might be. Stay or move, brethren; go to Africa, or America, or Australia, or flit from John o'Groat's house to the Land's End, only do accomplish your mission and glorify God. Be holy, be gracious, be prayerful, be disinterested, be like the Lord Jesus: thus only will your lives be consistent with your ministries.

One thing more, and it is this. Let us, dear brethren, try to *get saturated with the gospel*. I always find that I can preach best when I can manage to lie a-soak in my text. I like to get a text and know its meaning and bearings, and so on; and then, after I have bathed in it, I delight to lie down in it and let it soak into me. It softens me, or hardens me, or does whatever it ought to do to me, and then I can talk about it. Become saturated with spices and you will smell of them. You need not be very particular about the words and phrases if the spirit of the text has filled you. Thoughts will leap out and find raiment for themselves, a sweet perfume will distill from you and spread itself in every direction — we call it *unction*. Do you not love to hear a brother speak who abides in fellowship with Jesus. Even a

few minutes with such a man is refreshing, for, like his Master, his paths drop fatness. Dwell in the truth and let the truth dwell in you. Be baptized into its spirit and influence that you may impart thereof to others. If you do not believe the gospel do not preach it, for you lack an essential qualification; but even if you do believe it, do not preach it until you have taken it up into yourself as the wick takes up the oil. So only can you be a burning and a shining light. Personally to me the gospel is something more than a matter of faith: it has so mingled with my being as to be a part of my consciousness, an integral part of my mind, never to be removed from me. If stretched upon the rack I might be weak enough in the extremity of pain to say that I did not believe the truth; but I could not help believing it still. Faith in the old orthodox creed is not a matter of choice with me now. I am frequently told that I ought to examine at length the various new views which are so continually presented. I decline the invitation: I can smell them, and that satisfies me. I perceive in them nothing which glorifies God or magnifies Christ, but much that puffs up human nature, and I protest that the smell is enough for me.

*“Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I’d call them vanities and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.”*

I hope the truths of the gospel have become our life: experience has incorporated them with our being. Be laid low with pain, and nothing will then suffice you but gracious realities. Bind philosophy around an aching heart, and see if it will relieve the agony. Take a draught of modern thought, and see if it will cure despair. Go to sick beds, where men are looking into eternity, and see if the principles of the skeptical school can help the sick to die in triumph.

Brothers, I beseech you keep to the old gospel, and let your souls be filled with it, and then *may you be set on fire with it*. When the wick is saturated, let the flame be applied. Fire from heaven is still the necessity of the age. They call it “go,” and here is nothing which goes like it, for when it kindles upon a prairie or a dry forest all that is dry and withered must disappear before its terrible advance. May God himself, who is a consuming fire, ever burn in you as in the bush at Horeb. All other things being equal, that man will do most who has most of the divine fire. That subtle, mysterious element called fire — who knoweth what it is? It is a force inconceivably mighty. Perhaps it is the motive force of all the forces, for light and heat

from the sun are the soul of power. Certainly fire, as it is in God, and comes upon his servants, is power omnipotent. The consecrated flame will, perhaps, consume *you*, burning up the bodily health with too great ardor of soul, even as a sharp sword wears away the scabbard, but what of that? The zeal of God's house ate up our Master, and it is but a small matter if it consume his servants. If by excessive labor we die before reaching the average age of man, worn out in the Masters service, then, glory be to God, we shall have so much less of earth and so much more of heaven. And suppose we should be abused, misrepresented, and slandered for Christ's sake, then glory be to God that we had a reputation to lose for his sake, and blessed be our Lord who counted us a worthy to do it. Be on fire within yourselves with perfect consecration to God, and then you will blaze in the pulpit.

There are the evils, brethren. I have tried to set them forth; you will not forget them. But we have only one remedy; preach Jesus Christ, and let us do it more and more. By the roadside, in the little room, in the theater, anywhere, everywhere, let us preach Christ. Write books if you like, and do anything else within your power; but whatever else you cannot do, *preach* Christ. If you do not always visit your people (though I pray God you may not be blameworthy there) yet preach. The devil cannot endure gospel preaching, nothing worries him so much as preaching. The pope cannot bear it, nothing makes him so ill as preaching. Preaching is our great weapon — use it perpetually. Preaching is the Lord's battering-ram, wherewith the walls of old Babylon are being shaken to their foundations. Work on with it, brothers, work on. Preach, preach, preach, preach, preach, preach, till you can preach no more, and then go above to sing the praises of God in heaven, and make known to the angels the wonders of redeeming love.

ADVERTISING FOR THE DEVIL.

THERE are many well-meaning people in the world who do a good deal of gratuitous advertising for Satan. They seem to doubt whether anything is settled until they settle it; and so they go to work disputing with unseen opponents, and confuting in the pulpit theories which, to most of their hearers, are as unknown and unintelligible as Sanscrit.

A minister expressed great surprise at seeing an objectionable book on the table of a friend, but was informed that his curiosity was excited by the minister's denouncing the book on the previous Sunday, and at once he went and bought it.

We shall do well to remember that our harvest depends upon the amount of wheat which we sow, and not upon the number of tares which, we pull up. We may work ourselves to death in trying to undo what Satan has done, and we shall find him at last too agile for us to overtake him. We shall do better to work for God with all the energy of devout and devoted hearts, trusting him to bless his own Word, and bring to naught the devices of evil men and devils.

An earnest writer has well said: "Teachers have better work than to advertise the devil's nostrums." The best way, as a rule, to preach down error, is to preach up truth. Fill the mind and saturate the soul with the truth of God's word, and there shall be no room for error. Seldom attack error directly; but if you throw down the gauntlet to the devil, be sure you give him a deadly lunge. Error is a plant of such prolific growth, that the more you try to pull it up by the roots, the more you will cause them to sprout. Sow 'the good seed of the kingdom' in every spot of the ground, and you will choke out and keep out error by the presence of truth. We have paid too much respect to Satan. We owe him nothing but contempt and disobedience. Let us stop abusing the devil and the pope, and begin in good earnest to teach God's word. If that word abide in us richly, if we teach it fully, we shall have little occasion to mourn over the power of error.

"Never before has God more signally honored his own Word. Never before was the Bible more bitterly opposed; never before was it so tenderly loved and widely read as now. Never before was prayer more questioned; never before was prayer more graciously answered. Truth is mighty; as God lives it will prevail. Let us believe it, teach it, and live it. Let us fill the minds of our children with the truths of God's word; and by his blessing, new trophies to redeeming grace shall be won in every class." — *From the Boston "Christian."*

THE COLLEGE REPORT FOR 1876-77

BY C. H. SPURGEON

It becomes more difficult every year to prepare a Report for our friends, because we have already said all that can be said, and said it in several ways. Our College is now in middle life, and this is at once the most laborious and the least romantic period of existence. We are quietly plodding on, doing nothing new, but persevering in downright hard work. Very prosaic, but at the same time very fruitful, is the history which can be thus summarized. We have gone on now for twenty years, aiding our young brethren to preach the gospel more intelligently, and we are by no means weary of the work, or shaken in our conviction as to its extreme necessity; but, on the contrary, we are more than ever wedded to the service, and are resolved so long as we live to continue in it. Our plans and methods are the same as at the first, because we have not been shown any reason for altering them, but have accumulated proofs of their efficiency. Instead of drawing back or changing our course, we are taking counsel for the continuance of the Pastors' College when we shall have ended our own personal career; and there are indications that the Lord will enable us to place the institution upon a permanent footing for generations yet to come.

Although there is nothing in mere plodding perseverance which can furnish matter for a sensational report, yet there is sterling value in it. Many can start an institution (for we have seen it done), but they lose their breath after a little running, and either let the work die, or turn it over to others, and try something newer and more dazzling. It has been our privilege to be associated with brethren who are not given to change, but are endowed with patient continuance in well doing, and so the College holds on its way without faltering. It is our duty to render praise to God for this, for whoever the laborers may be, he only can establish the work of our hands upon us. He only could have raised us up so many generous and faithful friends by whose liberality we are enabled to carry on the work, and he only could have sent success to the men who have gone forth. To him be grateful praise.

During the year the number of students has been greater than ever; it constantly varies, but it has reached at one time as many as one hundred and ten, but the funds have increased in like proportion, and there has been

no lack. Men have been forthcoming in such large numbers as to enable us to make a very careful and jealous selection without fear of running short of accepted students. The men now with us are equal to any former body of brethren we have ever had, and many of them are preachers of great promise. Our brother and all the tutors have been spared to us in excellent health, and everything has worked as we could desire.

The Evening Classes, in which men who desire to serve the Lord can obtain a gratuitous education, have been very efficiently conducted, have gathered up large numbers of young men, and have been a great source of supply to the College, besides sending out colporteurs, city missionaries, lay preachers, Sabbath-school teachers, and workers of all sorts. Between two and three hundred names are on the books of this Christian Working Men's College, and a fine spirit prevails among them.

We have now been able *to purchase the freehold* of the College, which was before held upon lease for eighty years, of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and we have put the property in trust, together with a sufficient sum to pay the rates and keep it in repair. This is a very glad event to the President, and he begs his friends to unite with him in gratitude to God. No debt, no rent, and virtually no rates: the College is thus housed by the gracious Lord, who has removed all difficulties and sent all supplies in answer to prayer. Our trustees are the brethren who conduct the Orphanage, and are at our side in every good work — in fact, the deacons of the church at the Tabernacle.

An old friend of the College sent us the other day the following remarks, which he thought should be incorporated in the Report, although he wished us to put them into other language. We shall not, however, hammer them on our anvil, but give them just as we received them, for we could not improve them.

“The wisdom and grace of God in the institution of this College are increasingly manifested every year. Such a necessity for its existence could not be foreseen by its first promoters. That there was some need for its origin for a better provision for the plain preaching of a plain gospel was seen and felt, but little did they think that a departure from the true faith would have proceeded so rapidly as to render this College so needful for the preservation of the old gospel as it has now become. ‘This is the Lord’s doing, it is marvelous in our eyes.’ It was the Lord’s doing that the President was led to the idea of a Pastors’ College. It is the Lord’s doing

that young men in exact conformity with that idea have been provided. It is the Lord's doing that they have zealously and unitedly acquiesced in the instructions that have been given them. It is the Lord's doing that spheres of usefulness have been presented to them. It is the Lord's doing that they have faithfully adhered, almost without exception to the doctrines for the maintenance of which this College was raised up both by God and man. It is the Lord's doing that those doctrines have been preached by them with unexampled success, and in few, if in any, instances in vain. Some have ranked among the foremost for distinction and usefulness in the denomination, the majority are increasingly influential and of solid worth, and the humblest of them are not less qualified for their own particular spheres. 'This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.'

"It is wonderful indeed that such a gospel should have been provided for lost and helpless men, and that it should please God by the foolishness of preaching (not by foolish preaching, but, by what to wise men after the flesh may seem foolishness), to save them that believe; but having instituted this method of salvation it is not wonderful that this alone should receive the divine sanction and blessing. It is not wonderful that the plain and earnest preaching of a pure gospel should have the greatest influence upon the minds and hearts of men, because it alone comes within the promise for that end. Effects there may be of a certain intellectual and moral worth from other preaching, but in proportion as they are the result of real gospel teaching, in that proportion only will they give real peace to the soul. It is by confining themselves almost exclusively to the fundamental doctrines of the gospel that the students from this College have awakened unusual interest, and have been favored with unusual success. They owe their prominence in no small degree to the omissions of others. With or without learning and eloquence, they have shown what are the truths that are most blessed for the conversion of sinners and the consolation of the saved. Presented as living truths in their own experience, they have been received as such by others. Such, we are thankful to say, have been the results of the College, and such they continue to this day.

"Hitherto the College has been gradually increasing. Last month it was twenty years old, and it may now be considered to have nearly attained its full growth. There is a certain size for everything, in which it becomes most complete and most conducive to its own ends, It is so with flowers and trees, with animals and men, with families and nations, and communities of

every kind. It is not less so with colleges. Universities do not furnish the best examples for religious purposes. The amalgamation of dissenting colleges has not answered the expectations that led to its formation. The Pastors' College is limited by its accommodation and its relation to a single pastorate, and, having come up to those limits, may be considered providentially to have arrived at its full growth. No great advance of its funds will be henceforth required, but only that they be well sustained. Already its supply of pastors is in excess of all the other Baptist colleges combined. It has outlived the jealousies and fears awakened by its first appearance, has gained the confidence of kindred institutions, and been recognized as an established power for great good both in the church and the world.

“If such have been the achievements of its youth, much more may be expected from its manhood. What if all that has hitherto been done by its instrumentality were undone! Where would the majority of the 380 men have been who have now successfully engaged, and some for many years, in the Christian ministry? No provision was made for them in other colleges, so that in all human probability they would have remained in the same private capacity, and upon the same level from which they came amongst us. Where would the many chapels have been that have been erected for their use, the new churches which have been formed, and the old churches which have been revived by their instrumentality? Where would the many souls have been if all that has been effected through their instrumentality were now to be undone? How many would have to quit their glorious high thrones in heaven, put off their spotless robes, lay down their golden harps, resign their crowns, and leave their blest abodes for regions of sorrow and despair? How many thousands of rejoicing pilgrims to the heavenly Jerusalem must go back to the world of sin and sorrow from whence they came? How many who have been comforted by their ministrations must resume their old burdens, and return to their perplexities and fears? How many awakened by their faithful appeals must return to their former indifference, without God and without Christ in the world?

The change would be felt by many in all lands, and when to these considerations we add the saving benefits which these many thousands may have conveyed, or may hereafter convey, to others, the blessings resulting from the College are incalculable. It is not an unfair method of argumentation thus to suppose all that has been done by the College to be undone. If we would know the benefit which the earth derives from the sun

for a single day, we have only to suppose its light for that one day to be withheld; or the benefit of refreshing showers in a time of drought; we have only to suppose all their quickening and reviving influence to be withdrawn. To know the value of health, and outward mercies of any kind, we have only to think what we should have been, and where we should have been, without them. Why may we not judge in the same way of all spiritual good, with all the additional force it acquires from that good abiding for ever? Should the college now in its twenty-first year expire, it will not have lived in vain; but it has, we trust, a long life of a yet more vigorous and effective manhood before it, and its past benefits will prove but the dew of its youth in comparison with the showers of blessings which are stored up in it for many ages yet to come.”

THE COLLEGE REPORT FOR 1876-7.

BY C. H. SPURGEON

(CONTINUED)

WHILE diligently considering how we could give variety to our reports it occurred to us that it would be a new feature to print extracts from the letters which we have received. Our joy in reading the budget of epistles from all parts of the earth has been very great, and we hope that our thousands of donors will share therein. We feel deeply grateful to all our brethren who so kindly sent in accounts of their work. To print all would need a large pamphlet, and as we cannot afford that, we have picked a little here and there, leaving quite as good behind.

We shall intersperse our own notes and remarks as we cull from these letters.

It is with much pleasure that we see our beloved but much afflicted brother Archibald Brown still prospering abundantly in the great house which he has been enabled to build, and we are glad to see that London has gained other successful workers from our ranks, some of whom occupy leading positions. Mr. Cuff is urging on his great enterprise at Shoreditch, Mr. Collins has come to John Street, Bedford Row, and Mr. Bax to Salters' Hall, while such brethren as Mr. Tarn, of Peckham, Mr. White, of Talbot Tabernacle, Mr. Sawday, of Pentonville, Mr. Inglis, of Victoria Park, are a

few among many soul-winners who are favored with memorable success in our great city.

The ancient church of Broadmead, Bristol, has had a season of great prosperity under Mr. Gange; a few sentences will show what material progress has been necessitated by the spiritual advance.

“We are enlarging Broadmead for the second time since my pastorate commenced. ‘The old chapel remained for over 200 years the size it was when built. We enlarged it five years ago, and are now spending 2,500 upon it. This will bring the old, long-hidden meeting-house out into a public street, so that Broadmead is now visible for the first time; and it will give us 400 more sittings, making ours one of the largest chapels in the provinces.”

Other churches in Bristol have their song to sing, and we only omit mention of them from want of space, but the good secretary of the church in Thrissel! Street has sent us such an excellent account of God’s blessing upon Mr. Osborne’s pastorate there, that we must give it entire.

“It is with great joy and thanksgiving that we send this our first report to you, and though we have for many years ‘lien among the pots,’ yet we can rejoice that God has indeed been mindful of us, and, like the dove, our wings are receiving the sprinklings of gold and silver. Thrissell Street Chapel, the only Baptist cause in a district containing 40,000 inhabitants, has for many years been in a very dead and desolate condition, but we bless and praise our heavenly Father that, in the answer to the prayers of some of his children whose minds were stirred up with anxiety concerning the state of this cause, there has been a grand revival. The Pastor, who had been settled here over thirty years, resigned a little more than two years since, when the few, who had for a long time sorrowed and moaned over their condition, immediately set themselves to prayer that God would cause the light of his countenance to shine upon them, which prayer was answered by his sending amongst us our present beloved Pastor, the Rev. W. Osborne, a choice for which we have not had cause, to regret but to abundantly praise and give thanks. In the first place, our present Pastor came to a church in which there was no organization, certainly there was a school, but it was far from being in a working and satisfactory condition. Twelve months since one of our present deacons was led

to take the leadership of the Bible Class which at that time numbered only twelve, but which now, by the blessing of God, numbers over 100, and out of which twenty have been received into the church. Another one of our deacons was led to organize a Tract Society which now is in thorough working order, and tracts are every week distributed in between twenty and thirty districts. Our next anxiety was concerning the School, but after much prayer we were able to see our way clear, difficulties were removed, and one of our earnest working brethren was led to take the superintendence of this agency, the result of which gives us great cause for thanksgiving, and we are rejoicing in the fact that not a few are deeply anxious concerning their souls eternal welfare. For several years previous to Mr. Osborne coming into our midst the baptistery had been closed, but at the end of the first month it was opened, and since that it has been regularly opened every month, with but two exceptions, which were owing to repairs and cleaning. As you will see by the Report, seventy-six fresh members have been added to the church. We have also been enabled to thoroughly clean and renovate the Chapel and Schoolrooms, and, instead of being a dead church where all seem sleeping, we have a church full of workers, anxious for the salvation of sinners. Our Pastor's earnestness and zeal in his work, together with his geniality, seemed to have sent an electric current, through the church, and to such an extent has God blessed him in his work that every Tuesday evening he is kept from 8:30 till 10 seeing inquirers. We feel now we want more room, and this is a matter which is occupying our minds at the present, and about which we are earnestly praying for guidance. In none of these things, however, do we take glory to ourselves, but bless and praise God for his mindfulness of us, and to-day we seem to hear his voice saying to us, 'For this my son was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found.'"

Many letters of similar character have been read by us, and have made our heart leap for joy, and if we do not print them all, it is not from want of appreciation, but lack of space. The extraordinary success of Mr. Silverton, at Nottingham, the steady work of Mr. Medhurst and other brethren at Portsmouth, and other tempting matters might call for notice, but we forbear.

The smaller churches often receive a larger proportionate blessing than those of greater size: here is a letter from Mr. Smith, Malton, Yorkshire, a brother in feeble health, and, like most of the brethren, with but small income.

“When I came down here I found the chapel empty and forsaken by all, with the exception of a few members. For the last ten years the place has been going down. Some could remember a baptism seven years ago of one person, but since then no members were added, and the church had become so low that they came to the conclusion they could not keep open any longer, but the Lord willed it otherwise. I was sent to preach for two Sabbaths as the last trial. I left the Tabernacle with our beloved President’s blessing and his promised prayers. When I arrived at Malton I found, with all effort in posting bills, announcing a student from Mr. Spurgeon’s Tabernacle, only twelve persons were present at the morning service. At the close, I invited all who could to join me and help in an open-air service before the service in the evening. At the time appointed five persons came, and after much earnest prayer for divine help, we took our stand at a point where I could be seen and heard in four of the main streets in the town. We commenced by singing one of Mr. Sankey’s hymns, and to our surprise the people came from every quarter until by the end of our meeting not less than three hundred persons were present. We closed and invited all who did not attend a place of worship to come with us. Our friends led the way and the crowd came too, and that night the Baptist chapel was full, and not only was the chapel filled, but the Lord filled our hearts. We had a good meeting, and good was done. Many stayed behind for counsel and prayer. I could give you many most interesting and wonderful answers to prayer, and conversions; but I know your limited space, and therefore send you the result of our labor. I have been here one year and a half. Many have found the Lord. I have baptized over fifty persons, and they are useful, active members. We commenced a Bible class; five on the first Sunday, now over a hundred attend every Sunday afternoon. We had a Sunday-school numbering twelve, teachers included. Now we have two hundred and twelve teachers, etc., Our schoolroom is so small, we are hoping to get a new and larger one. Our congregation has not fallen away, but is growing, and at the commencement of

this winter some had to go away from want of room. We commenced improvements and enlargements. This has been done and nearly all the sittings let, and we have paid £200 for alteration, cleaning, and repairs. We have £30 yet to pay. When we have done that other things must be done. We commenced a mission station at Old Malton; and it has been very successful, many have been saved there. This year we commenced a local paper called "The Malton Monthly Magazine." We had four hundred copies monthly; next month we hope to increase to five hundred. We hold thirteen meetings in the week, all well attended, and growing in interest and blessing. We give our heartfelt thanks to the Lord our God who has blessed us and made us a blessing, and pray that we may still go on to glorify his holy name."

Very interesting is the news from Eastcombe, near Stroud, as showing what can be done in the villages if ministers have spirit and zeal. Mr. Brett and his excellent wife have done grand service to Nonconformity and to the gospel by their united endeavors.

"We are surrounded with High Churchism, and the only elementary school was connected with the High Church party. The children who attended were compelled to be 'christened,' or refused admittance, and told that they were heathen children. In view of this state of things, my wife and myself resolved to commence a day-school on the British and Foreign School system. We commenced it and taught the children ourselves.

The Lord greatly blessed the effort, and now we have the joy of seeing the matter taken up; and a master has been engaged, who commenced his duties on the 1st inst. We have about seventy scholars, which has left the opposition with about sixteen. We all look to this as a future source of strength to the church and the cause of truth. We shall be tried this year, as funds are low. The preached word has been blessed to the conversion of sinners. Besides those received into the church during the past year, there are several persons waiting for baptism, and we have hopeful signs of many others. The congregation steadily increases. The week evening meetings are very well attended. There is evidently a spirit of hearing amongst the people. The Sunday-school is in a prosperous condition. During the past two years it has increased in

numbers about forty, *The church during the same period has increased by nearly fifty members.* We have a night school, which has done much to check the influence of the Conformists. The temperance work in which we have engaged has given us more influence with the people, and has made many homes happier. We have been enabled to clear off nearly all the debt of about £200, besides paying for a new heating apparatus, and repairs done to chapel, etc. We bless God for what we have been enabled to do for him. Our strength has been sorely tried sometimes with meetings every evening during the week, Saturday inclusive, and always five meetings on Sunday; but our heavenly Father has been faithful, and has given strength equal to our day. We feel, after all, but very little has been done compared with what is to be done.”

Villages where there are living churches and an earnest ministry become themselves centers of influence for the hamlets around, but the village bishop's office is no sinecure, as witness the work needed to carry on the operations of the church at Eythorne, in Kent. “To write a *complete* record of the work here during the year would be to write a small volume, as will be seen by a simple statement of the various agencies in operation amongst us. First on the list is the work in Eythorne itself, with three Sunday services, Sunday-school, and prayer meetings. Next may be mentioned the chapel at Ashley, at a distance of two miles, where preaching services, Sunday-school, and week-evening meetings are regularly conducted. We have also a chapel at Eastry, four miles distant, where preaching services, Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, and various classes are most successfully carried on. Then, seven miles off, is our chapel at Barnswell, where Sunday services and school are constantly maintained. In addition to the work at these Chapels we have regular Sunday and week-evening services at Barfrestone, two miles off; Adisham, five miles; and Woodnesborough, seven. Though the increase in the membership of the church has not been large during the year, the spirit of hearing is greater, the congregations being much larger at most of the chapels, and especially at Eythorne. We have a good earnest brother constantly working as colporteur, who is also an acceptable supply at our village stations, taking his turn with the pastor and the local preachers in the church. Many interesting facts might be mentioned

in connection with the work, but, fearing to trespass on the President's valuable time, a simple outline of the sphere of labor must suffice."

Churches in a low estate have been greatly revived in scores of cases, and this is almost as difficult and quite as important a work as to found new interests.

Here is a letter which refers to Mr. West's work in Boston:

"If our statistics are to me *unsatisfactory*, yet we have had a year of what my people call 'great prosperity.' [The people are quite right, for there is a clear increase of thirty-one.] When I settled in January last year the cause was very low, not more than forty people meeting together in the morning, and the high pews rendering them almost invisible. We have since repewed the chapel, and substituted a platform for the old pulpit, in which I felt too near the skies to be in sympathy with the people; and now we have a comfortable place of worship. Our congregations have greatly increased, and in the evening our chapel is filled. The spiritual condition of the church is much better, and although we are still very imperfect, yet we are getting into some- thing like working order. We have had several conversions and baptisms; amongst others three men and their wives."

The following is from Smethwick:

"When I came here, in July last, the church was in a very low condition, and consisted of fifty members, the average congregation being about the same. This was exceedingly distressing in a large population of about thirty thousand souls, and especially as this is the only Baptist church representing that vast number of people. But although our numbers were small, yet there were some warm and earnest hearts among the people who mourned over the low state of the church, and longed for its increased prosperity. For some few weeks matters did not seem to improve, until one Thursday night I preached from the words, 'Though thy beginning be small, yet thy latter end shall greatly increase.' This seemed to be the dawn of brighter days to our church, and after the service I met together with some earnest brethren, and organized a house to house visitation, as we knew that more than one-half the population

attended no place of worship. This was successfully carried out in direct answer to prayer; our congregation began greatly to increase, and many came forward to offer themselves for baptism. Since that time the church and congregation have steadily increased, and the number of additions reported on the accompanying form (namely, 49) does not nearly represent the direct evidence which we have had of God's blessing. There are many now who are still waiting for baptism, and a large number are anxiously inquiring. Amongst other special efforts that have been made there is one that has been particularly blessed, that is, a special service in the Public Hall for working men. We there had a congregation of nearly 700 of the working classes, the majority of whom attended no place of worship, and they listened earnestly and attentively whilst I preached very simply and plainly upon the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. We have had many tokens for good resulting from that service, and I shall be under the mark if I say that it was the means of a permanent increase to our congregation of 50 of the working men. There is a great deal of interest now amongst the people in reference to the subject of baptism, that point never having before been brought prominently to the front. It is then with much joy that I can speak of the work here, and there is only one thing which is a serious drawback to us, that, is, we have not sufficient accommodation for our services. We have no school-room, consequently the Sunday-school is compelled to be carried on in the chapel. We have nearly 200 children, and if we had accommodation the number could at once be increased to four or five hundred. The chapel also is much too small for the congregation; it seats about 850, and generally on Sunday evenings we have 500 people there, as the aisles and every available place are occupied; even then many are often unable to gain admittance. We have decided to erect both chapel and schools, the former to seat about 800 people, but our great difficulty is want of funds."

Our brethren have been remarkably successful in raising new churches, but we can only give one typical instance, which will show how much the operation of breaking up new ground calls for liberal help from Christian friends, for at the first the young churches are seriously tried by financial difficulties, and we often marvel as we see them weather the storm. If friends would come forward with means, we know of scores of towns

where we are as yet unrepresented, and where the presence of Baptists would be a means of benefit to all the other communities, stirring them up to greater zeal, if nothing else. Where are the Lord's stewards who will aid us in home and foreign missionary operations? This is the case we have selected.

“You will doubtless remember that in 1873, Mr. H. C. Field undertook the joint pastorate of Burslem and Newcastle, with the object of working both places up to the position of independent support, *i.e.*, for each church to have a pastor entirely to itself. This object has been reached this year, Mr. Field settling here entirely in July; Newcastle having just secured the services of Brother G. Dunnett from the College. In this we gratefully rejoice, having realized our object in three years' time. During the same period our progress in other matters has been very encouraging. In 1873, at Burslem, we had only 24 members and a small iron chapel, which would only seat 120 at the utmost, and which place was only worth £55 when it came into the market; now we rejoice over a membership of 59 and a beautiful tabernacle in course of erection, to seat 400 persons, at a cost, with land, of £2,200, half of which sum we have raised. The foundation was laid, and the ceremony took place, on September 5th, the receipts of the day being £150. We are worshipping until the new tabernacle is finished in the Wedgwood Institute, and can rejoice over increased congregations; our increase to church this year has been 18, and after deducting losses by death, dismission, etc., we have a clear gain of 13. The Newcastle church while in union with us was enabled to reduce its debt of £600 to £320, and to raise its membership 24 to 51.

In many cases the reports are quietly worded, but mean very much, as those friends know who are upon the spot. We know of no work more solid than that done by Mr. Lauderdale, at Grimsby, and by Mr. Durban, at Chester. Here are the simple records.

“The church at Grimsby is abiding in the blessing of God. A deep interest in the work is very manifest. We have not seen all we desire or hope to see, but do not believe for a moment that we shall be disappointed in our expectation, for our expectation is from Him. We are erecting a new chapel in the chief street, and in a most eligible position, which will accommodate about 400 more than the

one we now worship in. The latter will be retained, if possible, for school-room and lecture-hall, a want long felt. We have 600 scholars, but with the larger space we could have as many more. Toward the chapel our own friends have contributed nearly £2,000 during the past year, and the ladies are working hard to increase the funds. The entire cost will be about £5,000. The whole of our attention therefore must of necessity be centered in this great work. Help is much needed.”

“The Baptist church at Chester, under the pastorate of W. Durban, is now well and fairly established, the membership being steadily on the increase. We are newer without some happy conversions, and the church is among the most harmonious of communions. A new chapel is likely to be built this year, and altogether the prospects are full of promise and encouragement.” [The Duke of Westminster has given the ground, his architect has prepared the plans, and the building will be a credit to the denomination.]

Thus could we fill page after page, but these specimens will suffice. During the year we have sent out Mr. Hamilton to the Cape of Good Hope, where no Baptist Church existed, and his success has greatly cheered us. He says: “On Nov. 29, 1876, we began the church with 22; now we have 44, and 5 more applicants. Our Sabbath-school has 50 children, and 10 teachers. The attendance at all the services is good. There is a meeting for prayer or preaching every day of the week.”

At the request of the friends in Christchurch, New Zealand, we sent them Mr. Dallaston, who has been received with open arms, and has the happiest prospects before him.

Our brethren in America, who are now numerous, appear to be usefully and successfully engaged, but they find as many difficulties in the States as others do at home. Letters of the most cheering character have, however, come from some of them.

The Australian brethren are doing well, and are not unmindful of “the old house at home.”

During the year the brethren settled over the poorer churches have again participated in the bounty of a friend “unknown yet well known,” who counts it a great pleasure to aid those who labor among a poor people. Mrs. Spurgeon’s Book-fund has also been eminently helpful to the libraries

of many who, without its assistance, would have no new reading to keep their thoughts fresh, and inspire renewed zeal. Our friends, when they find their exchequer in a healthy condition, cannot do better than assist our beloved wife in this most useful department of service. To give a preacher new books is like putting fuel upon a fire, or watering a drooping plant.

We end abruptly, but not without again praising the Lord, who has used a feeble instrumentality to produce results exceeding abundant above what we asked or even thought.

A THOUGHT FOR THE BELIEVER

“As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgression from us.” — Psalm 103:12.

RUMINATING upon this text the other day, it came to me with a peculiar sweetness after this fashion: “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from” — himself? Yes, that is true, but the text says, “from us,” from *us*. And this was what passed through my mind — “Then my sin is gone away from *me*, from *me*! Here am I, fretting that I am not what I should be, and groaning and crying before God about a thousand things; but, for all that, there is no sin upon me; for, ‘As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from *us*.’ From *ourselves* our sins have gone; from us, as well as from his book, and from his memory, they have been removed. “But *I* committed them,” says one. Ah, that you did. Your sin was yours, yours with a vengeance! It was like that poisoned tunic which Hercules put on, which he could not drag from him let him do what he might, but which burned deep into his flesh and bones. Such were your transgressions. *You* could not tear them off. But God has taken them off — every one of them — if you have believed in Jesus; and where is that tunic of fire now? Where is it? It shall be sought for, but it shall not be found, yea, it shall not be, saith the Lord. It is gone for ever. I sometimes see believers troubling themselves as if all their sins were laid up like a treasure in an iron safe in some part of their house. It is not so; it is not so. Your guilt is carried to an infinite distance, and will never be charged against you. The eternal God has removed your sins, and they are removed; be ye sure of this. They are all gone; gone for ever; Satan may stand and howl for accusers, and say, “Come forth and accuse the child of God!” and you yourself may inwardly fear that they will come,

and therefore you may put on your filthy garments, and go in before the great judge, and stand there like a wretched criminal about to be tried. But what does Jesus say when he comes into the court? He says, "Take away his filthy garments from him!" What right has he to put them on; for I have taken them away from him long ago with my precious blood? Take them off! Set a fair miter on his head. This is one whom I have loved and cleansed: why does he stand in the place of condemnation, when he is not condemned and cannot be condemned, for there is now no condemnation?

Ah, we many times go down into the hold of the vessel and there we lie amongst the cargo, and the ship-men put the hatches on, and there we are, half stifled, when we might as well come up on the quarter deck and walk there, full of delight and peace. We are moaning and fretting ourselves, and all about what does not really exist. I saw two men, yesterday, handcuffed and marched to the prison-van to be taken off to gaol. They could not move their wrists for they were manacled. Now, suppose I had walked behind them, holding my wrists in the same way, never opening my hands, nor stirring them, but crying, "I once had handcuffs on." And suppose it was said, "Well, but are they not taken off?" and I were to reply, "Yes, I have heard that they are gone, but somehow, through habit, I go about as if I wore them still," — would not everybody say, "Why, that man must be insane!" Now you, child of God, once had the handcuffs on; your sins were upon you; but Jesus Christ took them off. When you believed in him, he took the fetters away; why do you go about in bondage? "I am afraid!" say you. What of, man? What of? Are you a believer and afraid of your old sins? You are afraid of things which do not exist. Your sins are so gone that they cannot be laid to your charge. Will you rise to something like the truth of your position? You are not only pardoned, but you are an accepted child of God. Go to your Father with joy and thankfulness, and bless him for all his love to you. Wipe those tears away, smooth those wrinkles from your brow: take up the song of joy and gladness, and say with the apostle Paul, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." — C. H. S.

THE CONFSSIONAL.

ACCORDING to the papers a certain reverend “curate in charge” in the south has recently alluded to the subject of confession in the following select and instructive terms. He says: — “Let them come boldly to God’s appointed priest to receive absolution. *They did not know what a tender tie would soon spring up between themselves and him — a tie more tender than ever existed between husband and wife or any other relation.*” This is very frank language and deserves to be well weighed. We do not dispute the truth of the assertion, but, on the contrary, believe it to be only too true. Who are the husbands whose wives are to be bound to the reverend father by this tender tie? With this warning before them are they going each one to march down to the church with his wife on his arm and see the good gentleman who intends to form this tender tie. Will the fathers and brothers of England also contemplate this tying process with cool satisfaction? Is our nation, given up to a deadly lethargy upon the matter of popery, and will they allow these false priests for ever to go on from one thing to another till they fetch over the Pope and his cardinals, red hats and blazing stakes and all?

We are among those who would as warmly defend the liberty of a Catholic as we would our own, but liberty is not license, neither does liberty give leave to a servant to act as a master. The clergy are bound to do the religion of the nation in the way which the nation prescribes, and it has never yet, either by an Act of Parliament or by any other mode of expression, agreed to the practice of auricular confession. Summon the men of England and put it “yea” or “nay,” “Shall your wife and daughters confess to the parish clergyman, who calls himself a priest?” and it would be carried in the negative amid much enthusiasm and waving of horse-whips. Why then are the Ritualistic gentlemen allowed, in the name of the national religion, to carry on a loathsome practice, which has only to be mentioned to excite universal execration? The peace of families can never be maintained while the *confessional* exists, the word *home* may as well be left out from the Englishman’s vocabulary when the women of the household have other confidants for their most secret thoughts besides their natural guardians.

The bishops appear to care very little what the papistical party may next proceed to do, legislative enactment’s are also impotent to restrain them;

our servants have become our masters, and refuse to perform their functions according to order. What then? Would it not be better to give these gentlemen a quarter's salary and their full liberty to find other situations? At any rate if we close the Establishment to which they belong if they continue at their pranks they will not then have the national authority to back them up. This "tender tie" business is not to John Bull's taste, we are quite sure. In the barbarous days of the past a sour apple tree and a less tender tie would have been the reward of any man who tried to "confess" Mr. Bull's daughters. Happily that period has passed away; but we hope that Paterfamilias will find gentle but equally efficacious ways of protecting the easily beguiled, and will in some way or other put an end to this very "tender tie" business. One of the best ways will be to refrain from entering Anglican mass-houses, and attending only at places where the gospel is preached without the admixture of popish rites. Too many attend Tractarian performances merely to see the embroidery, floriculture, and posturing; but from seeing the softer sort go on to admiring, and thence to accepting. Better cut the connection at once before any of these tender ties are formed. — C. H. S.

THE REFINER'S FIRE.

"He is like a refiner's fire." — Malachi 3:2

*No sorrowful cross
Of sickness or loss,
Has in itself virtue to purge away dross.*

*One furnace alone,
With breath of grace blown,
Can soften and hallow this heart of a stone.*

*With delicate Skill,
And fuel at will,
The Savior refineth and purgeth us still.*

*His love never tires,
But kindles new fires,
To burn up, our idols and paltry desires.*

*The dross that will stay
In flames of to-day,
More fuel tomorrow shall melt it away.*

*As Fresh scums arise,
Fresh faggots he tries,
And ever keeps melting, and thus purifies.*

*Where flesh can't survive
Grace gets a revive,
And in a bush burning will crackle and thrive.*

*Thine heavenly art,
Great Chemist, impart,
To separate tinsel and dross from my heart.*

*And let me not dread
The furnace to tread,
But conquer the world through Jesus my Head.*

— *John Berridge (altered).*

The Faith once Delivered to the Saints; or, Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical Godliness Vindicated and Enforced, and the Errors of the Times Exposed. By the Late John Fox. Elliot Stock.

THE late John Fox must have had a very odd notion of what is meant by cordiality, for he says of his little book, — “To the people, and to the ministry or servants of the various sectarianisms of the present day, this work and labor of love is cordially dedicated by the author.” Grim cordiality this, which begins by describing the churches as “the various sectarianisms.” Equal cordiality towards Baptists and Calvinists will be found all through the book; but the revisers of the work, who knew the author personally, assure us that “any acerbities of expression found in this book were not written in a spirit of bitterness or vindictiveness.” We quite believe it, for it often happens that, persons who write fiercely are among the meekest of men when the pen is out of their hands. We hope that the miniature portraits taken by the late excellent John Fox were more successful as works of art than this volume as a piece of theology. The good man’s portrait of a Calvinist is so far from the truth that we are glad that we never sat to him, for he would probably have depicted us with horns and hoofs. It is among the ironies of history that this book is printed by a firm of sound Calvinistic Baptists, so that it is probable that all the

good which will ever come from the production of the miniature portrait painter's book will fall to the share of one of the men whom he most vehemently denounces. Peace to his ashes! Calvinists can bear such assaults as his with unruffled serenity.

Central Truths. By the REV. CHARLES STANFORD. Hodder and Stoughton; and *Power in Weakness*, by the same author and publishers.

THE issue of these volumes in plain stiff covers at two shillings and eighteen pence will, we trust, bring them within the reach of many poor men who have hitherto been unable to procure them. The books themselves are too well known to need our commendation. Their chaste style and mellow tone have long ago placed them among the Christian classics.

Winds of Doctrine. By CHARLES ELAM, M.D. Smith, Elder, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

THE most absurd theories will have their admirers if they come from men of great scientific attainments. Their speculations will be taken upon the credit of their actual discoveries. But as real wealth often leads to ruinous speculations, so real scientific knowledge often leads to more than ordinary folly. Those to whom we should look for real acquisitions and clear reasonings in natural science are the first to overleap its boundaries and to substitute their own reveries for established facts. They may reason themselves into the descendants of apes and lobsters and material molecules, but have no right, we think, to do so for others. As from nothing man gradually came — so we are required to believe — to nothing he gradually returns. "If this doctrine," says the book before us, "as now held by a large and powerful section of the scientific world, does indeed, as it professes, afford the only plausible solution of the various problems of ontology, then it follows naturally and of necessity that matter is all-sufficient, and that man is an automaton without spirit or spontaneity. Then is our immortality a dream; volition, choice, and responsibility are mere delusions; virtue, vice, right, and wrong are sounds without possible meaning; and, education, government, rewards, and punishments, are illogical and mischievous absurdities. Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall be carbonic acid, water, and ammonia." We are thankful for the author's scientific refutation of such errors, and are yet more thankful that our own common sense upon these subjects still remains.

After Work. A Magazine for Home Reading. WILLIAM POOLE, 12A, Paternoster Row.

A WELL-MEANING magazine, advocating temperance and virtue. It may be useful among working people, but it does not exhibit any very remarkable ability.

The Holy War by John Bunyan versified. By E. J. James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

It has often occurred to us that Bunyan's "Holy War" has received far less attention than it deserves. In metaphysics it is not surpassed by other works upon mental philosophy; nor in experience by other writers upon experimental Christianity. It might have even taken the place of "Pilgrim's Progress" if it had come out before it. Both allegories are powerfully descriptive of a type of true godliness from which, it is to be feared, the church is fast receding. This poetic version will serve, we hope, to direct fresh attention to the "Holy War."

NOTES

OUR notes this month will be very few, for our College Address occupies all the space. We have to apologize for the great length of our first article, and of the accounts; but it was unavoidable, and we hope our friends have sufficient interest in our work to bear with it.

The College Conference, though a trying occasion to the President, who was incessantly occupied, was one of the most joyful seasons of our life. The brethren met in great numbers with increased enthusiasm; every meeting was good, for *the Lord was there*. At Mr. Phillips' supper more help was given than ever, amounting to over £2,200; and we are most grateful to God, and to all his servants, specially to our bounteous host, and to the generosity of the chairman, and another friend, who gave £200 each. What hath God wrought! We do not look to money power; still money is needed and it has come, and the divine blessing with it.

Of our students Mr. Short, late of Sittingbourne, has gone to Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle: Mr. Ney, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Edgerton from the College to Amersham, Mildenhall, and Beccles.

Our brief reply to the Bishop of Manchester has created no little amusement in the North, for we spoke of the bishop's wife and daughters, and it appears that the worthy prelate is unmarked. We really are not to blame for that, nor for making the mistake; for on the ground that "a bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife," it was not a wild flight of imagination, suppose that the worthy prelate was married. One ferocious writer charges us with *gross ignorance* for this error, and wonders at our presumption in trying to teach otters: well, we are afraid that upon the important matter of the bishops' wives and families we are somewhat at sea, and perhaps our critic will direct us to a work which will furnish us with all particulars, with the latest additions.

Any Independent church needing an old-fashioned gospel minister, and an experienced pastor, would we think do well if they were to hear our beloved father, who is at this time without a pastorate. He can be addressed Mr. John Spurgeon, Mount Pleasant, Barnsbury Square, Islington. We insert this without his knowledge, because we hope that some of our Independent readers may know of a suitable sphere for him.

Mrs. Spurgeon has handed us the following letter in reference to her Book Fund, and we beg special attention to it:

"My very dear Mr. Editor, — I am able to report the Book Fund 'very prosperous,' so far as the distribution of books is concerned, for as the work becomes more widely known the demands increase in number and urgency, and are met by a glad and speedy response; but I regret to say that the funds do not show a corresponding activity and energy, in fact, they are, as our City friends would express it, 'very dull and greatly depressed.'

So assured, however, am I that the work is the Lord's, and that he will not suffer it to fail, that I am full of expectancy, and am looking out every day for some fresh proof of his goodness in inclining the hearts of his people to help me in this sorely needed service. Not in vain did I stand by your side when, some time since, you were 'watching the ebb,' for I hope I then learned a lesson of patient waiting for the Lord's good time, which will sweetly avail me in this my hour of need. If you think fit to let our friends know how busy yet how bankrupt I am, it may be the Lord will send me help by the hands: anyhow, in the comfortable confidence that aid will come speedily,

I remain,

Your very happily,

‘THE MANAGER OF THE BOOK FUND.’”

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: —
March 26th twenty-one. By Mr. V. J. Charlesworth: April 5th,
eight.

Advance Thought. By CHARLES E. GLASS. Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill.

ADVANCE thought may be in error as well as in truth, and there can be little doubt in the minds of those who understand the difference between them to which the advance here belongs. It is an advance from revelation to reason, and from reason to spiritual medium-ship, as it is here called. The author professes to be inspired as much as the penmen of the sacred oracles. Be it so, but certainly not with the same Spirit. He speaks of “the immense influence which leading minds like that of Jesus, or in our own time that of Thomas Carlyle or J. S. Mill, exercise over mankind,” which may suffice to show that he is not one to whom “discerning of spirits” has been given. We should advise him to beat a retreat rather than advance any further.

The Highway of Salvation. By H. K. WOOD. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

AMID so many books pointing downwards, we gladly welcome every addition to those which point out the way upwards to life eternal. The highway of salvation is clearly delineated in this little volume. Elementary as it may be, it may attract some by its numerous anecdotes, both new and old, whose interest might not be awakened by any other means.

Memorials of the Life and Work of the Rev. William Johnston, M. A., D.D., Limekilns. William Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

THIS same Dr. Johnston was one of the notables in Scotland of the 19th century. He was not a Chalmers, or a Macleod, or a Guthrie, but he was not unworthy to be mentioned in connection with them. He was pre-eminent both in his pastoral influence and in his public career. He was little known in other countries, but well known in his own land. He was ever in advance of the above-named divines in advocating the most liberal measures of his own times. His memoir, and specimens of his sermons and speeches upon public occasions, are here comprised in one volume. Young

ministers will do well to peruse it for the promotion of their own piety and zeal.

Our Social Relationships and Life in London. By Rev. WILLIAM BRADEN. James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet St.

It is not from what these discourses are, so much as from what they are not, that they are not in full sympathy with our ideas of a gospel ministry. We could not afford to give up so large a portion of our public teaching almost exclusively to social relationships, and especially in the early part of a ministerial career. Judging from the place which the duties of social life occupy in the teachings of Paul and of Peter, and the instructions given to Timothy upon the subject, and the motives by which they are enforced, excellent as these discourses may be, there is a still more excellent way. Men do not want to know what their social duties are so much as to be instructed in the gospel principles from which they will spontaneously flow.

The Three Caskets, and other Essays. By Miss E. J. WHATELY. W. Hunt and Co., 12, Paternoster-row.

A curious title of fabulous origin is here applied to three principal schools of theology in the present day. The connection between the things and their name is not, we think, very clear or very interesting. This, however, is but a small part of the volume. The essays that follow upon Christian doctrines and duties have that clear ring of gospel truth which will find an echo in every renewed heart. This lady is a better theologian than the majority of preachers in our day. Nor is it for want of ability to comprehend, or of culture to appreciate the various phases of modern thought that the old paths are preferred to the new, for she is fully aware of all the novelties and their arguments. The two chapters upon "Thoughts on Prayer" cannot fail to be helpful even to those who are most familiar with the subject. The composition will bear comparison with our first-rate authors.

NOTES.

We do not make these notes a record of the news of the churches, because all that kind of information our readers have already met with in the weekly papers, and they will have the "cauld kail het again" in several of our contemporaries.

The first week of the May meetings belonged to the Baptists, and it was as happy and enthusiastic a feast of brotherly love as could be well looked for this side heaven. Owing to great changes in the arrangements of our Societies, several brethren were removing from offices long occupied with honor, and therefore there was an unusual amount of thanking and testimonializing, but this was quite unavoidable from the peculiarity of the circumstances and quite unregrettable from the excellence of the persons who were the recipients of our denominational honors. It is far better to have too much congratulation than too much contention.

It was a great joy to and that Dr. Landels and his coadjutors had obtained promises of £52,000 towards the Annuity Fund. The proper course will, we hope, be followed promptly, namely, to strike while the iron is hot and get in £80,000, for all will be needed to keep aged ministers from starving. We know the need; facts upon our memory are almost too bad to be written. Our friends who hold the promises would do well also to remember that they will probably lose 10 per cent. of them. Deaths, removals, failures, and so on, render any subscription which extends over five years, among the best of people, a matter requiring heavy discount. We are delighted to think that the fund has been so far established, and we both hope and believe that it will be of essential benefit in binding the brethren together; the greater have herein helped the less, and given a pledge to do so in other matters also. The Baptists are no longer a heap of units; we are coming together, cohering and uniting in one, and in all this ultimate designs of God for the spread of his truth are manifesting themselves. Never were the signs more hopeful. God is with us; and the whole brotherhood feel the value and need of that presence. We see everywhere the true evangelic spirit in happy contrast with other quarters where intellect is idolized and novelty of doctrine sought after.

April 26th. The Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society at Exeter Hall was thoroughly good, and well sustained throughout. The Society's income has increased, and part of its debt is gone, but it is still in arrears. Annum subscribers of a guinea, or half-a-guinea, are wanted to increase the reliable income. There must be many well-to-do Baptists who are not subscribers, and *the heathen are perishing*. All through our churches there is a sound missionary spirit but the fire needs stirring. Brethren! sisters! can we let our mission remain in debt? By the love we bear to our Lord, it must not be. Write Mr. Alfred Baynes, Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, London.

May 1st. We had the pleasure of preaching for our friend Dr. Landels at Regent's Park, and of speaking at a meeting, during which Sir Robert Lush, in the name of the church and congregation, presented our good brother with £1,000. *It served him right*. Few can conceive how hard he has worked during the past years for the Annuity Fund, and how he has concentrated all his faculties upon the accomplishment of the benevolent purpose. His church has had to put up with a good deal on this account, and it has not only done so most patiently, but, to crown it all, shows its appreciation. of its pastor in this royal fashion. May the happiness of pastor and people abound yet more and more.

It has long been our desire to speak with the merchants and gentlemen of the City of London upon the weighty concerns of religion. The way opened through our being invited to address members of the Stock Exchange at Cannon Street Hotel. The meeting was so successful that we looked round for place to repeat the service, but could find none except the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate. To the honor of these brethren, conservative as Quakers are apt to be, they lent us their largest meeting-house very freely, and on May 2nd, at one o'clock, we found the house filled with city notables, to whom we spoke of *the Claims of God*. A few earnest friends had quietly given away tickets, and an audience of 1,000 or 1,200 was thus secured without a single bill or advertisement. On May 8th we had a second assembly of like character, only the feeling was deeper and more evident. It was a grand sight to see those city men — men only, streaming in to the moment, and then listening with discriminating earnestness as we pleaded for faith in Jesus. Brethren in Christ of all denominations surrounded us and begged us to continue such hopeful work. We have arranged for two addresses in June, but, alas, our physical strength has failed us, and while we write this we are laid by the heels in the Lord's prison-house, whereof the north-east wind is the jailer. The kind brotherliness of the Society of Friends affects our heart; some in that Society are very dear to us. Will brethren in Christ seek for a blessing upon this effort?

May 2nd. *Liberation Society Meeting*. "Politics at the Tabernacle," said one. Yes, politics, or anything else when duty calls. While the crown rights of Jesus are insulted by a church taking her laws from Caesar it is not for the world to protest, but for the people of God. Reforms in social arrangements may be left to that common sense of justice which still lives in many, but ecclesiastical crimes are not readily judged by carnal men, and

it needs that spiritual men should speak out emphatically where Jesus and his glory as head of the church are concerned. *This* is not a matter to be left to skeptics and worldlings. We hope that in Scotland the question will be fought out upon religious grounds only, and the keen sense and theological acumen of the people will soon settle the controversy. The meeting at the Tabernacle was enthusiastic to the utmost possible degree; our friends are reckoning upon easy' and speedy victory — *we are not*, but victory for the truth will come all in good time, and we are content to struggle on.

We hail with great satisfaction the advance towards a settlement upon the Burials Bill. The subject is not appropriate for party strife, and we do not wonder that the Archbishops felt that to maintain the exclusiveness of the past was not desirable, either from a Christian or ecclesiastical point of view. Dissenters must see to it that whatever is done is done thoroughly to prevent future heart-burnings. Although we are not among the *sensible* dissenters who accepted an invitation to Lambeth Palace, we are nevertheless fully confident that the Archbishop of Canterbury desires to conciliate his Nonconformist brethren, and has quite faith enough in them to leave the conducting of services at the grave to their discretion; but this is not the question: we must not leave the humble village pastor to the mercy of the pompous rector, whose dignity at home, where he is a little pope, it is not easy for those to conceive who only see him during his visit to town, where he resides among ordinary mortals as one of themselves.

May 7. — The colporteurs were many of them brought up from the country to have a few days of prayer and conference. We spoke to them in the afternoon, and were pleased to see, so fine a band of Christian men. The Tabernacle Colportage Society is doing a world of good. Its peculiar agency suits the condition of affairs, and meets the case of sparse populations. It is wrong to wish for riches, but if we could stumble on a gold mine we would at once multiply our agents by ten, and the sixty should become six hundred. Instead, however, of finding treasure in that wholesale way, we have to mourn that comparatively few friends encourage this grand work. The general funds are sustained with difficulty. The capital fund still needs £400 even to go on with, and for enlargement, which is our aim and desire, we shall need still more. How can we trade without capital and keep on in and in our case, it puts us to all sorts of trouble. The responsibility, however, lies not with us but those of God's stewards who withhold their help. Mr. Corden Jones, Colportage Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle will be happy to send a Report to any address,

and also to hear of likely young men with consecrated hearts, who will undertake Colportage work.

On Sabbath, May 13, the Tabernacle was open in the evening to all comers, the congregation having been requested to stay away. To our great delight our regular attendants were all absent; never surely were people more hearty and unanimous in carrying out the wish of their pastor; but then that wish commends itself so thoroughly to their judgments that it is the less wonder that they yield to it. We want to bring in outsiders, and when we looked at our audience, crowded to the last deuce of endurance, and saw also the great masses who had to be turned away as soon as service began, we saw more than ever the need of these clearings out of the saved ones to let the uncalled ones come within hearing of the gospel. We had help from on high, and we look for many converts as the result of the evening's work. At the close of the service we felt the fell stroke of our bodily enemy, and went home to learn for some few days the varied forms which pain is able to assume. Brethren, pray for us that the fiery furnace may be of essential service by fitting us more completely for our Master's service.

Baptist and Independent Churches should never choose a minister without inquiring as to his standing among the people with whom he last labored. No church would willfully choose an unworthy person as pastor, but we know a man who has gone from church to church and disgraced himself again and again. Even now he is seeking a pastorate, and will probably get one if he can manage to keep the deacons from inquiring as to his previous career. We were shocked the other day to see a man announced as a newly recognized minister whose character is of the foulest. Of course, as soon as matters are made known the pretender is discharged, but meanwhile what evil is done, and what dishonor is brought upon the cause of God. Our organizations are more than sufficient to enable the churches to protect themselves, but if they will neglect the most ordinary precautions they are themselves rest blameworthy should they find their pulpits profaned by unholy men. In the cases of men claiming to belong to the Pastors' College, it will always be well to write to us for the list, and if the name is not there the fact will be instructive.

Mr. James Wilson of our College has become pastor of the church at Shotley Bridge, Durham.

We rejoice to find that our Tabernacle young ladies have taken up with vigor a *Flower Mission*. Flowers are given away at the hospitals with texts of Scripture appended to them. Country friends can help by sending flowers, carriage paid, so as to arrive on Wednesday, directed, Secretary of the Flower Mission, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

ORPHANAGE. The annual fete day will be held on the Pastor's birthday, Tuesday, June 19th. Will country friends please take this as an intimation to send on goods for the sale which will be held on that day, and also to come up themselves and see the buildings and the boys.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JULY, 1877

“FEED MY SHEEP.”

NO. 3211

A SERMON TO MINISTERS AND STUDENTS,
PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1910,

DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE CONFERENCE,

ON FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 13TH, 1877.

“He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.” — John 21:16.

THIS commission was given at a suggestive time. After Pete and his companions had dined with their Lord, and enjoyed the most intimate intercourse with him, he said to them, “Feed my Sheep.” My sermon comes after dinner; for you have all feasted, not only with one another in brotherly fellowship, but also with your Master in heavenly communion; so now that you are refreshed and able to bear it, it is right that you should listen to his word of command.

Those whom the Lord addressed, and especially Simon, had become fishermen. “Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes.” In the early part of your career most of you were fishermen, or men-catchers, and, truly, to be fishers of men should be your ambition all your lives; but you have now become something more, the fisher has developed into a shepherd. The fisherman represents the evangelist who casts the net into the waters and draws the fish to land, but it is not to him that Christ says, “Feed my sheep;” that is reserved for those of greater maturity and experience. Many of you have now for years been settled in one sphere, and while you will continue to fish, I trust that more and more

you will remember that you now have other duties, to perform; you have to feed as well as to fish, to handle the crook as well as the net. We now leave the sea, wherein we were drifted to and fro, and we abide among our own flocks, standing and feeding in the strength of the Lord: we cease not to do the work of an evangelist, but we pay special attention to the duties of the pastor, for he who once said, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship," now saith to us, "Feed my sheep." I am addressing disciples to whom the Lord hath shown himself; may he now at this happy season commission us anew, and send us home with the word which he spake to Peter resting in our hearts.

I. This was a sort of ordination of Peter to the pastorate. He needed to be publicly recognized, for he had publicly offended; and his ordination commenced with AN EXAMINATION BEARING ON THE WORK. "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Our Lord does not admit any to the oversight of his flock without first of all questioning them as to their inner condition; neither should any man dare to accept such an office without great self-examination and searching of heart. Many questions, should be put to our hearts, and answered as in the sight of God; for no man rightly taketh this honor upon himself but he that is called thereunto, neither is every man fitted for the work, but he alone who is anointed of the Lord. You will observe that the examination was directed to the state of Peter's heart, and so *it touched the innermost spring of all his religion*; for if love be absent all is vain: the heart of goliness is missing where love is lacking.

Love is the chief endowment for a pastor; you must love Christ if you mean to serve him in the capacity of pastors. Our Lord deals with the most vital point. The question is not "Simon, son of Jonas, knowest thou me?" though that would not have been an unreasonable question, since Peter had said, "I know not the man." He might have asked, "Simon, son of Jonas, knowest thou the deep mysteries of God?" He did know them, for his Lord had called him blessed for knowing that which flesh and blood had not revealed to him. Our great Bishop of souls did not examine him with regard to his mental endowments, nor upon his other spiritual qualifications, but only upon this one, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" If so, then, "Feed my sheep." Does not this plainly show us that the chief endowment of the pastor is to love Christ supremely, only such a man as that is fit to look after Christ's sheep. You will fulfill that office well if you love Jesus: your love will keep you in your Lord's company, it will

hold you under his immediate supervision, and will secure you his help. Love to him will breed a love for all his sheep, and your love for them will give you power over them. Experience testifies that we never gain a particle of power for good over our people by angry words, but we obtain an almost absolute power over them by all-enduring love; indeed, the only power which it is desirable for us it have must come in that way. I have had the high pleasure of loving some of the most objectionable people till they loved me; and some of the most bitter I have altogether won by refusing to be displeased, and by persisting in believing that they could be better. By practical kindnesses I have so won some men that I believe it would take a martyrdom to make them speak evil of me. This has also been the experience of all who have tried the sacred power of love. My brethren, learn the art of loving men to Christ. We are drawn towards those who love us; and when the most callous feel "that man loves us," they are drawn to you at once; and as you are nearer to the Savior than they are, you are drawing them in the right direction. You cannot look after God's people, and properly care for them in all their sins, temptations, trials, and difficulties, unless you love, them; you will grow sick and weary of pastoral work unless there be a fresh spring of love in your heart welling up towards them. A mother tires not of watching by the bedside of her sick child, because love sustains her; she will outlast the paid nurse by many an hour; love props her drooping eyelids. Even so, "the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep," but "the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." If you really love the sheep, you will be ready to spend your life for them or even to lay it down for their sakes. Love, then, I take to be the chief endowment of the pastor; although having that, I trust you will not fall short in any other respect but be thoroughly furnished unto every good work. Do not forget what you have been told about study and culture, but remember as the same time that the heart has more power in pastoral work than the head. In this ministry, a humble, godly, ill-educated man with a great, warm, heart will be blessed far more than the large-headed man whose heart is a little diamond of rock-ice which could not be discovered without a microscope, even if he were dissected.

The Lord Jesus Christ connected his examination upon the matter of love with the commission "Feed my sheep," because our work in *feeding the flock of God is the proof of love to the Lord*. Do we not tell our people that love must be not in word only but also in deed? We judge whether any

man has love to Christ by testing what he will do for Christ. What suffering or reproach will he endure for him? What of his substance will he consecrate to his service? What of himself will he use for the Lord? We can tell which of us, as a minister, is proving his love to Christ by ascertaining who is really shepherding Christ's flock, and laying out himself for the benefit of the Lord's redeemed. The man to whom Jesus said, "Lovest thou me?" was the same who before had said "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." Some among us would readily venture upon that water-walking, for it would be something extraordinary and brief, and this would suit us, for we are not given to plodding perseverance. Our zeal is great, and we dash off as Peter did, though soon, like him, we begin to sink. Note well that Christ does not say, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Go and walk the water." The Master seems to say, "You have done enough of that in your young days, now go and quietly feed my sheep. It is hard, tiring, quiet work: and if you have no love to me, you will soon weary of it. 'Feed my sheep,' 'Feed my sheep,' 'Feed my sheep;' three times I bid you do it, that you may continue in the work as long as you live, for thus will you have given proof of the reality of your affection for me." Brethren, go back to your flocks, and feed them well, and so give fresh evidences of your love to your Lord.

This pastoral work for Christ is the craving of love in every heart that is set apart for it of the Lord. Every soul that truly loves him longs to do something for him: it cannot do otherwise, love must serve its beloved, it yearns to go and lay its offering at his feet. No pressure was needed to make the forgiven sinner wash Christ's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head, and anoint them with precious ointment; her heart suggested it, and she hastened to obey; and if you, my brethren, are true pastors, you cannot help looking after the wandering sheep, you naturally care for your people, you have a sacred instinct which compels you to be lovers of men's souls. You see how little girls, as if it were in them naturally to act as nurses, will kiss their dolls, and fondle, caress, dress, and care for them as mothers do for their children; and just so we have seen mere lads converted to Christ, and intended by the Lord to become pastors, who, before they have been out of their teens, have begun to speak of Jesus to their little friends and companions. The Lord has caused them even from their new birth to feel a shepherd's propensities strong within them. It was so with some of us, we could not have helped

preaching even if we would, we were born to preach when we were born again; let us then indulge the sacred passion to the full.

Brethren, since we have been at this work, it has been to us *the stimulus of love*. The way to love another more is to do more for him. When a man has done a kindness to you, he will love you; the receiver may be unmindful of the favor, but the giver has a better memory. There is no fear of our Lord's ceasing to love us, since for us he has suffered even unto death; the supreme sacrifice made once for all renders it impossible that he should do otherwise than rest in his love. Even so, if we labor and pray, and practice self-denial for others, we are sure to love them all the more. Then, too, as you go on feeding Christ's sheep, building up his people, and cheering his discouraged ones, you will love your Master more, and your love for him will act again upon you, and cause increased love to the people, and so on evermore. Those over whom you have most agonized have delighted you most when at last they have been converted; your joy has been increased as you have waited for the realization of your hope.

This feeding of the sheep is to the love which is the matter in question *a sphere of communion*. "Feed my sheep" unites us in service with Jesus. Love longs to be with Jesus, and in fellowship with him. The Lord was about to ascend to heaven when he said to Simon, "Feed my sheep," and Simon could not as yet go with him; but if he would accompany his Lord while abiding here, he must follow on his Lord's work, and abide with his Lord's flocks. If we will undertake labors of love, for those whom he has redeemed, if we will go wherever his sheep are lost, seeking, —

*"With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the fiery wave," —*

we shall soon find ourselves where Jesus is. He is always at that business, he seeketh poor sinners still; and if we are engaged in the same search, we shall be with him, we shall enter into his feelings, we shall share his desires, and feel his sympathies. When thus with him, we shall witness his heart breaking throes, and almost see his bloody sweat streaming down when he was agonizing for souls, for we shall in some feeble measure feel the same. You cannot understand your Lord till you have wept over your congregations; you will understand *him* then, as you see him weeping over Jerusalem. If you feel towards your hearers that you could die to save their souls, you will then have fellowship, with the death of your Lord. In grief over backsliders and joy over penitents you will commune with the

Redeemer in the most practical manner. You must feel a shepherd's feelings, and give practical proof of it by daily feeding the flock, else will your fellowship with the great Shepherd be mere sentiment, and not a fact.

So much about the previous examination of the candidate for the pastorate. But it is worth noting that the examination is often needed in after life, for we need to be kept right as well as to be made so. Our Lord comes to us this morning with the old question, he pauses at each man, and questions him just as at the first. He seems to say, you have read many men's books, do you still love *me*? You have heard many conflicting opinions, do you still love *me*? You have been very poor and hardworked, do you still love *me*? Your people have treated some of you very badly, you have had to go from place to place, you have been slandered, reviled, maligned, do you love me still? You have been sorely put to it to find discourses; I have sometimes left you, as you thought, to make you own your weakness, do you still love *me*?" Imagine that he changes his tone, and says, "Simon, son of Jonas, you have not been all that you promised. You thought you would go to prison and to death with me, and you never dreamed that you could have been so cold-hearted in my service as you have been, and have lived at so great a distance from me as you have done; but do you still love me? If so, remember that in going back to your ministry, you must gather renewed strength from renewed love. Love me more, and then feed my sheep." We rejoice as we listen to his gracious voice, and each one of us answers, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee; and I will feed thy sheep."

II. Secondly, let us LOOK AT THE PERSON EXAMINED IN RELATION TO THE WORK. Perhaps he may bear the same relation to you as he does to me. Painfully do I know myself to be a successor of one of the apostles; — not of Judas, I hope, but certainly of Peter. I could have wished that it had been John whom I had succeeded; but although it is only Peter, it is some consolation to know that he also was "an apostle of Jesus Christ" notwithstanding his terrible fall. Why did the Savior examine Peter rather than any other? *Because Peter was in peculiar need of a re-ordination.* Had he not received it from his Lord, some would have said in after days, "Was he really an apostle?" and others would have replied, "He thrice denied his Master, surely he is not one of the twelve." We cannot help feeling that blindness has seized the church of Rome when she boasts of the commission to feed Christ's sheep having been given to the apostle Peter, when with half an eye anyone can see that our Lord addressed these words

to Peter because at that time he was the least of the twelve. He had denied his Master, the others had not, and, therefore, he was the one concerning whose apostleship distrust was most likely to arise. The sheep would in all probability have refused to recognize him; they might have said, "We cannot receive food at your hands, for we remember how you were frightened by a silly maid, how you denied your Lord, and supported your denial with oaths and curses." Therefore, came the voice to Peter, who needed it. If there is one with us now who feels like conscience-stricken Peter, let him hear the text. Dear friend, if you have any doubt about your call, and even if there should be as grave cause for that doubt as there was in Peter's case, yet still, if you feel that you love the Lord, hear him again commission you with "Feed my sheep." In your present condition, which is rather that of the weeping penitent than of the assured believer, it will be well to go to your work very steadily, for it will comfort you, deepen your piety, and increase your faith.

Our Lord called Peter to this work because it would be peculiarly beneficial to him. He knew how sincere was his repentance, and how hearty was his grief on account of his great sin; and, therefore, lest he should be overtaken with too much sorrow, he said to him, "Feed my sheep." If nothing had been spoken personally and specially to him, he might have mourned heavily, saying, "Alas, I denied my Master, I swore that I never knew him;" and when the Lord was gone up again into glory, instead of standing up as he did on the day of Pentecost to preach that, ever-memorable sermon, he might have been found at home weeping; instead of going up to the temple with John at the hour of prayer, he might have kept in his chamber, and there mourned all the day. Grief is best expelled by other thoughts; when you have been cast down, it is well when some important engagement has called off your attention from your trouble, and I think the compassionate Master raised Peter out of what might have grown into a morbid condition of continual grief by bidding him feed his sheep. He seemed to say, "Come hither, my dear disciple. I know you are sincerely penitent, and I have fully forgiven you for denying me as you did. Mourn no longer, but go and feed my sheep." Then, as the Lord fed the sheep by him, and blessed him to the conversion of others, he would feel certain that his Lord did not remember his faults, and thus he would learn how perfect was the pardon he had received. I do not know that there is a brother with us this morning who is in the condition of Peter; but if I did know such an one, and could read his heart, I would go out to

him, and say, "Come, brother, we are not going to cast you out; we consider ourselves lest we also be tempted. You have been converted once as a sinner, you must now be converted as a minister; and when you are converted, strengthen your brethren. Yes, my brother, go back to your Lord and Master, and then, with all your soul inflamed with love for him, feed his sheep, and the Lord bless you in so doing!"

Dear brethren, in Peter's case we see a man zealous for his Lord, but of imperfect character, and we see how *his failure had been overruled by God to prepare him for is life-work* of feeding Christ's sheep. John did not want such preparation, and the other nine did not require it. It was only Peter who needed to be thus rebuked by a display of his own weakness. This man was too great, too self-confident, too much Peter, and too little a disciple; and he must therefore, come down. Probably nothing could have brought him to his true bearings like his being left to see what was in his heart. We speak with bated breath when we say that, to some men, a painful break-down has been the making of them. They became from that, time free from their former self-esteem, all were as cleansed and emptied vessels, fit for the Master's use. A deep sense of our weakness and a humbling consciousness of unworthiness form a considerable part of our qualification for dealing with Christ's sheep. Because you are a sinner, you will deal lovingly with sinners; because you know what backsliding means, you will be very gentle and forbearing with backsliders because you have broken your own bones, you will be very careful how you handle those who have broken theirs.

You see, then, that this feeding of the sheep, as I have already shown you, would benefit Peter in the particular condition in which he then was, and it is not hard to see that *it would benefit him by keeping his rashness in check*. I know some beloved brethren who are impetuous, and, God bless them, I love them none the less for that, especially when they know how to bridle their impetuous spirits, and only allow them to dash out against evil; but some are rashly impetuous and strong-headed, and it will need considerable discipline to make them into useful, workable men; but when the Lord has done this, they will become those determined, independent, resolute men of mark and mind who are so valuable to the Church of God. Such brethren want the education of a pastorate at once to curb and to develop them. You did not know how foolish you were till you had to deal with fools, and found that you could not suffer them gladly. You did not know how passionate you could be till you had to meet with quick

tempered people like yourself. You did not know how rash you could be till you fell into the society of a dozen rash men like yourself, who egged you on in your fool-hardiness. You have now discovered that, where you fancied there was a great deal of strength, there was a vast amount of weakness. I believe that the Peter of the Epistles grew out of the Peter of the sea of Tiberias and the Peter of the denial, by means of the grace given, him, while feeding the flock of God. Peter was a bigoted, narrow-minded Jew, and could not readily believe that any others beyond the chosen nation were to be saved; but when he mixed with mankind, and was sent to the house of Cornelius, his heart grew larger, although it was not as large as it should have been till Paul boldly withstood him to the face because he was to be blamed. "Feed my sheep" is, therefore, beloved, a commission intended for your own good as well as theirs.

It touched me very much to find our Lord addressing Peter by his old name of Simon, son of Jonas. I do not know why he should not have said, "Peter, lovest thou me?" John writes "Jesus saith to Simon Peter." Why did not our Lord call him so? Was it not, in the first place, to remind him of his natural weakness? He is not called Petros, the stone, the rock; but the son of Jonas, the son of a timid dove; and it is under that name that he is commissioned to feed the sheep. Brethren, if this morning you are filled with a consciousness of your own weakness and unworthiness, the Master says to you, "Still go and feed my sheep." If you are not in your own opinion fit for the work, still let the sheep be fed. Do not let them suffer because you are not in a right state of mind and heart. These sheep, what have they done; Why should they starve? It is only too true that you have sinned, but let not that sad fact rob the people of a full display of the gospel next Lord's day. "Feed my sheep." Go as Peter, if you can; but when you cannot do so, go as "Simon, son of Jonas."

But I think there was a deeper reason, and one which touched me more, why our Lord said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" This was his old name before he was converted, for when Jesus first saw him, he said, 'Thou art Simon, the son of Jonas.' Nothing will help you to feed the flock of God, brethren, like recollecting the time and circumstances when you were first brought to Jesus. If it were possible, which it is not, I should like to be converted every Sunday morning before preaching. At any rate, I should like to feel just that tenderness of heart, that admiration for my Savior, that all-absorbing love, to my Lord, and that wonderment at the grace of God toward me which I felt when I was converted.

There may have been another reason why Jesus said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Perhaps it was because, when Simon had discovered that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, his Master said to him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." By repeating that name, our Lord made Peter recollect, in addition to his conversion, the many happy seasons which he had enjoyed, in which the Lord had manifested himself to him as he does not unto the world. We are bound to preach of the things which we have tasted and handled. If, like John, we have been in Patmos, let us not cease to talk of him that walketh among the golden candlesticks. Come down from the mount to tell of what you have yourself seen there. Be filled with recollections of all the blessed intercourse you have enjoyed with Christ, and then speak about him to others, thus the joy of the Lord shall be your strength. You will have no doubt then of your call to the ministry, but you will say, "that which was from the beginning, which we have seen with our eyes which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life, declare we unto you." "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

III. In the third place, I must confine myself to giving you a mere outline of THE WORK ITSELF, as our time is flying so fast. What have we to do, then? "Feed my sheep." In the English, you have the command three times over, "*Feed my sheep.*" What are we to do with the sheep? *Feed! Feed! Feed!* That seems to be the whole of our business, "*Feed my sheep.*" Truth to tell, the middle Greek word properly means shepherdize them, guide them, lead them, go before them as a shepherd does. The first and last words are the same, *feed*. In each of the three sentences there is a minute difference, but twice out of three times in the original the word is *feed*. If I mention nothing else but feeding as the pastor's duty, it will be the very best lesson I could have given you, even if other valuable duties are cast into the shade. Wherever you are weak, be strong in the pulpit. Give the people a good hearty meal whenever you preach. They will put up with a great many defects if you will only feed them. An Englishman is in a good condition if he is fed. Feed him, and he will be all right; but if you dress him, and do not feed him, he will not care for the clothes you put on him however fine they are. You may wash him if you like, but you must feed him. There is an inward, powerful persuader which convinces a man that to be happy and healthy he must be fed. Now, God's people are the hungriest people in the world, they never seem to be satisfied. If you watch a flock of

sheep feeding in a clover field, you will be surprised to see how they will eat: they eat, and eat, and eat; and so God's people are a hungering, craving people. It is written, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." They "shall be filled;" it does not say, they shall have a nip and a bite, and then be driven away; and therefore we are to treat them as God would have them treated, — feed them, feed them to the full. Never be afraid of being too free with the food, or of giving them too much sound doctrine and gospel provender.

Some want to drive the flock, but that will never do; we must feed, not drive. We will lead them, say you; that is very good but do not lead lean sheep; feed and fatten them, and then they will follow gladly. Perhaps you wish to govern them, well, the middle word does mean govern after the gospel fashion; but if you somewhat govern, yet give two supplies of feeding for one of ruling. You will be sure to succeed if you keep to the feeding. Blessed be God, you have not to invent a new food for his sheep; it is written, "Feed them," but it is not written, "invent food for them." God has appointed the proper food for his sheep; hand that out to them, and nothing else. The Pope of Rome, who claims to be the lineal successor of the apostle of whom we are speaking, attempts to feed in a strange manner. I wonder how many of the sheep are able to feed on his allocutions, and other specimens of cursing. He seems to be mainly engaged in uttering maledictions upon the wolves; I see no food for the sheep. How is it that he has founded no Bible Societies in Rome for the circulation of the pure Word of God? One of his predecessors has called the Protestant version "poisonous pastures." Very well, then, why not circulate a pure version: Why not spend a part of Peter's pence in distributing the Epistle to the Romans? Why not exhort priests, cardinals, and bishops to be instant in season and out of season, preaching the gospel according to the commission of the Lord? Verily, Peter at this day is crucified head downwards at Rome. The tradition is symbolic of the fact, for the apostle is placed in a wrong position, and exalted to honors which are a crucifixion to him.

Brethren, you have to *feed* Christ's sheep. Our Lord says, "Feed! Feed! Feed!" He begins with "Feed *my lambs*." My little lambkins, or young believers, — these need plenty of instruction. "Feed my sheep" comes next; feed the middle-aged, the strong, the vigorous: these do not require feeding alone, they also need to be directed in their Christian course, and to be guided to some field of earnest service for Christ, — therefore shepherdize

them. Then, in the last “Feed *my sheep*” you have the gray-headed believers in Christ. Do not try to govern these, but feed them. They may have far more prudence, and they certainly have more experience than you have, and therefore do not rule them, but remind them of the deep things of God, and deal out to them an abundance of consoling truth. There is that good old man, he is a father in Christ; he knew the Lord fifty years before you were born; he has some peculiarities, and in them you must let him take his own course, but still feed him. His taste will appreciate solid meat, he knows a field of tender grass when he gets into it; feed him; then, for his infirmities require it. Feed all classes, my brethren, that is your main work; mind that you not only get good food for the sheep, but feed them with it. A farmer one day, after he had listened to a simple sermon, which was the very opposite of what he generally heard, exclaimed, “O Lord, we bless thee that the food was put into a low crib to-day, so that thy sheep could reach it!” Some brethren put the food up so high that the poor sheep cannot possibly feed upon it. I have thought as I have listened to our eloquent friends, that they imagined that our Lord had said, “Feed my camelopards.” None but giraffes could reach the food when placed in so lofty a rack. Christ says, “Feed my sheep,” place the food among them, put it close to them.

Take care also that you *feed yourselves*. “Who rules o’er freemen should himself be free;” we will alter the line into “Who feeds Christ’s sheep should feed on Christ himself.” A preacher who is starved in soul will be likely to starve his hearers. Oh, fatten yourselves on Christ, dear brethren! Ask to have the promise fulfilled, “I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness, and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord.” May the Holy Ghost work this in you!

Having fed them, your work should also comprehend all the rest that a shepherd does for his flock. Neglect none of these things. Go before them, set them an example, encourage them, and direct them in difficulty. Let your voice ever be familiar to them, carry the lamb in your bosom, gently lead those that are in circumstances of pain and peril, care for all the flock, be tender with any that may wander, seek after them, and bring them back.

Now what does all this involve? *Knowledge*. You must “feed them with knowledge and understanding.” *Watchfulness*. No shepherd can afford to slumber; and at one part of the year he must be up all night, for the lambs are being born. When you have a lambing time on, or, in other words, a

blessed revival, you will need to be especially watchful; and, as the wolf comes not only at lambing time, but as all other seasons, you should be always vigilant against him.

One of the chief qualifications of a true pastor, and one that is not very common, is a great deal of patience. Perhaps you say, "These people are so sinful, and erring, and foolish." Yes, they are like sheep; and if they were not so, they would not need you or any other shepherd. Your calling would be abolished if all Christ's people were strong, and able to instruct others. Be very patient with them, as a nurse is with the child committed to her to watch, and love, and teach. What an honor this office puts upon you! To belong to the College of Fishermen with Peter, James, and John, is a great honor; but the work of the pastor is nobler still. Well did they speak of old of shepherd-kings, for the shepherd's business is such as is worthy of a king; indeed, amid his flock he is the truest of kings. What a line of shepherds can be traced right through the Word of God! Your business is one which the first martyr followed, for Abel was a keeper of sheep: stand like him in the midst of your flock, ready to sacrifice life itself at God's altar. You are following the business of Jacob, who said to Laban, "In the day the drought, consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes." Yours is the calling of Joseph, who even when exalted to a throne, was still "the shepherd and stone of Israel." Whatever your position may be, brethren, be shepherds still. You are following the trade of that noblest of woman born, I mean Moses, who kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, in the desert, and there beheld the bush on fire, out of which God spoke with him. He who led the people like a flock all through the wilderness was ready like a true shepherd to lay down his life for the flock, even asking to have his name blotted out of God's book if by that means they might live. You are following the occupation of the men after God's own heart. If a man in these days is after God's heart, let him be a shepherd of the flock. "He chose David also his servant, and took him from the sheepfolds: from following the ewes great with young he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance." I hope, my brethren, that like him in your youth you have slain both the lion and the bear, and that if an uncircumcised Philistine comes in your path, you will defy and destroy him in the name of the Lord. You are following the trade of God's only-begotten Son. The Lord had but one Son, and he made a Shepherd of him. Imitate that *good* Shepherd of the sheep, who loved them, and laid down his life for them. Trust that *great* Shepherd of the

sheep, whom “the God of peace has brought again from the dead through the blood of the everlasting covenant;” and by-and-by you shall see the *chief* Shepherd, and “shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

Never forget that it is *Christ’s sheep* that you have to feed. Jesus says, “Feed *my* sheep.” Many find fault with the churches of the present day, and the easiest work in the world is to find fault, but, my dear brethren, bad as I know some of the churches to be, I know no better people than God’s people, and with all their faults I love them still. I find my choicest companions and my bosom friends among them. I love the gates of Zion, for, —

*“There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Savior reigns.”*

I always feel, in reference to my own people, that if they can put up with me, I can very well put up with them. They are Christ’s people; therefore love them, and feel it to be an honor to do anything for those who belong to Jesus.

Much honor lies in the fact that our Lord says to each of us personally, “Feed my sheep.” I think that I see him here among us; he of the pierced hands and the marred countenance, with the thorn crown about his brow, stands in this hall, and speaks to us. Or, if you will, with all his glories on he comes among us, he looks on us all, and even on me also, my dear brethren; and he says to each of us, “Do you see those poor tempted people? They are my sheep. I have loved them from before the foundation of the world; will you feed them for me? I have called them out of the world by victorious grace, will you feed them for me? I have provided abundant pasture for them, will you feed them for me? I have bought them, with my blood, behold the memorials of my purchase in my hands and my feet, my head and my side; will you feed them for me? I have loved you also, and you love me; will you feed my sheep for me? I will feed *you*, will you feed *them*? Your bread shall be given you, and your water shall be sure; will you feed my beloved ones for me? I have gone to prepare a place for them in my own sweeter pasturages on the hill-tops of glory. Will you feed them till I come again? I will feed them through you by the Holy Spirit, will you be my instruments?” Do we not all reply, “Beloved Master, we think it our highest honor to be privileged thus, and cost us what it may, we will spend our lives in feeding thy sheep”? Brethren, say not much

by way of vow, but say much by way of prayer. Lord, help us all henceforth to feed thy sheep! Amen.

SOCIAL CONVERSE.

I DO not find where Jesus was ever bidden to any table and refused. If a Pharisee, if a publican, invited him, he did not hesitate to go, not for the pleasure of the dishes, but to do good. . . . If he sat with sinners, he converted them; if with converts, he confirmed them; if with the poor, he fed them; if with the rich in substance, he made them rich in grace. At whose board did he ever visit and left not his host a gainer? The poor bridegroom entertains him, and hath his waterpots filled with wine. Simon, the Pharisee, entertains him, and hath his table honored with the public pardon of a penitent sinner, and with the heavenly doctrine of remission. Zaccheus entertains him; salvation came that day to his house with the Author of it. That presence made the publican a son of Abraham. Matthew is recompensed for his feast with an apostleship. Martha and Mary entertain him, and, besides divine instruction, receive their brother from the dead. — *Bishop Hall.*

The Apostle of the Gentiles: a Handbook on the Life of St. Paul. With Notes, critical and illustrative. By B. P. PASK. Special Notes on Ephesus; by J. T. WOOD, Esq., F.S.A. Sunday School Union.

WHAT can the man do that cometh after the king? What can B. P. Pask accomplish after Conybeare and Howson? Yet we are bound to confess that Mr. Pask's volume has a peculiar adaptation for its own purpose, and contains more new and interesting information than we could have thought it possible to gather upon Paul and his travels. To Sabbath-school teachers who cannot afford to buy larger and fuller works we recommend this handbook, for it will answer all practical purposes and be a great assistance to them in preparing for their classes. The book is very properly got up in that neat and sober style which becomes expository writings. It will be a valuable addition to the teacher's library.

Beacons and Patterns: or, Lessons for Young Mens. the REV. W. LANDELS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE are glad to see these "lessons" in the third thousand. The beauty of the style will commend to many reader the weighty instructions of the

preacher, and all young men and women who read his earnest admonitions will feel that they have been in contact with a warm heart and a wise mind. Dr. Landels is intensely practical, and aims at winning the soul for Jesus and for holy living: may the best of blessings rest upon his efforts, both with tongue and pen.

Whose Dog is it?" or, the Story of Poor Gyp. S.W. Partridge and Co.

A clever antivivisection tale. We felt ourselves shivering while reading the little book; but it ends pleasantly, and so we recovered our equanimity.

Philological French Primer; with a Classified Vocabulary and familiar Phrases and Dialogues. By A. Cogery, B.A., L.L. Relfe Brothers.

M. COGERY teaches French in our day-school, and does his work very efficiently. We are glad to see that his conversation book is in the second edition, for it is carefully prepared.

Education Progressive through Life.

Essays for Students. By HENRY TRIGG. Elliot Stock.

VERY respectable essays. Young men who will read them with care will not regret doing so, for they contain wise advice put in a scholarly form.

The Word of God on True Marriage. [Anonymous]. Trubner and Co.

THIS book will meet with no readers on this side the Atlantic. It proves what we all believe, namely, the Scripturalness of Christian marriage and the unholiness of Mormonite polygamy; but it goes further, and asserts that Biblical authority neither sanctioned nor tolerated a plurality of wives among the people of Israel. The author is greatly in earnest against the admission of the territory of Utah into the Union, and well he may be so long as the Mormon abomination remains, but the evil is too gross to live.

NOTES.

DURING the early part of the past month we were called upon to suffer the Lord's will rather than to do it. Engagements at Liverpool, Norwich and Maze Pond were unfulfilled through inability. Friends must excuse our refusing for some time to come to make any promises, since we have no power to perform those already made. We are just able to do the home work, but no more at present. The choice seems to lie between being laid aside pretty frequently with depression of spirit and pain of body, and steadily keeping on with home duties; we prefer the second, because we hope that the comparative quiet may bring greater strength for future endeavors.

COLLEGE. Mr. Harrington leaves us for China-man's Flats, Victoria, and Mr. Hancock settles at Tonbridge, in Kent.

Here, perhaps, we may be allowed to notify to our Australian friends that our son, Thomas Spurgeon, left us for Melbourne, on June 16, taking a voyage in the *Lady Jocelyne* for his health. We shall be grateful to any friends who will extend kindness to him. He will be willing to preach as opportunity may occur.

Messrs. Clark and Smith, two worthy students of our college, will commence evangelistic work next August. We have engaged to find them a maintenance, that they may go through the length and breadth of the land and preach Christ. They are very lively and able speakers. Mr. Smith is a singer, and also plays upon a cornet, by which means he not only fetches in the people to the service, but interests them when they are gathered together. We have made him a present of a new silver trumpet, upon which is engraved a verse from the Psalms, "With trumpet and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord the King." Both Mr. Clark and Mr. Smith have been greatly useful in conversions, and we send them forth in the name of the Lord, with high hopes of blessing. Their appointments from time to time will appear in the *Sword and Trowel*. Our friends may confide in these brethren, and feel quite safe in helping them. They go first, we believe, to Hartlepool and the northern towns. The expenses will be considerable, and therefore we shall be willing to be assisted in this effort by any who would like to have a share in the enterprise. Both the

evangelists are authorized to receive subscriptions, but no one is asked to give.

May 22-24 — A number of friends some time ago united with Mr. Coxeter to accept the vote of the London Baptist Association of £1,000, and erect a new chapel at High-gate Road. Mr. Coxeter generously gave the ground. The chapel is opened, and work has hopefully begun. Knowing that the little band were striving nobly, and had a heavy debt, C. H. S. invited Mrs. Coxeter and her friends to bring the remainder of her Bazaar to the Tabernacle. Friends came up to the mark to help, though the Pastor was absent from illness, and the very useful sum of about £250 was realized. It is a healthy thing, even when we are loaded with home service, to lend a hand to brethren in whose enterprise we have no selfish interest; thus the purest Christian feeling is brought into exercise. Thanks are tendered to the ladies who got up a Tabernacle stall on the shortest possible notice, and carried on its operations with so much vigor. Indeed, the whole incident caused the Pastor great pleasure, as remarkably illustrating the willingness of the people to aid in every good work.

June 4. — The Annual Meeting of the Home and Foreign Missionary Working Society, was held before the prayer meeting. The pastors were present, and both spoke in high praise of this association. Many boxes of clothes have been sent to poor pastors during the year, for themselves and their wives and children. Very grateful letters were read. Mrs. Evans, at the Tabernacle, would be very glad of half-worn garments, remnants of material, and other gifts which could be used by families. Many ministers are very poor, and the clothing of large families is a heavy expense; a box from this society is a great blessing, and as the ladies work up the materials, the outlay is much less than the value of the goods distributed. Are there not many drapers and others who have materials which are out of the fashion, which they could well spare? If so, send them on, for we do not care about the fashion so long as the poor ministers' children are clothed. Boots and shoes, and garments of all sorts and sizes can be all utilized, and cash too. There is serious distress in many a poor minister's home; let us relieve it. Address Mrs. Evans, Tabernacle, Newington Butts.

June 6 — Although we are quite forbidden to take any services beyond our home work, we felt able to go down and lay the foundation stone of a school-chapel near our own house in Nottingham Road, Upper Tooting. Here a little band of true-hearted believers have formed a church, and given

generously to build a place wherein to worship. We had great pleasure in helping them, and as they will need about £400 more, we shall be glad if others will help them too. Any sums sent to us will be duly appropriated. Baptist friends in London ought to know that these good people have not gone round to them, or received a penny from the Association, but have helped themselves as God has enabled them. We hope that there are at least a few who will admire this effort of a very slender band and send them aid without being waited upon. Such giving would be of the very best kind. Note that *this is not our sons' chapel*. It is near it, but in quite another district, with a common between. Friends can help both, or either, and we shall be equally glad. Partiality might have made us wish to see our sons raise their amount first, but in the Lord's work we know no such feeling.

We find that we have given offense by saying that there was no Baptist Church in Tooting. We really thought so, but we are informed that there is a small one, and therefore we heartily apologize to our brethren for appearing to ignore them; for whatever their views, or however obscure the site of their chapel, we would not willfully overlook any member of the family. We have been through the little town scores of times, but have never seen the building: may our friends increase and multiply, and come to the front. We ought to have a large and influential church in Tooting, where there are many Baptists who remain unattached, or travel for miles to worship, showing that they do not feel that they are provided for. A movement is on foot for a church of the same faith and order as that at the Tabernacle, and there is plenty of room.

June 11 — Our Almshouse Sunday School gave a tea to the parents. We are greatly gratified at the success of the many operations carried on in our Almshouse premises. The efforts there form an important branch of our work.

June 18. — At the prayer-meeting some of the preachers of the *Baptist Country Mission* gave accounts of their stewardship, which were particularly pleasing. Churches have been formed at Putney, Carshalton, Walthamstow, etc. We never attended a better meeting. Our young brethren visit villages and country towns near London and labor to raise new churches in them. One of them has already commenced in *Tooting*, of which we wrote in a former paragraph. These earnest evangelists are ready for more work. If they were informed of destitute suburbs, where a few resident helpers would throw in their strength, this society would soon

send a man to preach the gospel on the green, or in a room, and raise a Baptist Church. Address Mr. Bowker, Elder, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts.

The *Tabernacle Evangelist's Society* is another organization altogether, which finds speakers for special services in London, and works in connection with the churches. Thus much good is done in co-operation with settled agencies. Mr. Elvin, the secretary, may be addressed at the Tabernacle. His workers do not restrict themselves to any denomination, but are willing to aid all pastors who are willing to accept their help for a short series of meetings. Besides this they carry on open-air preaching and lodging-house visitation.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund is rich in opportunities for doing good, but it is very poorly off as to the means of meeting those opportunities. A fine vein of Primitive Methodist applicants has been opened, and very large numbers of books have been sent out; but it does not happen that any wealthy Primitive has been eager to contribute. Our dear suffering one never doubts that the Lord will send in what he intends her to send out, but requests from needy pastors are very numerous and urgent, and she hopes that she will not have to say them nay. Many needy preachers in Ireland are now applying, and it is important that they should be supplied: *but where are the means?* Our beloved begged us to express her thanks for valuable books to Mr. Hodge and Mr. Gibson, of Glasgow, and to Dr. Carson and Mr. Robert Haldane, and others; but, alas! ere we can thank Mr. Haldane our Lord has called him home. One of his last acts was to send Mrs. Spurgeon a number of the works of the famous Mr. Haldane.

June 19 — This was a very happy day for the friends of the Orphanage who were able to gather to the fete, but most of all for the Pastor, whose forty-third birthday was thus celebrated. Nearly 3000 persons in all came to the Orphanage grounds, and all seemed delighted, and especially were all unanimous in congratulating the Pastor, who was overwhelmed with their love. The sermon in the afternoon was from Genesis 30:27: "I pray thee, if I have found favor in thine eyes, tarry: for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake;" and the Pastor dwelt upon the fact that he had received countless blessings through his faithful people, and he hoped that they would all continue with him for many a year to come. The Public Meeting in the evening was held in the open air, and was enthusiastic throughout. Our good friend Thomas Blake, Esq., M.P.,

worthily occupied the chair, and was well supported by the speakers. C.H.S. mentioned that he had that morning received 71 letters of congratulation, all containing help for the Orphanage, amounting to about £70, together with £43 from a friend, to tally with the number of his years, and the same from a trustee. To all these thoughtful friends he tendered his warmest gratitude. He also mentioned that no praise whatever was due to himself in managing the Orphanage, but to his beloved brother and the other trustees who so regularly conduct the business, and to Mr. Charlesworth and the very efficient staff who do the actual work. All glory is due to God, but it is right that any need of honor given to men should be justly distributed. The Orphanage is so well conducted by its officers as to cost its President the minimum of care.

On the *fete* day the public saw for the first time the very handsome fountain presented to the Orphanage by our esteemed friend Mr. B. Vickery. It is a very useful present, and an enduring memorial of his deceased wife. We thank the donor in the name of the trustees, but more especially on the behalf of the two hundred and forty thirsty boys, who appreciate it much during the hot weather.

Thanks are due to Mr. Murrell and the friends who helped to refresh the vast assembly. So admirable were the arrangements that there was no inconvenience experienced by a single person, so far as we could learn, but “all went merry as a marriage bell.” God was very gracious in sending so fine a day, and our friends in their thousands not only enjoyed *themselves*, but one another. They little know the thought and labor which was expended to carry out such a day’s proceedings: our invaluable deacon, Mr. Murrell, labored like twenty men rolled into one; and his staff of helpers seemed fired by his example. We cannot tell the exact net proceeds of the day, but they cannot be much under £400. The small bazaar realized a nice little sum, but if more friends would send us goods somewhere near the time we could largely increase the income from this department. All sorts of things can be sold, especially useful articles, and those who cannot afford money might help us in this way. We notice in the auditing of the accounts that our subscriptions were less last year than the year before. Friends will not allow any failing off — will they? Our heart is cheered, and we begin another year of our life with more pleasure than we can express. Yet earnestly do we thank our kind friends, the best any man ever had. More solemnly do we bless the Lord who has dealt so graciously with us, and will do so evermore.

The churches at Walworth Road Chapel and Park Road, Peckham, have both made collections for the Orphanage without being solicited, to do so; we are greatly gratified by this unsolicited kindness.

Mr. Cuff wishes us to report progress with regard to the Shoreditch Tabernacle, which is so greatly needed. He has obtained promises of £6000 out of £8000 which he desires to raise this year. He has heavy work before him: he has to build an immense house for a poor people, in a poor neighborhood, and unless wealthy friends from other regions help again and again the work will hardly be accomplished. It is to be done, and will be done, the Lord being our friend's helper.

Our short article upon the Confessional has gone the round of the papers, and we are glad it should. The more that detestable matter is looked into the better — it is so filthy a business that no decent person could write the whole of what he knows about it: it ought not to be tolerated in civilized society. The questions which we have read with our own eyes fastened up inside the confessional boxes in Italy were so loathsome that we would not like to give a hint as to their subjects. Anglican confession shows strong leanings towards the same putridity. If we must have an Established Church we hope our spiritual pastors and roadsters will keep their house as sweet as they can, for at present there is an odor of something rather high. Parents write to us about children decoyed by Popish devices, and we are grieved that families should be liable to such invasions; but, whatever we may have to put up with from Romish priests, there can be no reason why we should breed a second set of these creatures inside the church which the nation favors with its partialities.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

**FOR FATHERLESS BOYS,
CLAPHAM ROAD**

1876-7

TRUSTEES.

C. H. SPURGEON, <i>President</i>	J. A. SPURGEON, <i>Vice-President</i>
MRS. A. HILLYARD	WILLIAM HIGGS
WILLIAM OLNEY	WILLIAM C. MURRELL
B. WILDON CARR	JOSEPH PASSMORE
THOMAS R. PHILLIPS	WILLIAM MILLS
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HON. CONSULTING PHYSICIAN

HENRY GERVIS, ESQ., M.D.

HON. CONSULTING SURGEON

J. COOPER FORSTER, ESQ., F.R.C.S.

HON. CONSULTING OPHTHALMIC SURGEON

J. C. WORDSWORTH, ESQ., F.R.C.S.E.

HON. DENTIST

W. O. HINCHLIFFE, ESQ.

MEDICAL OFFICER.

WILLIAM SOPER, ESQ., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

SOLICITOR.

MR. THOMAS C. PAGE.

MASTER.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH

SECRETARY

CHARLES BLACKSHAW.

REPORT 1876-7

THIS Orphanage, originally founded by the self-sacrifice of an esteemed sister in the Lord, is conducted by C. H. Spurgeon, assisted by his brother, and a body of Trustees. *It receives destitute Fatherless Boys, without respect to the religion of the parents.* The buildings are arranged for the accommodation of Two Hundred and Fifty Children, who are eligible for entrance *between the ages of six and ten.* Orphans received without putting the mothers to the trouble and expense of canvassing for votes: the Trustees themselves selecting the most needy cases. The family system is carried out, the boys living in separate houses under the care of matrons, and not in one vast building like a workhouse. The great object is to train the boys in the fear of the Lord, hoping that by God's blessing they may be truly converted before they leave us: at the same time the Institution provides them with an education which fits them to take good positions in the world.

The Institution is mainly supported by spontaneous gifts, no Collector being paid, and no Subscriber being waited upon to pay year by year, although a number of donors send as regularly as if they were expected to do so. The Lord alone supplies the needs of the work by means of his people's generous gifts, but he sometimes tries the faith of those who conduct it. *Upwards of £10 per day is wanted to pay for the Board, Lodging, Clothing, and Education of the Boys.*

In presenting the Eighth Report, the President and Committee have to record again their testimony to the goodness and lovingkindness of the Lord, by whose gracious help they have been sustained during another year, and by whose bounty the necessities of the Institution have been supplied. "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness," suggests at once the duty and the privilege of those who have received, "from the beginning of the year to the end of it," daily manifestations of his love. That the Institution enjoys the smile of "the Father of the fatherless" is seen in many ways, and the gratitude we feel finds expression in the language of the Psalmist — "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

I — STATISTICAL.

The growth of the Institution will be seen in the following table of figures:

Report	Date	Admission	Total	Removal	Total Removal	In Residence
1	From Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	148
2	From April 1870 to March 1871	42	196	7	13	183
3	From April 1871 to March 1872	38	234	9	22	212
4	From April 1872 to March 1873	21	255	15	37	218
5	From April 1873 to March 1874	36	291	38	75	216
6	From April 1874 to March 1875	63	354	42	117	237
7	From April 1875 to March 1876	28	382	29	146	236
8	From April 1876 to March 1877	46	428	52	198	230

It will be seen that a greater number than usual left during the year, and although at the close of the year the average number of inmates was

reduced, there are, at the time of issuing this report, a larger number in residence than at any previous period of our history.

Of the 52 boys who left, no less than 47 were supplied with situations and received a good start in life; 1 entered the Marine Society's Training Ship for the sea; 2 were removed by friends whose improved circumstances enabled them to support them; and 2 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers.

It is gratifying to be able to report that in many instances the employers who have taken boys from the Institution apply for others as vacancies occur in their establishments. In one large house in London no less than 12 boys are now engaged, all of whom are steadily rising in their respective departments.

II. — DOMESTIC

The general conduct of the boys is praiseworthy, and the moral tone prevailing is excellent. Fewer troubles have arisen by the admission of new boys than in any previous year, although many of the new comers had suffered in many ways from the disadvantages and evils incident to orphanage and poverty. Until our new recruits fall in with the general discipline of the Institution they are a source of anxiety, as only a lengthy residence fully reveals the moral taint which they have incurred, and manifests their disposition, which is so difficult to eradicate or control, if bad, and foster and develop if good. An earnest Christian spirit prevails amongst all the workers, who endeavor, in a thousand ways, to compensate as far as possible to the boys the loss of those natural privileges which their bereavement implies.

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals; by the Head Master and his assistants. The service is occasionally taken by the President, or a member of the Committee, or a visitor to the Institution who may happen to be present. The Word of God is read and expounded, hymns sung, and prayer offered, and the whole of the boys repeat a text selected for the day. A religious service is conducted for the elder boys every Wednesday evening, when addresses are given by ministerial and other friends.

On the Lord's-day morning the elder boys attend the service at the Tabernacle; a second detachment is accommodated at the Wynne Road

Chapel; and a suitable service is conducted for the rest at the Orphanage, by Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. Mr. W. J. Evans still superintends the Sunday School in the afternoon, assisted by a large staff of earnest teachers, and Mr. Macgregor presides over the Evening Service, assisted by Mr. C. Carpenter. All these good friends, who labor with commendable zeal to win the children to Christ, have been connected with the Institution from its commencement.

Some of the boys who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a "Young Christians' Band," which numbers, at the present time, 92 members. During the year several were admitted to the fellowship of the Church at the Tabernacle.

The annual meeting was held in June to celebrate the President's birthday, and the annual excursion took place in September when all the boys and the staff were kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Richard May, in their grounds at Dulwich.

During the MidSummer holidays, friends were found to take several of the boys who, but for such generous kindness, would not have been able to leave the Institution. We shall be glad to receive the names of those willing to receive one or two boys for the whole or part of the time between July 25th and August 22nd of the present year.

The Christmas season was a joyous time, friends from all parts of the country kindly sending all sorts of good things for the boys. Mr. William Harrison sustained the precedent of former years by sending a box of figs for each boy, and was again the medium for conveying 240 new shillings, fresh from the Mint, from a friend who chooses to be known only by two initials, "J.D." The old boys, as usual, mustered in good force, and were the heroes of the day. Through the kindness of the President all the members of the staff received a useful present, and "Christmas at the Orphanage" will always be a precious memory in the history of all who participate in its festivities.

During their term of residence in the Institution all the boys are total abstainers, no alcoholic liquors being allowed, except by order of the Medical Officer. A Band of Hope is conducted under the presidency of Mr. A. Dunn, which numbers at the present time 152 members, who are enrolled by their own free will, and with the approval of their friends. The

elder boys attend the monthly meetings, and all are present at the lectures which are given from time to time.

A goodly number of the boys who have left the Institution are engaged in Sunday Schools, and others assist in Evangelistic Services at Mission Stations and in Lodging Houses. "We have no greater joy than to know that our children walk in the truth," and adorn the doctrines they profess, by devoutness of spirit, consistency of conduct, and earnest Christian labor in the Lord's vineyard.

III — EDUCATION

The Schools have been efficiently maintained, and the progress of the boys in the subjects of an ordinary English education is alike creditable to both teachers and pupils. The extra subjects are French, Drawing, and Music. The French classes are conducted *gratuitously* by Madame Blim, an accomplished French lady, who devotes two afternoons a week to her classes. Mr. F. G. Ladds (formerly a boy in the Orphanage and now one of the teachers), and Mr. F. Simmonds, one of the masters, have given instruction in vocal music, and Mr. Smith has continued his class for the harmonium.

Drawing is taught by our own teachers, all of them being qualified to present the boys for examination in connection with the Science and Art Department.

We presented 186 boys for examination in Freehand, Geometrical and Model Drawing with the following results: — 61 gave satisfactory evidence of having been taught drawing; 78 obtained certificates for proficiency; and 42 secured prizes for excellence. The sum earned was £15 5s. 6d., apart from the value of the prizes. A lower scale of payment has been adopted this year, which considerably reduced the grant. The progress indicated by this report is most encouraging, for, notwithstanding the higher standard of merit adopted, the boys obtained 28 more certificates, and 21 more prizes than last year. Only four boys failed to satisfy the examiners.

The object being to give a useful rather than an ornamental education, the success achieved by the boys who have passed through the institution fully justifies the methods pursued and the limits prescribed.

IV. — SANITARY.

During the past year a wide-spread epidemic prevailed, and although several isolated cases of small-pox occurred in the Institution, we are thankful to report that, with the blessing of God upon the measures which were promptly taken, the disease was arrested without a second individual taking it from another.

No death has occurred in the Institution for three years, a fact which, while it calls for special thanksgiving to God, may be accepted as an evidence of the sound sanitary condition of the Institution. The visit of Dr. Mouat, from the Local Government Board, who is engaged on an inquiry into the various systems adopted for the maintenance and education of the children of the poor, elicited the following report, which is of the most encouraging nature: —

“I have today visited for the second time the Stockwell Orphanage, and examined into the system of training and education pursued in it, with special reference to an inquiry in which I am now engaged, regarding the pauper schools throughout the country. In many important particulars this institution is well in advance of most kindred establishments which I have yet seen. The plan of feeding and clothing in particular is excellent, and the instruction of the class rooms is conducted with intelligence and life. The boys look healthy and happy, and I shall only be too glad if I succeed in transplanting some of the advantages of this place to the pauper schools in which they are much needed. I have seldom enjoyed a visit to any school more thoroughly than that of which I am now leaving this most imperfect record.

(Signed) F. J. MOUAT, M.D. Formerly Secretary to the Council of Education, Bengal.”

There has been no falling off in the funds; donors sending as regularly as though they were pledged annual subscribers. Gifts in kind have been as numerous and varied as in former years. The young ladies of Miss Dransfield's educational establishment, the Ladies' Working Association, of the Wynne Road Chapel, and the Juvenile Dorcas Society in connection with New Cross Chapel, have sent their usual supply of shirts, thereby saving the Institution a considerable sum. Miss Winslow has enlisted the co-operation of her pupils in knitting woolen comforters for the boys during the winter months. It would be impossible to enumerate all the

presents sent by generous friends, and which are duly acknowledged every month in the *Sword and Trowel*; they are all received with gratitude, and we take this opportunity of repeating our thanks. It is a cause of grief to us when friends do not receive a prompt acknowledgment of their gifts, but in almost all instances where this has occurred, the donor has failed to send *name and address with the present*. We are too grateful for any help, however small, to risk giving pain or offense to those who remember us, and we respectfully request to be informed of the transmission of presents *at the time*, and their receipt shall be duly acknowledged. As the work is carried on in dependence upon God, and as His blessing evidently rests upon it, we are confident the mean will be forthcoming as the need arises.

The work is of the Lord, and therefore the Lord's people should help us in it. Will it need much pleading? If so, we cannot use it, as we shrink from marring the willinghood which is the charm of such a service. No collector shall ever draw a commission from us for dogging unwilling subscribers, nor will we press and squeeze niggard gifts from reluctant hands. God will see to his own work, and though we do not use the method of sitting still and waiting without action, but rather stir up the minds of the Lord's stewards by way of remembrance, yet we are sure that he who feeds the ravens will give his children bread.

Subscriptions large or small, will be gratefully received by C. H. SPURGEON, Nightingale Lane, Clapham, London, S.W. Gifts of Food, Clothes, Books, Toys, and other useful articles, are always welcome, and should be directed to MR. CHARLESWORTH, Head Master, the Orphanage, Stockwell, London.

VI — MODE OF ADMISSION

Applications for the admission of children should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars given. If the case appears eligible, a form of application is sent, the questions on which must be answered by the applicant, and the form returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the immediate rejection of the case. After the case is entered on the list of candidates, the Trustees, as soon as convenient, appoint a visitor to make personal inquiries into it. Should these be satisfactory, the child appears before the committee and the doctor, and, if duly elected, enters the Institution as soon as there is room. As the number of most necessitous candidates is largely in excess of our

accommodation there is no difficulty in supplying vacancies as they occur. The Trustees, therefore, issue forms of application very sparingly, as they consider it unwise to encourage hopes which are not likely to be realized. Friends, who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested, must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees, if it is proved by them to be less necessitous than others. The election of children not being determined by subscribers' votes, the Trustees endeavor to maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need has the loudest voice with them.

In every case certificates of the marriage of the parents, the death of the father, and the birth of the child will be required. The cases of illegitimate children are not within the scope of the Institution.

Applicants are requested not to call upon the Trustees privately, as they are bound not to attend to them otherwise, than officially. Cases will be considered on their own merits, and they will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. MR. SPURGEON *cannot personally see any applicants, and should not be written to.* All letters on this business should be addressed to the Secretary, MR. CHARLES BLACKSHAW, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

The Orphanage is open for the inspection of the public on the afternoons of Tuesday and Thursday in each week. At other times an order is necessary, which can be obtained of MR. SPURGEON, or any of the Trustees. All letters requiring an answer must contain a stamped envelope.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

AUGUST 1877

HOW THE BOOK FUND PROSPERS.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON

FOR many weeks past I have had a great desire in my heart to write out the gracious details of the Lord's dealings with the Book Fund during the present year, but almost constant pain has fettered both head and hand, and rendered the fulfillment of the heart's wish well-nigh impossible. But even the "school of affliction" has its "holidays" (true holy-days these), and as the "good Master" has granted me one such today, I will consecrate it to his honor and glory by telling what great things he hath done for me and my work since I wrote last. The commencement of the new year was marked by an offer of six volumes of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit to every minister who had formerly been a student of the "Pastors' College" and so enthusiastically was it responded to that in three months' time 164 of our own old students had received 980 volumes! I had intended this effort to be an *extra* one, and extend over the entire year, but the Lord had more work for me to do than I knew of, so he would allow of no lingering, but graciously gave me strength to accomplish easily what at first sight seemed a formidable task. During this time the usual work of the Book Fund was not neglected, all applications being cheerfully responded to, one notable feature of interest being the sudden and simultaneous awakening of Primitive Methodist ministers to the fact that they could have the "Treasury of David" by asking for it. Nearly 100 of their "traveling preachers" have received the four published volumes since January last, and if God grant his blessing on them (as he certainly will) we may look for a hundred-fold harvest from *such* seed sown in *such* soil. Very poor in this world's goods, these brethren are rich in good works, and as a rule labor more abundantly than any of their brethren. They must urgently need books, and it is certain that their terribly small allowances cannot procure them, and therefore it is a true Christian charity to relieve their mental need. A good book given to an idler is a doubtful speculation: to a worker it is a sure benefit.

For a short time during the months just flown by it seemed as if the Lord were trying my faith by sending me more “needs” than “supplies,” but I am almost ashamed to speak of fears which then possessed me, they have been so utterly routed and destroyed by subsequent favors. Now I see that the Lord only brought a cloud over the sun to veil its brightness, lest the heat of labor should overpower his weak child, and cause her to faint under the burden of the day. So, blessed be his name, he “leads on softly” as “we are able to bear it.” Turning over the pages of my “day-book” I cannot but rejoice to know that already nearly 3,000 volumes have been distributed since the beginning of this year, and though this number falls woefully short of supplying the need which exists, yet I thank God and take courage. The few following extracts from letters will show that the intense appreciation and loving eagerness with which these gifts were at first received has not abated one whit. The first letter, written by a venerable pastor, a true “bishop” in his district, runs thus: —

“My dear Mrs. Spurgeon, — Last night I received the parcel of books, and what shall I say? I hardly know how to express my thanks to you and your excellent husband for such generous and Christian kindness. As I could do nothing else, I asked the Lord to bless you and reward you most amply for such a valuable gift. I can say it is to me better than thousands of silver and gold could be; for I could never get from earthly riches what I this morning obtained from reading Mr. Spurgeon’s comment on Psalm 23. The books may well be called the ‘*Treasury of David*,’ I shall keep it as a ‘*Treasury*’ for my own use, and will never let it go out of my family, the Lord so helping me. You cannot tell What a nice show the volumes make in my little library; and while I am quite proud of the outside I delight myself with the thought of what I shall find within, both for my own comfort and I trust for the benefit of others. I am quite a book-worm, I assure you, and it pleases me beyond expression to find so many good old authors quoted in the ‘*Treasury*.’ I pronounce it one of the most useful works a minister can have in his library. When I think of such Herculean labor as this, together with so many other things, I am lost in astonishment as to *how* Mr. Spurgeon pushes through all as he does. But a passage comes to my mind which solves the mystery — By the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.”

“My dear Mrs. Spurgeon, — Though I have watched with interest and pleasure, the birth, growth, and usefulness of your ‘Book Fund,’ I little thought I should ever be so deeply indebted to you as I find myself today. The nice parcel you so kindly sent came as ‘cold water to a thirsty soul,’ and judging from the feelings of gratitude and delight produced in my own breast I feel your work of love has made not a few pastors’ hearts to ‘sing for joy.’ I rejoice also to know that the work yields such sweet solace of joy to you in your affliction; I really think it must be one rose at least on this sin-blighted earth ‘*without a thorn.*’”

What this dear brother says is perfectly true. The Book Fund is the joy of my life, and ever since the Lord gave the sweet service into my weak and unworthy hands he has led me by green pastures and beside still waters, and crowned me with lovingkindness and tender mercies. The next letter is from a much-trying servant of God, who, with a wife, invalid daughter, and four young children to support (there are nine children living) on eighty pounds per annum, may well be “unable to buy books.”

“My dear Madam, — Most gratefully do I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the four volumes Of the ‘Treasury of David.’ The gift, I can assure you, is a most acceptable one. Often when at the homes of my brethren I have seen the work, and longed for its possession, deeming the desire however quite Utopian, seeing that the purchase of such books is altogether beyond the limit of my slender income. Ten years have elapsed since my return from _____, where for a long time I labored, and those years have been one long protracted struggle for bare existence. Blessed be *God*, that is not *all*; for if my tribulations have abounded, so also have my consolations, ‘Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.’ The Psalms of David are ever a tower of comfort to tried saints, and your honored husband’s work is to my mind the best book that I have seen, in that it brings out the marrow and fatness of the text. Again, I thank you most deeply and sincerely for the gift, as also for the good wishes by which it was accompanied.”

The foregoing letter (and, alas! I have hundreds like it) reminds me of a few sentences which I read the other day, translated from the German of Pastor Harms, of Hermannsburg. They are so quaint, and so much to the point, that I cannot resist quoting them. He says, speaking of a representative country minister in the “Fatherland,” “With temporal goods, however, this pastor is not specially well provided and, were it not that he has a living God in the heavens, he must many a time grow anxious and

dispirited, which, in truth, he does not always escape, as he himself humbly confesses. For if you have a small benefice, a large family, and a couple of children at school to boot, sometimes that gives even a believer the headache; though, indeed, there is no need for that, were faith but strong and prayer simple enough.”

The two letters which follow are from a “Methodist” preacher and a “Baptist” minister, both being charming expressions of a glad and grateful heart. When I receive such epistles I always wish they could be passed round to every kind friend who has contributed to the “Fund,” that they might catch glimpses of the abounding happiness which they thus bestow on others.

“My dear Mrs. Spurgeon, — The parcel containing four vols. of ‘Treasury of David’ arrived all safe yesterday. I had been rejoicing over my good fortune in getting as I supposed, one volume of Mr. Spurgeon’s great work; but the receipt of such a gift was a surprise for which I was wholly unprepared. I am entirely at a loss to express all I feel respecting such kindness; but I beg to offer my heart’s deepest gratitude, and my earnest prayers that heaven’s richest blessings may come down upon yourself and upon all through whose disinterested generosity you are able to carry on such a work of love.

“This is a gift indeed! May God help me to use it for his glory. One may, I think, justly feel proud of having four such volumes in his library, and the aid they will afford in my work no one can fully realize but myself. Probably there are hundreds of grateful hearts lifted up from day to day in prayer for yourself and your indefatigable husband; if my feeble prayers can be of any possible advantage, most gladly will I pray daily that in your affliction the Lord will impart a large measure of his soothing grace, that your soul may always be filled with the brightness and peace of the Savior’s presence, and that you may long be spared to continue the noble enterprise, which has already sent relief, joy, and light into hundreds of homes, and brought blessings into probably thousands of minds.”

“Madam, — The very handsome present which you have so kindly sent me (Mr. Spurgeon’s ‘Treasury of David’ four vols.) arrived quite safely about half-an-hour ago. It has come upon me as a pleasant surprise, for your kindness has much exceeded my expectations. I thought you might send me one volume — I never even hoped, so far as I remember, for more than two; and yet here are the whole *four*! A valuable present, truly, in more

senses than one. I have already been tasting its quality with relish, and feel certain that I shall find it, as you kindly wish, ‘a treasure indeed.’ Thank you very, very, very much for it; and for your letter with all the kindness of heart which it reveals. Whatever may be the needs and privations of some village pastors, you, at all events, are trying to minister to their joy, and to make them more efficient in the service of the Master. And you know, without my suggesting it, that he will give reward. Again I thank you with earnestness which increases as I continue to look into the volumes.”

The Book Fund has received this year some splendid additions as gifts, to its stores of works by other authors, and I have rejoiced greatly to have at my disposal such standard volumes of divinity as the works of the sainted brothers Haldane, Dr. Hodge, and others. But the fact becomes more and more evident to me every day that *unless already possessed of the “Treasury of David,”* our pastors look upon no other volumes as *my* gift with *complete* satisfaction, and that in applying to me for books they fix their heart’s desire upon the “Treasury” or the “Sermons” as the “*summum bonum*” of their happiness. And I think this is very natural and very proper, so long as the management of the Book Fund rests entirely in these feeble hands; but I trust that some day when all the churches, awoken to a sense of the urgent need there is that “the poor minister’s bookshelf” should have plenty of books upon it, many a noble volume, both ancient and modern, will take its place beside the “Treasury of David.”

As to old books which sometimes come to me troublously fast, I am obliged to smuggle them in with the coveted works of my dear husband, and but a very faint echo of any welcome they receive ever reaches my ear. I really fear that some people think that *anything* in the *shape of a book* will do for a minister, or they would scarcely send such things as “Advice to Wives and Mothers,” “Essays on Marriage,” or “Letters to a Son” as aids to pulpit preparation!

On looking over the list of contributors for last year, I find a falling away of *some* old friends, which somewhat grieves me, for the work is more deeply needed than ever. The famine is sore in the land — not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but a deeply felt and widespread need of mental food, by those under shepherds who have to “feed the flock of God” and I had hoped that all the friends who had so generously aided me at the commencement of my work would have “continued with me.” To the *many* who have done so I tender my most heartfelt thanks: “God bless

you,” dear friends, and return into your own bosom some of the joy, and gladness, and gratitude with which you have filled mine. New friends, too, are cordially welcomed to cooperation in the blessed work, and every gift that comes for the Book Fund is offered to the Lord as a sacrifice of thanksgiving. I am just now rejoicing over the fact that the Lord has inclined the heart of a dear friend to whom I am already greatly indebted to give me a large donation for the purpose of supplying all the Presbyterian ministers in Argyleshire with the “Treasury of David,” and I have another sum of money given by one who is a great sufferer, set apart for the distribution of the same precious volumes in Ireland. So, for the next few months, dear friends, you may know that the “work of the Book Fund” will be in the full swing of business, and I pray you to remember that you can truly and tenderly help me by asking the Lord to set the seal of his blessing on every book sent out. Does any one care to know that my lovely lemon tree is in vigorous health and perfect beauty? I have not dared to count its leaves lately, because I feel it has far outstripped the proportions with which my fancy fettered it; yet I never look upon it or think about it without blessing God for making it grow so wonderfully in my sick room that winter, where it heralded, and illustrated, helped forward, and finally became the emblem of the “Book Fund.”

“I NEVER CARED FOR THEIR SOULS.”

A REMINISCENCE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A MINISTER will never, I should think, forget his earliest converts. He lives to see hundreds begotten unto God by his means, but of these who were the children of his youth he still treasures delightful memories, for are they not his firstborn, his might, and the beginning of his strength? I can recall at this moment, though a quarter of a century has passed, the form of an elderly woman who had found peace with God through my youthful ministry, and especially do I recollect her wail of woe as she told of the days of her ignorance, and the consequent godless bringing up of her children. Her words were somewhat as follows, and I write them down for the good of mothers who labor hard out of love to their dear ones, and provide them with all necessaries for this life, but never think of the life to come. “Oh, sir,” said she, “I should be quite happy now, only I have one sore trouble which keeps me very low. I am so sad about my children. I

was left with eight of them, and I worked hard at the wash-tub, and in other ways, morning, noon, and night, to find bread for them. I did feed and clothe them all, but I am sure I don't know how. I had to deny myself often both in food and clothing, and times were very hard with me. Nobody could have slaved worse than I did to mend and clean and keep a roof over our heads. I cannot blame myself for any neglect about their bodies; but as to their souls, I never cared about my own, and of course I never thought of theirs. Two of them died. I dare not think about them. God has forgiven me, but I can't forget my sin against my poor dears; I never taught them a word which could be of any use to them, poor dears. The others are all alive, but there is not one of them in the least religious. How could they be when they saw how their mother lived? It troubles me more a good deal than all the working for them ever did; for I'm afraid they are going down to destruction, and *all through their cruel mother.*"

Here she burst into tears, and I pitied her so much that I said I hardly thought she was *cruel*, for she was in ignorance, and would never intentionally have neglected anything for her children's good. "Don't excuse me," said she, "for if I had used my common sense I might have known that my children were not like the sheep and the horses which die, and there's an end of them. I never thought about it at all, or I might have known better; and I feel that I was a cruel mother never to have considered their souls at all. They are all worldly, and none of them goes to a place of worship, year in and year out. I never took them there, and how can I blame them?"

"As soon as I was converted I went down to my eldest son, who has a large family, and I told him what the Lord had done for me, and entreated him to come here with me to the services; but he said he wondered what next, and he had no time. When I pleaded hard with him he said he was sure I meant well, but 'it was no go' — he liked his Sunday at home too well to go to hear parsons. You know, sir, you can't bend a tree; I ought to have bent the twig when I could have done it. Oh, if I had led him to the house of God when he was little! He would have gone then, for he loved his mother, and so he does now, but not enough to go where I want him. So, you see, I can do nothing with my son now. I was a cruel mother, and let the boy go into the fields or the streets when he should have been in the Sunday-school. Oh, that I could have my time back again, and have them all around me as little ones, and teach them about my blessed Savior. They are all beyond me now. What can I do?"

She sat down and wept bitterly, and I heartily wish all unconverted mothers could have seen her and heard her lamentations. It was very pleasant to know that she was saved herself, and to see in her very sorrow the evidence of her genuine repentance; but still the evil which she lamented is a very terrible one, and might well demand a life of mourning. Young mother, do not, as you love your babe, suffer it to grow up without divine instruction. But what am I saying, — how can you teach your child if you do not know the Lord Jesus yourself? May the good Lord lead you to give your heart to Jesus at once, and then you will train your dear little ones for heaven.

PULPITS. ^{f5}

PULPITS hate much to answer for in having made men awkward. What horrible inventions they are! If we could once abolish them we might say concerning them as Joshua did concerning Jericho — “Cursed be he that buildeth this Jericho,” for the old-fashioned pulpit has been a greater curse to the churches than is at first sight evident. No barrister would ever enter a pulpit to plead a case at the bar. How could he hope to succeed while buried alive almost up to his shoulders? The client would be ruined if the advocate were thus imprisoned. How manly, how commanding is the attitude in which Chrysostom is usually represented! Forgetting his robes for the moment, one cannot but feel that such a natural posture is far more worthy of sublime truth than that of a person crouching over a sheet of paper, looking up very occasionally, and then revealing no more than his head and shoulders. Austin in his *Chironomia* ^{f6} very properly says, “Freedom is also necessary to gracefulness of action. No gestures can be graceful, which are either confined by external circumstances, or restrained by the mind. If a man were obliged to address an assembly from a narrow window, through which he could not extend his arms and his head, it would be in vain for him to attempt graceful gesture. Confinement in every lesser degree must be proportionally injurious to grace; thus the crowded bar is injurious to the action of the advocate, and the enclosed and bolstered pulpit, which often cuts off more than half of his figure, is equally injurious to the graceful action of the preacher.”

The late Thomas Binney was unable to endure a platform, and was known to fetch gowns and other materials to hang over the rails of an open

rostrum, if he found himself placed in one; this must have arisen solely from the force of habit, for there can be no real advantage in being enclosed in a wooden pen. This feeling will no doubt retain the close pulpit in its place for a while longer, but in ages to come men will find an argument for the divinity of our holy faith in the fact that it survived pulpits.

Ministers cannot be blamed for ungainly postures and attitudes when only a very small part of their bodies can be seen during a discourse. If it was the custom to preach as Paul did at Athens public speakers would become models of propriety, but when the usual method is modeled upon our woodcut of "The Reverend Dr. Paul preaching in London" we cannot marvel if the ungainly and the grotesque abound. By the way, it is interesting to note that Raphael in his representation of Paul at Athens evidently had in his mind the apostle's utterance, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with man's hands": hence he delineates him as lifting his hands. I am indebted for this hint to G. W. Hervey, M.A., who has written a very able and comprehensive "System of Rhetoric." ^{F7}

Remarkable are the forms which pulpits have assumed according to the freaks of human fancy and folly. Twenty years ago they had probably reached their very worst. What could have been their design and intent it would be hard to conjecture. A deep wooden pulpit of the old sort might well remind a minister of his mortality, for it is nothing but a coffin set on end: but on what rational ground do we bury our pastors alive? Many of these erections resemble barrels, others are of the fashion of egg cups and wine glasses; a third class were evidently modeled after corn bins upon four legs; and yet a fourth variety can only be likened to swallows' nests stuck upon the walls. Some of them are so high as to turn the heads of the occupants when they dare to peer into the awful depths below them, and they give those who look up to the elevated preacher for any length of time a crick in the neck. I have felt like a man at the mast-head while perched aloft in these "towers of the flock." These abominations are in themselves evils, and create evils.

While I am upon pulpits I will make a digression, and remark for the benefit of deacons and churchwardens that; I frequently notice in pulpits a most abominable savor of gas, which evidently arises from leakage in the gas-pipes, and is very apt to make a preacher feel half intoxicated, or to

sicken him. We ought to be spared this infliction. Frequently, also, a large lamp is placed close to each side of the minister's head, thus cramping all his movements and placing him between two fires. If any complaints are made of the hot-headedness of our ministers, it is readily to be accounted for, since the apparatus for the purpose is arranged with great care. Only the other night, I had the privilege, when I sat down in the pulpit, to feel as if some one had smitten me on the top of my head, and as I looked up there was an enormous argand burner with a reflector placed immediately above me, in order to throw a light on my Bible: a very considerate contrivance no doubt, only the inventor had forgotten that his burners were pouring down a terrible heat upon a sensitive brain. One has no desire to experience an artificial *coup de soleil* while preaching; if we must suffer from such a calamity let it come upon us during our holidays, and let it befall us from the sun himself. No one in erecting a pulpit seems to think of the preacher as a man of like feelings and senses with other people; the seat upon which you are to rest at intervals is often a mere ledge, and the door-handle runs into the small of your back, while when you stand up and would come to the front there is often a curious gutta-percha bag interposed between you and your pulpit. This gummy depository is charitably intended for the assistance of certain deaf people, who are I hope benefited; they ought to be, for every evil should have a compensating influence. You cannot bend forward without forcing this contrivance to close up, and I for my own part usually deposit my pocket-handkerchief in it, which causes the deaf people to take the ends of the tubes out of their ears and to discover that they hear me well enough without them.

No one knows the discomfort of pulpits except the man who has been in very many, and found each one worse than the last. They are generally so deep that a short person like myself can scarcely see over the top of them, and when I ask for something to stand upon they bring me a hassock. Think of a minister of the gospel poisoning himself upon a hassock while he is preaching: a Boanerges and a Blondin in one person. It is too much to expect us to keep the balance of our minds and the equilibrium of our bodies at the same time. The tipplings up, and overturnings of stools and hassocks which I have had to suffer while preaching rush on my memory now, and revive the most painful sensations. Surely we ought to be saved such petty annoyances, for their evil is by no means limited by our discomfort; if it were so, it would be of no consequence: but, alas! these little things often throw the mind out of gear, disconnect our thoughts, and

trouble our spirit. We ought to rise superior to such trifles, but though the spirit truly is willing the flesh is weak. It is marvelous how the mind is affected by the most trifling matters: there can be no need to perpetuate needless causes of discomfort. Sydney Smith's story shows that we are not alone in our tribulation. "I can't bear," said he, "to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation — to fire into them. The common people say I am a *bould preacher*, for I like to have my arms free, and to thump the pulpit. A singular *contretemps* happened to me once, when, to effect this, I had ordered the clerk to pile up some hassocks for me to stand on. My text was, 'We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed' I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when I did so practically, and in a way I had not at all anticipated. My fabric of hassocks suddenly gave way; down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well, and recovered their gravity sooner than I could have expected."

But I must return to my subject, and I do so by repeating the belief that boxed-up pulpits are largely accountable for the ungainly postures which some of our preachers assume when they get out of their cages and are loose upon a platform. They do not know what to do with their legs and arms, and feel awkward and exposed, and hence drop into ridiculous attitudes. When a man has been accustomed to regard himself as an "animated bust" he feels as if he had become too long when he is made to appear at full length.

AN EARNEST WARNING AGAINST UNBELIEF.

NO. 3217

A SERMON PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY,
SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1910,

DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

“And to whom swear he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not? So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief. — Hebrews 3:18, 19.

ALL the histories of Scripture are written for our ensamples, but especially the story of the Israelites in the wilderness, which is given to us at a length far exceeding the value of the narrative except it be intended for purposes of spiritual instruction; for it occupies four books of the Old Testament, and those by no means short ones. These things were written that we might see ourselves in the Israelites as in a glass, and so might be warned of dangers common to us and to them, and be guided to a worthier use of the privileges which we enjoy. Always read Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy with this view, — “This is the story of the church of God in the wilderness: I would see how God dealt with them and how they dealt with him, and from this learn lessons that may be useful to me in my own pilgrimage to the eternal rest.”

The great promise which was given to Israel was Canaan, that choice land which God had of old allotted to them. “When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel.” He made Palestine to be the center of worship, the joy of all lands, the seat of his oracle, and the place of his abode. In the wilderness, the tribes were journeying towards this country, and it was a very short distance from Egypt, so that, they “might almost at once have taken possession of the land,” and yet it “cost them forty years’ traveling. If you trace their journeyings, you will see that they ran a perpetual zigzag, backward and forward, to the right and to the left. Sometimes they were actually journeying away from the promised rest, plunging into the deeps of the howling wilderness; and all, we are told, because of their unbelief. The land itself flowed with milk and honey: it was a land of brooks and rivers, a land upon the surface of which all choice fruits would grow, and out of whose bowels they could dig copper and iron. It was the choicest of all lands, and will yet again become so when there is an end of the accursed rule which now makes it desolate. Once more, under decent, settled rule, and properly irrigated, it will again bloom, and become such a country as all the world besides cannot match. This was the promised land, and into it they were to enter, and therein to multiply and increase as the stars of

heaven, and to be a nation of kings and priests unto God. But “they could not enter in because of unbelief.” This alone shut them out.

Brethren, Canaan is a type to us of the great and goodly things of the covenant of grace which belong to believers; but if we have no faith, we cannot possess a single covenant blessing. This day, in the proclamation of the gospel, the demand is made of faith in God; and if there be no faith, no matter how rich the gospel, how full its provisions, and how precious the portion which God hath prepared, none of us can ever enter into the enjoyment of them.

Some of you, because of unbelief, have not entered into the rest which God giveth to his people even here below (“for we which have believed do enter into rest;”) and into the rest which remaineth, the blessed *Sabbath* of the skies, you will not be able to enter because of unbelief. This pains and troubles me, but so it is. Moses wrote a mournful Psalm which began, “Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations,” and then he went on to weep and bewail the transitory nature of man’s estate. He wrote it while he was seeing forty funerals, at the least, every day, for it required an average of forty deaths per diem to carry off all the people that came out of Egypt in the forty years. Their days were spent in bewailing the dead so that it was true of them as it is not true of us, “All our days are passed away in thy wrath.” They had to mourn and sigh, with Canaan but a little way ahead. They might have been laughing in its glades, sunning themselves in its plains, feasting on its figs and grapes and corn; but, instead there they were pining and dying, digging graves and expiring, for they could not enter in because of unbelief.” Many, many, many this day are tormenting themselves with needless despondency, shivering in fears they need not know, and vexed with plagues they need not feel, because they fail to rest in Christ through unbelief. Alas, myriads more are descending into the lake, that burneth with fire, and know no rest, and never shall know any! For them the harps of angels never sound, for them the white robes are not prepared, because the unbelieving must have their portion in the fiery lake. Oh, that God would now deliver them from this dreadful sin of unbelief!

I have only three remarks to make, and the first is, that *these were a highly-favored people, yet they could not enter in because of unbelief*; secondly, that *the sole and only thing, according to the text, which shut them out was unbelief*; and that, thirdly, *there were other people, their own*

sons and daughters, who, being delivered from this unbelief, did enter in. That must have made the case more clear against them, because their little ones, who they said should be prey, were nevertheless permitted each one to stand in his lot. God's purpose was not frustrated because of man's unbelief. "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself."

I. First, then, THESE WERE A HIGHLY-FAVORED PEOPLE, YET THEY COULD NOT ENTER IN BECAUSE OF UNBELIEF.

Mark you, this was not said of Egyptians Amorites, Philistines; no, it was said of Israelites who occupied the position of those who, in the New Testament, are called the "children of the kingdom", many of whom will be cast out. These are the persons to whom it may be truly said, "Be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." The dust of the feet of God's servants will be shaken off against you, but yet you have heard the message of mercy, and you have been as highly-favored as Bethsaida and Chorazin when they heard the word which, through its rejection, wrought for them a more intolerable doom.

Now, think of it. *These Israelites had seen great wonders wrought.* These men were in Egypt during those marvelous plagues. What times to live in, when they heard of miracle after miracle, peals of God's great thunder when he made his storm to beat about the head of proud Pharaoh! These men had seen the waters turned into blood, and the fish floating dead upon the stream; they had seen the murrain on the cattle, and the great hailstones which destroyed the harvest. They had been in the light when all the Egyptians were in the darkness that might be felt. They had seen the plagues of locusts and of lice, and all the terrors of the Lord, when Jehovah took arrow after arrow out of his quiver, and shot them against the hard heart of Pharaoh. They had all eaten of the paschal lamb on that dread night when Egypt wept sore because the chief of all their strength had been smitten in all the dwellings of the sons of Ham. They had gone out with their kneading-troughs in haste to escape from the land of bondage, brought forth with a high hand and an outstretched arm. These very men had been with Moses when Pharaoh pursued them, and when that lifted rod affrighted the Red sea, and Israel found an open channel where of old the waves had perpetually rolled. They had marched through the depths as through the wilderness; and they had seen the eager waters leap back again into their place, and drown all Egypt's chivalry. They had heard the song of

Miriam, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Yet "they could not enter in because of unbelief."

And, oh, brethren, there are some among you who have seen great marvels wrought by God! You have known the gift of his dear Son, so as to be assured of the fact, and to see it with your mind's eye, though you have not believed unto salvation. You know what God has wrought for his people, you know how he delivered them, and saved them by the blood of his Son. You have been present when the power of the Lord has swept through the audience as the wind sweeps through the forest, and breaks the cedars of Lebanon. You have known the mighty works which God has done in the midst of the congregation, and your eyes have seen them, and your fathers have also told you of the wondrous things which he did in their day and in the old time before them; and yet, with all this before you, and your mother in heaven, and your sister in the church of God, and your friends saved, you yourselves cannot enter in because of unbelief. Ah! the Lord will not have mercy upon you because of what you have seen, for so much light is but an aggravation of the guilt of your unbelief; and, instead of pleading in your favor, it demands justice on those that believe not after all they have seen.

To these Israelites great things had been revealed, for during their sojourn in the wilderness, they had been scholars in a gracious school. You yourselves have marveled that they did not learn more. What glorious marchings those, were through the wilderness, when the mountains saw thee, O God, and they trembled, when Sinai was altogether on a smoke! To what other people did God ever speak as he spake to them? To whom did he give the tablets of divine command, written with his own mysterious pen? Where else did he dwell between the cherubim, and shine forth with glorious majesty? Where else did he reveal himself in type and shadow, by priest and sacrifice and altar? Where else was heard so sweetly holy psalm and daily prayer? Where else smoked the morning and the evening lamb, God teaching by all these? And yet, when they heard, they did provoke; when they were taught, they refused to learn; when they were called, they went not after him. Their hearts were hardened, and they believed not the Lord their God.

We too, have enjoyed a clear revelation. We have heard the gospel more plainly than the Israelites ever did. This blessed book has more light in it

than Moses could impart, and the preaching of the gospel, where it is done affectionately and earnestly, and by the help of the Spirit of God, is a greater means of grace to the soul than all the sacred rites of the tabernacle. Shall it be with us as with them? "They could not enter in because of unbelief"; shall we labor under the same disability? Sharers in solemn feasts, and yet their carcasses fell in the wilderness! Partakers of countless blessings, favored with the light of God, and yet shut out from Jehovah's rest because they believed not! Will this be our portion also?

Remember also, that, *they were a people with whom God had great patience*. Has it ever struck you — the great patience which must have been exercised in forty years of provocation? I put it to any man here who has a good temper, and is very calm and cool, and singularly forgiving; how long could you stand provocation? Brother, if they did always provoke you intentionally, willfully, and repeatedly, how long could you bear it? Ah, you would not be *provoked* one-half so long as you think you would, without, at least, coming to blows. When Jesus said to his disciples that, if a brother should trespass against them seven times in a day, and seven times in a day should turn and say, "I repent," they should forgive him. The very next thing we read is that the apostles said to the Lord, "Increase our faith," as much as to say, "Flesh and blood can never attain to that Lord, thou must increase our faith if we are to do that." But *forty years' provocation*, what think you of that? Some men bear provocation well because they cannot return it, on the principle mentioned in Cowper's ballad, —

*"So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright."*

But when a man knows his power to end the provocation, and to deliver himself, he is not so slow to ease him of his adversary. See the gentleness of the Lord. Forty years is he provoked! One would have thought that, surely, in that time these people would turn and repent. Moses himself, I think, in the greatest agony of his prayer, could only have said, "Lord, give them twelve months in which they may mend their ways." That gracious intercessor who is mentioned in the parable of the fig-tree only said, "Let it alone this year also." That was all. But this was forty years! A fruitless tree standing for forty years! Why cumbereth it the ground? Oh, the stupendous mercy of God! But they could not enter into his rest after all. Will it be the same with you who have heard the gospel for many years? What is to

becomes of you? When so much patience is lost upon you, what, must happen next? I scarcely feel as if I could pity you, I seem as if I pitied God that he has borne your indifference so long as the only return for his great love. In what manner has he acted that you should so ungenerously treat him and continue still to provoke him? I fear it will ere long be said of you, “they could not enter in because of unbelief.”

Once more only on this point. *These people had also received great mercies.* It was not merely what they had seen, and what they had been taught, and the longsuffering they had enjoyed; but they had received very remarkable favors. They drank of the rock which followed them; and the manna fell every morning fresh from heaven for them. Men did eat angels’ food. They had a cloudy pillar to guide and shield them by day; and that same pillar at night became a light of fire, and so lit up the canvas city all night long. The Lord was a wall of fire round about them and a glory in their midst. Will you think, dear friend what God has done for you from your childhood until now? Mayhap you found yourself upon a mother’s lap, and she was singing of Jesus; and as you grew up, you dwelt in a family circle where that dear name was a household word. By-and-by, you were led to a godly teacher to be taught more about Jesus; and since then, you have heard from the pastor’s mouth a message which he tries to steep in love whenever he delivers it. Then think of the lord’s gracious providence. You have been fed and cared for. Perhaps you have been, brought very low, but you have had food and raiment. Others are pining in the workhouse and you have, probably, a competence, or you are in health, and are able to earn your livelihood, and in times of sickness, God hears you, and keeps you from death. You have been preserved incident, and here you are, kept alive with death so near. Will you not turn unto the Lord? For if not, he will not always spare you. Earth feels your weight too much for her, and almost asks God to let her open a grave for the wretch who refuses to love his Creator. Time itself is getting impatient of your sin, and hurrying on the hour when your allotted span will be over, and you will be forced into a dread eternity. O soul, soul, highly-favored as thou art, it seems so sad a thing that of thee it should be said, “*He* could not enter in,” or “*she* could not enter in” — “because of unbelief.”

II. And now a few words upon our second head. NOTHING BUT UNBELIEF SHUT THEM OUT. They could not enter in because of unbelief.”

It was not through great sin in other respects although they were a sinful people. God was ready to forgive them everything else but unbelief; and had they but been willing and obedient, the times of their ignorance he would have winked at. He had provided sacrifices on purpose to take away sins of ignorance, and multitudes of sins besides; but nothing takes away the sin of unbelief, so long as it remains in the heart. Ye must be believers, or the blood of Jesus Christ itself shall never be sprinkled upon you to your cleansing. However great your sins may have been, all manner of sin and iniquity shall be forgiven unto you if you believe. The greatness of his sin shall shut no men out of heaven; unbelief alone, will stop the way.

Neither, my dear brethren, *would their other evil tendencies have kept them out of Canaan*. God knew what they were. They had been a race of slaves in Egypt, and it is not easy for a nation long in bondage to rise to the dignity of freedom: the Israelites in the wilderness were people of a low type, much degraded by slavery, and God was therefore lenient with them. Many laws he did not make, because he knew they would not keep them; and there were some things which he permitted them which could not be permitted to us. “Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, permitted you to put away your wives,” said Jesus. The Lord was very gentle towards their moral weakness, and bore with them as a nurse with her children but when it came to unbelief, — a doubt of him who was so clearly God — a denial of his power, his faithfulness, his truth, then they were shut out of Canaan as with an iron gate.

My brethren, they were *not unbelieving from want of evidence*; yet they had not more than you have, because most of you have abundant evidence of the truth of the gospel. The Bible to you has been God’s Book from your childhood and you take its inspiration for granted and you are therefore inexcusable if you do not trust Christ. If a man’s skepticism includes a doubt of the existence of God, or the truth of Scripture, we will talk to him another time; but with most of you there are no such questionings, and the Lord Jesus might well demand of you, “If I tell you the truth, why do you not believe me?” If before the judgment seat of Christ a man shall be forced to confess, “I believe the Bible to be God’s Word,” I cannot imagine the apology which he can frame in his heart for not having believed in Jesus Christ. To you, then, there is no lack of evidence; and if you are shut out of heaven, your own willful unbelief must bear the blame.

The Israelites were *not unbelieving from want of encouragement* for as I have already shown you, the Lord sweetly encouraged them to believe in him by the great things he did for them, and by his gentle dealings day by day. Most of you have been gently persuaded and encouraged to trust in the Lord Jesus. How blessedly the word of God has worded its invitations so as to suit the timorousness of poor trembling sinners; and as a preacher I can honestly say that I lay out all my wits to think of truths which might cheer desponding souls! God, who abounded to me in all goodness and mercy is bringing me tenderly to his feet, has made me long after souls that I may bring them to him! If you have not believed, it has not been for want of invitations, and exhortations, and encouragements, and words of consolation. No, you will not be able to blame the Bible or the preacher; but unbelief of the most wanton kind will be chargeable upon you, and will shut you out of God's rest.

Nor would it have been true if the Israelites had said that they could not enter in because of difficulties. There was the Jordan before them, and when they entered the land, there were cities; walled to heaven, and giants before whom they felt like grasshoppers. Yes, but that did not hinder, for God divided the Jordan, made the walls of Jericho to fall flat to the ground, and sent the hornets before them to chase out the giants. Israel had little more to do than to go up and take the spoil.

Now, soul, there is no difficulty between you and eternal life which Christ either has not removed already or will not remove as you believe in him. As for your iniquities, when you believe, they are gone — the Jordan is divided. As for your inbred sins, he will surely drive them out little by little, when you believe in him. As for your old habits, which are like the high walls of the Canaanitish cities, they shall fall down at the sound of the ram's horns of faith. Only believe, and thou shalt enter into rest. Trust in God, and impossibilities shall vanish, and difficulties shall become a blessing to thee. Nothing hinders thee except, that *thou will not believe*; and if thou wilt not believe, neither shalt thou be established. "If ye believe not," says Christ, "that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light." This is the sin of which I pray the Spirit of God to convince you, "Of sin because they believe not on me."

III. The third head was that SOME DID ENTER IN. These were their own children, and I have been wondering whether, if I should preach in vain to a

whole generation of those who reject Christ, I might yet hope that their children would rise up to call the Redeemer blessed. Dear young man, do not follow in your unbelieving father's footsteps. Dear girl, do not imitate the indecision, the halting between two opinions, which you have seen in your mother. If her carcass must fall in the wilderness, there is no reason why yours should. Is it not a great mercy that the Lord does not reject us because of the sins of our fathers? Though you were a child of shame, yet you may be a child of graces; though your pedigree, were dishonorable, your end may be glorious. If the history of your ancestors is full of unbelief and rejection of the Lord, yet this need be no reason why you should perish with them.

Look at the effect of this upon the fathers, as they looked upon their sons, and said, "That boy of mine will have a house and home in the holy land, but I must die in the desert, That girl of mine will be among the merry wives that make joy in Eshcol, and that go up to the house of the Lord in Zion; but I must be buried in this waste of sand, for the Lord has sworn in his wrath that I shall not enter into his rest." Fathers and mothers, how do these things suit you? I am sure, if it were my lot to see my boys rejoicing in the Lord while I was myself an unbeliever, and could not enter in because of unbelief, I could not bear it. I could not bear it. How I wish that your children would entice you to Christ! I have known it happen by the influence of dear departing infants. Many a time, the Lord has caught a babe away from its mother's breast, to her grief at first, but to her salvation in the end. The shepherd could not get the sheep to follow till he took up its lamb, and carried it in his bosom, and then the mother would go wherever he liked. Perhaps the Lord has done that with some of you on purpose that you may follow him. Do you want him to come, and take another little one? Ah, he may, for he loves you! If one is not enough, he may take another, till at last you follow the Shepherd's call. If you will not follow Jesus you cannot enter where your babes have gone. Mother, you shall not see the heavenly field wherein your little lambs are resting; you are divided from them, for ever. Unbelieving father, you cannot follow your sons; your believing offspring are with God, but you must be cast out from his presence. Can you endure this?

O impenitent sinner, do you not know that God's purpose shall not be frustrated? If *you* will not have Christ, others will. If you will not come to the banquet of his love, he will gather the wanderers and the outcasts, for his wedding shall be furnished with guests. As surely as the Lord liveth,

Christ shall not die in vain. Heaven shall not be empty, and the sacred orchestra of the skies shall not lack musicians. If you count yourselves unworthy, others whom you have despised shall be welcomed to the feast of love. Harlots and outcasts, his mighty grace will save, and you, the children of the kingdom, shall be cast into outer darkness, where weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth are heard. Can you bear it? Can you bear to think of it? If *you* can, I cannot. When I think of any of my hearers perishing I feel like Hagar when she could not help her child, and therefore laid him under the bushes, and went away saying "Let me not see the death of the child!" One of you lost! One of you lost! It is too much for me to think of! Yet to many of you the gospel has been preached in vain, for the bearing of it has not been mixed with faith. The Lord have mercy upon you!

To me it is especially appalling that a man should perish through willfully rejecting the divine salvation. A drowning man throwing away the lifebelt, a poisoned man pouring the antidote upon the floor a wounded man tearing open his wounds: any one of these is a sad sight, but what, shall we say of a soul putting from it the Redeemer, and choosing its own destruction? O souls, be warned and forbear from eternal suicide. There is still the way of salvation "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." To believe is to trust. I met with one the other night, who had imbibed the notion that saving faith was simply to believe that the doctrines of the Word of God and the statements therein made are true. Now faith includes that, but it is much more. You may believe all this Book to be true, and be lost notwithstanding your belief. You must so believe it as to act upon it by trusting. "Trust what?" say you. Let us alter the question before we answer it. "Trust whom?" You have to trust in a living person, in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died as the Substitute for those who trust him, and lives to see that those whom he bought with blood are also redeemed from their sins by power, and brought home to heaven. Trust Jesus Christ, soul. Have done with yourself as your confidence, and commit your soul unto the keeping of the faithful Redeemer.

Have you done so? Then, even if the clock has not ticked once since you believed in Jesus Christ, you are as surely saved as if you had been at saint these twenty years, for he that believeth in him is not condemned. This declaration makes no stipulation as to time. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." "He that believeth and is

baptized shall be saved.” God grant that you may obey the heavenly precept, for Jesus Christ’s sake! Amen.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Reading Covers for Spurgeon’s Sermons. Passmore and Alabaster.

FRIENDS who wish to keep their sermons clean can have very neat cases for them for one shilling. These covers are really very useful articles.

Northern Lights: Pen and Pencil Sketches of Modern Scottish Worthies. By Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

IT was a happy thought to gather together a number of memoirs of great Scotchmen under so brilliant a title; and it somewhat amuses us that our Wesleyan friends should have carried it out. What can be more pleasant than to see Arminians gazing upon Calvinists with admiration, and regarding them as “northern lights”? This is as it should be. Here we have miniatures of Sir Andrew Agnew and Sir James Brewster, Chalmers and Irving, the Haldanes, Guthrie, James Hamilton, and many others. The style of the writing is by no means first-class, but as a whole the book is of the right sort, and the more of its class the better. We have given our readers the life of David Sandeman as a specimen.

The Atonement in its Relations to the Covenant, the Priesthood, and the Intercession of our Lord. By HUGH MARTIN, D.D. Edinburgh: Lyon and Gemmell.

SOMETHING like theology. We wish our young divines would feed upon such meat as this, and we should hear no more of the modern sham redemption. Dr. Martin teaches a real substitution, and an efficient atonement, and has no sympathy with Robertson, and those of his school. We thank God for Scotland, and trust that she will ever nurse for us a host of sturdy Calvinists, for whom the boastful schemes of the “modern thought” men will have no charms. We are that told many Free Church ministers are going over to the Broad School, but we do not believe it, and will not till we have far more evidence than at present.

Israel in Canaan under Joshua and the Judges. By ALFRED EDERSHEIM, D.D., Phil. D. Religious Tract Society.

DR. EDERSHEIM is producing a series of Bible Histories, of which this is the third volume. Each one is complete in itself, and replete with information and godly uses. To Sabbath-school teachers and junior students of the word of God these works will supply much important instruction. Few authors possess so much knowledge of Jewish manners and modes of expression, and with none may the orthodox feel more safe than with the worthy doctor.

The Evangelistic Hymn Book. Compiled for J. Manton Smith and Alfred J. Clarke. With a prefatory note by C. H. SPURGEON. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR two evangelists will use this collection of one hundred and forty hymns, and we hope others will use it too. We believe it to be one of the cheapest hymn-books extant, and one of the best. It contains good doctrinal hymns as well as the popular pieces used at revival meetings; and we beg our friends who are holding special services to try it before they purchase others. The profits will go to our evangelistic enterprise, which will be costly and needs all the help we can obtain. The hymns are choice and the variety great: our esteemed brother, Mr. Charlesworth, made the selection and executed it with great pains.

Poems, Lectures, and Miscellanies. By ADAM B. TODD. Edinburgh: John Forsyth, Guthrie Street.

FARMERS in Scotland are often well-read, literary men, and we suppose that along the Border there are more minor poets among them than in any other region. Mr. Todd writes in a very capital style, with much poetic feeling. His work is not quite in our line of things, nor could we endorse all he says, but we doubt not that many will while away an hour pleasantly with his poems and lectures.

Commentary on the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes. By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. Translated from the German, by Rev. M. G. EASTON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS work, like most of Messrs. Clark's series, is intended for scholarly readers, and if any others should purchase it they would make but little out of it. We have given elsewhere an extract from Dr. Delitzsch's introduction to the Song of Songs: his theory commends itself to us far more than any other we have seen, though we think that its first, and not its second subject, is the love of Christ and his church. The Commentary is mainly

critical, and though dry, as nearly all German works are, it is sound, and likely to be of great assistance in discovering the literal sense. It is pleasing to know that evangelical teaching is now in the ascendant in the German universities. Our learned English brethren will much value this exposition of Dr. Delitzsch.

The Martyr Graves of Scotland. Second Series. By the Rev. JOHN H. THOMSON. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

WE do not wonder that Mr. Thomson has issued a second series of papers describing his visit to the martyrs' graves: it must have been a pleasant occupation for him to travel to those sacred spots, and certainly his notes are full of interest to the lover of heroic memories. The materials which Mr. Thomson has gathered are usually taken from larger works of Scottish history, but his descriptive notes place these details in a more vivid form before the reader. On both sides of the Tweed this volume deserves to be widely read.

Seven Wonders of Grace. By C. H. SPURGEON. Being No. 2 of Spurgeon's Shilling Series. Passmore and Alabaster.

To set forth some of the "Wonders of Grace" this little book was prepared. Come, reader, and see the various characters upon which grace operates, and it may be, if you are unsaved, you will find here a something to arouse or to encourage you.

Pendower: a Story of Cornwall in the time of Henry the Eighth. By M. FILLEUL. T. Nelson and Sons.

POPISH persecutions in Cornwall are here worked up into a considerable volume, and those who give works of religious fiction to their young people will find this to be one of the best and safest.

Mariner Newman; a Voyage in the good ship "Glad Tidings" to the Promised Land. By DUNCAN MACGREGOR. Hodder and Stoughton.

TIME is a very precious commodity with us, or we should have given a lengthened notice of this evidently interesting allegory. For the present we are saving it for a season of quiet, when we can read it through and review it at length; which we should not purpose to do if we did not think very much of it. Our young readers especially will find here much that will instruct and at the same time gratify them. If half the talent wasted on

stories had been sanctified to nobler ends and spent as Mr. Macgregor has spent his, we should not, perhaps, have had more "Pilgrims" like Bunyan's, but we should have had a number of charming allegories.

NOTES.

THIS has been a vacation season, and we have shared in it and have therefore but few jottings for our memoranda; we are, however, right glad to have received a letter from Dublin as to our two evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith. The opening of the campaign looks well. Let us pray for increasing blessing.

"Dear Sir, — Messrs. Clarke and Smith, so recently delegated by your College to evangelistic work, are here amongst us. They have come at the instance of our 'United Services Committee' to hold a series of meetings in connection with a Tent Mission carried on each summer in our 'Liberties.' The 'Liberties' used to be the best part of our metropolis. In them wealth and religion had their abode. Weaving factories, gentlemen's residences, churches, and meeting-houses abounded. For a century, however, the locality has been steadily degenerating, and as it has sunk in the social scale it has passed more and more into Romish hands. It saddens a visitor to see all through this district, amid its present misery and barbarism, the relics of a vanished civilization. Large houses apportioned to several poor families, yet still bearing expensive carvings and adornments indicative of 'the pride of former days.' The narrow streets where lived the Huguenot Latouches, Lefroy, Delacherois are now out of the circulation of the city's traffic, and almost blocked up with stalls for old clothes, furniture, vegetables, fish, meat, etc. Here the stench on a hot day, or after a sudden shower, is sometimes dreadful. It is this locality which gives Dublin its sad pre-eminence on the mortuary list. The Coombe and its adjoining streets and lanes are the St. Antoine of our city. Squalor, ignorance, drunkenness, and the crassest superstition abound. To evangelize this district, to cause the pure stream of the water of the River of Life to flow through its purlieu, is the problem of Dublin Christianity. And a door of hope is still left; for while Romanism has almost entirely possessed this neighborhood, yet there are some spots in its very heart still conserved to Protestantism. On one of these rises annually the snowy awning of a commodious Gospel Tent. Here Messrs. Clarke and Smith have resolved to minister in speech and song.

“These brethren arrived on Saturday, the 7th instant, and, though scarcely recovered from the nausea of a rough passage, presented themselves that evening at the preliminary workers’ meeting. It was large and enthusiastic. Mr. Smith and Mr. Clarke, each in his department, cheered the audience to the onset. On Sunday they both conducted the valedictory services in the Metropolitan Hall: this structure — dear to Dublin Christians as the scene of many blessed seasons during ‘59 and ‘60, and also, as the common religious center of our city — is to come down to make way for buildings in connection with the Y. M. C. A. Your evangelists awoke up its old walls to their final echoes by earnest commendation of Him, the ‘Wonderful.’ In the evening, at a numerously attended young men’s meeting, Mr. Clarke impressively pointed out the blessings of forgiveness. On Monday, the 9th instant, Mr. Clarke addressed the Monday meeting, and Mr. Smith sang with much effect, ‘Waiting and Watching.’ They started that afternoon for Bray to hold ‘a week of meetings.’ Bray is a popular watering place situated in our beautiful Wicklow. The meeting on that evening was so interesting that it was thought advisable to appoint a noon prayer-meeting in the town. Both noon and evening meetings increased in numbers and interest as the time went on. Many instances of impression and usefulness were mentioned. Take an example — a lady observed a stranger girl at the hotel where she was stopping. She brought her to the meeting. On returning she had some earnest conversation with her *protege* on the subjects Mr. Clarke had been pressing.

“Soon after she bade her adieu for the night. During the night she was summoned to see the person in whom she had taken such an interest, and found her truly anxious. Prayerfully and perseveringly she pointed her to the Atoning Sacrifice, and in the brightening of that summer dawn there is reason to believe that a sinner became “a child of light and of the day.” It is said that some who wished to hear the preaching, but dreaded its being known, got stowed away into a small recess before the audience gathered, and remained there within earshot till all was over. Friday’s meeting was the last. About three hundred were present. The lingering groups and affectionate and oft-repeated farewells attested the interest all felt in our brethren’s labors. ‘God bless you, sir, and we wish you had been staying with us longer,’ said a poor woman to Mr. Clarke at the terminus, and this was the general sentiment.

“Next evening (Saturday, 14th) they came once more to Dublin. The Bray meetings had been but a preliminary skirmish. The special conflict was to

come off in the 'Liberties.' Brother Smith met his choir at eight o'clock. Then, when all had been arranged, with what solicitude the workers looked forward to the first service. The Lord's Day came, but what a day! Rain pouring and incessant. Scarcely a churchgoer to be seen. A cab here and there, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, of Dublin mud. About half-past three about one dozen people were under the dripping canvas of the tent, and the service commenced at four. A prayer-meeting is held, asking the Lord to encourage the evangelists under the depressing circumstance. We have scarcely risen from our knees when the crowds begin to pour in, and soon after the hour for commencing the tent is nicely filled — about eight hundred being present. Mr. Clarke spoke of Jesus as the hiding place, the covert, and the rivers of water. Mr. Smith gave "Sweetly Resting" as a solo, and thus concluded a most orderly and attentive meeting — an excellent augury of a successful campaign. In the evening the evangelists both addressed the young men's meeting. The unusually hearty singing of the hymn, "Only Trust Him," showed the presence of a good spirit in the audience. Now Messrs. Clarke and Smith have really entered on the tug of war. There are meetings of some sort for every day for the next three weeks. May the Lord's people support them in prayer.

"Yours truly,

"R. K. ECCLES, M.D."

Since the letter arrived we see that the Romish newspapers have begun to abuse our brethren in the usual style, and we are greatly encouraged to hope that much good will come of the work. Merrion Hall is, we are informed, to be bought for £7,000. We never were so much tempted to wish that we were rich as on this occasion. If we could get this fine hall and supply it with our best men we might, under the divine blessing, build up a Baptist church in Dublin which would influence the whole of Ireland for good. It is ours to be willing, but when the means are not in our reach we can do no more, but must pray that some other of our Master's servants may be able to save the noble edifice and hold the fort.

COLPORTAGE. We have several times mentioned our great straits for capital for the Colportage, and explained that the increase of our colporteurs necessitated enlarged stock. We hoped that some few friends would have made up the £1,000 which we asked for our Lord's work, but this has not been done, and now we have even more men and the need is greater. What we asked for a year ago is not enough now; but we shall be glad of it as an

installment. Since we have left town we have had an offer from a generous helper in London to give one half of the £450 which is needed out of the £1,000, if other donors will give the rest. He will pay as others contribute. We thank this kind friend very much, and now leave the matter with the Master's stewards. We cannot carry on this work properly without means; it is a good and needful work, and it is as much the duty of other Christians to carry it on as it is ours, perhaps more, for we have enough of other service. Therefore we leave the case with those who have been entrusted with the means to help, and simply say — judge whether you should help or no, and act accordingly.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: By J. A. Spurgeon — June 21, fourteen; June 28, eighteen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

SEPTEMBER , 1877

SOME MEMORABLE CONVERSIONS.

THE account which Richard Baxter gives of his own conversion has often been quoted as a testimony to the power of good books. When Richard was about fifteen years of age a certain day laborer known to the family lent them "an old torn book" called "Bunny's Resolutions," and the reading of this became a means of enlightenment. What happened farther goes to show the value of colportage, though colporteurs as an organized band were not known in England until centuries afterwards. A peddler, whose pack contained some indifferent wares, as well as others of sterling merit, one day halted at the Baxters' house and sold a copy of Sibbes's "Bruised Reed." That book was the instrument used to confirm Richard in the faith: though, as is sometimes represented, it was not the means of his awakening. "The Bruised Reed" has in reality taken the honor due to the "old torn book" of the poor day laborer.

In the era of the Reformation it appears that educated men were frequently converted despite their former prejudices, if not in opposition to their prayers. Prince George of Anhalt was of this description; for after reading the books of Luther from mere curiosity, and not without inward misgivings as to his own weakness, he embraced the reformed faith and built up the church. Even more striking was the case of Vergerins, legate of the pope in Germany, and whose eminent services to the Roman see "His Holiness" purposed to reward with a cardinal's hat. There were those about the court, however, who counseled a becoming caution; for having been so long absent from the center of orthodoxy, some suspected that Vergerius at least smelled of Lutheranism. On learning how matters stood the ecclesiastic was more than a little chagrined, being conscious of his own integrity and devotion to the church. He resolved to prove his sincerity by writing down the Reformation, in a book to be entitled "Against the Apostate Germans," and he retired to a suitable retreat for that purpose. He set himself industriously to work at the task of reading

the books of the enemy, but this reading was blessed to his conversion. He went to his brother to tell him what had occurred, and that brother likewise renounced popery. They both of them became zealous preachers and pillars in the Protestant church.

A Turk, who was baptized at St. Paul's church in Covent Garden, in 1658, under the new name of Richard Christophilus, owed his conversion to a singular train of circumstances, which plainly showed the leading of Providence. At Constantinople he had served the Porte in a high official station, and by embracing Christianity he became liable to such torture and death as are characteristic of the Turkish rule. It happened that he had a slave who was a devout Christian, and this man could not be prevented by any of the ill-usage to which he was subjected from pressing upon his master the claims of the gospel. Though again and again repulsed, this procedure was at length successful; a breach was made in the great man's Mahomedan bigotry, and he began to suspect that Christ was the Messiah and the prophet of Islam an impostor. At once resigning every brilliant prospect in life, he fled to Paris; but after seeking instruction at the hands of the Romish priests the fugitive felt disappointed, thinking that if such things were the doctrines of Christ there was some reason to return to Constantinople. Hearing that there were other sections of the church in the city the poor man determined to find them, and thus he was instructed in the truth by the Protestant pastors during a space of six weeks. He soon became happy in the faith, and renounced the abominations of Islam before the congregations of the church in London, where he was received into communion.

The Puritans believed that persons might be brought into paths of righteousness by severe dealing. An atheist, and a profane swearer, named White, was said to have been converted through seeing the devil at his bedside in the form of "a great ugly man," whose smile was more repulsive than his frown. He was one of those commonplace boors who look upon hell and demons as names invented by interested parsons, and only by a terrible vision of the night was he cured of his illiterate belief.

A beautiful story illustrative of some of the very finest traits of the Christian character belongs to the family of Sergeant Granvil. The sergeant had two sons, and unfortunately the elder, on whom it was hoped the estate might be conferred, was a fast liver, and he promised soon to squander in waste and riot the property of which he was utterly unworthy.

As neither entreaty nor threatenings sufficed to bring about a reformation the father at last, in self-defense, settled the inheritance on the younger brother, who was of a more tractable disposition. After the good father's death the youthful renegade sat down to meditate on his folly: he grew melancholy, but at length, perceiving that he had forfeited an earthly estate, he determined to lay hold on a better inheritance in heaven. The brother beheld the change with admiration, the evidences of its reality being quite convincing. Soon afterwards the friends of the family were invited to a great feast, at which the rejoicings suddenly took an unexpected turn. A dish was placed before the elder brother, and this on being uncovered was found to hold a pile of deeds transferring the whole of the property into his possession. The younger intimated that in so acting he had only done what their father would have done had he lived to see the blessedness of the change they themselves were privileged to witness.

The conversion of Mr. Studly, whose father was a Kentish lawyer who hated aught savoring of Puritanism with fervent hatred, presents many points of interest, and is besides illustrative of English life when Charles the Second reigned at Whitehall. Reared in the faith and practices of a cavalier, the younger Studly was no better than his tutors until he was arrested in his course of sin by a surprising adventure in the streets of London. Having on a certain occasion sat late at night with some roystering companions, he was returning homeward the worse for liquor, when he fell into a cellar which opened on the pathway, and lay at the bottom partially stunned, but with a dreadful suspicion floating in his mind that he had fallen suddenly into the infernal regions. Fortunately the shock was one which did not vanish as the morning dew on the return of consciousness. The habits which had occasioned the catastrophe were forsaken, the young man became subject to fits of melancholy, he took to reading, and sought by prayer to remove the burden which oppressed him. This change in the current of the young man's life was not relished by the father, who at once adopted means to extinguish all this Puritan enthusiasm, such as dealing out rough treatment, and obliging the youth to engage himself with horses or worldly employments. When it was discovered that he read at night, candle was denied, but so long as fire-light sufficed for a substitute the want was scarcely felt. In the hope of curing what he supposed to be a religious distemper the father resorted to other means; he sent his son to France, expecting that the frivolous society of gay people would have the desired effect. All things turned out quite different from these expectations.

A lodging was taken in the house of a godly Protestant pastor, who in due time returned to England with his young friend, though on the pastor's character being discovered he was not permitted to remain in the home of the squire. As the youth still remained Puritanically inclined, a situation was obtained for him at Whitehall, where as gentleman-in-waiting to a lady of high station it was hoped he would forget his religion. It turned out precisely contrary; instead of conforming to the world he contributed to the reformation of those about him, and to the lady's extreme satisfaction such order reigned in her establishment as she had never known before. Still perplexed as to what he should do next, but determined to carry his point, the elder Studly thought that marriage might probably win the victory where everything else had failed. A neighboring gentleman of wealth and position had a beautiful daughter who would in all respects make a desirable match, and it was determined that the incorrigible young Puritan should be united with this lady. This was the final attempt, and the penalty for not acceding to the paternal wish and returning to the world was forfeiture of the family estate. The young man so far yielded that he consented to woo the lady, and in order that no unnecessary obstacles might obstruct the way, loose, profane conversation or immoral doings were for the time, as far as was practicable, suspended in the household. The family wore masks as it were until their true characters were concealed; but at the wedding dinner, which occurred soon afterwards, this mask was suddenly laid aside. Wine and profane talk were largely indulged in, and amid the riot the bride was heard to utter an oath. Horrified and humiliated, the bridegroom left the table, went to the stable to saddle his horse, and, unobserved, left the yard. In an agony of mind he now condemned himself for not having sufficiently sought the counsel of God in a momentous affair of life; but as the die was cast, and there was no path of retreat, he resolved that he would plead earnestly for the conversion of his wife. In the most solitary part of a neighboring wood he spent the afternoon in prayer and tears, and the cry of his soul was the language of faith. While thus employed in quiet seclusion, the scene at the house was one of consternation and uproar. The bridegroom had mysteriously disappeared, and mounted horsemen were scouring the country in a wild and fruitless search. At length the missing one quietly returned, sought his wife in the solitude of her chamber, and in reply to her reproaches acquainted her with the occupation of the afternoon as well as with the story of his life experience. He spoke of God's grace having led him this way and that way, till at last the lady's curiosity was excited to ask the

meaning of so singular a phrase. Still more surprising and welcome was her question: "Is there no grace for me, who am so wretched a stranger to God?" "Yes, my dear," replied the husband, "there is grace for thee; and I have been praying for it this day in the wood." He believed, moreover, that his petition was heard, and now proposed that they should pray together. After such exercises, they presented a singular appearance before the ribald company at supper. Their eyes were red and swollen with weeping, though their features were staid with heavenly peace. "I beseech you, father, swear not," said the bride, when her sire, according to custom, talked profanely, thus testifying to the miraculous change which had come over her since noon. The table was soon in a blaze of discord. "What!" said the elder Studily, rising in a consuming rage, conscious of being defeated at this final stage by a power which was irresistible, "What? is the devil in him? I would rather set fire to the four corners of my fair-built house than that he should enjoy it." The old lawyer did according to his threats; for when he died, soon after, the estate was willed away, and the son received only ten pounds. The bride fared likewise, being denied her dowry on account of her Puritanical religion; but having £200 pounds of her own, they were able to take and stock a farm, the once fine lady cheerfully undertaking the many duties of a farmer's wife. After prospering in this manner for a time, the tenants on the estate unexpectedly discovered that, after all, Mr. Studily was their legal landlord, as the father had no power to will away the property. Thus the good man altogether regained what he uncomplainingly surrendered for conscience' sake.

The case of Saint Augustine, the greatest of the Christian fathers, is sufficiently interesting to be included in the category of remarkable conversions. He was born in the year 354, his father being a pagan at the time of his son's birth, while his mother, Monica, was a model of Christian unselfishness and devotion, a worthy mother of an illustrious son. Being naturally inclined to pleasure and love of the world, Augustine in youth resisted the importunities of his mother to embrace the Christian faith, and following the example of his father, drank deep of earthly pleasures. He was an ardent lover of the stage, and in a day when, as a writer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells us, "one of the most significant signs of a man having become a Christian was his habitual absence from the theater. No one was more emphatic on this point afterwards than Augustine himself, and as the result of his own experience, he seems to have doubted whether, apart from the gross immoralities of the pagan stage, the

indulgence in fictitious joys and woes is a warrantable excitement.” On renouncing idols, he embraced the heresies of Manichaeism, which, however, he soon relinquished for a better creed. He left Carthage, where he had lived as a student, glad to escape from its pagan abominations, and settled at Milan, where Ambrose was at the height of his fame and usefulness. In the preaching of the great bishop, Augustine found the light he had long needed, though the perfect peace of faith in Christ came not all at once into his soul. As he studied the Epistles of Paul, the inward struggles of his soul were prolonged and severe. One day he lay on the ground beneath a fig tree in his garden, overcome with groans and tears, longing for relief; and at the height of the conflict he imagined he heard these words coming from an invisible person: “Take up and read, take up and read.” His companion Alypius, who sat a short distance off, had the Scriptures in his hand, and in the Epistle to the Romans Augustine read: “Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof.” That was the moment of the victory of grace when, according to Augustine’s own confession, peace streamed into his soul, and the shades of doubt were chased away by heavenly light.

It is charming thus to see the same variety in grace as in nature. The Lord does not cause the new creature to come forth in one set form and fashion. The Holy Ghost is called by David “thy free Spirits” and so he is; working after his own sweet will, and not according to some invariable standard. He uses ordinarily the appointed instrumentality of public ministry, but sometimes he does without it, and calls in his chosen by other means; and this doubtless that we may not place our confidence in men, or dream that any agency is necessary with the Lord. This should inspire us with hope even for those who are beyond the reach of common means. Let us pray for them, for they are not beyond the reach of the Lord. Though the sinner may wander beyond the range of our voice, our eye, or our pen, yet not beyond gunshot of grace, nor beyond the omnipresence of eternal love.

EARNESTNESS IN MINISTERS

A LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF I were asked what, all other things being equal, is the most essential quality for securing success in winning souls to Christ, I should reply, "earnestness:" and if I were asked a second or a third time, I should not vary the answer, for personal observation drives me to the conclusion that, as a rule, real success is proportionate to the preacher's earnestness. Both great men and little men succeed if they are thoroughly alive unto God, and fail if they are not. We know men of eminence who have gained a high reputation, who attract large audiences, and obtain much admiration, who nevertheless are very low in the scale of soul-winners: for all they do in that direction they might as well have been lecturers on anatomy or political orators. It the same time we have seen their compeers in ability so useful in the matter of conversion that evidently their acquirements and gifts have been no hindrance to them, but the reverse; for by the intense and devout use of their powers, and the anointing of the Holy Spirit, they have turned many to righteousness. We have seen brethren of very scanty ability who have been terrible drags upon a church, and have proved as inefficient in their spheres as blind men in an observatory; but, on the other hand, men of equally small attainments are well known to us as mighty hunters before the Lord, by whose holy energy many hearts have been captured for the Savior. I delight in M'Cheyne's remark, "It is not so much great talents that God blesses, as great likeness to Christ;" In many instances ministerial success is traceable almost entirely to an intense zeal, a consuming passion for souls, and an eager enthusiasm in the cause of God, and we believe that, in every case, where other necessities are present, men prosper in the divine service in proportion as their hearts are blazing with holy love. "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God"; and the man who has the tongue of fire, let him be God's minister.

Brethren, you and I must, as preachers, be always earnest in reference to our pulpit work: we must resolve to bring it to the highest point of excellence. Often have I said to my brethren that the pulpit is the

Thermopylae of Christendom: there the fight will be lost or won. To us ministers the maintenance of our power in the pulpit should be our great concern, we must occupy that spiritual watch-tower with our hearts and minds awake and in full rigor. It will not avail us to be laborious pastors if we are not earnest preachers. We shall be forgiven a great many sins in the matter of pastoral visitation if the people's souls are really fed on the Sabbath-day; but fed they must be, and nothing else will make up for it. The failures of most ministers who drift down the stream may be traced to inefficiency in the pulpit. The chief business of a captain is to know how to handle his vessel, nothing can compensate for deficiency there, and so our pulpits must be our main care, or all will go awry. Dogs often fight because there is a scarcity of bones, and congregations frequently quarrel because they do not get sufficient spiritual meat to keep them happy and peaceful. The ostensible ground of dissatisfaction may be something else, but nine times out of ten deficiency in the rations is at the bottom of the mutinies which occur in our churches. Men, like all other animals, know when they are fed, and they usually feel good tempered after a meal; and so when our hearers come to the house of God, and obtain "food convenient for them," they forget a great many grievances in the joy of the festival; but if we send them away hungry they will be in as irritable a mood as a bear robbed of her whelps.

Now, in order that we may be acceptable, *we must be earnest when actually engaged in preaching*. Cecil has well said that the spirit and manner of a preacher often effect more than his matter. To go into the desk with the listless air of those gentlemen who loll about the pulpit and lean upon the cushion as if they had at last reached a place of rest, is, I think, most censurable. To rise before the people to deal out commonplaces which have cost you nothing, as if anything would do for a sermon, is not merely derogatory to the dignity of our office, but is offensive in the sight of God. We must be earnest in the pulpit for our own sakes, for we shall not long be able to maintain our position as leaders in the church of God if we be not so. Moreover, for the sake of our church members, and converted people, we must be energetic, for if we are not zealous, neither will they be. It is not in the order of nature that rivers should run uphill, and it does not often happen that zeal rises from the pews to the pulpits; it is natural that it should flow down from us to our hearers. The pulpit must therefore stand at a high level of ardor, if we are, under God, to make and keep our people fervent. Those who attend our ministry have a great deal

to do during the week. Many of them have family trials, and heavy personal burdens to carry, and they frequently come into the assembly cold and listless, with thoughts wandering hither and thither; it is ours to take those thoughts and thrust them into the furnace of our own earnestness, melt them by holy contemplation and intense appeal, and pour them out into the mold of the truth. We must regard the people as the wood and the sacrifice, well wetted a second and a third time by the cares of the week, upon which, like the prophet, we must pray down the fire from heaven. A dull minister creates a dull audience. You cannot expect the office-bearers and the members of the church to travel by steam if their own chosen pastor still drives the old broadwheeled wagon. The world also will suffer as well as the church if we be not fervent. We cannot expect a gospel devoid of earnestness to have any mighty effect upon the unconverted around us. One of the excuses most soporific to the conscience of an ungodly generation is that of half-heartedness in the preacher. Men tacitly draw from the indifference of the minister the conclusion that the subject is of no great consequence. "Surely," say they, "if the person whose business it is to warn us of the wrath to come felt that his message was really true, and if he believed that there was but one way of escape from the terrible danger, he would not speak to us in any but the most hearty and moving terms." If the sinner finds the preacher nodding while he talks of judgment to come, he concludes that the judgment is a thing which the preacher is dreaming about, and he resolves to regard it all as mere fiction. The whole outside world receives serious danger from the cold-hearted preacher, for it draws the same conclusion as the individual sinner: it perseveres in its own listlessness, it gives its strength to its own transient objects, and thinks itself wise for so doing. How can it be otherwise? If the prophet leaves his heart behind him when he professes to speak in the name of God, what can he expect but that the ungodly around him will persuade themselves that there is nothing in his message, and that his commission is a farce?

Earnestness in the pulpit must be real. It is not to be mimicked. I have seen it counterfeited, but every person with a grain of sense could detect the imposition. To stamp the foot, to smite the desk, to perspire, to shout, to bawl, to quote the pathetic portions of other people's sermons, or to pour out voluntary tears from a watery eye will never make up for true agony of soul and real tenderness of spirit. The best piece of acting is but acting; those who only look at appearances may be pleased by it, but lovers of reality will be disgusted. What presumption! What hypocrisy it is by

skillful management of the voice to mime the passion which is the genuine work of the Holy Ghost. Let mere actors beware, lest they be found sinning against the Holy Spirit by their theatrical performances. We must be earnest in the pulpit because we are earnest everywhere; we must blaze in our discourses because we are continually on fire. Zeal which is stored up to be let off only on grand occasions is a gas which will one day destroy its proprietor. Nothing but truth may appear in the house of the Lord; all affectation is strange fire, and excites the indignation of the God of truth. Be earnest, and you will *seem* to be earnest. A burning heart will soon find for itself a flaming tongue. To sham earnestness is one of the most contemptible of dodges for courting popularity; let us abhor the very thought. Go and be listless in the pulpit if you are so in your heart. Be slow in speech, drawling in tone, and monotonous in voice, if so can best express your soul; even that would be infinitely better than you make your ministry a masquerade, and yourself an actor.

But our zeal while in the act of preaching must be followed up by intense solicitude as to the after results; for if it be not so we shall have cause to question our sincerity. Here, I think, I cannot do better than allow a far abler advocate to plead with you, and quote the words of Dr. Watts: — “Be very solicitous about the success of your labors in the pulpit. Water the seed sown, not only with public but secret prayer. Plead with God importunately that he would not suffer you to labor in vain. Be not like that foolish bird the ostrich, which lays her eggs in the dust, and leaves them there regardless whether they come to life or not (Job 39:14-17). God hath not given her understanding, but let not this folly be your character or practice; labor, and watch, and pray that your sermons, and the fruit of your studies, may become words of divine life to souls.”

It is an observation of pious Mr. Baxter (which I have read somewhere in his works), that he has never known any considerable success from the brightest and noblest talents, nor from the most excellent kind of preaching, nor even when the preachers themselves have been truly religious, if they have not had a solicitous concern for the success of their ministrations. Let the awful and important thought of souls being saved by my preaching, or left to perish and be condemned to hell through my negligence, I say, let this awful and tremendous thought dwell ever upon your spirits. We are made watchmen to the house of Israel, as Ezekiel was; and, if we give no warning of approaching danger, the souls of multitudes

may perish through our neglect; but the blood of souls will be terribly required at our hands (Ezekiel 3:17, etc.)

Such considerations should make us instant in season and out of season, and cause a zeal for the Lord's house to eat us up at all times. We ought to be all alive, always alive. Our ministry must be emphatic, or it will never affect our times; and to this end our hearts must be habitually fervid, and our whole nature fired with an all-consuming passion for the glory of God and the good of men.

Now, my brethren, it is sadly true that *true earnestness when we once obtain it may be easily damped*, and as a matter of fact it is more frequently chilled in the loneliness of the village pastorate than amid the society of warm-hearted Christian brethren. The devout Adam once observed that "a poor country parson, fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander the Great ever had;" and I will add that he needs more than Alexander's ardor to enable him to continue victorious in his holy warfare. Zeal also is more quickly checked after ten years of continuance in the same service than when novelty gives a charm to our work. Mr. Wesley says, in his fifteenth volume of "Journals and Letters," "I know that, were I myself to preach one whole year in one place, I should preach both myself and most of my congregation asleep." What then must it be to abide in the same pulpit for many years!

Earnestness may be, and too often is, diminished by neglect of study. If we have not exercised ourselves in the word of God, we shall not preach with the fervor and grace of the man who has fed upon the truth he delivers and is therefore strong and ardent. An Englishman's earnestness in battle depends, according to some authorities, upon his being well fed; he has no stomach for the fight if he is starved. If we are well nourished by sound gospel food, we shall be vigorous and ardent. An old blunt commander at Cadiz is described by Selden as thus addressing his soldiers: — "What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, who feed upon good beef and beer, to let these rascally Spaniards beat you that eat nothing but oranges and lemons!" His philosophy and mine agree he expected courage and valor from those who were well fed. Brethren, never neglect your spiritual meals, or you will lack stamina and your spirits will sink.

Zeal may, on the other hand, be damped by our studies. There is, no doubt, such a thing as feeding the brain at the expense of the heart, and many a man in his aspirations to be literary has rather qualified himself to write

reviews than preach sermons. A quaint evangelist was wont to say that Christ was crucified beneath Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. It ought not to be so, but it has often happened that the student in college has gained light but lost heat. He has gathered fuel, but lost the spark which is to kindle it.

True earnestness may be greatly lessened by levity in conversation, and especially by levity with brother ministers, in whose company we often take greater liberties than we should like to do in the society of other Christians. There are excellent reasons for our feeling at home with our brethren, but if this freedom be carried too far we shall soon feel that we have suffered damage through vanity of speech.

We shall often find ourselves in danger of being deteriorated in zeal by the cold Christian people with whom we come in contact. What terrible wet blankets some professors are! Their remarks after a sermon are enough to stagger you. You think that surely you have moved the very stones to feeling, but you painfully learn that these people are utterly unaffected. You have been burning and they are freezing; you have been pleading as for life or death, and they have been calculating how many seconds the sermon occupied, and grudging you the odd five minutes beyond the usual hour, which your earnestness compelled you to occupy in pleading with men's souls. If these frostbitten men should happen to be the officers of the church, from whom you naturally expect the warmest sympathy, the result is chilling to the last degree, and all the more so if you happen to be young and inexperienced: it is as though an angel were confined in an iceberg. "Thou shalt not yoke the ox and the ass together" was a merciful precept: but when a laborious, ox-like minister comes to be yoked to a deacon who is not another ox, it becomes hard work to plough.

Frequently the audience itself, as a whole, will dishearten you. You can see by their look and manner that the people are not appreciating your warm-hearted endeavors, and you feel discouraged. Those empty benches also are a serious trial, and if the place be large, and the congregation small, the influence is seriously depressing: it is not every man who can bear to be "a voice crying in the wilderness." Disorder in the congregation also sadly afflicts sensitive speakers. The walking up the aisle of a woman with a pair of pattens, the squeak of a new pair of boots, the frequent fall of umbrellas and walking-sticks, the crying of infants, and especially the consistent lateness of half the assembly: — all these tend to irritate the mind, take it off from its object, and diminish its ardor. We hardly like to confess that

our hearts are so readily affected by such trifles, but it is so, and not at all to be wondered at. As pots of the most precious ointment are more often spoiled by dead flies than by dead camels, so insignificant matters will destroy earnestness more readily than great trials. Under a great discouragement a man pulls himself together, and then throws himself upon his God, and receives divine strength: but under lesser annoyances he may possibly worry, and the trifle will irritate and fester till serious consequences follow.

Pardon my saying that the condition of your body must be attended to, especially in the matter of eating, for any measure of excess may injure your digestion and make you stupid when you should be fervent. From the memoir of Duncan Matheson I cull an anecdote which is much to the point — “In a certain place where evangelistic meetings were being held, the lay preachers, among whom was Mr. Matheson, were sumptuously entertained at the house of a Christian gentleman. After dinner they went to the meeting, not without some difference of opinion as to the best method of conducting the services of the evening. ‘The Spirit is grieved; he is not here at all, I feel it,’ said one of the younger, with a whine which somewhat contrasted with his previous unbounded enjoyment of the luxuries of the table. ‘Nonsense,’ said Matheson, who hated all whining and morbid spirituality; ‘nothing of the sort. You had just eaten too much dinner, and you feel heavy.’” May it not be very possible that dyspepsia has on other occasions been mistaken for backsliding, and a bad digestion has been set down as a hard heart? I say no more; a word to the wise is enough.

Long continued labor without visible success is another frequent damp upon zeal. Quaint Thomas Failer observes that “herein God hath humbled many painstaking pastors, in mulling them to be clouds, to rain, not over Arabia the happy, but over Arabia the desert and stony.” If non-success humbles us it is well, but if it discourages us we ought to look about us with grave concern. It is possible that we have been faithful and have adopted wise methods, and may be in our right; place, and yet we have not struck the mark; we shall now feel heavily bowed down and feel scarcely able to continue the work, though if we do so we shall one day reap a ripe harvest, which will more than repay us for all our waiting. “The husbandman *waiteth* for the precious fruits of the earth”; and with a holy patience begotten of zeal we must wait on, and never doubt that the time to favor Zion will yet come.

Nor must it ever be forgotten that the flesh is weak and naturally inclined to slumber. We need a constant renewal of the divine impulse which first started us in the way of service. We are not as arrows which find their way to the target by the sole agency of the force with which they started from the bow, nor as birds which bear within themselves their own motive power; we must be borne onward like the ship by the instant; and constant power of the heavenly wind, or we shall manifest no speed. Preachers sent from God are not musical boxes which, being once wound up, will play through their set tunes, but they are trumpets which are utterly mute until living breath shall cause them to give forth a certain sound. We read of some who were dumb dogs, given to slumber, and such would be the character of us all if the grace of God did not prevent. We have need to watch against a careless, indifferent spirit, and if we do not so we shall soon be as lukewarm as Laodicea herself.

[*To be continued.*]

PREACHING ON UNPROFITABLE SUBJECTS.

AT Mentone the shepherds bring their flocks down to the beach among the stones. What can be their motive? Not a green blade is to be seen: there is surely nothing to eat, yet the poor sheep regularly traverse the hard shingle. Is this the reason why the mutton is so hard? But this strange habit of the shepherds can be paralleled at home. Do not certain preachers bring their people to consider dry, unpractical, worthless themes, as barren of all food as the stone of the Mediterranean shore? So we have been informed by some of those lean sheep which look up but are not fed. What can be their motive for conducting their flocks to such waste places? Is this the reason why they find the people so hard in heart when it comes to supporting the cause?

Our Good Shepherd never conducts us to the stony shore. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

The Hidden Life. Thoughts on Communion with God. By Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR. John F. Shaw and Co.

SWEET evangelical doctrine always flows from Mr. Saphir's tongue and pen. Unction is his prevailing characteristic rather than depth or variety; but that one quality will always make his works precious among the more

spiritual of the Lord's people He often bring out the choicest thought from passages of the Word which had not struck us before in the light in which he sets them. In the present instance the theme is one of great importance, and is handled with much spiritual power. His admirable power of arranging texts is well set forth in the opening passage of the book, which we subjoin.

“There is a *hidden* wisdom. The apostle Paul writes: ‘We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory’ (1 Corinthians 6:7). The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. In the hidden center of their being God makes them to know wisdom (Psalm 51:6). They have an unction from above, which teacheth them of all things, and is truth (2 John 2:27). ‘Knowest thou where wisdom is found? and where is the place of understanding?... The depth saith, it is not in me: and the sea saith, it is not with me’ (Job 28:12, 14). But Jesus declares that the Father hath revealed it unto babes (Matthew 11:25).

“There is a *hidden glory*. It is manifested, and yet only faith can behold it. Jesus changed the water into wine at the marriage of Cana, and showed forth his glory. Men saw, and yet did not see; but his disciples believed in him (John 2:11). Jesus raised Lazarus from the grave. There were many witnesses, yet only they who believed saw the glory of God, and the Son of God glorified: (John 11:4, 40). The glory of God is beheld by faith in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Corinthians 3); and Jesus Christ is known only by those who know the mystery of his cross and resurrection (Philippians 3:10), and are waiting to be glorified together with him (Romans 8:17).

“There is a *hidden life* far, far away — high, high above. It is life hid with Christ in God; life born out of death; as it is written, ‘For ye have died, and your life is hid’ (Colossians 3:3). It is mysterious in its commencement. ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou heareth the sound thereof, but cause not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit’ (John 3:8). It is mysterious in its progress: ‘I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me’ (Galatians 2:20). It is mysterious in its consummation — the marriage of the Lamb (Revelation 19:7, 9). We shall be for ever with the Lord.

“There is a *hidden manna*. We have meat to eat which the world knows not of (John 4:32). ‘There is an unseen river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God’ (Psalm 46:4; Revelation 22:1). Only God's children

see it, and know the Source from whence it cometh, and the Ocean whither it is flowing. It is impossible to deny the mystic character of Christianity when we consider such passages as these: 'If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him' (John 14:28). 'Christ will manifest himself unto us, and not unto the world.' 'They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.' 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.' 'Christ dwelleth in the heart by faith.' 'labor, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily.'

"If we know these hidden things, then are we ourselves *hidden ones*, who shall be made manifest when Christ, who is our life, shall appear."

Brighter days for Working Men. By WILLIAM GLENN. John Kempster and Co.

A WELL intended mass of rhymes upon teetotalism and other worthy subjects. We wonder if anybody will ever read it through; if so, we venture to quote from it, and say:

*"I'm very glad that he's held up so brave;
I'm sure he's worked as hard as any slave;
With wholesome food and coffee there's no fear
That he'll knock up for want of Fleece'em's beer."*

Mrs. Bartlett, and her Class at the Tabernacle. By her son, EDWARD H. BARTLETT. With a preface by C. H. SPURGEON, and a portrait. Price Half-a-crown. Passmore & Alabaster.

IT was most meet that some memorial of Mrs. Bartlett should be written, and who more fit to prepare it than her own son, who has succeeded to her work? There might have been found more tutored and accustomed pens, but none could know so well the life of this earnest woman, or so well understand the spirit which animated it. All who knew our departed helper will, we feel sure, be glad to possess this unpretending tribute to her memory. It is stimulating, and unveils much of the inner life of the Tabernacle Church. We were requested to correct and revise it, but we thought it better not to do so, but to let it be the son's own memorial of his mother; and hence it comes forth to the world in all simplicity, with some

things which the critics would have omitted, but which other folk will rejoice in.

A Peep Behind the Scenes. By Mrs. WALTON. Religious Tract Society.

EVERYONE knows what to expect from the authoress of "Christie's Old Organ." Our lady reviewer tells us that it is a darling book, full of gospel and full of life. It is the story of child who lived in a traveling cart. "There now," said the lady "if ever you do praise a tale, be sure to say the kindest things possible for this story, for it is one of the sweetest and most gracious ever written." Our readers will clear out a whole edition after seeing this.

The Pentateuch and Hebrews analyzed and illustrated. By the Rev. JAMES DAVIDSON, M.A. Edinburgh: A. Elliot, London; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A VERY commendable attempt at an analysis of the Pentateuch and the Hebrews, somewhat resembling the headings of the chapters inserted in the authorized version. The writer aims at bringing out the general structure of the books of Scripture, and the train of incident in their narratives or lines of argument. There are many maps, and the author has spared no pains, but we are afraid, that there will be few readers. The result of much thought is not a book, but an outline table of contents, with brief explanations, not at all likely to be extensively consulted.

The Worship of Bacchus a great Delusion. Illustrated by Drawings, Diagrams, Facts, and Figures. James Clarke and Co.

VERY sensible, popular teaching upon the inutility of alcohol as a source of nutriment. It will furnish the temperance advocate with many forcible illustrations when pleading with those who consider beer and porter to be necessary to give them strength for labor. No fallacy can be more transparent, but none is more prevalent.

NOTES.

THIS month we commence another phase of work for the Lord by sending forth Messrs. Clarke and Smith as evangelists. Last year we supported Mr. Higgins, who moved about among the Churches and did much service, but he has now settled, and we have found two brethren in all respects fitted for the work, who will go together. They commenced August 14 at the

Tabernacle, and had good meetings throughout the week, Mr. Smith's silver trumpet is very useful in attracting people from the street, and then Mr. Clarke and himself knows how to address them in a lively, earnest manner. The evangelists are going first to Stockton, Hartlepool, and neighborhood, where they will remain a month or more. We are sure they will make a stir, and by God's blessing souls will be gathered in. They will send us monthly reports, which we hope to condense and insert in these columns. A friend from Scotland so heartily approves of the idea that he sends £10, and another brother has sent £3. As the cost of such a work must be considerable, we are willing to be helped by those who believe that evangelists are needed, and that they occupy a very useful place in the work of the church; but if no one unites in the service we shall carry it on, for our mind is made up that regular evangelists, in connection with the churches, and not mere free lances, would be a great blessing in these times.

August 7 — The men of the College mustered at Mr. Coventry's fields, which were kindly lent to us by that gentleman. A day's outdoor exercise secures the men's coming in time to begin the hard work of the session. It rained hard, but we were very happy under the tent with Professor Hodge, and Messrs. Smith and Pigott from India, Our father, and other good friends. We have now 113 men: the paying out is very rapid for so many, but he who sends the mouths will send the bread, though our receipts occupy small space this month.

While we were writing the above paragraph, we received the deeply painful information that our beloved brother in Christ and son the faith William Priter, of Middlesborough, had fallen asleep. What a loss he is, his people know best, but we mourn him deeply. He was one who feared God above many, a true gospel preacher and a great winner of souls. All who know him will lament his early departure, for beside what the Lord had already wrought by him he was a man of such superior talents and remarkable ripeness in prudence that we looked to him as one who would occupy a still more prominent position and become a leader in our Israel. We insert the following notice from the local journal, which is in no single expression overstrained. These are our sorrows, but we have great joy in having been favored to lead this dear brother to Jesus, and in having aided his endeavors to go forth equipped for the fight, here is the extract: "It is our painful duty this morning to inform our readers that the Rev. William Henry Priter, of Middlesborough, died at his residence, Linthorpe-road, at

a few minutes after seven o'clock yesterday evening. The announcement will be received with the deepest regret by all the inhabitants of Middlesborough who had the slightest acquaintance with him. Since he came to-labor amongst them his devotion to his pastoral duties has won the esteem and affection of the members of his church and congregation, while the action he has taken in public matters has rendered him quite a favorite with the general public, he was universally regarded as a young man who, possessing considerable ability, was always ready to do what he could for the good of his fellow-townsmen, and the regret that a life which appeared so full of promise has been cut short at so early a stage will be widely felt. The rev. gentleman was born in Devonshire in 1851, and he was therefore but twenty-six years of age. While but a youth he became a student in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, and when nineteen years of age he received the call, and was appointed pastor to the Baptist church, Park-street, Middlesborough. He succeeded the Rev. M. Bontems, and found the Baptist church then composed of about sixty members, and worshipping in the rooms in Park-street, now used as a Sunday-school and lecture rooms. Some idea may be given of the zeal with which he has labored during his residence in Middlesborough when we remember that at the last church anniversary he referred in terms of thankfulness to the fact that since his appointment to the church he had baptized over five hundred persons, and there are now on the church books three hundred and eighty members. He also set himself to work to build a place of worship which should be quite equal to the growing demands of his congregation. The site chosen was in Newport-road, the back of the church adjoining the schoolrooms in Park-street, and in March, 1874, he had the satisfaction of seeing opened a large and commodious place of worship, which will remain a lasting monument of the zeal which he brought to bear on his work. He was more than once offered charges, but he declined to be lured away from his first appointment merely for the sake of pecuniary advantage. In 1875 he went on a tour to Rome, for the purpose of recruiting his health, as he was then suffering from weakness, the result of overwork. He returned somewhat strengthened, but had not long been amongst his people when he burst a blood vessel, and was unable to undertake his duties as pastor for six or seven weeks. Since then he had enjoyed tolerable health, though he could never be described as a strong man, until about three weeks ago, when he called in his medical attendant, Dr. Williams. He was suffering from congestion of the lungs, but afterwards appeared so fully recovered that Dr. Williams felt justified in going on a journey to Wales, leaving him in the

care of his assistant. But on Friday last Mr. Priter was suddenly taken ill, and from that time had been confined to his bed. Hopes and fears had succeeded each other until yesterday forenoon, when Dr. Hedley and Dr. M'Cuaig were called in, and consulted with Dr. Williams's assistant, and the conclusion that was then arrived at was that it was but a question of a few hours. During the afternoon the rev. gentleman, who was conscious to the last, turned on his side and said that soon he felt he would get rest, and at seven o'clock he passed away. The deceased gentleman was unmarried. The rev. gentleman was a member of the Middlesborough School Board, his views being decidedly unsectarian. During the last two or three years he has taken an interest in all public matters, and when the public meeting was held in Middlesborough condemning the Bulgarian atrocities committed by the Turks he delivered a speech in which his strong and manly condemnation of the perpetrators of the outrages made a favorable impression upon his hearers. He also took great in interest in the Middlesborough Sunday School Union."

Our friend, Mr. B. Vickery, has made the Orphanage a handsome present of a drinking fountain, which causes great delight among our thirsty boys. It is really a beautiful object, and a pretty ornament to the grounds. Our good friend gives it in memory of his deceased wife, but we shall use it in remembrance of himself and his frequent kindnesses. He first gave us light by putting new burners and glasses all over the Tabernacle, and now he gives us water: may his light never be dim, and his joy always overflow.

We have also received from "The Southwark Society for the Improvement of Men employed in Manufactories" the whole of their Library and other property. Upon winding up the association the members voted their stock to the Orphanage, and thus we have gained 1,300 volumes to our library, with cupboards to keep them in, and also a magic lantern, which will not be allowed to rust. We thank those who thought so well of us as to make us their legatees; best possible use will be made of the bequest.

A thousand thanks to all friends who received our poor orphans for a holiday. May God reward them a thousandfold. Friends at Reading have invited all down for a grand holiday on August 28, and promise to pay all expenses. That town has acted in a princely manner to our Institution; it seems to be full of great-hearted people. We mention no names, for fear of giving offense to modesty, but there is a pastor there whose love to his

College, and its grateful President, seems to be unbounded, and he fires others with the same feeling.

On Tuesday, Aug. 14, we opened the little chapel which has been built for our sons at Bolingbroke Grove. The friends filled the house, and afterwards took tea upon our grounds. There will be no debt upon the chapel, for enough was given to pay everything within £30, and we believe that several who meant to give only need the intimation that the time is come, and they will quite complete the work.

August 19. — On this Sabbath all seat-holders at the Tabernacle vacated their seats in the evening, and though no bills had been used, and the fact was only announced in the papers, the crowds began to assemble an hour before time. The house was soon packed in every corner by a congregation in which the male element very far predominated. The audience was singularly mixed a large number being persons from the West End, while others were evidently new to places of worship. In the judgment of our most reliable brethren, it was the best service we ever had; to God be all the glory. Some two or three hundred remained, professedly in an anxious state, and many more were conversed with by our workers, who were dotted here and there all over the place. Several confessed Christ, and rejoiced in his salvation, and we hope fruit will appear in days to come, as well as on the spot.

During the evening, addresses were given in the grounds of the Orphanage, where a large and interested open air meeting was held. Some were Tabernacle friends, but many were residents in the neighborhood. The Evangelists' Society, under our Elder Elvin, supplied two earnest speakers.

On the same day services were held in a tent pitched along the front gardens of some houses in Bermondsey. This tent has to be erected on Saturday night and removed early on Monday morning. In Bermondsey, very few of its many thousands attend any place of worship, and our heart is touched at the consideration of the condition of the people. Mr. Wm. Olney, has an eminently practical and living mission in Green Walk, and is doing great good, but what is all that can be done in this way among so many? Messrs. Olney, Smith and Clark conducted services on the Sabbath, and many heard who never heard before. We hope that this effort, which will last four Sundays, will lead on to some further permanent and extensive mission work. London will become a great danger to the realm if the working people are not Christianized. In some localities the streets are

the same on the Sabbath as on the week-days. All shops are open, and trade is even more brisk than on the week-days. The men neglect religion altogether. There are churches and chapels with miserable congregations; and many of their preachers are very well fitted for their own people, but quite incapable of talking "market language," and getting at the outlying heathendom all around. O Lord, how long! It is time that dwellers in our great city began to cease from being content with being saved themselves, and thought about others in a practical manner. Awake, awake, O Zion.

COLPORTAGE. — The Society is in full work, and we have two agents traveling expressly to try and extend its operations. Our efforts have been rewarded by applications for Colporteurs in the following new districts: — Bulwick, Northampton-shire; Whitchurch, Shropshire; Neston, Cheshire; Kidderminster, Worcestershire; Widnes, Lancashire. There are many districts where the Colporteur is greatly needed, and would do an immense amount of good, but local funds cannot be obtained, owing to the poverty of the neighborhood. Colporteurs might be sent to some of these if friends would subscribe specially for the purpose. The total of our Fund for increased capacity is now £601 actually received, so that we still need £200, and then a generous friend has promised to give the other £200, to make up the £1,000. There are 62 agents at work at present.

Good news continues to come from the Cape of Good Hope of the success of our student there. The brother went out in simple faith, depending upon God and the people whom he might gather, and without seeking aid from us he has preached the Word, gathered a self-supporting church, and led them on in evangelizing to their utmost the outlying population. When more doors open men are ready. We have several brethren waiting to go for missionaries, but our society has not the means for further extension, nor do we know what to do. We have just paid the passage money of Mr. Blackie, who goes out to Delhi with Mr. Smith, not depending upon the Missionary Society's funds, but hoping that when he is prepared to preach to the heathen he may be commendeth to their notice; or that some English church in India may desire his services, so that he may ultimately labor in that great country. O that he may prove the pioneer of many more. There is a missionary spirit in the College, and much prayer is offered that doors may open, but work among the heathen on present plans is expensive, and we cannot yet see how we are to get at it. If the Missionary Society had mere means it would be glad enough to undertake new work; but how can bricks be made without straw? We almost sigh for access to those deep,

unconsecrated purses which swing at the sides of many professed Christians, while the heathen are perishing.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1877.

EARNESTNESS IN MINISTERS.

A LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS COLLEGE,

BY C. H. SPURGEON,

CONTINUED FROM ABOVE.

REMEMBERING then, dear brethren, that we must be in earnest and that we cannot counterfeit earnestness, or find a substitute for it, and that it is very easy for us to lose it, let us consider awhile and meditate upon the ways and means for retaining all our fervor and gaining more. If it is to continue, *our earnestness and be kindled at an immortal flame*, and I know of but one — the flame of the love of Christ, which many waters cannot quench. A spark from that celestial sun will be as undying its the source from whence it came. If we can get it, yea, if we have it, we shall still be full of enthusiasm, however long we may live, however greatly we may be tried, and however much for many reasons we may be discouraged. To continue fervent for life we must possess the fervor of heavenly life to begin with, — have we this fire? ‘We must have the truth burro into our souls, or it will not burn upon our lips. how understand this? The doctrines of grace must be part and parcel of ourselves, interwoven with the warp and woof of our being, and this can only be affected by the same hand which originally made the fabric. We shall never lose our love to Christ and our love to souls if the Lord has given them to us. The Holy Spirit makes zeal for God to be a permanent principle of life rather than a passion, — does the Holy Spirit rest upon us, or is our present fervor a mere human felling? This should lead us to be seriously inquisitive with our own hearts, pressing home the question, Have we the holy fire which springs from a true call to the ministry? If a man *can* live without preaching, let him live

without preaching. If a man can be content without being a soul-winner — I had almost said he had better not attempt the work, but I had rather say — let him seek to have the stone taken out of his heart, that he may feel for perishing men. Till then, as a minister, he may do repetitive mischief by occupying the place of one who might have succeeded in the blessed work in which *he* must be a failure.

The fire our earnestness must burn upon the hearth of faith in the truths which we preach, and in their power to bless mankind when the Spirit applies them to the heart. He who declares what may or may not be true, and what he considers upon the whole to be as good as any other form of teaching, will of necessity make a very feeble preacher. How can he be zealous about that which he is not sure of? If he knows nothing of the inward power of the truth within his own heart, if he has never tasted and handled of the good word of life, how can he be enthusiastic? But if the Holy Ghost has taught us in secret places and made our soul to understand within itself the doctrine which we were to proclaim, then shall we speak evermore with the tongue of fire. Brother, do not begin to teach others till the Lord has taught you. It must be dreary work to parrot the dogmas which have no interest for your heart, and carry no conviction to your understanding; I would prefer to pick oakum or turn a crank for my breakfast, like the paupers in the casual ward, than to be the slave of a congregation and bring them spiritual meat of which I never taste myself. And then how dreadful the end of such a course must be! How fearful the account to be rendered at the last by one who publicly taught what he did not heartily believe, and has perpetrated this detestable hypocrisy in the name of God.

Brethren if the fire is brought *from* the right place *to* the right place, we have a good beginning; and the main elements of a glorious ending kindled by a live coal borne from off the altar by the winged cherub with the sacred tongs to our lips, the fire has begun to feed upon our inmost spirit, and there will it burn though Satan himself should labor to stamp it out.

Yet the best flame in the world need is renewing. I know not whether immortal spirits, like the angels, drink on the wing, and feed on some superior manna prepared in heaven for them; but the probability is that no created being, though immortal, is quite free from the necessity to receive from without the sustenance for its strength. Certainly the flame of zeal in the renewed heart, however divine, must be continually fed with fresh fuel.

Even the lamps of the sanctuary needed oil. *Feed the flame, brother feed frequently*; feed it with holy thought and contemplation, especially with thought about your work, your motives in pursuing it, the design of it, the helps that are waiting for you, and the grand results of it, if the Lord be with you. Dwell much upon the love of God to sinners and the death of Christ on their behalf, and the work of the Spirit upon men's hearts. Think of what must be wrought in men's hearts ere they can be saved.

Remember, you are not sent to whiten tombs, but to open them. Meditate with deep solemnity upon the fate of the lost dinner, and, like Abraham, look towards Sodom and see the smoke thereof going up like the smoke of a furnace. Shun all views of future punishment which would make it appear less terrible, and so take off the edge of your anxiety to save immortal souls from the quenchless flame. If men are indeed only a nobler kind of ape, and expire as the beasts, you may well enough let them be unpitied; but if their creation in the image of God involves immortality, and there is any fear that through their unbelief they will bring upon themselves endless woe, arouse yourselves to the agonies of the occasion, and be ashamed at the bare suspicion of unconcern. Think much also of the bliss of the sinner saved, and like holy Baxter derive rich arguments for earnestness from "the saints' everlasting rest." Put these glorious logs of the wood of Lebanon upon the fire: it will burn freely and yield a sweet perfume as each piece of choice cedar glows in the flame. There will be no fear of your being lethargic if you are continually familiar with eternal realities.

Above all, feed the flame with intimate fellowship with Christ. Man was ever cold in heart; who lived with Jesus on such terms as John and Mary did of old, for he makes men's hearts burn within them. I newer met with a half-hearted preacher who was much in communion with the Lord Jesus. The zeal of God's house ate up our Lord; and when we come into contact with him it begins to consume us also and we feel that we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard in his company, nor can we help speaking of them with the fervor which comes out of actual acquaintance with them. Those of us who have been preaching for these five-and-twenty years sometimes feel that the same work, the same subject, the same people, and the same pulpit, are together apt to beget a feeling of monotony, and monotony may soon lead on to weariness. But then we call to mind another sameness, which becomes our complete deliverance; there is the same Savior, and we may go to him in the same way as we did at the first, since he is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

From him we drink in the new wine and renew our youth. He is the fountain, for ever flowing with the cool, refreshing water of life, and in fellowship with him we find our souls quickened into newness of life. Beneath his smile our long consumed work grows new, and wears a brighter smile than novelty could have given it. We gather new manna for our people every morning, and as we go to distribute it we feel an anointing of fresh oil distilling upon us. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Newly come from the presence of him that walketh among the golden candlesticks, we are ready to write or speak unto the churches in the power which he alone can give. Soldiers of Christ, you can only be worthy of your Captain by abiding in fellowship with him, and listening to his voice as Joshua did when he stood by Jordan, and inquired — "What saith my Lord unto his servant?"

Fan the flame as well as feed it. Fan with much praying. We cannot be too urgent with one another upon this point: no language can be too vehement with which to implore ministers to pray. There is for our brethren and ourselves an absolute necessity of prayer. Necessity — I hardly like to talk of that, let me rather speak of the deliciousness of prayer — the wondrous sweetness and divine felicity which comes to the soul which lives in the atmosphere of prayer. The devout Mr. Hervey resolved on the bed of sickness — "If God shall spare my life, I will read less and pray more." John Cooke, of Maidenhead, wrote — "The business, the pleasure, the honor, and the advantage of prayer press on my spirit with increasing force every day." There should be special seasons for devotion, and it is well to maintain them with regularity, but the spirit of prayer is even better than the habit of prayer; to pray without ceasing is better than praying at intervals. It will be a happy circumstance if we can meet frequently with devout brethren, and I think I ought to be a rule with us ministers never to separate without a word of prayer. Much more intercession would rise to heaven if we made a point of this, especially those of us who have been fellow students. If it be possible, let prayer and praise sanctify each meeting of friend with friend. But, for all that, to fan your earnestness best it will need to seek after the spirit of continual prayer, so as to pray everywhere; and always; in the study, in the vestry, and in the pulpit; praying right along, when sitting down in the pulpit, when rising give only the hymn, when reading the chapter, and while delivering the sermon; holding up one hand to God, empty, in order to receive, more with the other hand dispensing to the people what the Lord bestows. Be in preaching like the

conduit pipe between the everlasting and infinite supplies of heaven and the all but boundless needs therein. Pray *for* them while you preach *to* them; speak with God for them while you are speaking with them for God. Only so you can expect to be continually in earnest. A man does not often rise from his knees unearnest; or, if he does, he had better return to prayer until he feels the flame descending upon his soul. Adam Clarke originally said, “Study yourself to death, and then pray yourself alive again”: it was a wise sentence. Do not attempt the first without the second, the neither will the second be honestly accomplished without the first. Work and pray as well as watch and pray; but pray always.

As a subordinate but very useful means of keeping the heart fresh, I would suggest the frequent addition of new work to our old engagements. I would say to brethren who are soon going away from the College to settle in spheres where they will come into contact with but few superior minds, and perhaps will be almost alone in the higher walks of spirituality, look well to yourselves that you do not become flat, stale, and unprofitable. You will have a good share of work to do and few to help you in it, and the years will grind along heavily; watch against this, and use all means to prevent your becoming dull and sleepy. I find it good for myself to have some new work always on hand. The old and usual enterprises must be kept up, but somewhat must be added to them. It must be with us as with the squatters upon our commons, the fence of our garden of our most roll outward a foot or two and enclose a little more of the common every year. Never say “it is enough,” nor accept the policy, “rest and be thankful.” Do all you possibly can, and then do a little more. I don’t know by what process the gentleman who advertises that he can make short people taller attempts the task but I should imagine that if any result could be produced in the direction of adding a cubit, to one’s own stature it would be by every morning reaching up as high as you possibly can on tiptoe, and having done that, trying day by day to reach a little higher. This is certainly the way to grow mentally and spiritually, “reaching forth to that which is before.” If the old should become just a little stale, add fresh endeavors to it, and the whole mass will be leavened anew. Try it, and you will soon see there is virtue in breaking up fresh ground, invading new provinces of the enem., and scaling fresh heights to set the banner of the Lord thereon. This, of course is a second expedient to those of which we have already spoken, but still it is a very useful one, and may greatly benefit you. In a country town, say of two thousand inhabitants, you will, after a time, feel,

“Well, now I have done about all I can in this place.” What then? There is a hamlet some four miles off: set about opening a room there. If one hamlet is occupied, make an excursion to another, and spy out the land, and set it before you as an ambition to relieve its spiritual destitution. When one place is supplied look to another. It is your duty, it will also be your safeguard. Everybody knows what interest there is in fresh work. A gardener will become weary of his work unless he is allowed to introduce new flowers into the hothouse, or to introduce new beds upon the lawn in a novel shape; all monotonous work is unnatural and wearying to the mind, therefore it is wisdom to give variety to your labor.

Far more weighty is the advice, *keep close to God, and keep close to your fellow men whom you are seeking to bless.* Get into close quarters with those who are in an anxious state. Watch their difficulties, their throes and pangs of conscience. It will help to make you earnest when you see their eagerness to find peace. On the other hand, when you see how little earnest the bulk of men remain, it may help to make you more zealous for their arousing. Rejoice with those who are finding the Savior, this is a grand means of revival for your own soul. When you are enabled to bring a mourner to Jesus you will feel quite young again. it will be as oil to your bones to hear a weeping penitent exclaim: “I see it all now! I believe, and my burden is gone: I am saved.” Sometimes the rapture of newborn souls will electrify you into terrible intensity. Who could not preach after having seen souls converted? Be on the spot when grace at last captures the lost sheep. Be in at the death with sinners. Be able to lay hold of them and say, “Yes, by the grace of God, I have really won this soul;” and your enthusiasm will flame forth. If you have to work in a large town I should recommend you to familiarize yourself, wherever your place of worship may be, with the poverty, ignorance, and drunkenness of the place. Go if you can with a City missionary into the poorest quarter, and you will see that which will astonish you: the actual sight of the disease will make you eager to reveal the remedy. There is enough of evil to be seen even in the best streets of our great cities, but there is an unutterable depth of horror in the condition of the slums. As a doctor walks the hospitals, so might you to traverse the lanes and courts to behold the mischief which sin has done. It is enough to make a man weep tears of blood to gaze upon the desolation which sin has made in the earth. One day with a devoted missionary would be a fine termination to your college course and fit preparation for work in your own sphere. See the masses living in their

sins, drinking and Sabbath-breaking, rioting and blaspheming, and see them dying sodden and hardened, or terrified and despairing. This would kindle expiring zeal if anything would. The world is full of grinding poverty and crushing sorrow; shame and death are the portion of thousands, and it needs a great gospel to meet the dire necessities of men's souls. Go and see for yourselves. Thus will you learn to preach a great salvation, and magnify the great Savior, not with your mouth only, but with your heart; and thus will you be married to your work beyond all possibility of your leaving it.

Death-beds are grand schools for us. Surely they are intended to act as tonics to brace us to our work. I have come down from the bed-chambers of the dying, and thought that everybody was mad, and myself most of all. I have grudged the earnestness which men devoted to earthly things, and have said to myself, why was that man driving along so hastily? Why was that woman walking out in fine dress? They were all to die so soon; and nothing seemed worth doing but preparing to meet one's God. To be often where men die will help us to teach them both to die and to live. M'Cheyne was wont to visit his sick or dying hearers on the Saturday afternoon, for, as he told Dr. James Hamilton, "Before preaching he liked to look over the verge."

I pray you, moreover, measure your work in the light of God. Are you God's servant or not? If you are, how can your heart be cold? Are you sent by a dying Savior to proclaim his love and win the reward of his wounds, or are you not? If you are, how can you flag? Is the Spirit of God upon you? has the Lord anointed you to preach glad tidings to the poor? If he has not, do not pretend to it. If he has, go in this thy might, and the Lord shall be thy strength. Yours is not a trade, or a profession. Assuredly if you measure it by the tradesman's measure it is the poorest business on the face of the earth. Considered as a profession, who would not prefer any other, so far as golden gains or worldly honors are concerned? But if it be a divine calling, and you a miracle-worker, dwelling in the supernatural, and working not for time but for eternity, then you belong to a nobler guild, and to a fraternity that is higher than any that springs of earth and deals with time. Look at it aright, and you will feel that it is a grand thing to be as poor as your Lord, if like him, you make many rich; you will feel that it is a grand thing, to be as unknown and despised as were your Lord's first followers, because you are making him known whom to know is life eternal. You will be satisfied to be anything or to be nothing, and the thought of self will not cross your mind, or only cross it to be scouted as a

meanness not to be tolerated by consecrated men. There is the point. Measure your work as it should be measured, and I am not afraid that your earnestness will be diminished. Measure it by the light of the judgment day. Oh brethren, the joy of saving a soul on earth is something very wonderful; you have felt it, I trust, and know it now. To save a soul from going down to perdition brings us to a little heaven below; but what must it be at the day of judgment to meet spirits redeemed by Christ, who learned the news of their redemption from our lips! We look forward to a blissful heaven in communion with our Master, but there is the added joy of meeting those loved ones whom we led to Jesus by our ministry. Let us endure our cross and despise the shame for the joy which Jesus sets before us of winning men for him.

One more thought may help to keep up our earnestness. Consider the great evil which will certainly come upon us and upon our hearers if we are negligent in our work. Oh, the horror of the doom of an un-faithful minister! And every unearnest minister is unfaithful. I would infinitely prefer to be consigned to Tophot as a murderer of men's bodies than as a destroyer of men's souls; neither do I know of any condition in which a man can perish so fatally, so infinitely, as the man who preach a gospel which he does not believe, and assumes the office of pastor over a people whose good he does not intensely desire. Do let us pray to be found faithful always, and ever. God grant we may!

STRAINING AT GNATS

“Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.” —
Matthew 23:24

THE note on this in the “Pictorial Bible” is valuable: — “In the East, where insects of all kinds abound, it is difficult to keep clear of insects liquors which are left for the least time uncovered; for which reason it was and is usual to strain the wine before drinking, to prevent insects from passing into the drinking vessel. Beside the common motive of cleanliness for this practice, the Jews considered that they had another and more important one — that of religious purity. For as the law forbade them to eat ‘flying creeping things,’ they thought themselves bound to be particularly careful in this matter . . . The Talmud contains many curious explanations and directions relating to it. Thus, ‘One that eats a flea or a gnat is an apostate,

and is no more to be counted one of the congregation.' It seems, however, that a person doing this might, under certain circumstances, escape further consequences by submitting to be scourged. 'Whosoever eats a whole fly, or a whole gnat, whether dead or alive, is to be beaten on account of the flying creeping thing.'

The resemblance between modern and ancient Ritualists is remarkable and somewhat amusing, as appears in the "Directorinto Anglicanum.' After having ordained that "if by any negligence any of the Blood be spilled upon a table, the priest officiating must do penance forty days" (p. 90), it proceeds: —

"But if the chalice have dripped upon the altar, the drop must be sucked up, and the priest must do penance for three days.

"Also if anyone by accident of the throat vomit up the Eucharist . . . if he be a cleric, monk, presbyter, or deacon, he must do penance for forty days, a bishop seventy days, a laic thirty.

"But who does not keep the Sacrament well, so that a mouse or other animal devoured it, he must do penance forty days". (p. 91).

Modern ritualists breathe the same spirit as their Jewish predecessors; but they very discreetly prefer penance to scourging. — *From Spalding's "Scripture Difficulties."*

Answers to Prayer as Recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures. Samuel Bagsruer and Sons.

A PAMPHLET upon a choice subject, simply continuing the texts and the incidents which they set forth. Here a preacher will find ready to his hand a splendid series of discourses. Answers to prayer such as many of us can tell may be questioned; but these are recorded by the divine Spirit himself, and are the surest possible evidence. Verily there is a God that heareth prayer, and the Scriptures not only reveal Him, but establish our faith by giving many instances of holy men of old time who have tried and lived the faithfulness of the prayer-hearing God.

The Hidden Mystery; or, the Revelations of the Word. Being thoughts Suggestive and Practical upon Psalm 19:1-6. By ROBERT BROWN. James Nisbet and Co.

A FINE volume in outward appearance, containing a great many good things within it; but what the end and drift of it all may be is indeed “a hidden mystery.” one cannot read a page without finding rich evangelical doctrine and deep experimental instruction, but the connection of it all with the nineteenth Psalm and the jewels of the high-priest’s breast-plate is what we fail to perceive. The author is evidently a man of extensive reading, and his work is full of savor and earnest piety, and yet we do not believe that many persons will ever read it through, for it seems to us to hang together by too invisible a thread, if indeed, it bangs together at all. It is a great pity that such a heap of good bricks could not be built into a house.

The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe. Fourth Edition. Revised and corrected, with Appendices, Glossary, and Indices, by the Rev. JOSIAH PRATT, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vicar of St. Stephen’s, Coleman Street, London; also an introduction, Biographical and Descriptive, by the Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. In eight volumes. Royal 8vo. With plates. 50s. the set. Religious Tract Society.

It is very brave of the Society to issue so heavy a work, and we have our fears as to the number likely to be sold. Still, the great history of Foxe ought to be in all large libraries, especially in all congregational libraries. Earnest Protestants should see that their ministers have every one of them a copy. The heroic sufferings of our forefathers ought to be held in perpetual remembrance, and nothing can better ensure this than the wide distribution of old Foxe’s work. The price seems very little for so large a work, but we have not yet seen a copy so as to judge of the plates and the general appearance of the edition.

NOTES.

The following note was found upon our study table. We cannot fulfill the loving request which it contains one half so well by any words of ours as by inserting it just as we received it:

My very dear Mr. Editor, —

“Among your ‘Notes’ for the coming month, will you kindly sound one, clear and jubilant, of grateful blessing on behalf of the Book Fund? Nay, a ‘note’ will scarce suffice me, I need psalms of praise, and symphonies of sweetness wherewith to make melody unto the Lord for his great

goodness. Tell the dear friends who read the *Sword and the Trowel* that my mouth is filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing at the remembrance of the gracious love which continues to give support and sustenance and success to me in my beloved work. I am impatient to speak of his mercy, and cannot wait for the close of the year, when the report must be written, but feel constrained *now* to call on all who love the Lord to rejoice in my joy, and aid me in magnifying his dear name. It is only two years since this sweet service was gently and graciously laid on my heart and hands, and yet during that time the Lord has enabled me, though compassed with infirmity, to send forth, like seed corn, *many thousands* of volumes to aid the toiling laborers in the gospel field. More than £2,000 have been received and expended; the money coming fresh from the mint of heaven,' for God has sent it all: as the dear friends through whom it reaches me must very well know, seeing that *I* never ask them for their loving gifts. Just as the olive trees in Zechariah's vision constantly and silently shielded their rich streams to feed the lights of the golden candlestick, even so, as divinely and mysteriously does the Lord send me the means to provide 'oil, beaten oil, for the lamps of the sanctuary.'

"Ah dear Mr. Editor, sound the notes of praise for me! I want God's people to know how *very* good he is to unworthy me, that they may take comfort and courage from my experience of his tenderness and love. I would I had Miriam's timbrel in my hand to-day to 'sing unto the Lord' withal, and lead out others to sing also, but as that cannot be, I pray you, lift up your voice for me, and 'praise the Lord before all the people.'"

"Yours with true love and 'reverence,'

"S. SPURGEON."

In all this delight we join, and in the praise which thus ascends to heaven. How many poor ministers' hearts are singing too! Surely our Lord Jesus accepts this service his needy servants as specially rendered unto himself. To the Ever Blessed be the glory, world without end.

COLLEGE — We have in the College an earnest and able brother who is anxious to go to Japan to preach Christ. We hope that the Baptist Missionary Society will give a grant in aid, but shortness of funds prevents their taking the brother altogether to their staff. If a few friends would join us in giving £10 a year the thing might be done at once. The brother appears to be eminently qualified. Here is the account of himself which he

wrote us at our request a few days ago. He has been with us about a year:

“Herewith I send you a brief account of myself while I lived in Japan.

“I first landed in that country in May, 1871, and left for England in July, 1876. During nearly five years of this time I was engaged as a teacher of English in Japanese schools, and the last year and a half was a teacher in the English Department of the Imperial College. Thus my position brought me into immediate contact with the Japanese people.

“For some time I held a Bible Class on Sunday afternoon in my own house, to which I invited my scholars. In this class I generally explained the Scriptures, keeping to those portions which contained gospel invitations, as I found those easier to explain. Several of my pupils who attended these classes have since become believers in Christ, the last of whom is a lad by the name of Anyoji, who since my leaving Japan has joined himself to the Presbyterian church at Yokohama. Owing to opposition from the directors of my school I was obliged to discontinue these classes, and content myself with private conversation with my scholars, in which I endeavored to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I believe that in several instances God blessed this unassuming work.

“At the outset of my Christian life, I had a strong desire to enter the ministry and become a missionary, but a feeling of unfitness for the work led me to give up the thought of it, and hence I remained out of the path of duty; but God, whose ways are often mysterious, in his wisdom saw fit to take from me my dear wife, to whom I had been married for the short space of seven months. This he used as the means of bringing me into my present position. It was seemingly a hard way of the Lord with me, but now I bless and praise his name that even in this way he has led me to give myself up entirely to his service. From that time of trouble I resolved to devote myself to the Lord’s work in Japan. The old feeling of unfitness for the work of preaching again came over me, and I determined to study medicine and prepare myself for medical mission work. At once I commenced a course of preparatory study. Some time after, Dr. Palm, a medical missionary, writing to me from Nugata respecting medical mission work said, ‘If I had had more faith in the power of the simple preached word I should not have become a medical missionary.’

“At once I saw my mistake; I saw that it was by the foolishness of preaching that sinners should be led to the Savior. After much prayer I made up my mind to come home, and with the little money I had saved go through a course of theological study, in order that I might be better fitted to preach the gospel to the Japanese. Dr. Palm gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Lewis of Bayswater, who very kindly asked you to receive me into your College; you did so, and I thank God for it. And here, sir, allow me to thank you most heartily for all the kindness you have always shown towards me, and especially with regard to the work in Japan, for I feel in debt to the Japanese; and until I have faithfully preached to them the gospel of Christ I feel that debt will remain upon me.

“In going forth from the Tabernacle and the College I have an exceedingly great encouragement in that I know the prayers of the Tabernacle and College will follow me, and having such, I feel doubly sure the Master will be with me to bless the word wherever it is preached.

“Praying that God’s richest blessing may rest on you and yours,

I am,

“My dear Mr. President,

“Yours affectionately and respectfully,

“W. JNO. WHITE.”

The settlements from the College are as follows: Mr. Holmes, to Belfast; Mr. G. Smith, to Bexley Heath; Mr. Petramo, to Herne Bay. Mr. Bacon also, having honorably finished his course with us, has left to pursue his studies at Edinburgh.

We are very much obliged to a worthy friend who has sent us the following account of the labors of our two beloved evangelists at Stockton: —

“Dear sir, — In a note in the September number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, you promise condensed reports from the evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, so recently set forth, and who have now commenced their labors in Stockton. Perhaps a short report of the work from a visitor may be acceptable.

The invitation to Stockton was given in connection with the Evangelistic Mission, commenced about three years since by Mr. E. P. Telford; and the Exchange, the largest public building, was secured for the services.

On Friday, August 24th, a Workers' meeting was held in the Mission Room and was packed with earnest souls on fire with zeal for the work, and many a heartfelt prayer arose for a great blessing upon the town. The presence of the Lord was felt, and a firm confidence that he was about to work mightily in our midst.

The hearts of many of the Lord's people have been stirred up of late to ask for great things and at no time since the commencement of the Mission has the spirit of earnest, believing prayer been so greatly felt. One feature of the present work has been the large number of specific requests for prayer which have been sent to prayer-meetings, and which have received immediate answers, not a day has passed without a note of praise being heard for answers to definite requests — 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.'

The daily noon prayer-meeting, held in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, has been well attended. Many working men have hurried from their work to spend a portion of their dinner hour at these meetings, and their petitions for the salvation of relations and shop-mates have shown how much they desire that others should be saved. Often, too, has the petition gone up for grace to withstand the scorn and derision of those with whom they have to work. The population of Stockton being so largely composed of men employed in the iron works, ship building yards, etc., and of the class who rarely, if ever, attend any place of worship, the meetings held in the Marketplace are of great importance. These have usually been held each evening for half an hour before the meetings in the Exchange, and great numbers have been attracted to them by Mr. Smith's cornet, and many become sufficiently interested in the singing and short addresses to follow into the hall.

The Exchange meetings have been held twice on Sundays, and once on each week-night, except Saturday, the congregation varying from about 800 to 1,900. The interest in the meetings has evidently deepened as they have gone on, and the blessing also has continued to increase. At first but few would remain to the after-meetings, but as the same people came again and again under the preaching of the gospel, the Lord's power was manifested, and every night some are found deciding for him.

A service of song on Saturday evening attracted many to the Exchange who probably would have been found at the various places of amusement. The singing was varied by short addresses from Mr. Smith.

On the 10th, instead of the usual evening service, an experience meeting was held in the Hall, at which many who had been brought to the Lord in the mission during the last year or two gave an account of what he has done for them.

Two or three of the cases which show the complete and striking change in the lives of these men may be of general interest.

One said that he had been one of the most notoriously bad characters in Stockton, ready for anything bad, but the Lord Jesus had found him and made him a new creature, so that now his great desire was that, whereas he had been a faithful servant of the devil, he might now be found a faithful servant of Christ.

Another who had been a drunkard and a betting man was upon his conversion soon told by his companions that it would not last, but he said, "I cannot keep myself; the Lord keeps me, and has done ever since." Speaking of his racing habits he said that now he had got on the grand stand. The consistent lives of these men are a constant annoyance to many of their companions who are opposed to the gospel, but many others are probably thus led to seek for a like blessing.

During the fortnight of Messrs. Clarke and Smith's meetings about one hundred persons have given in their names as having received blessing, and as the services will not be concluded until Sunday, the 16th, a continued blessing is earnestly desired, and that many more may decide for Christ.

In the whole of the work Messrs. Clarke and Smith evidently desire to be guided by the apostle Paul's injunction, "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" fully realizing that their labors are quite useless unless they have the continued blessing of God and the power and direction of the Holy Ghost in all that they say and do.

On Monday next, a week of meetings will be commenced at Middlesborough in the Baptist chapel erected by the late lamented Mr. Priter, and the intended meetings at Hartlepool will consequently be postponed.

May there be a great blessing resting upon these also, and many be found accepting the gift of God eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"JOHN STERRY."

Leaving Stockton, our two brethren, though nearly exhausted by their toils, have been to Middlesborough. We joy and rejoice in their success; but we would again remind our friends that the whole expense rests upon us personally, and that it is natural that we should hope that those who see good accomplished, especially in the towns where they live, should aid in bearing the charges, for surely the laborer is worthy of his hire. If we were helped with these brethren, we would assist two others, and so the band of regular, approved evangelists would grow. Their engagements at present stand as follows: — Barking, Oct. 14 to 21; Bristol Oct. 28 to Nov. 5; Reading, Nov. 25 to Dec. 16. In 1878 Landport, Jan. 6 to 13: Southsea, Jan. 14 to 27; Metropolitan Tabernacle, Feb. 1 to 28; Newcastle-under-Lyes, March 11 to 30; Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 16 to May 10; Bishop's Stortford, May 14 to 30; Red Hill, Surrey, June 3 to 24; in July, rest

August 22. — The church at Farsley, near Leeds, through its estimable pastor, Mr. Parker, gave two collections to the Stockwell Orphanage, and gave them so heartily as to make them of double value. We were happy to be well enough to preach. We wish our friend Mr. Parker great success in his new position as head of the Baptist College in Manchester. May that institution vie with our own in sending out men who hold to the old-fashioned and now much-despised theology of the Puritans. There is good need; for the mildew of philosophy has fallen on the good wheat, and is marring the harvest of the Lord.

Aug. 29. — Our orphans were entertained at Reading in a right royal manner. It was one of the happiest days of our life. The boys were the objects of universal kindness. We do not know how to thank the friends sufficiently; they not only gave all that was needed for the treat and the traveling, but a handsome surplus remained. Truly God is good to find us such helpers.

August 31. — We met the workers who, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Olney, junr., are evangelizing in Bermondsey. It was very refreshing to see their zeal for the Lord, and the hearty manner in which all sorts of people worked together to reach the ungodly around them. While one preaches in the street, many help to gather the people by singing, and others distribute tracts. O that the salvation of God were come out of Zion! The millions perish and few lay the matter to heart. Benmondsey needs a great many workers like these who unite with Mr. Olney. Are there none to commence

similar enterprises? Young gentlemen of education and position could not better glorify God, nor more surely secure to themselves a good degree in the church of God than by consecrating themselves to evangelistic works in needy districts. Look at our brother Orsman, in Golden Lane, and Mr. Hatton, in St. Giles — their names are honorable where honor is best worth the having. Mr. W. Olney has our loving thanks for all that he does so faithfully for his Lord.

September 7. — We had an evening with Mr. Perkin's class, and a very happy one too. The brethren manifested love, life, and light, and spoke admirably, testifying to the good received in the class. Their esteemed president received a well-earned testimonial from them; we had a handsome sum from the College, and the whole proceedings were full of hearty enthusiasm. Our visit to this band of young men revived us. We saw that the Lord is gloriously at work at the Tabernacle, and is not withholding the blessing, as our eager anxiety sometimes makes us fear he may do. Young men are rising up, and by diligent study of their Bibles are preparing themselves for future usefulness. There is a large attendance of interested friends

September 14 — The evening of this day was spent among the Evangelists of the Tabernacle, who mustered in good force under their worthy leader, Mr. Elvin. The friends of the work came up very numerous, and the meeting was all alive. We shall never forget some of the details of lodging house visitation. Work in low London is far more interesting and romantic than your genteel lover of propriety would believe, and it is refreshing to hear details. The men have shown great courage, tact, and zeal in their ministrations among the worst parts of our neighborhood, and good must have resulted from testifying to the gospel in street corners and in the haunts of the poor and the fallen. Our young men make our heart leap for joy. We are often heavy, for our charge is great, but when we see their ardor and industry we feel more than rewarded, and leap to our work again. Mr. Elvin was also most fittingly testimonialized by his little army; he is a brother whose steady working and organizing ability are an invaluable gift to our church.

OUR FUNDS. — We hope that friends are not forgetting us. The week ending Sept. 22, when we are writing these lines, has been the dullest we have known for a long time. Donors great or small have been so few as to be counted on our fingers and the cash is going out as usual. Still there is

no actual want at present, nor can there be, since the work is the Lord's, and we have in all things endeavored to carry it on in all simplicity of heart for his glory.

AUSTRALIA. — Urgent invitations have come to us to go Australia for a tour, and we beg publicly to thank the churches for doing us this honor. Having well weighed the matter, we feel that we cannot at this time leave our post, if indeed we shall ever be able to do so. Our numerous institutions must be watched, the great congregation must be kept together, and the weekly sermon must continue to be published. These all require us to be at home, and our absences must be brief ones; otherwise we should enjoy beyond measure a trip to the Southern Sea. It is not indifference to our friends abroad, but a conviction of duty which keeps me at home. We wish every blessing to those who in so loving a manner have invited us to their shores.

COLPORTAGE. — Progress still continues in the work of opening up new districts, and hence the need of renewed and continued aid to support the colporteurs sent out. Our friends in the Southern Baptist Association find the agency to work so satisfactorily that from one agent they have now increased to five, and Colporteurs will commence work for them at Michaelmas at Salisbury and Poole. Chester and Preston, too, have new colporteurs now at work. The great evil of unhealthy literature, with which colportage mainly seeks to grapple by supplying something better, has latterly become so prominent as to call for notice in parliament, and has had to be dealt with in our law courts. One of the prisoners arrested for the Blackheath highway robbery had a number of vicious publications in his box, and similar occurrences constantly crop up. The vilest productions of the press are surreptitiously hawked about all over the country, and nothing can satisfactorily cope with the mischief except a personal house to house canvass by Christian men, presenting a supply of good and attractive reading accompanied by prayerful endeavors to lead men to Christ. This our society is doing in upwards of sixty districts in England and Wales. Will not some of the Lord's servants ponder the vast importance of wielding the immense power of the Christian press? It carries the gospel far beyond the limited number of hearers which can at the best listen to the preacher's voice. Colportage supplements and extends the work of the church to a large extent, and should therefore be welcomed and employed on a much larger scale. Our work is thoroughly unsectarian, supplying laborers in connection with any Christian church or churches who will

subscribe towards their support. Sometimes a wealthy individual subscribes the whole £40 per annum required, and a colporteur is sent into some needy district where otherwise the funds cannot be obtained. Why should we not have one hundred men at once? The secretary will be glad to correspond with friends in any neighborhood who would be willing to cooperate to raise £40 a year to start a colporteur. Please address W. Cordon Jones, Colportage Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, SE.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon: — August 27, four; 30th, eighteen; 31st, one.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

NOVEMBER, 1877.

OUR LORD'S PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted” — Isaiah 61:1.

OUR Lord's anointing was with a special view to his preaching. Such honor does the Lord of heaven and earth put upon the ministry of the Word that, as one of the old Puritans said, “God had only one Son, and he made a preacher of him.” it should greatly encourage the weakest amongst men, who are preachers of righteousness, to think that the Son of God, that blessed and eternal Word, came into this world that he might preach the same glad tidings which we are called to proclaim.

We may profitably note how earnestly our Lord kept to his work. It was his business to preach, and he did preach, he was always preaching “What,” say you, “did he not work miracles?” Yes, but his miracles were sermons; they were acted discourses, full of instruction He preached when he was on the mountain, he equally preached when he sat at table in the Pharisee's house. All his actions were significant; he preached by every movement. He preached when he did not speak; his silence was as eloquent as his words. He preached when he gave, and he preached when he received; he was preaching sermon when he lent his feet to the woman that she might wash them with her tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head, quite as much as when he was dividing the loaves and the fishes and feeding the multitude. He preached by his patience before Pilate, for there he witnessed a good confession. He preached from the bloody tree; with hands and feet fastened there, he delivered the most wonderful discourse of justice and of love, of vengeance and of grace, of death and of life, that was ever preached in this poor world. Oh, yes, he preached wondrously, he was always preaching; with all his heart and soul he preached. He prayed that he might obtain strength to preach. He wept in secret that he might the

more compassionately speak the word which wipes men's tears away. Always a preacher, he was always ready in season and out of season, with a good word. As he walked the streets he preached as he went along; and if he sought retirement, and the people thronged him, he sent them not away without a gracious word. This was his one calling, and his one calling he pursued in the power of the eternal Spirit; and he liked it so well, and thought so much of it, that he trained his eleven friends to the same work, and sent them out. to preach as he had done; and then he chose seventy more for the same errand, saying, "As ye go, preach the gospel." Did he shave the head of one of them to make him a priest? Did he decorate one of them with a gown, or a chasuble, or a biretta? Did he teach one of them to say mass — to swing a censer to elevate the host? Did he instruct one of them to regenerate children by baptism? Did he bring them up to chant in simplices and march in processions? No, those things he never thought of, and neither will we. If he had thought of them it would only have been with utter contempt, for what is there in such childish things? The preaching of the cross — this it is which is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us who are saved it is the wisdom of God, and the power of God; for it pleaseth God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. Nor at the close of his career had our Lord lowered his estimation of preaching, for just before he ascended he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." His last charge in brief was — preach, preach even as I have done before you. He lived the Prince of preachers, he died and became the theme of preachers, he lives again and is the Lord of preachers. What an honorable work is that to which his servants are called!

Now, as you have seen that our Savior came to preach, now notice *his subject*. "The Lord hath anointed me to preach *good tidings* to the meek." And what good tidings did he preach? Pardon, pardon given to the chief of sinners, pardon for prodigal sons pressed to their father's bosom. Restoration from their lost estate as the piece of money was restored again into the treasury, and the lost sheep back to the fold. How encouragingly he preached of a life given to men dead in sin, life through the living water which becomes a fountain within the soul. You know how sweetly he would say, "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "Like as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He preached a change of heart, and the need of a new

creation. He said, “Ye must be born again,” and he taught those truths by which the Holy Ghost works in us and makes all things new. He preached glad tidings concerning resurrection, and bade men look for endless bliss by faith in him. He cried, “I am the resurrection and the life: he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” He gave forth precepts, too, and threatenings in their place, — some of them very searching and terrible, but they were only used as accessories to the good news. He made men feel that they were poor, that they might be willing to be made rich by his grace. He made them feel weary and burdened, that they might come to him for rest; but the sum and substance of what he preached was the gospel — the good spell — the glad news.

Brethren, our divine Lord always preached upon that subject, and did not stoop to secular themes. If you notice, though he would sometimes debate with Pharisees, Herodians, and others, as needs must be, yet he was soon away from them and back to his one theme. He baffled them with his wisdom, and then returned to the work he loved, namely, preaching where the publicans and sinners drew near together “for to hear him.” Our business, since the Spirit of God is upon us, is not to teach politics, save only in so far as these immediately touch the kingdom of Christ, and there the gospel is the best weapon. Nor is it our business to be preaching mere morals, and rules of duty; our ethics must be drawn from the cross, and begin and end here. We have not so much to declare what men ought to do, as to preach the good news of what God has done for them. Nor must we always be preaching certain doctrines, as doctrines, apart from Christ. We are only theologians as far as theology enshrines the gospel. We have one thing to do, and to that one thing we must keep. The old proverb says, “Cobbler, stick to your last,” and, depend upon it, it is good advice to the Christian minister to stick to the gospel and make no move from it. I hope I have always kept to my theme; but I take no credit for it, for I know nothing else. I have “determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.” Indeed, necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel. I would fain have but one eye, and that eye capable of seeing nothing from the pulpit but lost men and the gospel of their salvation: to all else one may well be blind, so that the entire force of the mind may center on the great essential subject. There is, certainly, enough in the gospel for any one man, enough to fill any one life, to absorb all our thought, emotion, desire, and energy, yea, infinitely more than the most experienced Christian and the most intelligent teach, or will ever be

able to bring forth. If our Master kept to his one topic, we may wisely do the same, and if any say that we are narrow, let us delight in that blessed narrowness which brings men into the narrow way. If any denounce us as cramped in our ideas, and shut up to one set of truths, let us rejoice to be shut up with Christ, and count it the truest enlargement of our minds. It were well to be bound with cords to his altar, to lose all hearing but for his voice, all seeing but for his light, all life but in his life, all glorying save in his cross. If he who knew all things taught only the one thing needful, his servants may rightly enough do the same. "The Lord hath anointed me," saith he, "to preach good tidings": in this anointing let us abide.

But now notice *the persons* to whom he especially addressed the good tidings. They were the meek. Just look to the fourth of Luke, and you will read there, "The Lord hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor": the poor, then, are among the persons intended by the meek. I noticed when I was looking through this passage that the Syriac renders it "the humble," and I think the Vulgate renders it "the gentle." Calvin translates it "the afflicted." It all comes to one thing. The meek, a people who are not lofty in their thoughts, for they have been broken down; a people who are not proud and lifted up, but low in their own esteem; a people who are often much troubled and tossed about in their thoughts; a people who have lost proud hopes and self-conceited joys; a people who seek no high things, crave for no honors, desire no praises, but bow before the Lord in humility. They are fain to creep into any hole to hide themselves, because they have such a sense of insignificance and worthlessness and sin. They are a people who are often desponding, and are apt to be driven to despair. The meek, the poor: — meek because they are poor: they would be as bold as others if they had as much as others, or as others think they have; but God has emptied them, and so they have nothing to boast of. They feel the iniquity of their nature, the plague of their hearts; they mourn that in them there dwells no good thing, and oftentimes they think themselves to be the offscouring of all things. They imagine themselves to be more brutish than any man, and quite beneath the Lord's regard; sin weighs them down, and yet they accuse themselves of insensibility and impenitence. Now, the Lord has anointed the Lord Jesus on purpose to preach the gospel to such as these. If any of you are good and deserving, the gospel is not for you. If any of you are keeping God's laws perfectly, and hope to be saved by your works; the whole have no need of a physician, and the Lord Jesus did not come upon so needless an errand as that of healing men who have no

wounds or diseases. But the sick need a doctor, and Jesus has come in great compassion to remove their sicknesses. The more diseased you are, the more sure you may be that the Savior came to heal such as you are. The more poor you are, the more certain you may be that Christ came to enrich you; the more sad and sorrowful you are, the more sure you may be that Christ came to comfort you. You nobodies, you who have been turned upside down and emptied right out, you who are bankrupts and beggar's, you who feel yourselves to be clothed with rags and covered with wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, you who are utterly bad through and through, and know it, and mourn it, and are humbled about it, you may know that God has poured the holy oil without measure upon Christ on purpose that he might deal out mercy to such poor creatures as you are. What a blessing this is! How we ought to rejoice in the anointing, since it benefits such despicable objects. We who feel that we are such objects ought to cry, "Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

We must now consider *our Lord's design* and object in thus preaching the gospel to the poor and the meek.

It was, you observe, that he might bind up the broken-hearted. "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Carefully give heed, that you may see whether this belongs to you. Are you broken-hearted because of sin; because you have sinned often, foully, grievously? Are you broken-hearted because your heart will not break as you would desire it should break; broken-hearted because you repent that you cannot repent as you would, and grieved because you cannot grieve enough? Are you broken-hearted because you have not such a sense of sin that you ought to have, and such a deep loathing of it as you perceive that others have? Are you broken-hearted with despair as to self-salvation; broken-hearted because you cannot keep the law; broken-hearted because you cannot find comfort in ceremonies; brokenhearted because the things which looked best have turned out to be deceptions; broken-hearted because all the world over you have found nothing but broken cisterns which hold no water, which have mocked your heart when you have gone to them; broken-hearted with longing after peace with God; broken-hearted because prayer does not seem to be answered; broken-hearted because when you come to hear the gospel you fear that it is not applied to you with power; broken-hearted because you had a little light and yet slipped back into darkness; broken-hearted because you are afraid you have committed the unpardonable sin;

broken-hearted because of blasphemous thoughts which horrify your mind and yet will not leave it? I care not why or wherefore you are broken-hearted, but Jesus Christ came into the world, sent of God with this object — to bind up the broken-hearted. It is a beautiful figure, this binding up — as though the Crucified One took the liniment and the strapping and put it around the broken heart, and with his own dear gentle hand proceeded to close up the wound and make it cease to bleed. Luke doesn't tell us that he came to bind up the broken-hearted: if you examine his version of the text, you will read that he came to *cure* them. That is going still further, because you may bind a wound up and yet fail to cure it, but Jesus never fails in his surgery. He whose own heart was broken knows how to cure broken hearts. I have heard of people dying of a broken heart, but I always bless God when I meet with those who live with a broken heart because it is written, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." If you have that broken heart within you, beloved, Christ came to cure you; and he wilt do it, for he never came in vain: "he shall not fail nor be discouraged." With sovereign power anointed from on high he watches for the worst of cases. Heart disease, incurable by man, is his specialty! His gospel touches the root of the soul's ill, the mischief which dwells in that place from whence are the issues of life. With pity, wisdom, power, and condescension he bends over our broken bones, and ere he has done with them he makes them all rejoice and sing glory to his name. Come then, ye troubled ones, and rely upon your Savior's healing power. Give yourselves up to his care, confide in his skill, rest in his love. What joy you shall have if you will do this at once! What joy shall I have in knowing that you do so! Above all, what joy will fill the heart of Jesus, the beloved Physician, as he sees you healed by his stripes!

"GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL."

AS THE MAN SAID WHO CLIPPED THE SOW.

OUR friend Hodge does not seem to be making much of an out at shearing. It will take him all his time to get wool enough for a blanket and his neighbors are telling him so. But he gets plenty of music of a sort; Hullah's system is nothing to it, and even Nebuchadnezzar's flutes, harps, sackbuts, and dulcimers could not make more din. He gets "cry" enough to stock a Babylon of babies, but not wool enough to stop his ears with.

Now is not this very like the world with its notions of pleasure? There is noise enough; laughter, and shouting, and boasting; but where is the comfort which can warm the heart, and give peace to the spirit? Thousands have had to weep over their mistake, and yet it seems that every man must have a clip at his own particular pig, and cannot be made to believe that like all the rest it will yield him nothing but bristles. One shears the publican's hog, which is so fond of the swill tub, and he reckons upon bringing home a wonderful lot of wool; but everybody knows that he who goes there for wool will come home shorn himself: the "Blue Boar" is an uncommonly ugly animal to shear. Better sheer off as far as you can. Another tries greediness, and expects to be happy by being a miser. That's a very clean hog to clip at. Some try wickedness, and run into bad company, and give way to vice. I warrant you, they may shear the whole styful of filthy creatures, and never find a morsel of wool on the whole lot of them. Loose characters, silly amusements, gambling, wantonness, and such like, are swine that none but a fool will try his hand on. I don't deny that there's plenty of pig music, — who ever expected that there would be silence in a piggery? But then noise is not enough to fill the heart or cheer the soul.

John Ploughman has tried for himself, and he knows by experience that all the world is nothing but a hog that is not worth the shearing: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But yet there is wool to be had; there are real joys to be got for the asking, if we ask aright. Below, all things deceive us, but, above us there is a true friend. This is John Ploughman's verdict, which he wishes all his readers to take note of —

*“Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.”*

From John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack.

NOTES.

WE rejoice to hear on all hands that the meetings of the Baptist Union at Newport, Monmouthshire, have been among the best that have ever been held. An infusion of Welsh enthusiasm set the whole thing on fire, and the meetings were crowded throughout. Our heart was with our brethren, and

we rejoice to hear of all that was done. If brotherly love continues and increases; if evangelistic truth has universal sway, and its humble dependence upon God is maintained, there is a future for the Baptists which shall well repay all the waiting and the watching of the centuries.

The Church Congress at Croydon was a model of quietness, but all lovers of divine truth must mourn to see her delivered into the hands of her enemies. The evangelicals seem eager to sell their birthright, so long as they may but continue to eat of the pottage. Surely there will be some protesting voices! Is the cry of "Peace, peace, where is there no peace" to be taken up by all the professed lovers of the Protestant faith? We are pleased to note a line or two in the "Hand and Heart" indicating that Mr. Bullock sees no *possibility* of united action with the Romanizing party, and we are even more glad to see brave old Hugh McNeile sounding a vigorous alarm in the *Times*. But what ailed the evangelicals at the congress? It is the fear of disestablishment through internal strife which has hushed honest protest, and produced a hollow truce. May the great God of truth save his weak children from the ensnaring influences which now entangle them, and make them prefer honest poverty to their present false position.

Our review department occasionally gets us into hot water. We must, however, assure all good people whose views are not advocated, or are even opposed, that we cannot discuss matters with them. If they do not like our opinions they can state their own as publicly as they please, but we do not intend to enter into argument on all the topics which arise; we have neither the time nor the ability. Of course the secretary of a society, who lives to advocate the views of his associates, is fully justified in drawing his sword to defend his favorite principle, and we are very pleased to see his courage and zeal; but when he has been studying a subject all his life, it is not quite so brave a thing as it looks to challenge a busy man who has other fish to fry to come out and fight. However, if it does brethren good to be able to feel that we are afraid of them, our benevolence leads us to rejoice in their gratification. It will be quite safe for another dozen or two to challenge us.

Another matter needs a word. We deliver what we think an earnest, sober address, and lo, in some one or other of the newspapers which are rather sharp set during this hungry season, we come upon what profess to be a report of our speech. A sentence culled here and there, a tale ill told and a

remark set up on the wrong end, are jumbled together and called a report, and then friends send a flight of letters asking if the report is correct. Now, once: for all, let us say “*No.*” We will not be held responsible for the caricatures of what we say which are sent out to the public as our productions. In many late instances we can appeal to every man, woman, and child in the audience, except, perhaps, the penny-a-liner himself; and they will unanimously say that their impression of what they heard was as different as light from darkness from that which the so-called report was calculated to produce upon the reader.

Three members of the Tabernacle church sailed for the Indian Mission with Mr. Smith, of Delhi: — Mrs. Brown, Miss Kemp, and Mr. Blackie of our College. It is very probable, that Mr. Blackie will minister to the church in the Lal Bazaar, Calcutta. We rejoice to see the missionary spirit thus alive among us. There art more willing to go.

Our friends who have offered aid to send forth Mr. White to Japan, and to support him there, will we trust send their donations to the Baptist Mission house, Castle Street, Holborn, for the Society has generously seen fit to undertake the mission. May the Lord prosper the effort. The remark in our last number upon medical mission work will not, we trust, prejudice a single reader against medical missions. We believe most in the man who gives himself wholly to the ministry of the gospel, but the other form of usefulness is not to be despised, for in some cases it is a most suitable agency.

COLLEGE. During the month Mr. Abrahams has settled at Redruth, Mr. Hewlett at Shepton Mallett, Mr. Whetnail at Ulverstone, and Mr. D. Sharp at Bath. Our brother Winter has gone to his home above to the sorrow of us all.

ORPHANAGE. Collectors Meeting will be held at the Stockwell Orphanage on Friday evening, Nov. 9. Will our young friends be sure to bring in their collecting books, and we trust they will have good amounts to pay in, for subscriptions are rather scanty at this time.

Friends who have any of the Lord’s money in hand could not expend it better than in helping our hard-working brother, Mr. Honour, of Olivet Chapel, Deptford. Some years ago we helped his friends to buy a piece of ground in the midst of a dense population. We aided them to build a schoolroom on the back of the land, leaving a good site in front for a chapel. The time has now come to build the house, but the people are poor

and need help. Unless the rich help the poor, how can London be evangelized?

During the summer our students have gone forth two and two into the villages and towns around London, preaching, as the Lord gave doors of utterance, upon the green, or at the street corner. The season now forbids such labors, and we shall be glad to hear of openings for the hire of rooms, etc., under cover in and around London. In many a district a new church might be raised if those on the spot would only get together, and then send on to us. We would at least do our best for them.

COLPORTAGE. — Two gentlemen, who do not wish their names mentioned, join in making the Association a very generous offer towards the support of twenty new colporteurs for one year, if the whole number is at work before the end of this year. To enable us to accept this challenge, and permanently profit by it, a large increase in the amount of yearly subscriptions to the General Fund is necessary. The committee, therefore, most earnestly appeal to the readers of the *Sword and Trowel* to help them by becoming annual subscribers, and will thankfully accept any amount however small. During the month of November *only* the committee will be glad to receive applications for the appointment of colporteurs at a reduced rate from the usual £40 a year required for the partial support of a colporteur. Application from new districts for the reduced rate should be prompt, as immediate action will be taken to start colporteurs in the whole number of districts. Earnest Christian workers who are members of some Christian church, have good physical strength, and possess tact as salesmen, can apply for employment to the secretary, 5V. Cordon Jones, Colportage Association, College Buildings, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E., to whom all communications should be addressed.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: Sept. 27, nineteen; Oct. 1, six; Oct. 4, twenty.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

DECEMBER, 1877.

“DO NOT SIN AGAINST THE CHILD.”

NO. 3237

AT A PRAYER MEETING FOR SABBATH-SCHOOLS IN THE
YEAR 1877.

DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,

“And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child, and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required.” — Genesis 42:22

A Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, upon the same text, is No. 840 in the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, also entitled “Do not Sin against the Child.” It was delivered as preface to a series of services for children conducted in the Tabernacle, in the year 1868, by the late Mr. E. Payson Hammond.

You know how Joseph’s brethren, through envy, sold him into Egypt; and how ultimately they were themselves compelled to go down into Egypt to buy corn. When they were treated roughly by the governor of that country, whom they did not know to be their brother, their consciences smote them, and they said one to another, “We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, who he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us.” While their consciences were thus accusing them, the voice of their elder brother chimed in, saying, “Said I not unto you, Do not sin against the child?” From which I gather that, if we commit sin after being warned, the voice of conscience will be

all the more condemning, for it will be supported by the memory of disregarded admonitions, which will revive again, and with solemn voices say to us, "Said we not unto you, Do not sin against the child?" We who know what is due to children will be far more guilty than others if we sin against their souls. Wiser views as to the needs and hopes of the little ones are now abroad in this world than those which ruled the public mind fifty years ago, and we shall be doubly criminal if now we bring evil upon the little ones.

The advice of Reuben may well be given to all grown-up persons, "Do not sin against the child." Thus would I speak to every parent, to every elder brother or sister, to every schoolmaster, to every employer, to every man and woman, whether they have families or not, "Do not sin against the child:" neither against your own child, nor against anybody's child, nor against the poor waif of the street whom they call "nobody's child." If you sin against adults, "do not sin against the child." If a man must be profane, let him have too much reverence for a child to pollute its little ear with blasphemy. If a man must drink, let him have too much respect for childhood to entice his boy to sip at the intoxicating cup. If there be aught of lewdness or coarseness on foot, screen the young child from the sight and hearing of it. O ye parents, do not follow trades which will ruin your children, do not select houses where they will be cast in evil society, do not bring depraved persons within your doors to defile them! For a man to lead others like himself into temptation is bad enough; but to sow the vile seed of vice in hearts that are as yet untainted by any gross, actual sin, is a hideous piece of wickedness. Do not commit spiritual infanticide. For God's sake, in the name of common humanity, I pray you, if you have any sort of feeling left, do not play the Herod by morally murdering the innocents. I have heard that when, in the cruel sack of a city, a soldier was about to kill a child, his hand was stayed by the little one's crying out, "O sir, please don't kill me; I am so little!" The feebleness and littleness of childhood should appeal to the worst of men, and restrain them from sinning against the child.

According to the story of Joseph, there are three ways of sinning against the child. The first was contained in the proposition of the envious brothers, "*Let us slay him*, and we shall see what will become of his dreams." "Shed no blood," said Reuben, who had reasons of his own for wishing to save Joseph's life. There is such a thing as morally and spiritually slaying boys and girls, and here even the Reubens unite with us;

even those who are not so good as they should be will join in the earnest protest, "Do not sin against the child,"— do not train him in dishonesty, lying, drunkenness, and vice. No one among us would wish to do so, but it is continually done by bad example. Many sons are ruined by their fathers. Those who gave them birth give them their death. They brought them into the world of sin, and they seem intent to bring them into the world of punishment, and will succeed in the fearful attempt unless the grace of God shall interfere. Many are doing all they can, by their own conduct at home and abroad, to educate their offspring into pests of society and plagues to their country. When I see the member of juvenile animals, I cannot help asking, "Who slew all these?" and it is sad to have for an answer, "These are mostly the victims of their parents' sin." The fiercest boasts of prey will not destroy their own young, but sin makes men unnatural, so that they destroy their offspring's souls without thought. To teach a child a lascivious song is unutterably wicked; to introduce him to the wine cup is evil. To take children to places of amusement where everything is polluting, — where the quick-witted boy soon spies out vice, and learns to be precocious in it; where the girl, while sitting to see the play, has kindled within her passions which need no fuel, — to do this is to act the tempter's part. Would you poison young hearts, and do them lifelong mischief? I wish that the guardian of public morals would put down all open impurity; but if that cannot be, at least let the young be shielded. He who instructs a youth in the vices of the world is a despicable wretch, a panderer for the devil, for whom contempt is a feeling too lenient. No, even though thou art thyself of all men most happened, there can be no need to worry the lambs, and offer the babes before the shrine of Moloch.

The same evil may be committed by indoctrinating children with evil teachings. They learn so soon that it is a sad thing to teach them error. It is a dreadful thing when the infidel father sneers at the cross of Christ in the presence of his boy, when he utters horrible things against our blessed Lord in the hearing of tender youth. It is sad to the last degree that those who have been singing holy hymns in the Sabbath-school should go home to hear God blasphemed, and to see holy things spit upon and despised. To the very worst unbelievers we might well say, — Do not thus ruin your child's immortal soul; if you are yourself resolved to perish, do not drag your child downward too.

But there is a second way of sinning against the child, of which Reuben's own proposition may serve as an illustration. Though not with a bad

motive, Reuben said, “*Cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him.*” The idea of many is to leave the child as a child, and then look him up in after days, and seek to deliver him from destruction. Do not kill him, but leave him alone till riper years. Do not kill him, that would be wicked murder; but leave him in the wilderness till a more convenient season, when, like Reuben, you hope to come to his rescue. Upon this point I shall touch many more than upon the first. Many professing Christians ignore the multitudes of children around them, and act as if there were no such living beings. They may go to Sunday-school or not; they do not know, and do not care. At any rate, these good people cannot trouble themselves with teaching children. I would earnestly say “Do not sin against the child by such neglect.” “No,” says Reuben, “we will look after him when he is a man. He is in the pit now, but we are in hopes of getting him out afterwards.” That is the common notion, — that the children are to grow up unconverted, and that they are to be saved in after life. They are to be left in the pit now, and to be drawn out by-and-by. This pernicious notion is sinning against the child. No word of Holy Scripture gives countenance to such a policy of delay and neglect. Neither nature nor grace pleads for it. It was the complaint of Jeremiah, “Even the sea monsters draw out the breast, they give suck to their young ones: the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness.” Let not such a charge lie against any one of us. Our design and object should be that our children, while they are yet children, should be brought to Christ; and I ask those dear brothers and sisters here present who love the Lord not to doubt about the conversion of their little ones, but to seek it at once with all their hearts. Why should our Josephs remain in the pit of nature’s corruption? Let us pray the Lord at once to take them up out of the horrible pit, and save them with a great salvation.

There is yet a third way of sinning against the child, which plan was actually tried upon Joseph: *they sold him*, — sold him to the Midianite merchantmen. They offered twenty pieces of silver for him, and his brothers readily handed him over for that reward. I am afraid that some are half inclined to do the same now. It is imagined that, now we have School-boards, we shall not want Sabbath-schools so much, but may give over the young to the Secularists. Because the children are to be taught the multiplication table, they will not need to be taught the fear of the Lord! Strange reasoning this! Can geography teach them the way to heaven, or arithmetic remove their countless sins? The more of secular knowledge our

juveniles acquire, the more will they need to be taught in the fear of the Lord. To leave our youthful population in the hands of secular teachers will be to sell them to the Ishmaelites. Nor is it less perilous to leave them to the seductive arts of Ritualists and Papists. We who love the gospel must not let the children slip through our hands into the power of those who would enslave their minds by superstitious dogmas. We sin against the child if we hand it over to teachers of error.

The same selling of the young Josephs can be effected by looking only to their worldly interests, and forgetting their souls. A great many parents sell their children by putting them out as apprentices to men of no character, or by placing them in situations where ungodliness is the paramount influence. Frequently, the father does not ask where the boy can go on the Sabbath-day, and the mother does not inquire whether her girl can hear the gospel when she gets out; but good wages are looked after, and not much else. They count themselves very staunch if they draw a line at Roman Catholics, but worldliness and even profligacy are not reckoned as barriers in many cases. How many there are of those who call themselves Christians who sell their daughters in marriage to rich men! The men have no religion whatever, but "it is a splendid match," because they move in high society. Young men and women are put into the matrimonial market, and disposed of to the highest bidder: God is not thought of in the matter. Thus the rich depart from the Lord, and curse their children quite as much as the poor. I am sure you would not literally sell your offspring for slaves, and yet to sell their souls is by no means less abominable. "Do not sin against the child. Do not sell him to the Ishmaelites. "Ah!" say you, "the money is always handy." Will you take the price of blood? Shall the blood of your children's souls be on your skirts? I pray you, pause awhile ere you do this.

Sometimes, a child may be sinned against because he is disliked. The excuse for undue harshness and severity is, "He is such a strange child!" You have heard of the cygnet that was hatched in a duck's nest. Neither duck, nor drake, nor ducklings could make anything out of the ugly bird; and yet, in truth, it was superior to all the rest. Joseph was the swan in Jacob's nest, and his brothers and even his father did not understand him. His father rebuked him and said, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" He was not understood by his own kin. I should fancy that he was a most uncomfortable boy to live with, for, when his elder brothers transgressed, he felt bound to bring unto his father "their evil report." I doubt not that

they called him “a little sneak”, though, indeed, he was a gracious child. His dreams also were very odd, and considerably provoking, for he was always the hero of them. His brothers called him “this dreamer”, and evidently thought him to be a mere fool. He was his father’s pet boy, and this made him even more obnoxious to the other sons. Yes that very child, who was so despised by his brothers, was the Joseph among them. History replicates itself, and the difference in your child, which now causes him to be pecked at, may perhaps arise from a superiority which as yet hasn’t found its sphere, at any rate, “do not sin against the child” because he is singular, for he may rise to special distinction. Do not, of course, show him partiality, and make him a coat of many colors; because, if you do, his brothers will have some excuse for their envy; but, on the other hand, do not suffer him to be snubbed, and do not allow his spirit to be crushed.

I have known some who, when they have meet with a little Joseph, have sinned against him by foolish flattery. The boy has said something rather good, and then they have set him upon the table so that everybody might see him, and admire what he had to say, while he was coaxed into repeating his sage observations. Thus the child was made self-conceited, forward, and pert. Children who are much exhibited are usually spoiled in the operation. I think I hear the proud parents say, “Now *do* see — *do* see what a wonderful boy my Harry is! “Yes, I do see; I do see what a wonderful stupid his mother is. I do see how unwise his father is to expose his boy to such peril. Do not sin against the child by fostering his pride, which, as it is an ill weed, will grow apace of itself.

In many cases, the sin is of quite the opposite character. Contemptuous sneers have chilled many a good desire, and ridicule has nipped in the bud many a sincere purpose. Beware of checking youthful enthusiasm for good things. God forbid that you or I should quench one tiny spark of grace in a lad’s heart, or destroy a single bud of promise! We believe in the piety of children; let us never speak, or act, or look as if we despised it.

“Do not sin against the child,” whoever you may be. Whether you are teacher or parent, take care that, if there is any trace of the little Joseph in your child, even though it be but in his dreams, you do not sin against him by attempting to repress the noble flame which God may be kindling in his soul. I cannot just now mention the many, many ways in which we may be offending against one of the Lord’s little ones; but I would have you recollect that, if the Lord’s love should light upon your boy, and he should

grow up to be a distinguished servant of the Lord, your conscience will prick you, and a voice will say in your soul, "Said I not unto you, Do not sin against the child." And if, on the other hand, your child should not become a Joseph, but an Absalom, it will be a horrible thing to be compelled to mingle with your lamentations the overwhelming consciousness that you led your child into the sin by which he became the dishonor of your family. If I see my child perish, and know that he becomes a reprobate through my ill teaching and example, I shall have to wring my hands with dread remorse and cry, "I slew my child! I slew my child! and when I did it, I knew better, but I disregarded the voice which said to me, 'Do not sin against the child.'"

Now, dear Sunday-school teachers, I will mention one or two matters which concern you. "Do not sin against the child" by coming to your class with a chilly heart. Why should you make your children cold towards divine things? Do not sin against them by coming too late, for that will make them think that punctuality is not a virtue, and that the Sunday school is of no very great importance. "Do not sin against the child" by coming irregularly and absenting yourself at the smallest pretense, for that is distinctly saying to the child, "You can neglect to serve God when you please, for you see that this is what I do." "Do not sin against the child" by merely going through class routine, without really teaching and instructing. That is the shadow of Sunday school teaching, and not the substance, and it is in some respects worse than nothing. "Do not sin against the child" by merely telling him a number of stories without setting forth the Savior, for that will be giving him a stone instead of bread. "Do not sin against the child" by aiming at anything short of his conversion to God through Jesus Christ the Savior.

And then, you parents, "*do not sin against the child by being so very soon angry.* I have frequently heard grown-up people repeat that verse, "Children, obey your parents in all things." It is a very proper heart, *very* proper text, and boys and girls should carefully attend to it. I like to hear fathers and mothers preach from it; but there *is* that other one, you know; there *is* that other and, — "Likewise, ye fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." Do not pick up every little thing against a good child, and throw it in his or her teeth, and say, "Ah, if you were a Christian child, you would not do this and you would not do that!" I am not so sure about that; you who are heads of families do a great many wrong things yourselves, and yet I hope you are Christians; and if your

father in heaven we sometimes to be as severe with you as you are with the sincere little ones when you are out of temper, I am afraid it would go very hard with you. Be gentle, and kind, and tender, and loving.

At the same time, *do not sin against any child by over-indulgence*. Spoiled children are like spoiled fruit, the less we see of them the better. In some families, the master of the house is the youngest boy, though he is not yet big enough to wear knickerbockers. He manages his mother, and his mother, of course, manages his father, and so, in that way, he rules the whole house. This is unwise, unnatural, and highly perilous to the pampered child. Keep boys and girls in proper subjection, for they cannot be happy themselves, nor can you be so, unless they are in their places. Do not water your young plants either with vinegar or with syrup. Neither use too much nor too little of rebuke. Seek wisdom of the Lord, and keep the middle of the way.

In a word, “do not sin against the child,” but train it in the way it should go, and bring it to Jesus that he may bless it. Cease not to pray for the child till his young heart is given to the Lord. May the Holy Spirit make you wise to deal with these young immortals! Like plastic clay, they are on the wheel. Oh, that he would teach us how to mold and fashion their characters! Above all, may he put his own hand to the work, and then it will be done indeed!

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY

KNOWING full well that many of our readers will “rejoice with us in our joy,” even as we are sure they would weep with us in sorrow, were we called upon to endure it, we have determined to lift for a moment the veil which usually covers our home circle, and introduce them to our fire-side, while some portions of the letters from our dear son in Australia are being read. Verily, “goodness and mercy have followed him” every step of the way he has taken, and the kindness of Christian friends has been displayed in a marvelous manner. All listeners are eager to hear the pleasant news, and every now and then you would see, if you were present, the handkerchief slyly steal to the eyes, and you would notice that the voice of the reader occasionally grows hoarse with emotion, and her eyes are dimmed by glad tears, as she unfolds page after page of the “manifold”

mercy which “his father’s God” has shown to the young sojourner in a strange land.

By printing any parts of the letters of our own boy we run the risk of being thought egotistical, and so on; but we had rather suffer under this charge than be deemed ungrateful, as we fear we shall be if we pass over all in silence. The brethren in Australia have placed us under everlasting obligations by their great kindness to the father through the son. We are overcome by their exceeding goodness, and if we do not mention all their names it is not because anyone is forgotten, but because the list is too long to be written.

Our son’s voyage out was speedy, prosperous, and pleasant: companions few, but occupations many and varied, so that time seems rarely to have hung heavily on hand. At the request of our esteemed friend, Captain Jenkins, our son held services every Lord’s-day while on board, and sometimes amid very much disorder and difficulty, consequent upon being at sea. Of these services he thus writes: — “I am sure you are very anxious to know all about Sundays, and I am glad to report pretty favorably of our Sabbaths on the ocean. The second Sunday on board was anything but a pleasant day, as far as the weather was concerned, the sea was very rough, and the rain fell constantly. The bell for church commenced to ring about half-past ten, and not having far to travel, the audience soon arrived. It was not an easy task to stand, but after a while I succeeded in wedging myself between a table and the back of a seat, and presently forgot circumstances and inconveniences in the glory of my subject. Unfortunately many of my hearers were not so successful, for their white faces grew whiter every moment, and at last they were compelled to leave..... I think I may say that every other Sunday was much more pleasant than the one just described. The next week we were near the tropics, and enjoyed fine weather. I determined to have two services. In the evening it was dreadfully hot, but we had a good time. Sunday, July 15th, is recorded as the happiest Sabbath spent on board. Both meetings were better attended than ever, and in the evening there were nearly sixty persons present. When you remember that there were so many Roman Catholics on board, a band of men “on the watch,” and many who preferred sleep to service, besides several absentees through sickness, you will see that this was a most encouraging audience. I bless the Lord for inclining them to come, for making them so wonderfully attentive, and for so graciously aiding me in speaking. I spend much time in making sure of my sermons, for I preach without notes, one reason being

that at night the lights are turned down on account of the heat. The sailors came in great force to the meeting, and plainly showed they felt the word, by hoping for opportunities to hear it in Melbourne. I ought, indeed, to be thankful for help and blessing on those days. Many a time, despite outward circumstances, I enjoyed preaching, and have been encouraged often. I feel sure the seed, though thus 'cast on the waters,' must be found again 'after many days.' The 29th July was about our roughest Sunday. With little wind to steady the ship, the rolling was very considerable and very inconvenient. During service it was difficult for some to retain their seats and for me to maintain my post. It, was not easy either to sustain the thread of the discourse, for swinging trays, and an audience 'moved' in anything but a desirable way, are not conducive to retention of ideas, or expression of thought. That evening our largest congregation met, and, best of all, the Lord was there. Yet I cannot disguise the fact that I have felt loneliness to-day as regards the services. I sadly miss the encouraging looks of eager listeners at home, and there is a want of life and interest which saddens me, but I am not cast down about it, for the one great source of aid is with me, and after all 'tis welcome trouble if it drive me close to him.'"

Evidently God was teaching his youthful "hands to war and his fingers to fight," in anticipation of future battles. Three months preaching to the same audience amid the rolling of the sea is an admirable preparation for addressing crowds on shore. The discouragements especially which the young preacher met with were specially calculated to train him for the far greater hardness which awaits the good soldier of Jesus Christ. On the 12th of August, after giving an account of interruptions to the service by the frequent entrance of a large dog, he thus writes, "I was grieved to see the audience completely disturbed by the intruder. Rats running across the saloon and persons passing the doors were further hindrances to worship, and altogether I certainly stood greatly in need of the help God so graciously gave." The last Sunday on board ship he addressed the assembly from the appropriate text, "So he bringeth them to their desired haven," and he says, "Oh, that some who listened would accept Jesus as the true pilot who brings us to the desired port of peace. Join with me in blessing God for making Sunday life on board this ship so different to what it often is, and pray that the word spoken under such circumstances may be blessed."

His reception at Melbourne was most gratifying and enthusiastic. On the pier a crowd of friends awaited him, almost vying with each other as to

who should claim the young stranger as their guest. "I seemed to keep on shaking hands," he says, "and which of the many offered will be my home I cannot tell, but God seems to be arranging everything most graciously." After a brief stay of two or three days at Melbourne with Mr. Wade, of the Religious Tract Society, who has long been a friend of ours through correspondence, though unknown by face, he removed to Geelong. To Mr. Wade and other brethren at Melbourne we all at home render most sincere thanks. At Geelong Tom took up his quarters with our dear friend and former student, Mr. Bunning. Here he has met with kindness which stirs our hearts to their depths. His first sermon in Australia was delivered on Sunday evening in the chapel of his good friend, Mr. Bunning. He writes, "I did not intend preaching on my first Sunday ashore, but as I expect to be at Ballarat next Sabbath, I seized perhaps my only opportunity of helping our dear brother. We had a grand time, the beautiful chapel was thronged, and God was in the place. I do not know the number of persons whom I have seen who knew dear father, or have received benefit from his sermons. I am overwhelmed with their stories, and it gladdens them to tell them to me. By this means I believe I have the way open to many hearts in this colony. I have seen them weep when I spoke, I suppose because of the recollections that are raised. If God will guide me where I shall go, and tell me what I shall say, I hope to be able to do great good. God give the youthful mind prudence and discretion. Yesterday I received a telegram from Adelaide, 'Please preach in Town Hall, or Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide, October or November. Letter coming.'"

After speaking at a large meeting on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, the young traveler took a journey to Ballarat, and visited a gold mine, of which he gives a most interesting description, too long to insert in this brief paper. Here he preached for Mr. Clarke, another old student of the Pastors' College, and we give in his own words the details of the service. "We had a grand time on Sunday night. Dawson-street Chapel is a fine building, seating, I suppose, about seven hundred persons. It was crammed long before service time, and when we commenced the large platform was crowded, and the pulpit besieged, while all the forms in the place were in use. We had such a sweet service. The Lord of hosts stood by my side, and helped me mightily. (2 Chronicles 15:2.) I cannot tell the number of persons who came to shake hands with me. During the week I have attended the noonday prayer-meeting and addressed a children's class, in which Mr. Clarke takes especial interest, and bade farewell to the

people at the Wednesday evening meeting. Mr. Clarke has been as kind and as generous as Mr. Bunning, and Mr. Allen the same, so that I have had the A B C of kindness.

From Ballarat our son journeyed to Stawell, a mining town about seventy-six miles from Ballarat. Here again he was initiated into the mysteries of search for gold in the bowels of the earth, and his amazement seems great at the difficulties which everywhere attend the discovery of the precious metal. New friends, fresh hospitalities, and unvarying kindness await the young voyager. He is feted and made much of, and treated in quite a princely fashion. How we can ever thank friends for all this we know not, but two warm hearts feel this kindness very deeply.

Of the services in Stawell, he says, "Sunday up here was a very pleasant day. I took the morning service in the Baptist chapel, and in the evening the town hall was crammed; to all appearance it would have been the same had the space been doubled. We had a blessed meeting. I felt God's help most certainly, and the hearing ear was assuredly listening."

We must pass over a very glowing account which he gives of a day's picnic in the Grampian Hills, some thirty miles from Stawell, to follow him back to Geelong, where, in the society of Mr. Bunning and his people, his twenty-first birthday was to be spent. Little could he have anticipated the loving welcome which awaited him, or the splendid gift which liberal hearts would devise and tender hands bestow on him that day. We will let him tell in his own words the story of that ever memorable epoch of his life. "I was glad that my twenty-first birthday should be celebrated at Geelong, but it never occurred to me that it would be done on so great and magnificent a scale. No sooner had I risen in the morning than I was presented with a beautiful pair of slippers from Mrs. Bunning. A new Union Jack waved in the breeze next door, and a bunch of violets hung over the fence for 'the son of John Ploughman.' A little daughter of one of the deacons came with good wishes and splendid flowers, and a Mr. V. had previously sent a folio of Geelong views. I was overwhelmed with kindness. About 10:30 Mr. W. took us a lovely drive to his house, where there was a feast indeed. A good many friends, most of whom I had seen before, gave me a hearty welcome. At dinner the first toast was the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and dear mother was very affectionately remembered by all. Then 'our' guest, who *tried* to reply. [Tom is a life abstainer, and therefore the toasts need shock no teetotaller, however scrupulous.] The walls were decorated with greenery

and mottoes, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee,' 'Many happy returns of the day,' etc. were appropriately interspersed. But the half has not been told you. I learned that there was to be a tea meeting in the evening, but they tried to keep particulars from me most mysteriously. At length it all came out. At the tea there were some two hundred persons, and such a tea I never saw before! The provisions both in quantity and quality proved it to be something out of the ordinary way, and charming flowers were numberless. At the after meeting, which was held in the new chapel, there were about 500 people. The affair had not been made public, except by a short announcement that got into the papers, nobody knows how. This paper was, of course, jealously guarded from my sight. Well, as the newspaper accounts will inform you, I was presented with a gold watch. Are you not wonder-struck? After the presentation had been made, Mr. Banning most considerately said, 'Now we will sing a hymn, to give our young friend an opportunity of getting himself together.' I can assure you I was glad of the pause, and when I did get up I felt all anyhow. I thanked them as best I could, but remained astonished at their liberality. During the meeting I was greatly touched by the receipt of a telegram from the Collins Street Church, in Melbourne, congratulating me, and cordially approving of the meeting. Was not this kind? Are you not thankful I have found such good friends out here? How I wish you could have heard the prayers that were offered up by all of us, especially by dear Mr. Bunning and Mr. Clarke, at morning and evening worship. Oh that they may be answered for you and every member of the family. What a thing it is to have a father so admired and loved!"

All this may be trifling to outsiders, but to us it causes a sort of sinking of heart that so many people on the other side of the globe should take such loving interest in our son. He well deserves their confidence; but such earnest and superabundant kindness, rendered to him for our sake, is too much. We would gladly express our gratitude by writing privately to each one of the friends, but when they come to be numbered by the hundred we must return thanks in another form. These loving deeds have been done in public, and therefore we must render thanks in public too. Returning to our dear boy's letter, we find him telling of a sorrowful parting from his dear friends at Geelong, and giving an account of some services in Melbourne itself. He says "Mr. Varley is drawing wonderful crowds, and great good is being done." Of his own doings he thus writes: — "Some one told me last evening that I must give a 'glowing account' to you of Sunday evening last

(Sept. 23), but this would scarcely be within my province, as I was so prominent in the affair. You will rejoice with me, however, in the fact that I had another glorious opportunity of preaching the gospel. Albert-street Baptist church (Mr. Bailhache's — Thanks also to this good friend.) is comparatively new, and built in the amphitheater style. The seats rise tier above tier, and form a semicircle round the pulpit. I have told you how other places have been crowded, but nothing equaled this. It was with great difficulty that I gained the vestry, and the pulpit was harder still to reach. Unfortunately that evening I had a cold, and had not been speaking five minutes before my voice failed me, and it was a great exertion to continue. Those who had listened before could plainly tell I was not talking in my ordinary voice. This was a great drawback, and consequently I did not get on as well as usual. However, the people seemed pleased, and I trust were profited." A week after this painful experience he writes again: "We have had another very happy Sunday. I preached at Collins-street Baptist church. I felt at home, and, with the message of freedom through the Son, it was glorious indeed to speak to so large and attentive an audience. Yesterday I received an invitation to Dunedin, New Zealand. Churches here seem to be prospering, I wish I could find time to write an article for *The Sword and Trowel*.... God bless you all. My mind now thinks of every one. Dear home is before me. God bless the inmates, help father in his work, mother in hers, and all the rest in their different spheres. I trust this news will make you glad."

It has made us glad. Will our friends when they read this be so good as to pray for both our sons: Charles who is working hard in the College, and is preaching with all his might, and Thomas, who, though preaching and traveling, is not strong in health. We beg also to be mentioned at the throne of grace ourselves. C.H. & S.S.

A MESSAGE

TO ALL MINISTERS WHO WERE FORMERLY STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS. — You know that "History repeats itself." This trite saying has been so well worn lately, that I am almost ashamed to reiterate it, yet it just came handily into my head as my fingers grasped the pen.

And, being but a ploughman's *poor wife* (not a *poor ploughman's wife*, don't mistake me), I am glad enough to catch at any stray thought which may help me in "saying my say," or give me the faintest possible chance of clothing my "Message" in some of the "goodly words" which were Naphthali's promised blessing. We are assured that the old saying is as *true* as it is *trite*, and I am inclined to put it to the test, and see whether at my bidding the desired repetition will take place. The bright little bit of "history" which I am very wishful should "repeat itself," occurred at the beginning of this present year, when at my request you all wrote to me, accepting, with great delight, my offer of six volumes of *Our President's* sermons towards the completion of your sets. Ah! what a busy time it was! And how happy! Your letters came streaming in, their loving words and hearty good wishes flooding my heart with joy, and almost making me forget my pain in the sacred pleasure of ministering to your necessities. One hundred and ninety of you availed yourselves then of the proffered boon, and assurances of the most grateful and fervent nature have not been lacking that the Lord's blessing manifestly accompanied the volumes. Perchance there is a plentiful spice of selfishness in the longing which now possesses me for a renewal of this bright spot in my history. These last few months my work has seemed to lie away from "mine own people," and I have sorely missed the tenderness of the mental atmosphere which always surrounds me when dealing with those loving hearts. Come then, dear friends, let us mutually comfort and refresh one another as heretofore. Again I offer you six volumes of the sermons which the Lord has so greatly blessed, and which I know are most precious and useful to you in your work for Him. God will be glorified by the gift, if the study and prayerful perusal of these books should rekindle your zeal, and inflame your love, and make you more than ever determined to preach nothing but "Christ and him crucified" to poor perishing souls; and my hands will be strengthened, and my spirit braced for further work, by the encouragement and blessing which are sure to return to me from the over-flowing of glad and grateful hearts. It may not be out of place if I tell you here a choice little bit of "history" touching these same precious sermons. It came to me the other day from Ireland; and, after reading it, I think you will join me in praying that it may "repeat itself" indefinitely. My correspondent writes thus: "The town in which Mr. ___ labors is densely and fiercely Popish, — the people wholly under the thumb of the priest, — his heel rather, for he does not scruple to use physical punishment to compel them to do his will! A Presbyterian shopkeeper, a grocer, tries to do good by means of your

husband's sermons. Of course the Romanists dare not *buy* them. It would be as much as their salvation is worth to be known to have anything to do with such heretical publications. But when they come to buy a loaf, this good grocer wraps it in one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and of course there is no harm taking it that way! He finds they read it, too, and when they come back for another loaf, he sees them looking anxiously, though furtively, to see whether they are going to get another sermon as well! So they are being circulated and read among these poor people, and who can tell how God may bless them!" Will you take note of this touching incident, and remember poor dark Ireland in your prayers for Christ's sake?

Returning to the business of this letter, I should like, if God spare and enable me, to begin the *New Year* with this proposed sweet service for you: this month I have to prepare and write the "Report" of my work for the past twelvemonths, and nobody knows how *very hard* I shall have to "cudgel" my poor brains to get THAT out of them in anything like a comely fashion. Letters can be sent to me before January, if any one so please; but, pending the "cudgelling" process just spoken of, they must be laid aside, and await my attention till the commencement of 1878, when, all being well, I shall with the greatest delight respond to all applications in the order in which they will have been received. You are aware, dear friends, of my entire dependence on the Lord for all I need in carrying on the work which he has given me to do. May I ask you to "speak for me to the King," when it shall be well with you; that He would graciously "remember me for good," "fulfill all my petitions," and "give me the desire of my heart" in His service. Blessed be His name, the "history" of His love, and His grace, and His faithfulness, "repeats itself," in one continual song of praise on the lips of those who have been "redeemed from among men by His blood." With hearty Christian love, and delightful anticipations of future service,

Very truly yours, SUSIE SPURGEON.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

The Bible for the World: a Lecture. By the Rev. A. N. SOMERVILLE, D.D. Morgan and Scott.

IT was a good thought to preserve this almost valedictory speech of Dr. Somerville, delivered on the eve of his departure to Australia. We have given elsewhere a lengthy extract, which will show the author's poetic

power. The doctor's mission has been of the utmost service to the southern world.

Kind Questions; or, "Speaking the Truth in Love." By A. M. STALKER. Second Edition. Elliot Stock.

WE hope that this work will always be kept in print. We ought to have a dozen good manuals of baptism, but there is a sad lack of such books. Mr. Stalker's is in every way admirable, and we hope it will go through a score editions.

By Land and Ocean; or, the Journal and Letters of a Young Girl who went to South Australia with a Lady Friend, then alone to Victoria, New Zealand, Sydney, Singapore, China, Japan, and across the Continent of America Home. By FANNY L. RAINS. Sampson Low and Co.

THIS book scarcely comes within our range, for our review department mainly deals with religious works, while this is true to its title in keeping to *land and ocean*: the writer, however, is "with us," and therefore might without difficulty, have risen above her present theme. Miss Rains has gone round the world all alone, and has returned to interest her family with her adventures. She has shown marvelous fortitude and common sense, and has evidently gone about with her eyes open, and therefore her book will command readers. She has a flowing style, and a pen which we hope will be used again. The favorite expressions of young ladies occur pretty often, but then the writer is a young lady, and as kind and good, and withal as brave a young lady as we know. Those who want to know how the world looks to an "unprotected female," who is not of an uncertain age, but very young and full of spirit, will find their desires fulfilled if they read "By Land and Ocean."

The Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song and Evangelistic Hymns. Edited by VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH and J. MANTON SMITH. Prefatory note by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE penny edition of this hymn-book will be very suitable for gospel services, and the shilling edition, with the music, will be welcomed in the family as well as in the choir. Both books are marvelously cheap. Intended for the use of our evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, they will, we trust, commend themselves to other leaders of congregational singing. Mr. Charlesworth, of our Orphanage, is both poet, composer, and singer, and therefore is eminently calculated to edit the work with Mr. Smith. If our

readers buy the shilling edition with music they will find some beautiful new pieces and the best of the old ones.

Christmas Carols. Music and Words arranged by W. H. Essex, Organist. Religious Tract Society.

A MIRACULOUS pennyworth. We ought to have carols enough next Christmas. Here are more than a score, with the music in the tonic sol-fa, for a penny. How is it done ?

The Sunday School Teacher's Pocket Book and Diary for 1878. Sunday School Union.

WE have for years found this a very handy pocket-book, and feel sure that to teachers it must be of great service.

The Baptist Magazine fights its way gallantly under difficulties. *The General Baptist* is full of vigor. *The Gospel Magazine* contains good spiritual matter, but is at times rather prosy. *The Baptist Messenger* is a full pennyworth. *The King's Highway* means well, but to our mind it ministers more to spiritual pride than to true holiness. *The Appeal* is a very useful halfpenny periodical for general distribution: at fifty for a shilling the back numbers make good readable tracts. *The Presbyterian Monthly* only began in November, price 6d. It represents orthodoxy, and has its armor on, and its sword drawn. We hope it will outlive the enemy it defies.

Devon's Theology. By a Ploughboy. Or, A Voice from the Downs of Freshwater. Printed for the Author.

THIS is a comment upon the catechism of the Council of Trent, principally with a view to show that Romanism, with all its pretensions to infallibility, has not always been the same. The ploughboy is quite capable of reasoning with Romanism if Romanism would listen to reason, but if it will not, he fighteth as one that beateth the air, and so wastes his own strength without producing any effect upon others.

NOTES.

FIRST and foremost, — *Christmas day at the Orphanage.* We have had very particular and special injunctions not to forget a little bit in the magazine, to beg our friends to provide the roast beef and plum pudding,

oranges, and so on, so that the orphans may have a high day at Christmas. Of course the boys see no reason why the festivities of the season should ever be forgot; and we confess that we see eye to eye with them in the grand doctrine, that as Christmas comes but once a year, our friends will be sure to remember it. Does not the president dine with all the matrons and the masters, and the boys, and when he comes there shall the cupboard be bare ? Now is the time to replenish the general funds of the Orphanage, and we hope it will be done so well, that when the president is away on the Continent he may not have one careful thought, or be like the old lady in the shoe, feeling that he has so many children he does not know what to do. Special gifts for Christmas should be accompanied by the information that they are so designed, as they go to a separate account.

NOV. 9. — Our young friends, the Collectors, had a happy evening at the Orphanage. It was quite a family gathering. We wish many more would take cards, to be brought in next March, when we hope to have another evening together. The boys of the Orphanage were all made very happy by good Mr. Lobb, who sent them each a copy of his "Uncle Tom." Thank you, Mr. Lobb, for this and many other kind acts. What with this presentation, and the bell-ringers, and the boys' mimic drum and fife band, and the fireworks, which some friends gave us, we were a very merry party of young folks; and we hope next March to be equally so, if we are alive and well. So let the boys and girls collect, and then bring in their moneys for the orphans.

NOV. 11. — This day the Tabernacle was open to all comers; but the night was as dreary, windy, and wet as can be well conceived. Notwithstanding the boisterous weather the house was filled by a congregation mostly of men, and the Lord was with the Word.

NOV. 14. — We had great delight in opening a new chapel at Streatham, which has been presented by the sons of our late friend, Mr. Caleb Higgs, as a memorial of their departed father. What better form can be given to a monument ? It is precisely such as our departed friend would have approved. Here is an example for others. The chapel is a remarkably beautiful specimen of the taste and common sense of our deacon, Mr. William Higgs, who carried out the work.

NOV. 19. — This day was spent as a day of prayer by the church at the Tabernacle. There were four gatherings. The first from 7 to 9 was for the early risers; the second from 12 to 2 enabled many to sanctify the dinner

hour; the third from 4 to 6 gave an opportunity to persons of leisure; and then from 7 to 9 we welcomed the members of the other Baptist churches in our district, with whom we united in prayer and breaking of bread. Owing to the extremely bad weather our meetings were smaller than usual, but in the evening, when the rain had ceased, the number assembled far exceeded any previous occasion. The Lord was with us, prayer was wrought in us by the Spirit was heard and will yet more fully be answered.

COLLEGE. — Mr. Paige has accepted the pastorate at Truro, and Mr. Collier leaves us for Melbourne, owing to feeble health. We commend him to the churches there. More young men than usual are offering themselves to the College just now with the view of becoming missionaries. We have as many as we think it wise to take upon the funds, but this does not seem to keep the men back, for quite a number have come forward who offer to support themselves. The missionary spirit is increasing, and will, we trust, continue to seize upon gracious men and women. Last month we were in error in mentioning Miss Kemp as in membership at the Tabernacle, she belongs to the Baptist church at Rochdale. So many of that beloved family have been with us for a season that we reckoned her still as ours. May many young ladies be moved to follow her noble example, and devote themselves and their all to the service of the Lord.

COLPORTAGE. — The secretary bewails the fact that we have an offer of part support for twenty new men, but the amounts needful to meet the offer are not forthcoming. Shalt God's work be hindered for lack of the gold which is in the possession of his own children? Colporteurs can at once be appointed to some twenty places, on application to Mr. W. Corden Jones, the College, Temple-street, Newington. He will be happy to furnish terms. Men who volunteer for Colportage work should apply to the same person.

Our notes are short this month, for we have placed some matters in the magazine as little articles which else would have figured here. Perhaps we have occupied too much space in that way, but the last month of the year is a sort of clearing up time; we hope to do better in January.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon: — November 1st, twenty-one; November 15th, nine.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

A RECORD OF COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOR FOR THE
LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1878.

“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 4:17, 18.

PREFACE.

AS we close the fourteenth volume of *The Sword and the Trowel* we also complete the first twenty-five years of our ministry in London. How swiftly time has fled, and how like a dream the retrospect appears! Yet it has been no dream, but a blessed and wonderful reality, for which may the name of the Lord be magnified.

Twenty-five years ago we began this work for the Lord with a slender handful of friends, so slender, indeed, that it is easy enough to make a list of them. A few poor, godly people were the nucleus of the present great host. They were, however, as good as they were few. Having been for some years discouraged and disappointed, they were delivered from all unpractical squeamishness, and were ready to join heartily with their young leader in an effort for restoring their church and increasing the kingdom of Christ. Prayer was made unto God without ceasing for prosperity, and the prosperity came suddenly, like the bursting of a great rain cloud, but it did not pass away, or even abate. Year alter year there was still the sound of abundance of rain. The feeble folk at New Park-street soon felt strong enough to attempt an aggressive work by holding services at Exeter Hall, and, when this turned out to be more than a success, future progress was forced upon them rather than selected by them. From Exeter Hall to the Surrey Gardens, and from the Surrey Gardens to the Metropolitan Tabernacle has been an advance in which there has been the freest action of simple faith and honest common sense, and yet those who have been behind the scenes know that there has really been no choice at all, but the Lord has shut his servants up to one way and one method, and all they have had to do has been to go forward in his strength.

College, Orphanage, Colportage Association, Society of Evangelists, might any one of them be regarded as works of Christian inventiveness, but it would be by far the smaller half of the truth to view them from that point of view. These enterprises have succeeded each other by a natural rule and order of Providence as inevitably as the links of a chain follow each other. We have heard kind friends speak of “genius for organization” and “great practical common sense” as abiding in the leader of these various works for the Lord; but, indeed, it would be far nearer the truth to say that he followed with implicit, and almost blind, confidence what he took to be the intimations of the divine will, and hitherto these intimations have proved to

be what he thought them. At the close of twenty-five years we see a vast machinery in vigorous operation, in better working condition than ever it was; and, as to means and funds, perfectly equipped, although it has no other resources than "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Gratitude bows her head, and sings her own song to her Well-beloved, to whom it belongs. What are we to see in the years which remain to us? It is not ours to supply an answer. Few and feeble the years may be which shall complete our pilgrimage here below. They may be but as seven lean kine, which shall eat up the fat kine that have gone before. Let the reader pray that such a wretched supposition may not be realized. Otherwise may we read the lines of destiny. According to the riches of his mercy our Lord will fulfill the promise, "Thou shalt see greater things than these": and if spared for another quarter of a century each branch of the work will be stronger, the whole enterprise far more widely developed, and many new ends and objects hitherto unattempted will have been carried out to the glory of God.

At any rate, with all our heart we thank the thousands of friends who have helped us during these twenty-five years. Our chief gratitude is due to the Most High; to him be it paid: but it would by no means be pleasing in his sight that we should be ungrateful to those of his friends and servants who have been our fellow-helpers. What could we have done alone? We are the debtor of all. There have been the regular contributors with their small amounts coming in constantly; these have been sweet as daily bread. There have been the occasional donors whose gifts have been special thank-offerings of mercies received; these have been pleasant dainties. And there have been the brethren, true stewards of the Lord, who every year in dividing out their substance have made an item of each branch of our work, and have sent us large sums, so that the cause of God might not lack; these have been royal providers. Upon helpers of all sorts may the dew of the Lord descend; may they have their full share of the comfort which cometh of doing good. We should be willing, personally, to surrender our own portion of the pleasure if we could send it on to some heavy-hearted subscriber who needs good cheer at this moment.

Brother, if you have helped by the College to teach many a young Apollos the way of God more perfectly; or if in the Orphanage you have provided for the widow and the fatherless; or if by the Book Fund you have helped the impoverished servant of God; or by the Colportage have joined in sending pure literature into the dark spots of your own country; or by the

Society of Evangelists have enabled the earnest proclaimer of the gospel with his silver trumpet to sound out the word of life — if you have helped in any one or all of these works, let us rejoice together; let us give a grip of hearty fellowship, and with a song in our mouth and a prayer on our tongue let us go on our way till the end shall be.

C. H. SPURGEON.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1878

THE VOICES OF OUR DAYS

A MEDITATION FOR THE NEW YEAR. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

*“I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.” —
Job 32:7.*

In the discussion between Job and his three friends Elihu was present, but though by far the wisest man he remained quiet. Sometimes a still tongue proves a wise head. In our text he gives his reason for refraining from speech. He felt inclined to deliver his mind, but being the younger man he modestly said “These gray-headed men ought to know better than I. Perhaps if I speak I shall display my ignorance, and they will say, ‘Be silent, boy, and let your fathers teach you.’” Therefore he said to himself, “Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.”

Elihu had, however, been disappointed. His words plainly say that he had heard but little wisdom from the three ancients, and he added, “Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment.” He was not the only man who has been disappointed when looking to his seniors for wisdom, for it is a sorrowful truth that the lapse of years will not make us wiser apart from the grace of God. Though with the teaching of the Holy Spirit every year’s experience will make the Christian riper, yet without that teaching it is possible that each year may make a man, not more ripe, but more rotten. Among all sinners the worst are those who have been longest at the trade; and among saints he is not always the best who has lived long enough to grow cold. We have known some exhibit ripeness of experience in their very youth through divine teaching, and by growing on the sunny side of the wall of fellowship; while others who have been far longer on the tree are still sour, because they hang out of the blessed sunlight of the divine presence, in the cool shade of worldliness.

You cannot measure a man's wisdom by the baldness of his head, or the grayness of his hair; and yet if the Spirit of God were with us to sanctify each day's experience it ought to be so. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."

This, then, is our new year's theme — the teaching of our years as they pass over our heads. What are we learning from them?

Our first remark shall be that DAYS HAVE A VOICE. Elihu said, "Days should speak." Every day, as a day, has its own lesson. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." The sun never breaks upon the earth without light of a superior order for those who have intelligence, and especially for those who have the Holy Spirit. For instance, the mere fact of our beginning another day teaches us to adore the mercy which kept us alive when the image of death was on our faces during the night, An extraordinary mercy indeed: for sleep is near akin to death, and waking is a rehearsal of the resurrection. When the day begins it tells us that God has already provided us with mercies, for there are our garments ready to put on, and there too is the morning meal. Each day in its freshness seems to hint that the Lord would have us attempt somewhat new for him, or to push forward with that which we have already commenced, or to draw nearer to him than we have ever been before. The Lord calls us to learn more of him, to become more like him, to drink more fully into his love, and to show forth that love more clearly. Every hour of the day teaches us its own lesson, and till the shadows fall the voices speak to us if we have ears to hear. Night, too, has its teaching. Does it not bid us pray the Lord to draw a curtain over the day and hide the sin of it, even as he draws the curtain across the sky, and makes it more easy for us to fall asleep? Do we not delight, as we go to our beds, to ask to be unclothed of all our sins, even as we are stripped of our garments, and should we not pray to be prepared to fall asleep, and lie in our last bedchamber, till the everlasting morning breaks upon us and we put on our glory robes? Did we but exercise sanctified thought, each day would bring its precious dower of wisdom, and make us better acquainted with the Lord.

What a message do our Sabbath-days bring to us! To those who toil all the week long the light of the Lord's-day seems fairer and fresher than that of any other day. A person at Newcastle who had a house to let took an applicant for it to the top of his house, spoke of the distant prospect, and added, "We can see Durham cathedral on a Sunday." "On Sunday," said

the listener, “and pray why not on a Monday?” “Why,” said he, “because on the week-days great furnaces and pits are pouring forth their smoke, and we cannot see so far; indeed, we can scarcely see at all; but when the fires are out our view is wide.” Is not this a true symbol of our Sabbath-days when we are in the Spirit? The smoke of the world no more beclouds the heavens, and we see almost up to the golden gates. Such days do speak, indeed, and tell us of the rest which remaineth. They sing in our ears with soft and gentle voice, and tell us that we shall not always need to bow like galley slaves, tugging at the oar of this world’s work, but may even now look up to the place where our home awaits us, and the weary are at rest. These peaceful Lord’s-days call us away to the top of Shenir and Hermon, whence we may view the land of our inheritance. They cry to us, “Come up higher.” They beckon us to commune with “him whom, having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” All days speak, but Sabbath-days speak best, — they are orators for God! These resurrection days, these days of the Son of man, these have angel voices. he that hath ears to hear let him hear.

While each day speaks, some days have peculiar voices. Days of joy speak, and bid us bless the Lord and magnify his name. Days of sorrow speak and cry, “Depart ye, depart ye, this is not your rest, for it is polluted.” Days of communion with God speak, saying, “Abide with me”; and days of lost communion cry in warning, “Are the consolations of God small with thee? Is there any secret thing with thee?” Days of health say, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might”; and days of sickness say, “In the day of adversity consider.” Each day, whether bright or dim, clear or cloudy, festive or desolate, has its own tone and modulation, and speaks its message. Some of these days are great preachers, and from them we have learned more than in months before. Solemn days of decision when sins have been abandoned, joyous days of manifestation when Christ has been precious., triumphant days of victory in which God has been exalted — these speak indeed, and like prophets claim a hearing in the name of the Lord. Whether common or special, each day is to us a new page of sacred history, a new window into the truth, another halting place in the march to the celestial city.

Here let us add that *all our days have had a voice to us*. There were youthful days, and we thought they said, “Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and we listened all too eagerly; yet we misunderstood those voices.

Had we hearkened to the end of their sermon we should have heard them say, "But know that for all this God will bring thee into judgment." To some of us our youthful days were full of blessed teaching, for they called us to seek him early in whom we have rejoiced and found our all in all. Days of middle life have a voice, which we hear as we buckle on our harness for stern fight, and find but little space for rest, and none for self-congratulation. What do these days say to us but "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Those gray hairs scattered upon our brows warn us that our sun will not remain at noon for long. I hear a voice which cries to me, "Quick! quick! quick! The night cometh." As to those later days, to which our text more pointedly alludes, they say to you, dear brothers and sisters, who have reached them, "Make sure work for eternity. Hold time loosely. Lay hold on eternal life." The declining strength, the teeth long gone, the limbs trembling, the eyes needing the optic glass to aid them, the hair snowy with many winters — all these are messages of which the purport is, "Be ye also ready, for the Bridegroom cometh." Knowing our frailty, each day sounds in my ear the trumpet call, "Boot and saddle. Up and away. Linger no longer. Press on to the battle." One of the loveliest sights in the world is an aged believer waiting for the summons to depart. There is a lovely freshness in the green blade; the bloom upon the ripening corn is also fair to look upon, but best of all we delight in the golden ears drooping down from very weight of ripeness, expectant of the sickle and the harvest home. We have some among us who are so lovely in their lives and heavenly in their conversation that they seem like shining ones, who have lingered here a little late; they ought to be in heaven, but in mercy to us they tarry here to let us see what the glorified are like. I have heard of stray sunbeams, and these are such. It is well when our old age is such a voice from heaven, but with the unconverted man or woman how different are all things! To them we must tenderly but faithfully give warning. "You *must* soon die. The young *may* die, but you *must*: you know you must. Be wise, therefore, and prepare to meet your God." The eleventh hour with iron tongue calls to you, hear it, or you will have to hear it sound your condemnation for ever.

Our days all have a voice, and those which mark the different stages of our life and the flight of time have voices which demand special attention. Birthdays, as often as they come, have a chiding voice, if we are lingering and loitering; and they have also a voice appealing to us for gratitude for years of mercy past. They have a voice calling to us for more strenuous

exertions, and bidding us draw nearer to God than before. There is always a buoyancy and gladness about the first days of the year, they speak of thankfulness, and call us to devote ourselves anew to God, and seek new grace to make the coming year more holy than the past. The dying hours of the last day of the year are well kept as a watch, for by their fewness we see their preciousness. There are also last days to a life; and it will depend upon what that life is whether they will be rung out with joyous peals or knelled with despair. Let days speak, then, for they have much to say to us.

The next thing in our text is, that INCREASING YEARS SHOULD INCREASE OUR WISDOM — “multitude of years should teach wisdom.” A man ought not to be at this moment; as foolish as he was twelve months ago. He should be at least a little wiser. Christian men ought to learn several things by the lapse of years.

We ought to learn *to trust less to ourselves*. Self-confidence is one of the commonest faults of the young: they judge themselves to be better than their fathers, and capable of great things. Untried strength always appears to be greater than it is. For a man to trust himself in the beginning of his Christian career is very unwise, for Scripture warns him against it; but for him to trust himself after he has been twenty or thirty years a Christian is surely insanity itself — a sin against commonsense. If we have spent only a few years in the Christian life, we ought to have learned, from slips, and follies, and failures, and ignorances, and mistakes, that we are less than nothing. The college of experience has done nothing by way of instructing us if it has not taught us that we are weakness itself. To rest upon yourself, or upon any particular virtue which you possess, or upon any resolution which you have formed, is vanity itself. Brother, has that spider’s thread already failed you so many times, and do you still call it a cable? Has reed after reed broken beneath you, and do you still rest on them as though they were bars of iron? Are you an aged Christian, and yet self confident? Surely this cannot be.

Age should teach every man *to place less and less confidence in his fellow men*. I do not mean that we are to lose that legitimate confidence which we should place in our fellow Christians, and in the moral integrity of those we have tried and proved, but I refer to that carnal confidence which makes flesh its arm: this should be cured by age. When we begin the Christian life we are like feeble plants needing a support. We cling to our minister, and everything he says is gospel; or we follow some superior person, and place

our admiring confidence in him. Alas! it often happens that helpers fail, and unless we have in the meantime learned to do without them the consequences may be very serious. In the course of time I think most Christians had their idols among men broken before their eyes. They at one time said, "If such a man were to fall, I should think that there was no truth in Christianity;" but they have learned better now. God will not have us make idols of his saints or ministers, and years prove to us that those are cursed who trust in man; but he is blessed that trusteth in the Lord.

We ought to learn, again, that *there is no depending upon appearances*. Have you not found out, as far as you have now gone, that the direst calamity that ever overtook you was our greatest mercy? And have you not found that what you thought would have been a choice blessing would really have been a terrible danger to you if it had been bestowed? You have judged the Lord by the outward manifestation of his providence according to your folly; have you not now learned to believe in his tried fidelity, and to trust him at all times, let him do what he may? In this, age should instruct us. We ought not to be afraid because the day is cloudy, but remember that, if there were no clouds there would be no rain, and it no rain, no harvests. Surely it is time that we had done judging each inch of time by itself, and began to see things upon a broader scale. We should neither be too much depressed nor too exultant, because of our immediate present condition, if we knew that things are not what they seem.

Years also should teach us *greater reliance upon the divine faithfulness*. It ought every day to be easier for a Christian to trust in God. The young believer is like a young swimmer who, for the first time, feels his feet off the bottom, and scarcely knows what will become of him; but the old swimmer feels like a fish in its native element, and he is not afraid of drowning. The little waves which, in his boyhood, he thought would swamp him, he takes no notice of whatever, and even if huge billows roll he mounts them like a sea bird. Oh, it is a grand thing to be established in the faith, grounded and settled, so as to be able to say, "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed." So it ought to be with us. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."

And truly, dear friends, we ought to attain a deeper *insight into the things of God*, as every year rolls over our heads. The conversation of mature Christians is always very delightful. Young Christians sparkle most, at old Christians are diamonds of the first water. You shall get good fruit from a

young and earnest Christian, but it lacks the mellowness and full flavor of the ripe believer. I love to talk with aged Christians, even when they are uneducated people. Many holy women may be met with among the poor of the church who know a world of sound divinity; and if you will but listen to them you will be surprised. They do not deal in theories; they tell you matters of fact. They do not explain points like the school men, but they illustrate by their experience what else seemed dark. They have been instructed by living near to God, by feeding upon truth, by lying in Jesus' bosom like the poor man's ewe lamb, which did eat of his bread and drink of his cup: this makes men wise unto salvation, and, in such cases, years sanctified by grace teach them wisdom.

I shall have to speak long if I have to show in what respects Christians ought to grow wiser. They ought to grow wiser with regard to themselves — to be more watchful against their besetting sins, more intent in that particular department of service for which they find themselves most qualified. They ought to be wiser towards Satan, more aware of his devices, and of the times when he is likely to assail them. They ought to learn how to work better with others; to manage more easily people with queer tempers; to get on better with those who are under them, or with them, or above them. They should be learning how to deal with trembling sinners, with hard hearts, and with tender consciences; with backsliders, with mourners, and the like. In fact, in all things every year we ought to be more fully equipped; and, under the blessing of God's Spirit, years should teach us wisdom.

Brethren, we ought to learn, if we remember who it is that has been teaching us, if we are Christians. It is the Holy Ghost himself. If your boy goes to a school two or three years, and does not make progress, you do not feel satisfied with the master. Now, you cannot, in this case, blame the teacher. Let the pupil take much blame to himself then. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom," since the Holy Ghost dwells in us who are converted to God. Let us remember how sweetly he has taught us by means of the choicest mercies. They used to teach their children the alphabet in the olden times by giving them A B C on pieces of gingerbread, and when the boy knew his letter he ate the gingerbread for a reward. That is very like the way in which we have been taught doctrine: it has been sweet to us, and we have learnt it by feasting upon it. I know it has been so with me. The mercy of God has been a divine instructor to my soul. "Thy gentleness," says one of old, "has made me great." With such

sweet teaching, kind teaching, loving teaching, forbearing teaching, we ought to have learned something in all these years.

And then, sometimes, how sharply the Holy Ghost has taught us. I have heard say that boys do not learn so well now, because the rod is so little used. I should not wonder; but in God's school the rod never has been put aside. Some of us do not go long without a stroke or two; and if you have been very much tried and troubled, and yet have not learned, my dear brother, my dear sister, what can be done with you? What with all this smarting, with all this sickness, with all these losses and crosses, and yet no profiting? O vine, with all this pruning, are there so few clusters? O land, with all this ploughing and harrowing, is there so slender a harvest? Let us mourn before God that it should be so. And let us remember again how much teaching we have had from the ministry, under the blessing of God's Holy Spirit. I should not wonder if some Christians do not profit, because their Sabbaths are very dreadful days to them. All the week they are hard at work, and on Sunday there is nothing to feed upon in what they hear, and they come home from public worship dissatisfied and troubled. Now, if your souls have been fed, — if you have often said, "Surely, God was in this place, and I knew it," and you have gone home with your souls fed with the finest of the wheat, should there not be some wisdom to show for it? Consider the position which some of you occupy as teachers of others, as heads of families and instructors. If you do not learn, how are you to teach? And if there is no learning with you, you cannot wonder if your scholars make no progress under your instructions. With God as our teacher, if we do not learn we cannot blame others if they do not learn from us who are but men and women. May God grant that instead of losing time in frivolities, or "killing time" as the world calls it, we may seek to increase in the knowledge of God and in likeness to Jesus, so that every day we may be better heirs of heaven.

My last word shall be a short one, and it is this: according to my text, **THOSE WHO HAVE WISDOM SHOULD COMMUNICATE IT TO OTHERS.** "I said, days should speak" — not be silent, "and multitude of years should teach wisdom;" that is to say, those who have days and multitude of years should try to teach the younger folks what they know. Now, it is a fault with some of our brethren that they do not teach us young people enough. They are too quiet. I should not like them to die and go to heaven without having told us all they know: and yet when a venerable saint is buried who has been very reticent in speech, and has never used his pen, what a mint of

teaching is buried with him! It always seems to me to be a pity that anything should be lost through the hand of death; it should rather be a gain. There are some of us who have told people all we know, and we are always repeating it, so that if we die no secrets will sink into oblivion; but there are others of the opposite sort, a great deal goes into them, and there must be a deal of wisdom in them, for none ever comes out. Doubtless many believers have been walking with God and enjoying the means of grace for so long a time that they are quite able to teach others, but they are of small service to us because they are so retiring. I never like to see a Christian like an old-fashioned money-box, into which you put the money, but from which you cannot get it out again unless you break the box. It ought not to be so. Does not our Savior tell us that the well of water in us is to become rivers of water streaming out from us? As we receive we should give. The more we learn the more we should teach; and if God teaches us it is because he expects us to instruct others.

Now, brethren, I presume to speak to those who are older than I am. Try and teach somebody, dear brethren; ask yourselves how did you learn what you know? You were taught. Return the blessing by teaching somebody else. You were taught. Did your mother teach you? Are you a mother yourself? Then teach your own children. Did you learn from your father? Then, father, be not ungenerous to your family. Hand on the inheritance: what your father gave you, pass on to your sons, that they may teach the same to their heirs. Or did you learn from a Sunday-school teacher? Be a Sunday-school teacher yourself, and teach the rising generation. Remember that according as you have ability you are a debtor to the church of God, by whose means you received the truth, and to the church of God pay back, in the shape of instrumentality, the teaching which you have received by teaching those around you.

Note, next, that you are bound to do it, for without this the truth cannot be propagated in the land. There is not a tree that stands at this moment leafless and bare in the winter's blast but what has within itself preparation for casting its seed into the earth next year. Take off a bud, and you will find concealed within it the flower and everything preparatory for the creation of another tree like itself when the fullness of time shall come. The violet and the foxglove in the bank are waiting for the time to cast seed abroad, that the species may be continued on the face of the earth, each after its kind. In like fashion should each believer, by making known the

truth of God, secure a succession of the faithful among men. Are those of ripe years among us attending to this as they should?

Again, remember that the devil is always teaching, and his servants are always busy. When the sons of Belial invent some new blasphemy their lips ache to tell it. Let but a loose song be sung in any music hall in London, and before many hours it will have a thousand voices occupied with it. The devil has his missionaries ready to teach iniquity wherever they go, and they neither lack for zeal nor courage. And shall Satan have such busy servants and Christ's cause languish for want of agents? God forbid! If you have learned a great truth, go and tell it. If you have found out something that is fresh to you, concerning the Lord and his love, do not wait till the morning light, but tell it at once. If you have found the Savior, tell about him; tell about him; tell about him with all your might whenever you have opportunity, and spread abroad the gladsome news of his salvation.

Remember that to tell to others what you have known is often the very best way of deepening and increasing your own knowledge. Holy occupation is one of the most important things for our spiritual health. If you see a church sinking low the last persons to leave that church are the Sunday-school teachers, and others, who are practically occupied with serving God; and the first to go are those fluffy professors who are neither use nor ornament, but cling to a church like dust to your coat. Very largely will you find that, in proportion as you serve Christ, Christ will serve you; therefore seek you to feed his lambs, and he will feed you.

At the beginning of this year I would urge each one of you to say, "Cannot I make next year better than this? Can I not pray more, believe more, love more, work more, give more, and be more like Christ?" Was last year an improvement upon 1876? Whether it was so or not, let 1878 be an advance upon 1877. It ought to be, for it is a year which lieth somewhat nearer heaven than its predecessors. If you have lived up till now without a Savior, end that dangerous state. Listen to the gospel message — "Believe and live." Ere New Year's Day is over look unto Jesus Christ, and be saved. He will have glory and then shalt have happiness, and thus shall you begin aright another year of our Lord, and his Holy Spirit will make it to you a year of grace.

NOTES

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL. A DISCUSSION ON THE PERSON AND WORK OF CHRIST. BY TWO BROTHERS. ELLIOT STOCK.

A VERY excellent little book to give to young people of Socinian tendencies. The arguments used appear to be fair and conclusive, though, like the most of such dialogues, the discussion is necessarily all on one side, and one wanders what the Unitarian could or would have said if he had been well drilled in Socinian reasoning. Whatever he might have said would not have destroyed the force of the statements on the right side, and therefore the book is quite as well as it is.

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, THE CONFLICT AND VICTORY OF THE SON OF MAN. BY E. REEVES PALMER, M.A. JOHN SNOW AND CO.

MR. PALMER has handled his subject as a devout and thoughtful man would do, and the result is an able treatise. We do not, however, care for speculations as to whether the human soul of Christ was in his earlier days conscious of its union with his Deity. It is a question which was originally started by a certain foolish and presumptuous unbelief, which went the length of asserting that our Lord was not divine till his baptism; and to meet this it is proposed to concede that he may not as man have known his own Deity. Faith would never have raised the point, and is instinctively shocked at the concession proposed. It is to deprive the sacred manhood of all reason, and almost of consciousness, to conceive that it was not aware of its union in one person with the Divine Word. We wish good men would not rush in where angels fear to tread. The high mystery of our Lord's nature is not a fit subject even for *devout* speculation, for the line of reverence is so soon overpast. We have indicated a fly in the pot of ointment, but there is sweet ointment left after all.

**INSPIRED ETHICS: BEING A REVISED TRANSLATION AND
TOPICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. BY
JOHN STOCK, LL.D. ELLIOT STOCK.**

IN this fashion the Proverbs may be more handy for reference, but we scarcely think that there will be much demand for the work. The arrangement is elaborate, and must have involved much careful thought, but we like the Proverbs best as they are.

NOTES

AT the time for making up the magazine Mr. Spurgeon is completely laid aside and in a condition of pain which prevents his doing anything: hence the notes are few and rough.

EVANGELISTS. We have an excellent report from our friend Mr. Anderson of Reading: — “Our brethren Messrs. Clarke and Smith have been in Reading and the surrounding neighborhood for three weeks. You will doubtless be pleased to have some account of their meetings. Their work among us began with a Christian workers meeting which, though necessarily smaller than the others, formed a fitting introduction to them. The time was mainly occupied in stirring up believers to seek conversions, counseling them how to deal with the anxious and in making appeal to the King of kings for blessing. We could not help hoping that the connection between the upper room and the day of Pentecost might among us receive some parallel. The few first meetings were less numerously attended than we had anticipated. This was fully accounted for by the stormy state of the weather and the biscuit factory, which gives employment to several thousands, working overtime. Even this however worked us good, as it led to greater fervor of prayer and effort. Towards the close of the first week much power was felt in the meetings and several professed having found the Savior. On Monday night you, dear sir, visited and preached to us. Long before the time advertised for the opening of the doors crowds from the neighboring towns and villages, as well as from Reading, gathered in the street, and afterwards, as a policeman at the gates remarked, ‘More people went away than got in.’ Several cases of quickening among Christians and conversions have come to our knowledge as the result of the sermon then preached on ‘the angels hastened Lot.’ On Thursday evening about thirty of the Stockwell Orphanage boys sang at the service,

and Mr. Charlesworth, in conjunction with the evangelists, addressed the crowded congregation. Tears of joy gathered in the eyes of many as they looked upon the happy home-like appearance of the boys and thought of what they might and indeed would have been but for the Orphanage. The meetings of our brethren in Reading closed on Sunday night with a crowd which overflowed the chapel, filled the large schoolroom, and even then many had to go away. At the close of the service the chapel remained full to the prayer-meeting, and afterwards many inquirers came into the vestries, several of whom profess there to have closed with Christ. Two crowded children's services and two Saturday night men's meetings were addressed by Mr. Smith in a bright, racy, gracious manner, which could not fail to effect great good, while the earnest, solemn and heart-searching appeals made and truth spoken by Mr. Clarke night after night will we feel sure yield yet a still larger harvest than even now appears. Services were also held with similar success in Wokingham, Henley and Pangbourne. Again thanking you for so generously helping us, and praying for the prosperity of your many works. I am, yours, etc., W. ANDERSON."

COLLEGE. The following brethren have gone forth from the College: Mr. W. Hobbs to Norwood New Town, Mr. McNab to Great Broughton, Cumberland. Mr. Dean also leaves us to study medicine at Glasgow, for medical mission work.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: — Nov. 26th, sixteen; 29th, twenty; 30th, one.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND

OUR readers have all along taken such a hearty interest in Mrs. Spurgeon's endeavor to replenish the libraries of poor ministers, that we feel it to be their due that they should read a portion of her new Report, which will be sent to all subscribers, so that they may see the money duly acknowledged, the balance-sheet properly audited, and the number of books distributed set forth in detail. *Twelve hundred and eighty odd pounds*, all given without personal solicitation, make up the account for the year, and with this amount (less the balance) six thousand three hundred and forty-eight volumes have been purchased and sent carriage paid to pastors' libraries. Almost all the Christian denominations, including the Church of England, have shared in the division. Our own students have very properly led the

way, but Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists have had no stinted share; in fact, all needy ministers who have applied have received a grant; and we trust that for many a day there may be no need to deny any hungry applicant a portion of mental meat. Personally we thank all the donors for their kindness, and having said this, we leave the extracts from the Report to speak for themselves. — C. H. S.

THE BOOK FUND: ITS OBJECT.

The Book Fund aims at finishing the bare bookshelves of poor pastors of every Christian denomination with standard works of divinity by various authors; books full of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, the study of which shall enrich their minds, comfort their hearts, quicken their spiritual energy, thereby enable them to preach with greater power and earnestness “all the words of this life.” How deeply needed this service of love has long been, what an urgent and painful necessity it has become, is fully proved by the intense eagerness shown on every hand to obtain the proffered boon. The writer could point to many a faithful servant of the Lord, who, toiling on in secret poverty for years, has not even *seen* a new book (except in the shop windows), till a grant from the Book Fund tilted his heart with joy and his lips with thanksgiving. “These books have brightened my hope, and quickened my faith,” writes one such pastor, “I will not trouble you with my difficulties for want of a commentary to stimulate and guide my poor thought, *they are too sad to tell*, but they have helped me to appreciate your gifts.” Those whose resources enable them to enjoy without stint the luxury of a new book, can scarcely realize the longing and craving which gnaws at the heart of a poor minister when he sees beyond his reach — the help and refreshment he so sorely needs. His brain is weary with producing unaided thoughts; his mental powers are flagging for want of stimulus and encouragement; his spirit is burdened with the pressure of cares, which stern poverty brings upon him; and yet, though a few sterling, solid books would be a specific for much of this misery, the purchase of such blessed potions is as impossible to him as would be the acquisition of the “Elixir of Life” itself! Many a one has told me that the books sent seemed to “put new life” into him, and it is not difficult to read in those three words a sad and sorrowful story of mental faintness and famine. “Read good suggestive books,” says the President of the Pastors’ College in his “Lectures to my Students,” “and get your minds aroused by them. If men wish to get water out of a pump which has not been, lately used, they first pour water down,

and then the pump works. *Reach down one of the Puritans* and thoroughly study the work, and speedily you will find yourself like a bird on the wing, mentally active and full of motion." But what if there is no water at hand to coax the up-springing of the living stream? or rather, what if the bookshelves are bare, and no Puritans can be reached down? This is a question which the Book Fund seeks to answer in the only satisfactory manner, by placing as a free gift in the hands of poor pastors that nourishment for their brains which is as absolutely necessary to mental vigor as food for their bodies is essential to physical existence. "Ten thousand, thanks," said a dear brother, writing lately, "for sending the books *when you did*. Their coming brought deliverance and salvation to my mind. I was in an agony of spirit — at my wits' end for a text. I opened one and found, 'The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock.' This was just what I wanted; it took hold of me, and the Lord helped me to take hold of it." "I have very little to spend in books," says another. "My salary is only £60 per annum; so that when a new book comes, it is like bread to the hungry. I do not say this to make you think I am a martyr — if so, I am a very happy one, for I have chosen willingly Christ's service, and my very wants are a means of grace to me." Again, another pastor writes, "I cannot tell you how much the receipt of these useful and suggestive volumes cheered me. The sight of a refreshing spring never more gladdened a weary traveler."

No one who knows anything of the position and means of our country pastors can doubt that the "object" of this Fund meets, and, as far as it is able, alleviates a sadly overlooked evil. After more than two years' daily correspondence with ministers all over the land, the writer feels that she speaks with sad and serious certainty on the matter, and she is grieved to know that *everywhere* the want is felt, and the same cry is heard. "Oh for some books to help me in my pulpit preparation," says one, "I have to preach before the same people three, perhaps four times a week, and though the Lord has promised that my 'branch shall not wither,' it sometimes gets *very dry*." "I know we should depend upon the Spirits aid;" says another — "and so I do, but if I could read some of the burning thoughts which are recorded by God's earthly seraphs, my lips, too, might glow with holy rapture, and give forth 'goodly words.' I never dare now to *think* of a new book," writes a third, "two or three times I have begun to save a little money towards the purchase of a long-coveted work, but every time it has gone for something else; Johnny and little Harry and Walter

must have boots, or mother is ill, or the girls' frocks are getting shabby, and so the precious volumes are still unattainable." And yet a fourth most touchingly says: "When I witness the self-denial, and hard unremitting labor to which my wife so cheerfully submits herself to keep our household moving comfortably in the sphere God has given, I cannot, with any pleasure add to her difficulty by purchasing the books I often covet, though this doubtless hinders the freshness and variety of my ministry."

Dear Christian friends, these are no fancy pictures which I am painting, these are no silly tales of fiction, told for the purpose of exciting emotions as worthless as they are weak, but I write of living, suffering realities of flesh and blood, our brethren in Christ, and men moreover who claim and bear the title of the "King's ambassadors," and I ask, "Ought they to be thus treated?" I want you to ponder for a moment the sad *fact* that throughout the length and breadth of this dear England of ours there are *hundreds* of Christ's ministers so poor that they can scarcely find proper food and clothing for themselves, their wives and their little ones, out of the miserable pittance which is called their "*salary!*" Books, which ought to be "*common things*" with them, littering their rooms in "most admired disorder," crowding each nook and corner with mute but matchless companionship — are, through their poverty, unattainable luxuries, vainly coveted blessings, the very thought of which must be laid aside, lest the longing should lead to repining, and the desire deepen into distress. Such things ought not to be, but unhappily they *are*, and till the churches of Christ shall awaken to a sense of their responsibility in this matter, and their moral obligation to provide their ministers with mental food, I will rejoice that my Book Fund does at least lighten a little the pressure of the famine. I read the other day a description of the late Bishop Thirlwall's library at St. David's, and among other things the writer says: "It was a little room very plainly furnished with mahogany and horsehair, but it was literally covered with books. They were everywhere — on the chairs, on the window-sills, on the mantel-piece, on the coal-scuttle, by the fireplace, even inside the fender! Still he knew where to find any book that he wanted." I am afraid I thought with almost jealous pain of the ludicrous contrast which would be presented, could the "bare bookshelf" of a poor Baptist pastor's parlor be brought for a moment into comparison with any bishop's overflowing library! Perhaps the pain at my heart was not harmful, for it brought the prayer to my lips, "Oh Lord, give me greater strength and larger means to continue and extend this urgent work which thou hast

given me to do." Happy will the day be both for pastor and people, when "books for the minister" shall be as acknowledged necessities as his daily bread, and when both the study and the dinner-table shall be more liberally provided for.

ITS SUSTENANCE.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts."

The Book Fund has been nourished and fed from the King's Treasury, and I must "make my boast, in the Lord" that all needful supplies for the carrying on of the work have plainly borne the stamp of heaven's own mint. I say this because I have never asked help of any one but *Him*, never solicited a donation from any creature, yet money has always been forthcoming, and the supplies have constantly been in the due proportion to the needs. Once only during the year did the Lord try my faith by allowing the grants of books to outnumber the gifts of money, and then it was only for a "small moment" that a fear overshadowed me. The dark cloud very speedily passed away, and fresh supplies made me more than ever satisfied with the resolution I had formed to draw only on the unlimited resources of my heavenly Treasurer. None of the friends whose hearts have "devised liberal things" on behalf of my work will reproach me with ingratitude towards them when I lay my *first* loving thanks at his feet; they will rather join me in praising him for so sweetly inclining their hearts to help his needy ones, and will joyfully say: "O Lord, of thine own have we given thee!"

I recall with glad satisfaction the very first donation which reached me, "for sending books to ministers." It came anonymously, and was but five shillings worth of stamps, yet it was very precious, and proved like a revelation to me, for it opened up a vista of possible usefulness and exceeding brightness. The mustard seed of my faith grew forthwith into it "great" tree, and sweet birds of hope and expectation sat singing in its branches. "You'll see," I said to my boys, "the Lord will send me *hundreds of pounds* for this work." For many a day afterwards mother's "hundreds of pounds" became a "household word" of good-humored merriment and badinage. And now "the Lord has made me to laugh," for the hundreds have grown into thousands; he has done "exceeding abundantly above what I asked or even thought:" and faith, with such a God to believe in and

depend upon, ought surely to “smile at impossibilities, and say ‘it shall be done.’”

After praising him “from whom all blessings flow,” my loving thanks are due to the friends who, by their generous gifts, have co-operated with me in this blessed work. Money has come to me from all quarters, and always with congratulations and good wishes. Many dear personal friends have liberally aided me; some of my dear husband’s constant and devoted helpers have been pleased, when sending him a check, to make it a *little larger* for the “Book Fund,” while quite a number of strangers (though strangers no longer), whose names were previously unknown to me, have sent very considerable donations to my beloved work. *God bless them all!* And if only a tithe of the happiness their gifts have secured to me and my poor pastors be returned into their own hearts, their cups will be full to overflowing, and their joy will abound. Oh! how sweet some of these sums of money have been to me! Real “Godsends” I may truly call them, for the gold has seemed to lose its earthly dross when consecrated to him and has often shed a light as from heaven’s own “golden streets” upon my pathway! Coming sometimes in seasons of great pain and suffering, these gifts have been like precious anodynes to soothe my weary spirit, and hush my restless thought, for they plainly showed the Lord had not “forgotten to be gracious.” They have almost charmed away my sorrow by teaching me to plan for others’ joy, and oftentimes they have been truly, “means of grace” to me, leading to blessed commerce with heaven, by supplying frequent occasions of prayer and praise. Surely, after so much mercy past, if I did not bless his name, “the very stones would cry out.”

ITS SUCCESS.

Judged by the benefits and blessings it has conferred, its success will be best told by extracts from letters received in acknowledgment of gifts, and as the “Book Fund” has become entirely unsectarian in its operation, it will perhaps be interesting and pleasant to introduce some “kind words” from ministers of different denominations who have joyfully accepted this service of love. It has been no easy matter to restrain my hand in making these selections from the many hundreds of letters I possess; I have felt a veritable *embarras de richesses*, and most unwillingly have omitted many a passage brimful of joy and gladness, lest I should weary my readers; but when they have perused these thankful, loving words, they may rest assured the “half has not been told” them. Having commenced the year by

offering six volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to all ministers formerly students of the Pastors' College, first speech is accorded to two of their number.

"My dear Mrs. Spurgeon, — I feel deeply grateful to you for the six volumes of sermons which reached me this morning. When I opened the parcel I experienced such a rush of emotion as made me kneel down instantly and thank God for his goodness to me, as well as to pray for his blessing to descend upon you. Many times when a few brethren have met together at my house, or I have gone to theirs, have we mentioned, your work in our prayers, and the best expression of my gratitude, I feel, will be in the fervency and faith of my petitions. I trust you will accept my thanks, though they are so imperfectly conveyed. My heart glows, but my pen fails."

"The six volumes that you sent me last February were a precious boon. They were most opportune to my moral and spiritual state; for I was racked with doubts on many matters, and my spiritual life was low. When those volumes came they brought to my remembrance the joyful seasons I used to spend at the Tabernacle, and I could not refrain from crying out in agony of soul, 'Oh that I were as in months past.' Then I said I will see what my old teacher says, I will apply my heart unto his instructions; so for weeks I read the sermons, and studied them hard to see if I could find an answer to the questions which vexed my soul and weakened my grip of gospel truth: and, blessed be God, I have found an answer. I have found peace, satisfaction, increasing delight. The truths which those sermons contained have been marrow and fatness to my soul. They have kindled my zeal, they have directed my energies, they have strengthened my arm for the fight. Such a change as this affected my preaching. It made me more earnest, more decided, more affectionate in my appeals, more importunate in entreating men to accept Jesus as their Savior. Many persons noticing the change came to thank me for the gospel truth with which my sermons were charged, and to join me in earnest prayer for the conversion of souls. Our prayers and desires have been answered in the increasing congregations we get, and in the deep attention they give to the preached word. We labor on, believing the blessing will come according to the promise. The members of our church display a quickened zeal in the service of Christ, and we are now watching for souls as those who must give an account. I have thus, my dear Mrs. Spurgeon, told you briefly and very poorly the good I have received from the volumes you have sent me,

and the good which, by God's help, I have been able to do. Should you be able to send me some more, I can promise you a very attentive reading, and an ardent study."

The extract next subjoined is also from an old student, but it claims special notice because the writer is one of those who are laboring in a distant land, and a gift of books to such is truly "as cold water to a thirsty soul." It is not often that the opportunity is afforded of ministering to their necessities, on account of the heavy expense of transit; but when friends are found to take charge of a parcel, we have the rare pleasure of receiving, in due time, such answers as these: —

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon. — I have to acknowledge, with gratitude and pleasure, the receipt of six volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which you so kindly forwarded by Mr.—— of this village. May the Lord reward you a thousandfold for this great, and I might almost say, unexpected kindness to a stranger in a strange land. When settling here rather more than three years ago, I often found an American volume of the sermons, well worn, and highly appreciated; and I assure you they made me feel more at home than otherwise I should have done in this rugged country. You can scarcely imagine the joy I felt in receiving the sermons fresh from England; but this you may rest assured of both yourself and your dear husband were prayed for that night with more than usual fervor and feeling, and special thanks were given to him 'from whom all blessings flow.'"

If space permitted I could give extracts of letters from France, Sweden, Spain, Nova Scotia, Nebraska, Cape of Good Hope, Sydney, Adelaide, Bengal, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and many other "strange lands," which would delight and interest my readers, but I must content myself and them with the following much-prized communications from Church of England missionaries, one on leave of absence for awhile, the other just starting to his work in that country, India. The first-mentioned writes thus: —

"*Many* MANY thanks for the four volumes of the 'Treasury of David,' I prize them much. I doubt not that, if not already, these volumes will soon become standard works on the Psalms. Every one knew and felt that there must be a feast of fat things for mind and soul in the Psalms, but Mr. Spurgeon has dished them up in a way so superior to what anybody else has ever done that both mind and soul receive lunch more from his 'Treasury' than from any other work. I am thankful to find the books in the libraries of Church of England clergymen at D—— and K——, with less

dust on them than ‘Browne on the Articles,’ or theological works akin to ‘Den’s Theology,’ etc. The day of Christ will reveal the great good the Lord has been doing through Mr. Spurgeon’s instrumentality. When a student at — College I used to visit some of the Irish courts around the neighborhood. In one of these dens of villainy and iniquity there lived a man who was my terror, and who more than once sent me flying out of the court, pushing me by laying his hand to the hack of my neck. My heart sank every time I entered the place if I met this man. He was all that was wicked and iniquitous. One day, to my surprise, instead of cursing me, he asked me to his filthy darkroom. I entered it with fear, not knowing what was in store for me; but, thank God, it was to tell me that he had found Jesus, and had resolved in his strength to follow him. The message of love, and mercy, and peace had been conveyed to this man’s heart by the lips of your good husband. He heard Mr. Spurgeon preach in some public place or other, and there Jesus met him and called him. From that day till his death he lived the life of a Christian, and died glorifying the depths of Jesus’ love. I do not think you can hate ever heard of this case, and there must be many unknown to you who on the great day will welcome your dear husband as the one who was the means of leading them to the feet of Christ.”

“Dear Madam, — The books arrived safely on Saturday night. May God bless you for your kindness and liberality to a perfect stranger. I have long been under deep obligation to your honored husband, since it was through reading a passage in one of his books in South India that I was first awakened out of a sinner’s natural self-complacency to cry, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ Though we may never meet on earth, and may differ on minor points, ever shall my prayers ascend to God for you both, and we shall assuredly meet where partings are unknown.”

I may just say here that many missionaries of different denominations, have, on leaving England, applied to me for the “Treasury” to carry with them to their distant stations (Damascus, Madrid, China, the Punjanb, Ceylon, Delhi, Lagos, and Timbuctoo, recur to my mind at this moment, but there are many more) and it has given peculiar satisfaction to grant the requests of these dear brethren, and to receive from them assurances of the great comfort and refreshment they have derived from the perusal of the precious volumes when toiling far from home, and friends, and country.

About the middle of the year an unexpected and most delightful impetus was given to the “Book Fund” by a very kind and generous friend, who

desired that all the ministers in Argyleshire should possess the “Treasury of David,” and entrusted the writer with funds to carry out his wishes. We wish we had space for some of the grateful letters which acknowledged the gift.

This year, too, Ireland has been a sharer in the benefits of the work: many Presbyterian and Wesleyan ministers there having hailed with enthusiasm the offer which I was enabled to make to them by the kindness of a lady, whose generosity has often made my heart to sing aloud for joy.

Returning to home-work, I will quote a letter from a Congregational pastor, a specimen of hundreds, for my Book Fund has had the privilege of ministering to very many in the Independent denomination.

“Dear Madam, — I am at a loss for words wherewith to express my gratitude to you for your kindness in forwarding to me the ‘Treasury of David.’ But I can commend you and your work to my Father in heaven, praying that he may abundantly enrich you with the treasures of his grace, and that he may so bless and prosper you in your work of love, that you may be enabled to make the hearts of hundreds of my brethren beat for joy as mine did when I received your present. The volume will certainly be a ‘treasure’ to me. I have already feasted my soul upon the precious words which are contained therein, and am looking forward to many such occasions as I carry out my intention of reading the books through again and again. None but myself and God can know what a help the ‘Treasury’ will be to me in my labor. May the Lord enable me to use the gift to his glory.”

Being fearful of over-taxing the patience of my readers, I must pass without notice the epistles received from Evangelists and Home Missionaries, some of which would certainly vie in interest and pathos with any that have been already given, and I will introduce but one other letter, making it do duty as the representative of kind and appreciative words from the many divisions of Methodism, Wesleyan, Primitive, and so forth. It is from the pen of a “Bible Christian” minister, and it tells the same “old story” of deep need of books and utter inability to procure them.

“Dear Madam, — Your very valuable and welcome present came duly to hand, and positively made my heart leap for joy, and outflow with a thousand blessings upon the kind donors. I can never express in words the deep feelings of gratitude I am the subject of, for your great kindness in thus shedding sunshine upon the difficult pathway of one who is trying, amid all his unworthiness, to serve his generation faithfully and to do the

work assigned him by the Master; but what I cannot put into language I can breathe in heart at the heavenly throne, that Jehovah's benedictions in ever-increasing richness may fall upon you and your honored husband, until taken to the eternal home. The Psalms have always been my favorite resort for meditation and exposition, and I should long ago have purchased the 'Treasury of David' had I been able, but a salary of £80 a year allows but a very small margin for books, and though my mind often *craved* for them, the luxury was not enjoyed."

It is not easy by culling extracts to give a fair idea of a report which has been carefully written, but if the above passages should assist in creating, maintaining, or increasing an interest in the mind of a single reader we shall be exceedingly glad. An appeal for bread and clothing touches the hearts of all, but it needs a measure of mental and spiritual culture to appreciate the dire necessities of a bookless preacher; to those who possess such power to sympathize we commend our dear wife's earnest effort. From all those who wish to see our poorer pastors helped, and especially to see their mental furniture improved, we expect continual aid for the indefatigable worker who has the holy task in hand.

THE LAST DAYS OF DR. JOHNSON.

It appears that it was a letter from the Rev. Mr. Winstanley, Rector of St. Dunstan's in the East, which was the instrument permitted by God to bring his mind to a quiet trust. In answer to the anxious question written to Mr. Winstanley by the dying moralist, — "What must I do to be saved?" Mr. Winstanley wrote, "I say to you in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" That passage had been often read by him, and had made but a slight impression, but now being pressed home by the gracious Spirit, it went straight to his heart. He interrupted the friend who was reading the letter, "Does he say so? Read it again." He then earnestly begged that the writer might be sent for that he might hear from him a confirmation of the truth. The state of Mr. Winstanley's health and nerves made an interview impossible, but he wrote enforcing the truth. We have no doubt that this was well for Dr. Johnson's mind. He whose life had been passed among men; who had derived his chief pleasure from their society and had leaned upon their friendship, was taught that he must look for comfort in religion from a different source;

and that as Christ only was the Mediator, the Spirit of God alone could be the Comforter. A little before he died Dr. Johnson turned to Mr. Brocklesby with great earnestness. "Doctor," he said, "you are a worthy man, but I am afraid you are not a Christian. What can I do better for you than offer up in your presence a prayer to the great God that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word." Instantly he fell upon his knees and offered up a fervent prayer. When he rose he caught hold of his hands with great earnestness and cried, "Doctor, you do not say amen." The doctor looked foolish, but after a pause said "amen." Johnson said, "My dear doctor, believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God."

With that witness he died. With his reason unclouded, he gave this remarkable testimony to a simple faith in Christ, a testimony specially valuable at the time it was delivered. — *The Christian Observer*, January, 1859.

CHINA'S MILLIONS. BY J. HUDSON TAYLOR. MORGAN AND SCOTT.

THE annual volume of this deeply interesting magazine is now to be had all gloriously arrayed. It would be a worthy work if some wealthy Christian were to present a copy to all our great merchants and rich professors and let the book plead for China's millions. How vast the area, how profound the need, how urgent the claims of that great empire." The Christian church has not begun to think of it yet in a thoroughly earnest spirit. Will the wail of the dying millions be heard?

THE BRITISH WORKMAN, THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW, THE WEEKLY WELCOME, THE FAMILY VISITOR, THE FAMILY FRIEND, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, AND THE INFANT'S MAGAZINE. S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

A WONDERFUL set of periodicals, all owing their existence and maintenance to the genius and zeal of one man. No society has been able to excel the *British Workman*, or to rival the *Weekly Welcome*. Whichever of this sevenfold series we select we can do no other than extol it: whether for children or adults, the matter is sure to be suitable, attractive, and practical. These serials are their own best advertisement and recommendation.

HEAVEN NOT OUR HOME, BUT THE RENOVATED EARTH THE ETERNAL ABODE OF THE REDEEMED SAINTS, ELLIOT STOCK.

If this good man does not want heaven to be his home, he, is quite at liberty to tarry elsewhere; but we would respectfully remind him that he may go further and fare worse. His book is mere dreaming. There is nothing either in his style or in his matter to deserve our readers' attention.

*Were half the ink thus vainly spent
In sober extortation spent,
Reviewers' tasks would tighter be
And readers' time press pleasantly.*

DAY UNTO DAY: AN ILLUMINATED DIARY. RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

A LOVELY note book, well suited to bear upon its page memorials of the Lord's goodness. Ladies, for once take our advice and buy this dainty morsel; if you use it to record special mercies it will become a treasure indeed.

THE MEDITERRANEAN ILLUSTRATED. PICTURESQUE VIEWS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF ITS CITIES, SHORES, AND ISLANDS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BURIED CITIES OF CAMPANIA."
T. NELSON AND SONS.

THIS is an extraordinary volume, worthy of a palace. It seems to us to be perfection in all respects — letterpress, engraving, and binding. The subject is a wide one, and is well set forth. As though we were sailing on the sea itself, we glide by the sunny shores of Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Africa always entertained with condensed history, pithy anecdote, and pleasing information. Those who think of making the tour of the Mediterranean, or even of visiting a portion of its shores, should be sure to carry with them this unrivaled guide.

MISSIONARY STORIES, NARRATIVES, SCENES AND INCIDENTS. BY REV. W. MOISTER, WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.

“Now, Arthur, why are we sure that this is not a dry book?” “That’s no riddle at all, my learned brother, for the book may be all the drier because its author is Moister. Mark you, I don’t say it is so; but what’s in a name?” The narratives are mostly in connection with Wesleyan missions, and are many of them very charming. Christians of any denomination are all the better for being well acquainted with the doings of their brethren in other churches, and therefore we should advise those who are not Methodists to read these missionary stories and put them in their Sunday School libraries. The book is prettily bound and well illustrated.

BRIC-A-BRAC STORIES. BY CHERITH . AUTHOR OF "HOMESPUN STORIES." HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.

EXCEEDINGLY well-told stories. Very affecting to tender hearts. The first story, entitled “Sam,” sets forth the evils of “treating” in an unusually vivid manner; and truly the evil of making others drunk out of generosity or custom is a very grievous one. Prettily got up, and touchingly written, this little book is worthy to be read in my lady’s boudoir, and in his lordship’s lounge.

**MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS. THE GLOBE SERIES.
MACMILLAN AND CO.**

THERE, young man, you have Milton in as neat a form as you can desire well edited and printed in a fair, clear type, for three shillings and sixpence. What would you have more? We do not know a handier form of Milton, and yet it is fit for a library; nothing can be cheaper, and yet there is no touch of meanness about the volume.

**BIBLE-CLASS TEACHING. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD,
OLD STORY." HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.**

THE author is evidently of the Church of England but truly of the Church of Christ. Teachers will thank us if we induce them to buy this helpful little book. Its theme is "Jesus Himself" its style is pleasing, its spirit devout, its teaching sound, its manner suggestive. Its twenty-five lessons would furnish a sensible teacher and his class with half a year's rich instruction.

**GOOD WILL; A COLLECTION OF CHRISTMAS STORIES. BY
MARK GUY PEARSE. WESLEYAN PUBLISHING HOUSE, 66,
PATERNOSTER ROW.**

HERE is Mark Guy Pearse at it again! He never ceases to tell his tales. But he is not a bore; not a bit of it. He and Daniel Quorm will live for ever and a day; and those who buy this lot of tales will laugh and cry, and say — May Mark Guy and Mister Horn and his friends have plenty of delighted readers.

**THE EXPOSITOR'S COMMENTARY: ILLUSTRATED NOTES ON
ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. BY THE REV. C. NEIL,
M.A.; R. D. DICKENSON.**

LIKELY to be very helpful to Bible-class teachers. It is a lively commentary, and adorned with many a fitly chosen illustration and well-selected explanation. It belongs to an order of works of which the more the better: not standard and first class, and therefore above ordinary comprehension, but plain and popular, and therefore useful to the thousands.

NOTES

Worn out with weariness of brain Mr. Spurgeon has left home for a period of rest, and asks the prayers of his many considerate friends that he may soon recover, and may be permanently strengthened for his work. Certain symptoms, which recur each year with painful force, appear to indicate that the strain upon the mind must be lessened or the periods of rest lengthened. Steps are being taken to remove some of the burden, to other shoulders. It is a great mercy that when weary the pastor is at this time able to leave without being burdened with care as to provision for any of his enterprises: all funds are in a healthy state, and loving hearts and hands will keep them so; above all, the great Lord will provide.

The annual church-meeting at the Tabernacle is a great event in the commonwealth which finds its head quarters there. It was held January 9th. A large number of members met for tea at 9, and then at 6.30 the business meeting began. All accounts, having been audited by two appointed brethren, were read before the church and ordered to be passed, and entered on the minutes. The statistics of the church were as follows:

INCREASE.	
By Baptism	296
By Letter	121
By Profession	20
TOTAL	437

DECREASE.	
By Dismission	138
Do to form new Churches	24
Joined other Churches without letters	38
Emigrated	5
Names removed for non-attendance etc.	71
Deaths	61
TOTAL	337

Leaving a net increase of 100. Number at present on our Church Books 5045.

It is remarkable how large a gross increase is needed to make any clear increase. As a church grows older this difficulty increases, and great work must be done for but little statistical result: still souls are saved, and whether other churches on earth or the hosts triumphant above are the gainers it is equally matter for rejoicing.

The pastors and officers who spoke were received with such hearty enthusiasm as can be seldom witnessed. Love has not every day full opportunity to express itself, but on this occasion the cheers and other demonstrations of loyal affection were such as cannot easily be forgotten. We are not frozen together, but melted into one mass by the fire within. The pastor mentioned that he had virtually completed 24 years of his ministry; and had held office, not perhaps *de jure*, but certainly *de facto* for that period, for his preaching had been continuous, and though not actually elected till April 19, yet there had never been any doubt about the matter, and he had been from January, 1854, the actual shepherd of the flock. It was proposed and heartily carried by all that the deacons should consider how best to celebrate the pastor's silver wedding when the 25th year should close, if God should spare the senior pastor to that time. Mr. Spurgeon then reminded the church that its heaviest burden was the Almshouses, which having been scantily endowed for 6 aged sisters, now

accommodated 17 and made a heavy drain on the Sacramental Fund. It appeared from the balance sheet that the alms given away to the poor annually exceeded £1000, and, from the great number of the poor members, it had been needful for the pastor to find £120 and for other friends to give privately in order to balance the account. This was principally due to the large item for support of almshouses, and Mr. Spurgeon requested that if friends would make an effort to raise about £5000 this part of the church work would be put into proper shape, and he should regard it as a fit way of celebrating the anticipated event. He remarked that it was comparatively easy to carry the load *now*, but that he should not like to leave such a heavy burden for his successor. Should he himself be suddenly called away, the church might find it no great cause for blessing Mr. Spurgeon's administration if it found that houses had been built for the aged widows to starve in, but that their daily bread had been forgotten. He remarked that the good ship was in trim condition from stem to stern with this exception, and he would like to see the matter done, and done well. From the enthusiasm of the meeting there is little doubt that by many hands the needful amount will be brought in on or before January, 1879. The deacons meantime will deliberate and arrange, and report progress in *The Sword and the Trowel*: they are not men to let grass grow under their feet.

EVANGELISTS. — Messrs. Clarke and Smith have continued their useful labors, and the most pleasing accounts have reached us from Reading, Trowbridge, and Landport. In Mr. Medhurst's large chapel great multitudes assembled, inquirers were numerous, and the Lord's blessing was evident to all. We can hardly print the high praises which have been privately sent to us of these two brethren, whose fitness for this special agency is very remarkable. Without excitement the Lord works by them mightily, and the churches are refreshed and the outside world is impressed. A friend has promised help for two more evangelists; and if the right men are found, we shall not hesitate, for the need of such workers *in connection with the churches* is more and more apparent to us. This important branch of service has been left to unattached amateurs with serious results to church work; although the blame of this fact does not rest on the men themselves, but upon the slumbering churches, which did not soon enough perceive the need of the agency, and upon the officialism which frowned at anything like innovation. Evangelists in full harmony with the churches will be a

great blessing, and prevent the disorder which arises out of the present disorganized mode of doing or pretending to do the work.

COLLEGE. — We have worked during the last twelve months at double pressure, having had far more than our usual number of men. We have been obliged to keep many eligible candidates waiting till next August, for though at the present moment we have a considerable sum in hand, as the balance of a legacy, we do not see it right to spend it all in one year, but deem it best prudently to regulate the outgoings. We never had a better or more diligent set of students, and we hope by their means to open up new spheres, both in England and elsewhere. Since last report the settlements are: Mr. Pope to Thorpe le Soken, Essex; Mr. Foster to Braintree, Essex; Mr. Hobbs to Norwood New Town; Mr. McNab to Great Broughton, Carlisle; Mr. Hutton to Hawick. Mr. Dean has left to study medicine at Edinburgh, preparing for a medical missionary.

We have been greatly gladdened by seeing that our brother, Mr. Gammon, has formed a church and commenced building a chapel at Puerto Plata, San Domingo. We hope the Baptist Mission will now have great joy in this work.

A very kind letter from the church in Lal Bazaar Chapel, Calcutta, rejoices us with the welcome given to our late student Mr. Blackie, who has become their pastor. Truly our young brethren are spread abroad all over the world. God bless them all.

ORPHANAGE. — The boys enjoyed their Christmas very greatly, and we thank all the generous friends who made it a merry day. May God bless them all, especially the princely donor of the shillings and boxes of figs. Mr. Newman Hall and his congregation began our Christmas for us in a new way by a collection at Christ Church, which amounted to £50. A party of the boys attended the service and assisted *in* the singing. Mr. Hall writes us that the appearance of the boys and their behavior and singing were much approved by all *Alas*, for the President of the Institution, he was debarred the pleasure of joining in the mirth of his great family; but the trustees and the esteemed master saw that all was in order. Our aim has been to make the boys happy as well as orderly, and nowhere in the world are there more open countenances, joyful faces, or more obedient children than at the Stockwell Orphanage. The success in life of many who have gone out from the institution causes us un-feigned deight: the young men cling to their orphan home in a right loyal manner, and already donations

from them are coming in. All friends who have assisted to make up our grand list of presents are hereby personally thanked by the President on his own account, and in the names of the trustees, and especially on behalf of the boys, whose hearty cheers might have been heard for many miles if the telephone had been in operation.

COLPORTAGE. The work of the Colportage Association increases and extends rapidly. Availing themselves of the liberal offer from two gentlemen, alluded to in a previous number, the committee set to work energetically, and with the commencement of the new year twenty additional districts were opened and colporteurs at work. Ten of these labor in connection with the Town Mission in and around the important town of Birmingham. The Great Yarmouth Town Mission have also employed an agent, and other towns would do well to follow their example. The agency being entirely unsectarian is admirably fitted to co-operate with mission efforts. *Associations of Christian churches*, too, might employ colporteurs with great advantage, the written and spoken word being thus presented together.

These extended efforts will require increased pecuniary aid, which we trust will flow in as needed. By the end of February upwards of ninety districts will be occupied by men fully devoted to the work. We ask our readers to remember the colporteurs in their prayers. They distribute thousands of tracts; and parcels of gospel tracts for gratuitous distribution by them will greatly aid the Association. We append a list of the twenty districts.

New Districts opened January, 1878 — Oxfordshire — Oxford and Chipping Norton; Suffolk — Haverhill, Thurlow; Wiltshire — Chippenham, Bower Chalk; Lancashire — Southport; Essex — Tiptree; Nottinghamshire — Longeaton; Devonshire — Newton Abbot; Wales — Haverfordwest, Rhyl. Ten around Birmingham, as follow: — Smethwick, Shirley, Erdlington, Worst Bromwich, Yardley, Stichford, Minworth, Hampstead.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon: December 31st, eighteen; January 3rd, ten.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1878.

AN ADDRESS FOR SAD TIMES.

BY C. H. SPURGEON

DAVID in his sixty-first psalm prays, "When my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I." It is a very wise and appropriate prayer. He is in great sorrow, and asks to rise above it; he has great faith and therefore is sure that there is a safe refuge for him; and he is conscious of great weakness, for he does not speak of climbing the rock of safety by himself, but implores divine leading that he may come to it. His prayer will well befit the lips of men like ourselves who dwell where troubles rage and toss their waves on high.

By many forces the heart may be overwhelmed. A sense of guilt may do it. Carelessness and indifference are swept away when the Holy Ghost works conviction of sin upon the conscience, reveals the justice of God, and leads a man to see that he is in danger of the wrath to come: then heart and flesh fail, courage and hope depart, and the man is overwhelmed. Such a season is the fittest time for crying, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." If you can but find shelter in the rifts of the Rock of Ages what security will be yours! The rock of atoning sacrifice rises higher than your sin, and upon it the most guilty may stand far above the surging billows of vengeance. Led by the divine hand to cling to the great Redeemer and Substitute, the utterly shipwrecked soul is safely landed and may sing because of his escape.

Sometimes, however, believers in Jesus, though quite secure from divine wrath, are, nevertheless, overwhelmed with trouble. They should not be so,

for if their faith acted as it ought no fear would fasten upon them; but through the infirmity of the flesh, and, partly, also through inbred sin, unbelief comes in like a flood and drenches and deluges the anxious heart. At times also the trials of life roll onward like enormous Atlantic billows, and toss our poor barque till we reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man. The *ship* becomes waterlogged, and does not answer to the helm of reason; she drifts with the adverse current whithersoever it pleases to hurry her, and eternal shipwreck seems near at hand. It is good for a Christian then to cry, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I;" for though a rock is to be avoided in a natural storm, yet in our spiritual tempests there is a high rock which is to be sought unto as our shelter and haven. Truly that rock is higher than we are, and its very height is our comfort. God, the infinitely high and glorious, is not troubled nor dismayed, his purposes are far above and out of our sight, and they are also far beyond the operation of evil; hence by confidence in God we leave the storm beneath us and smile at the hurly-burly down below.

To me, my brethren, the most overwhelming thoughts do not come to my heart from my own personal sin, for I know it is forgiven, nor from worldly trouble, for I am persuaded that all things work for my good; but I am deeply distressed by the present condition of the church of God. Men who are called of God to care for his flock are grievously bowed down when the signs of the times are dark and lowering. Moses carried the whole people of Israel in his bosom in the wilderness, and they were sometimes a heavy load to him; and thus each true minister bears the church upon his heart, and is often sorely burdened. At this moment I can sorrowfully cry with Jeremiah, "My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart. I cannot hold my peace."

It is overwhelming to my spirit to see *the growing worldiness of the visible church*. Many professed Christians — the Lord alone knows whether they are true believers or no — give us grave cause for apprehension. We see them tolerating practices which would not have been endured by their fathers: my blood chills when I think of how far some fashionable professors go astray. There are families in connection with our churches in which there is no household prayer; but much luxurious eating and drinking and extravagance. I have my suspicions that there are among professors a considerable number who attend the theater, spend their evenings in card playing, read the most frivolous and foolish of books, and yet come to the Lord's table. If they differ from the world it is hard to see how or where.

Neither in their dress, nor in their speech, nor in their mode of trading, nor in their habits at home are they at all superior to the unconverted. Is not this an evil under the sun? When the church descends to the world's level her power is gone. Yet we cannot root up these suspected tares; we are even forbidden to do so lest we root up the wheat with them. If false professors were more open in their conduct we should know them, but their evil is secret, and therefore: we are obliged to let them grow together with the wheat: yet sometimes the sorrowful husbandman goes to the great owner of the farm and cries, "Didst thou not sow good seed in thy ground? From whence, then, hath it tares?" The answer is that "an enemy hath done this," and we are overwhelmed in spirit because we fear that our sleeping gave the enemy the opportunity.

I look again and see *numbers of professors apostatizing altogether*. In this great London persons who were members of churches in the country fall into the habits of their neighbors, and absent themselves altogether from the means of grace, or treat the worship of God on the Lord's-day as if it were optional, and when they attend to it they go tripping from one place of worship to another, and forget the duties of Christian fellowship. Many others are content to hear noted preachers, not because they preach the gospel but because they are reputed to be "clever men." Once men were esteemed for soundness, unction, and experience; but now men crave after popularity and cleverness. Some who call themselves Christians make fine music their grand requisite. If they need that gratification why do they not content themselves with a week-day concert in the proper place for such displays? God's house was never meant to be made a hall where tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum may vie with each other in pleasing man's ears. Not a few choose their Sunday resort because the "church" is an imposing structure, and the congregation is composed of "very respectable people." If they seek society, let them go where the *elite* may fitly gather, and keep themselves select; but in the worship of God "the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all" It is an ill sign when God's poor saints, are despised; but so it is in this day. If tradesmen save a little money they grow too great for the assembly in which they were once at home and must needs make part of a more fashionable congregation. These things also cause my spirit to be overwhelmed, not because in one single instance it has happened to members of my own church, but because the fact is open to the view of all and is the subject of general remark.

Equally grievous to the heart is it to see *the spread of superstition*. You can hardly go down a street but you will pass some popish joss-house, called an Episcopal church, where self-styled priests entice silly women to the confessional, and amuse them with masses and processions. Vile impostors! Clergy of an avowedly Protestant church, and supported by this nation, they are yet ravenous to eat out the very vitals of Protestantism. Fools enough are found to believe in these priests, and bow before their crucifixes, and their stations of the cross and the like rubbish, and the abomination evidently spreads like the leaven among the meal as described by our blessed Lord. Heaven alone knows where this England of ours is going, and he who loves his country feels his spirit overwhelmed within him.

Nor do I think this to be the worst sign of the times. All around us there is growing up in tangled masses *the ill weed of "modern thought,"* which is nothing better than an infidelity too cowardly to wear its proper name. There are preachers in Christian pulpits who deny the authenticity of various books of the Bible, and reject plenary inspiration altogether. There is not a doctrine of the gospel which is not denied by some "thinker" or other, and even the existence of a personal God is by the more advanced regarded as a moot point; and yet the churches bear with them, and allow them to pollute the pulpits once occupied by godly preachers of Christ. After having denied the faith, and plunged their daggers into the heart of vital doctrines as best they can, they still claim to be ministers of the gospel, and ask to be received into union on the ground of some peculiar inward virtue which exists in them apart from all doctrinal belief. Men who might justly be prosecuted for obtaining property under false pretences by violating the trust-deeds of our churches may well wish to abolish creeds and articles of faith, because these are perpetual witnesses against their knavery. I would not care what became of the pelf if the churches were saved from error. I see this leaven of unbelief working in all directions, and many are tainted with it, in one point or another; it eateth like a cancer into the very soul of the churches. God deliver us from it! It is hard to know what to do, for no one wishes to suspect his fellow, and yet a pest seems to be in the very air, so that it penetrates into the best guarded chambers. We hear of this man and then of another breaching strange notions, and those who were thought to be pillars suddenly become rolling stones. Who next? And what next? In the midst of this confusion our heart is apt to be overwhelmed within us. Is there not a cause? It is not our household, it is

not our estate, it is not our bodily health which is in danger, or we would bow in silence and bear it; but it is the household of God, it is the estate and kingdom of Christ, it is the church of God on earth, which is thus suffering; and well may those who love the Lord and his Christ and his truth tremble for the ark and feel a holy jealousy burning within them. At such a time the prayer of David is priceless, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Let us see how this petition meets the case.

First, let us remember that *God lives*. Glorious thought! The Lord sitteth upon the floods, yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Still he effects his purposes and accomplishes his will. It would be very childish if we were afraid for the moon because dogs bay her when she walks in her splendor; it would be very absurd to fear for the eternal mountains because the winds blow upon their granite peaks, and it would be equally idle to tremble for the truth of God. The stable things will stand, and those which cannot stand are better gone. God liveth, and everything that is of God liveth in his life. On this rock let us rest.

*"Error must die, and they who love her most,
And suck the poison from her venom'd lips,
Will find her vaunted strength an empty boast,
And share the horrors of her last eclipse.*

*"But truth is strong, and worthy of our trust,
And truth shall stand when time no more shall be,
And man is leveled to his native dust,
For God is truth to all eternity.."*

Next, let us remember that *God's truth is still the same*. It does not matter whether fifty thousand espouse its cause, or only five, or only one. Truth does not reign by the ballot box, or by the counting of heads: it abideth for ever. All the tongues of men and angels cannot make truth more true; and all the howlings of devils and doubters cannot transform it into a lie. Glory be to God for this! Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The eternal verity hath its deniers in derision, for they are as the chaff which the wind driveth away. "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

Another rock may also afford us shelter, namely, the high doctrine that, *the Lord will save his own*. The much despised truth of election stands us in good stead in troublous times. We sigh and cry, because so many worship

the deity of the hour, but the Lord answereth, “Yet, have I reserved unto myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Even so then at lifts present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace.” The words of the apostle are true at this moment, — “The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded, according as it is written, God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear, unto this day.” I bow before the awful sovereignty of God, and the clamor of the people comes not into mine ears. Jehovah’s purpose shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. No drop of the redeeming blood shall be spent in vain, no line of the everlasting covenant shall be erased, no decree of the Eternal shall be disannulled. This angers the adversary, but in its divine truth we find our consolation while the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.

A rock that is higher than I may be useful not only for shelter but for elevation. If you stand upon high ground, though you may be a dwarf, you can see farther than the tallest man who remains below; and now, standing upon the high rock of God’s word, what do we see? Look! Clear your eyes of doubt and mist, and look! Forget the present far awhile and gaze through the telescope of faith. What do we see? Systems of error broken in pieces, superstitions given to the moles and to the bats, the clouds vanishing, the darkness of night disappearing, and the beasts going back to their dens, for the Sun of Righteousness a rises with healing beneath his wings. A day of the triumph of the truth must dawn. If it do not come before the advent of our Lord it shall come *then*, to the confusion of his adversaries and to the delight of his saints, and there shall be “new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.” If this old earth will still reject the truth, and the old heavens still look down on a reign of error, they shall be utterly consumed with life, and on this very earth on which we stand, renewed and purified, there shall be placed a throne as glorious and terrible as the cross of Christ was ignominious and shameful. The blood of Jesus has fallen on this word and guaranteed its redemption from the curse, and one day, when he has delivered the subject creation, our Lord will dwell here, and reign amongst his ancients gloriously. We can afford to wait, for eternity is on our side. We can afford to see the ranks of the Lord’s army pushed back awhile, we can afford to see the standard fluttered by the rough winds, we can afford to hear the “Aha! Aha!” of the Philistines, for when the Prince cometh they shall know his name and the power of his might. If they will not yield to him now and kiss his scepter

silvered with love, they shall bow before him when they see the naked iron of his rod breaking them in pieces like potters' vessels. Oh to be on God's side! The whole matter lies there. If a man knows that his heart and soul are given to the cause of God and truth, he is entrenched within an impregnable fortress, and he shall find in the eternal verities munitions of stupendous rock. He shall be steadfast "though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

What then are we to do? We are to give all diligence: to make our calling and election sure. See to that for, though some denounce such holy care as selfishness, our Lord and Master knows best, and he charged his servants not so much to rejoice in their power over devils as in the fact that their names were written in heaven. Watch over your own spirit, and east not away your confidence. Then zealously in dependence upon God do the little you can do; do it well, and keep on doing it. You and I are not; called upon to regulate the world, nor to stay the raging sea of human sin. Let us not attempt to wield the divine scepter; it: befits us not. Naturally you would like to set all people right, and make all preachers orthodox. But, my brother, the task is beyond you. Be careful to be right yourself in your own life, and be resolute to bear your complete, honest, obedient testimony to all the truth you know; and there leave the business, for you are not responsible beyond your possibilities. No one of us is much more than an emmet on its little hill. Now, if yon tiny ant were to indulge in serious reflections upon the state of London and forget to assist in the labor's of the insect commonwealth, it would be a foolish creature; but if it will let those great matters alone and go on doing its ant-work, as an ant, it will fill its little sphere, and answer the purpose of its Maker. A mother teaching her little ones, and doing all she can to bring them up in the fear of God; a humble village pastor with his score of two of people around him; a teacher with her dozen children; a quiet Christian woman in her domestic circle bearing her quiet godly testimony; a young man speaking for Jesus to other young men; — there is nothing very ambitions about the sphere of any one of these, but they are wise in the sight; of the Lord. Leave the reins of the universe in the hand of the Maker of the universe, and then do what he has given you to do in his fear and by his Spirit, and more will come of it than you dare to hope. We are like coral insects building each one his minute portion of a structure far down in the deeps of obscurity. We cannot, as yet

war with those vaunted ironclads which sweep the ocean and hurl destruction upon cities, and yet — who knows? — we may build and build until we pile up a reef upon which the proudest navies may be wrecked. By the steady, simple, honest, Christian upbuilding of holiness and truth — defying no one, attacking no one — we may nevertheless create: a situation which will be eminently perilous to the boastful craft of falsehood and skepticism. A holy, earnest, gospel church is a grand wrecker of superstition and of infidelity. The life of God in man, patience in suffering, perseverance in well-doing, faithfulness to truth, prayer in the Holy Ghost, supreme zeal for the divine glory, and unstaggering faith in the unseen God — these are our battle-axe and weapons of war, and by the aid of the Holy Ghost we shall win the battle ere the day comes to its close. Till then, O Lord, when our heart is overwhelmed, lead us to the rock which is higher than we are.

PLACING OUT THE BOY

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ONE of the most critical periods in a boy's life is the time when he leaves home to become an apprentice or to take a situation. Parents should be specially upon their guard in the selection of new homes for their sons, for on that choice may depend their entire future. Placed with a firm, kind Christian master a young man may happily develop powers and faculties which might have remained dormant in the less stimulating atmosphere of home. Self-reliance and manly courage have been gained by removal from the too tender care of a fond mother, and the struggle of life has been commenced under more advantageous circumstances by emerging from the narrow limits of home affairs. If our boys could be for ever bound to their mother's apron strings it might be safe for their morals, but it would be fatal to their growth. They *must* go out into the world as their fathers did before them, and it is for their good that they should do so; but care must be taken that they are not subjected to needless risks in the operation. A lad should not be sold into temporary slavery by being bound to a brutal master, nor driven into duplicity and cowardice by subjection to a morose employer, nor tutored in vice by being located in a godless and immoral household. All this is clear enough, and yet it is not always considered: the business is a good one, or the premium is small, or the master is a distant

relative, and so the child, tenderly reared under godly influences, and altogether unused to the world's courser mood, is thrust out into the chill blasts of sin, and made to bear the unfeeling rudeness of vulgar natures, and the result is at first misery, by-and-by defilement of conscience, and ultimately depravity of life. Of course the grace of God may interpose, but that is no excuse for the want of thought which placed the young mind in such peril. "Lead us not into temptation" should be our daily prayer, and we should carefully remember the precept which it suggests. To tempt a child is infernal, and to place it where it will be tempted is next door to it. We would not place our sons or daughters in a lion's den or near a viper's nest, and yet we do worse if we commit them to the care of ungodly men and women, whose whole spirit and conduct will have a corrupting influence.

We have been led to make these remarks by reading a passage in the lately published *Life of our friend William Brock*. His experience was a very bitter one: he records it in his own words.

"I had been forced as a schoolboy to rough it — roughing was still to be my lot, and such roughing, that I remember it almost with dismay. My master was illiterate and profane, His wife was ill-favored, ill-bred, ill-mannered, and ill-disposed; a wrangler with her husband, and with all who came within her reach. My fellow-apprentices were ignorant, boisterous, and debased, knowing nothing more about literature or religion than the beasts which perish. Until I entered the house I do not believe there was a book within its walls. Whatever talk there was, either in the shop or at the table, never rose above vulgar twaddle, The domestic arrangements were beggarly and bad. Neither food nor beverage was tolerable in quality or sufficient in amount. I had to sleep on the stairhead for years. Of the commonest; conveniences there were hardly any; of the ordinary comforts there were none at all. The material and the moral wretchedness of the place was complete. It troubles me to remember it, I have not overcharged my representation in the least.

"For a while it was more than I could bear. To my mother I wrote piteous complaints. She sent me the means to buy some necessary food; and ones she interfered. By degrees, however, I became inured to the domestic hardships, and things which I could not help I tried to bear as best I could. As I remember, unto this day, it was trying to bear it, but the discipline, I dare say, did me good.

“By the moral wretchedness which surrounded me, I was especially distressed. When Sunday came, I found that neither Mr. nor Mrs. B. was going to church. Mr. B. was going to the belfry to chime the people into church, but he was afterwards coming home again. This I found to be the general rule. In no way whatever was there any recognition of God. It had been arranged that I should attend the services, in the Independent chapel, the only place in the town with whose minister or congregation my mother had any acquaintance. Mr. Ward was then the minister — a good minister of Jesus Christ. I went on the first Sunday, both morning and evening, spending the intervals of service in the way that I knew my mother would approve. The next morning I was christened, as they told me, ‘Parson Brock,’ a designation, by the by, which adhered to me all through my Sidmouth life. Banter and chaff I might have borne easily enough, but it turned out that banter and chaff were to be by no means all. Mr. B. distinctly attempted to annul the arrangement for my going to chapel. ‘He wouldn’t have any of the saints about his place;’ and then he swore. My fellow apprentices joined in the swearing and in its denouncings. ‘Trust them for making the place too hot to hold me, unless I would give my religion up!’ Correspondence a little mended matters, and, so far as violence went, I was to be let alone. One thing, however, was carried out, and that was the determination that I should have none of my reading and praying, either in getting up or in going to bed. I was warned never to try that again but as I did not exactly see any reason why I should not, I just did what I had been wont to do before getting into bed that night. Away came S’s shoe from his hand to my head, with an emphatic warning that, as often as I said my prayers like that, so often the shoe would be flung; and the harder it hit me the better should he be pleased.”

Now, it could not be right to expose a lad to all this; and if the result was not fatal to his youthful piety, the credit was not due to those who placed it in such serious jeopardy. Where is the use of our keep-ins our children out of evil company while they are with us at home and then thrusting them into it afterwards when we are no longer near them to advise or console? Fathers should not only see that their sons are allowed the full privileges of the Sabbath, but should look out for masters who care for such matters for themselves. Of course there must be an eye to the secular advantages of the trade and to the peculiar recommendations of the particular shop or establishment; but it, is must not be all in all, nor the first thing. For others as well as for ourselves we should seek first the kingdom of God and

whom righteousness; for our own flesh and blood, the offspring whom God has given us. we must deliberately elect the service of the Lord in preference to all earthly gain. If we do not act thus in the case of our own children, it will heroine questionable whether we have chosen the Lord for ourselves. If we do not wish to see our own sons grow up to be earnest servants of the Lord, we may justly doubt our own conversion; but how can we honestly desire such a result if we place them for years under influences which must powerfully work in the opposite direction.

It is not only upon grave questions of morality that parents should exercise thought, but also upon minor details of comfort and association, which may lead up to the weightier matters. We remember a well-behaved and hopeful youth who early fell into sin, to the deep horror of the honest, godly family to which he belonged; and yet when we learned that he had eaten his meals, and spent the brief hours after shoptime, in the sole company of the one domestic servant, in the kitchen of a little general shop in a country village, we were not at all amazed: the offense was very grievous but had the youth been received at his master's table, and had he been provided with fitting associates, it might never have been committed. In London the custom still lingers, even in some large, and well-known establishments, for the young men to sleep on and under the counters in the shop. Of course, all sense of comfort and a considerable portion of the delicacy of decency vanishes under such a condition of things; and when loose talk leads on to loose living who is to wonder? In certain shops the assistants are expected to be more sharp than honest, and to stick at a round lie would involve their dismissal no Christian parent or guardian should permit a youth to live under such regulations. These rules form an unwritten code, but are none the less rigidly binding on those subject to them, and a toad under a harrow has not a more uneasy life of it than the youth who is troubled with scruples. Very long and late hours ought also to be considered by those who are seeking situations for lads. We are not men those who would go to an extreme in crying out against hard work, for to some young men the most arduous labor is a far less evil titan the temptations of a leisure which they have not the sense to improve; but we feel certain that in many young people the seeds of consumption and other diseases are sown, and made to develop rapidly, by weary hours of standing in hot shops in the midst of dust and stagnant air, and sometimes amid smells and exhalations, from which they are not allowed a moment's escape till the shop is closed. Can it be right to place our boys where they

will be slowly murdered? Nor is injury to health the only danger, for, fagged and languid, the young people have no spirit to use aright the late interval after the shutters are put up and the stock cleared away: and therefore amusements which excite the baser feelings seize upon their condition of mind, and drag them down as by an iron chain. We could say a great deal more, but we forbear. There are trades or professions which suggest gambling and drunkenness, and are to be shunned at once, and yet we have known professing Christians offer their children to Moloch by placing them in such occupations. This is sad indeed!

Parents cannot discover much about the internal condition of families in which they place their sons and daughters, but they ought to learn all they can, and act with decision and prudence. A tyrant master can ruin a lad's temper, break his spirit, and reduce him to a semi-imbecile; on the other hand, a negligent, easy, unscrupulous head of a house can, without intending it, place a thousand temptations in the way of youth, make vice easy, and dishonesty almost inevitable. Dangers lie on all sides, and how can they be avoided? Certainly not by negligence, or leaving the boy to take his chance, as some say.

The hour is critical for the young man, and full of responsibility for those who are his guides; let it be a season of doubly earnest prayer: and let it be postponed a score times sooner than once done in a manner which the Lord would disapprove. The boy's temperament and character should be studied, and a thousand points taken into the reckoning, and it will be better to endure a dozen sleepless nights to arrive at a right decision, than to judge hastily and repent for a lifetime, and make our child mourn long after we are in our grave. "It is better," said a statesman. "to spend six millions now in preventing war, than six hundred millions afterwards upon the evil itself": as to the particular instance to which he referred we may debate upon his statement but the general fact is self-evident, and its moral is exceedingly applicable to the point in hand. Plant a tree carefully if you would have it flourish, and place out your son anxiously if you would see him prosper in the fear of the Lord.

THE ROD THAT BUDDERD

PAUL JOANNE ascribes amazing fertility to the soil of Mentone, and backs his assertions by a story which reads like a legend. He says that a stranger

coming to pay a visit to his Mentonese friends stuck his walking-stick into the ground and forgot it. Coming back some days afterwards to seek his cane, he was surprised to find it putting forth leaves and young branches. He declares that the little tree has grown vastly, and is still to be seen in the Rue Saint Michel. We have not seen it, and are afraid that to inquire for it in the aforesaid Rue would raise a laugh at our expense.

We may believe the story or no as we please; but it may serve as an emblem of the way in which those grow who are by grace planted in Christ. All dry and withered like a rod we are thrust into the sacred soil and life comes to us at once, with bud and branch and speedy fruit. Aaron's rod that budded was not only a fair type of our Lord, but a cheering prophecy of ourselves. Whenever we feel dead and barren let us ask to be buried in Christ afresh, and straightway we shall glorify his name by bearing much fruit. C.H.S.

NOTES.

It is very difficult to write notes of work while one is altogether absent from the scene of action, and pledged to be as quiet as possible; but as our readers expect a little personal gossip we must give it.

We are thankful that no *religious* papers reach us here, for they are usually the least satisfactory of publications, and certain of them are among the heaviest afflictions of the church of God. Happily we do not here refer to either of the two Baptist papers. We do not at this present know what new heresy has been started during the last month, but we expect to find that “modern thought” has undergone some fresh development, and has produced another batch of falsehoods. When we left we heard on all sides the intelligence that the punishment of sin in the next world would be a mere trifle, and would soon be over, and some even went further and reported that all those who live and die without Christ were to be in due time admitted into glory; perhaps by this time the opinion may have been started that the devil himself is God. We venture no guess upon the subject, for theological hypotheses are now as wild as they are abundant, and no man living can tell where the advanced gentlemen will end. We are glad to get away from the continual smother of their deceitful teachings, and to have our Bible to read by sunlight. The more we turn to that volume the more are we confirmed in the old, creed, and the more certain are we that the modern spirit is deadly to grace, fatal to zeal, and hostile to the truth of God. Our first article will show how we felt when our heart was heavy, and now that we are in brighter spirits our impressions are not less solemn.

The daily papers have been welcome, for they have helped to answer the countless rumors with which from day to day the English colony in this place has been tortured. One day we heard that war was proclaimed, on another it was only the Russians in Constantinople, and there again our ambassador was recalled from St. Petersburg and all Europe was in a blaze. “Wars and rumors of wars” have been the daily talk, and only by the somewhat greater sobriety of letterpress could we tell where we were. Far away from home report seems more busy than even in London, and it certainly lies at an astonishing rate — fifteen to the dozen, as the old ladies say. Amid all this hurly-burly Christians ought to learn that all the boasted

influence of commerce and civilization in causing wars to cease is mere fiction, and that nothing but the kingdom of Christ can drive out the demon of war. We are also called upon to watch for the Lord's coming: not to prophecy that he will come at once, or begin to cast up figures and guess at dates; but to be ready, because he will surely come when men look not for him. "Wars and rumors of wars" are warnings to keep us from slumber. "Awake, thou that sleepest."

From home we have received letters from a large number of our students, all of them most pleasing. We cannot help giving an extract from one of them, because it is very much a sample of other testimonies —

"I cannot express my gratitude for all the benefits I have received during my two years at the College. It has been a precious two years to my soul: and instead of dryness and barrenness to my soul, as I almost feared, it has been a time of sweet refreshing and joy to my heart. I cannot say what a delight the College prayer meetings have been — times when I could say with the psalmist — 'My cup runneth over.' Although as you so kindly told us when first we saw you in the College, that it would take two years to show us what fools we were, is literally true in my case, yet I feel it has made me, if there can be such a thing, an intelligent feel. The last two years have been the happiest in my life, and the College has seemed more of a home than anything else, where it could be truly said, 'one is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren.' And it has been marvelous to me how much *he* helps. It seems quite a joy to learn a Greek lesson for Jesus, and even the verb is comparatively easy when learnt with him looking over one's shoulder."

Our evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, have been holding special services at the Tabernacle, and up to the time at which we write they have enjoyed marvelous success. Feb. 11, our good deacon, Mr. Murrell, sent us a telegram announcing a marvelous children's service on Sabbath afternoon, Feb. 10, with 4,000 children and about 1,000 adults present, although, as the superintendent of the school afterwards informed us, "there was from morning to night nothing but gloom over the whole city, accompanied by dripping rain without intermission, and the streets were ankle deep in mud and slush." It must, from all accounts, have been a very wonderful occasion.

Wednesday, February 13, brought us another telegram: — "*Enthusiastic meetings. Tabernacle full on Tuesday night. Monday largest prayer-*

meeting ever held in Tabernacle.” This was as oil to our bones, and though rapidly gathering strength it was a better tonic than the wisest physician could have prepared, and none the less efficacious because it contained no trace of bitterness. The Lord’s name be praised that all goes well, and that for us to rest is no loss to his work.

Our beloved brother J. A S., invaluable at all times, has proved himself a priceless gift from God to us, by bearing all our burden, and throwing all his energies into the work at home while we are forced into the rear rank. The zealous aid of all our officers, and the loving prayers of our own people, and numerous friends, have all worked together to secure us perfect peace of mind, and, by the divine blessing, to lift us up to renewed health.

On Feb. 14 we received a loving letter from our deacons, requesting us to prolong our rest for two weeks more. This is brotherly forethought, and tender love, and we are very grateful to God: and to our brethren, but we hope that one out of the two weeks may suffice. We like to write down and publish these Christian courtesies and deeds of love, because such things are not universal, and there have been cases where pastors have been treated in a very different manner. If we ever die of grief it will not be caused by unhappiness at home or unkindness in the church, unless the whole of our past life should be succeeded by its exact reverse. Our deacons are remarkable men, not only for kindness to their pastor, but for individuality; one of them has preached in our absence on one occasion and made strangers inquire if the deacon preaches like this, what must the pastor be?” Another makes us smile while he writes. “My advice would be, take not only the two weeks, but twelve if necessary. Get thoroughly sound before returning to work, and when you do, take it as easy as you can. My experience has been that seven or eight weeks is not sufficient time to recover after being so thoroughly overworked. It was the case with my old horse, ‘Major,’ a good bit of stuff as ever lived, but too free (very like yourself) would overdo himself if he had the chance, and at last got queer in the legs and giddy in the head. A three months’ run on a suitable soil brought him round wonderfully, and on being sold he fetched the original price.”

The most cheering news has reached us from our son in Australia. He has been preaching incessantly to full houses in the region around Adelaide. Here also is cause for thankfulness.

Personally we have experienced special mercy in restoration to health. We seem to get better every five minutes. Mentone is still to us a charming retreat, unsurpassed for its warmth, sunshine, and scenery. Nor must any one imagine that it is a spiritually barren spot; for we have seldom known a more happy fellowship. Here are ministers of Church and Dissent forming a practical Evangelical Alliance, besides esteemed brethren and sisters in Christ of no mean order. M. Delapierre, of the French Church, and his assistant minister and evangelist are doing much, not only for the visitors but also for the Mentonese, and they are always glad to manifest a loving interest in members of ether churches. One could readily work in Mentone as much as at home, for requests to visit the sick, preach, etc., are of constant occurrence. No one who is ill need fear coming to this place under the notion that they will find no friends and no opportunities for usefulness: if they should come here and make that complaint it will be their own fault.

ORPHANAGE. — Mr. Charlesworth's report is as sweet as it is short. "All well at the Orphanage."

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

APRIL, 1878

PERIODICAL WAR MADNESS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A FRIEND who was some long time ago prostrated by African fever assures us that he still feels it once a year. The enemy was repulsed in its first assault, but it annually resumes the attack, and will probably do so as long as our friend survives. This curious phenomenon has its parallel in the moral world, for certain evils may be subdued and apparently driven out of a man and yet they return with great fury and resume their former sway. The like is true of races and nations. At intervals the world goes mad and mad in the very same direction in which it had confessed its former insanity, and resolved never to rave again. England, at set seasons, runs wild with the war lunacy, foams at the mouth, bellows out "Rule Britannia," shows her teeth, and in general behaves herself like a mad creature: then her doctors bleed her, and put her through a course of depletion until she comes to her senses, settles down to her cotton-spinning and shop-keeping, and wonders what could have ailed her. A very few months ago it would have been difficult to discover an apologist for the Crimean war, and yet in this year of grace 1878 we find ourselves surrounded by a furious crowd whose intemperate language renders it almost a miracle that peace yet continues. If they do not desire war, they are mere bullies; but if they do desire it, they certainly go the right way to bring it about.

One stands amazed at the singular change which has come over the populace, who, if they are faithfully represented by their journals, have learned nothing by experience, but long to thrust their burned hand again into the fire. The mistakes of former days should minister to the wisdom of the present generation, for history is a nation's education; it is, therefore, to the last degree unfortunate when the people relapse into their acknowledged errors, and repeat the blunders of their sires. If our country

has been fairly depicted by the advocates for war, its condition is disappointing to the believer in progress, and alarming to the patriot who gazes into the future. We are still pugnacious, still believers in brute force, still ready to shed blood, still able to contemplate ravaged lands and murdered thousands without horror, still eager to test our ability to kill our fellow men. We are persuaded that a large portion of our fellow citizens are clear of this charge, but the noisier if not the more numerous party, clamor for a warlike policy as loudly as if it involved no slaughter, and were rather a boon to mankind than an unmitigated curse. A mysterious argument, founded upon the protection of certain mythical "British interests" is set up as an excuse, but the fact is that the national bull-dog wants to fix his teeth into somebody's leg, and growls because he does not quite see how to do it. The fighting instinct is asking to be gratified, and waxes violent because it is denied indulgence.

It is cause for gratitude that the cool heads among us are now sufficiently numerous to act as a check upon the more passionate. We are not now *all* mad at the same time, nor are quite so many bitten by the ban-dog. When last our people barked at the Russian bear, Messrs. Cobden and Bright and a small band of sensible men entered a protest which only enraged the fighting party; but now, thank God, the advocates of peace are heard, and even though abused, their power is felt. They may be unpopular, but they are certainly influential; their opponents have to stand upon the defensive, and exhibit some show of apologetic argument, whereas aforetime they laughed the peace-man to scorn as un-English, fanatical, and idiotic. Though our people have not advanced as we could desire, yet there has been progress, and that of a solid kind. Statesmen are now found who forego considerations of party to obey the higher dictates of humanity; ministers of the gospel now more frequently denounce the crime of carnage and pray for peace; and among the masses there are juster ideas of the lamentable results of war. We are bound to be thankful even for small mercies, and on that ground we rejoice in the faintest sign of advance towards truthful estimates of bloodshed; but we are sorry to temper our rejoicing with a large measure of regret that our fellow countrymen, aye, and fellow Christians are still so far from being educated upon this most important subject. Many who did run well apparently, and were theoretical lovers of peace, lost their heads in the general excitement and went over to the enemy; some of them, fearful lest English prestige, alias British swagger, should suffer; others afraid that Russia, by capturing

Constantinople, would block our road to India; and a third class, carried away by unreasoning sympathy with the dominant feeling around them. Times of feverish excitement test our attachment to great principles, and are probably intended by providence to act as a gauge as to their real growth; viewing the past few months in that light, there has been cause for congratulation, but greater reason for regret.

What is the cause of these periodical outbreaks of passion? Why does a peaceful nation bluster and threaten for a few months, and even commence fighting, when in a short time it sighs for peace, and illuminates its streets as soon as peace is proclaimed? The immediate causes differ, but the abiding reason is the same — man is fallen, and belongs to a race of which infallible revelation declares “their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known.” Wars and fightings arise from the inward lusts of the corrupt heart, and so long as human nature is unrenewed, battles and sieges, wars and rumors of wars will make up the history of nations. Civilized man is the same creature as the savage; he is washed and clothed, but intrinsically he is the same being. As beneath the Russian’s skin you find the Tartar, so the Englishman is the savage Briton, or plundering Saxon, wearing broadcloth made from the wool of the sheep, but with a wild fierce heart within his breast. A prizefight a few years ago excited universal interest, and would do so again if it exhibited gameness and pluck, endurance and mettle. As a race we have these qualities and admire them, and it is idle to deny that if we were unrestrained by education and unrenewed by grace, there is not a man among us but would delight to see, or at least to read of, a fair stand-up fight, whether between fighting men or fighting cocks. We are not cruel, and therefore the brutal contests of Roman gladiators, or the disgusting scenes of Spanish bull-fights, would never be tolerated among us; but we are a fighting nation, and are never better pleased than when we see an exhibition of spirit and courage. Doubtless some good runs side by side with this characteristic of our countrymen, and we are far from wishing to depreciate bravery and valor, but at the same time this is one of the difficulties which the peace advocate must not fail to recognize. A tamer people might more readily adopt our tenets, not from conviction, but from force of circumstances; we find a warrior race slow to learn the doctrine of “peace on earth, good will toward men”: nor may this discourage us, for such a race is worth instructing, and when thoroughly indoctrinated will be mighty to spread abroad the glorious truth. Rome covets England because

she knows it to be the center and pivot of the world, and we covet it also for the self-same reason: let Great Britain once declare from her heart that her empire is peace, and the whole earth shall be in a fair way to sit still and be at rest. We are far from this consummation at present, nor need we wonder when we remember the hearts of men and the passions which rage therein, and especially when we note the peculiarly warlike constituents of which our nation is composed. Observe the bold dash of the Irish, the stern valor of the Scotch, the fierce fire of the Welsh, and the dogged resolution of the English, and you see before you stormy elements ready at any time to brew a tempest.

What, then, is to be done? Shall we unite with the clamorous patriots of the hour and sacrifice peace to political selfishness? Or shall we in silence maintain our own views, and despair of their ever being received by our own countrymen? There is no need to take either course: let us believe in our principles, and wait till the present mania comes to an end. We would persuade all lovers of peace to labor perseveringly to spread the spirit of love and gentleness, which is indeed the spirit of Christ, and to give a practical bearing to what else may become mere theory. The fight-spirit must be battled with in all its forms, and the genius of gentleness must be cultivated. Cruelty to animals, the lust for destroying living things, the desire for revenge, the indulgence of anger — all these we must war against by manifesting and inculcating pity, compassion, forgiveness, kindness, and goodness in the fear of the Lord. Children must be trained with meekness and not with passion, and our dealings with our fellow-men must manifest our readiness to suffer wrong rather than to inflict it upon others. Nor is this all: the truth as to war must be more and more insisted on: the loss of time, labor, treasure, and life must be shown, and the satanic crimes to which it leads must be laid bare. It is the sum of all villainies, and ought to be stripped of its flaunting colors, and to have its bloody horrors revealed; its music should be hushed, that men may hear the moans and groans, the cries and shrieks of dying men and ravished women. War brings out the devil in man, wakes up the hellish legion within his fallen nature, and binds his better faculties hand and foot. Its natural tendency is to hurl nations back into barbarism, and retard the growth of everything good and holy. When undertaken from a dire necessity, as the last resource of an oppressed people, it may become heroic, and its after results may compensate for its immediate evils; but war wantonly undertaken, for self-interest, ambition, or wounded pride is evil, only evil, and that continually.

It ought not to be smiled upon as a brilliant spectacle, nor talked of with a light heart; it is a fitter theme for tears and intercessions. To see a soldier a Christian is a joy; to see a Christian a soldier is another matter. We may not judge another man, but we may discourage thoughtless inclinations in the young and ignorant. A sweeping condemnation would arouse antagonism, and possibly provoke the very spirit we would allay; while quiet and holy influence may sober and ultimately overcome misdirected tendencies. Many of our bravest soldiers are on the side of peace, and in the present crisis have spoken out more boldly on the right side than we might reasonably have expected of them. This must be duly acknowledged and taken into account, and we must speak accordingly, Rash advocates mar the cause they love, and this also is not to be wondered at, since a portion of the same fighting nature is in them also, and leads them to be furious for peace, and warlike on behalf of love. The temptation to fight Christ's battles with the devil's weapons comes upon us all at times, and it is not marvelous that men speak of "fighting Quakers," and "bigots for liberality." We must guard our own spirits, and not lend ourselves to the service of strife by bitter contentions for peace; this, we fear, has not always been remembered, and the consequences have been more lamentable than would at first sight appear: opponents have been needlessly created, and prejudices have been foolishly confirmed. Let us profit by all the mistakes of zealots, and at the same time let us not become so extremely prudent as to lose all earnestness. The cause is a good one, let us urge it onward with blended rigor and discretion.

Seeing that the war-spirit is not slain, and only at the best wounded, we must in quiet times industriously inculcate the doctrines of peace. The work begun must be deepened and made more real, and where nothing has been taught we must begin in real earnest. It is wise to keep the evil spirit down when it is down. We had better shear its locks while it sleeps, for if once the giant awakes it snaps all arguments as Samson broke the new ropes. As a drunkard should be reasoned with in his sober intervals, and not when he is in liquor, so must our nation be instructed in peace when its fit of passion is over, and not when it is enraged. Have we well and wisely used the period since the last great war? Perhaps not: and it may be that the late ebullition has come to warn us, lest we beguile ourselves into the false notion that a millennium has commenced, and dream that men are about to beat their spears into pruning-hooks. Peace teaching, which is but another name for practical gospel teaching, must be incessant, line upon

line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" must resound from our pulpits, and be practiced in our homes. "Let us love one another, for love is of God," must be more in our hearts and lives. Above all we must evangelize the masses, carry the truth of the loving God to their homes, preach Jesus and his undying love in their streets, and gather men to his fold. All soul-saving work is a blow at the war-spirit. Make a man a Christian and he becomes a lover of his race; instruct him, and he becomes ashamed of blows and battles; sanctify him, and he sweetens into an embodiment of love. May the Holy Ghost do such work on all sides among our countrymen, and we shall see their outbursts of rage become less frequent and less violent, for there will be a strong counteracting influence to keep down the evil, and to restrain it when in a measure it breaks loose.

TOO TRUE

It is to be feared that an immense amount of time and money is wasted in these days upon mere schemes. The clergy are ready to rely upon everything rather than upon the substantial claims of their message. One party takes to new dresses, banners, and processions; another to penny readings, political lectures, and concerts. They change from one thing to another day by day, and the result is only a weary waste of their own time and the creation of a certain amount of social feeling, which might equally be produced without the supernatural influence of the church and religion. Religious truths, if they are what they are believed to be, cannot need all this trivial machinery to recommend them; and religious convictions, which are to be of any value, must be produced and maintained by more simple and permanent means. If we may judge by the history of the church, both in early and modern times, a man of true religious feeling needs nothing but a room and a Bible, in order to produce the greatest results. The one thing essential is not new plans, new experiments, and daily changes, but a belief in the power of the permanent truths of the Christian religion, and a devotion to these and to these alone. — *The Times*.

THE GREAT BUILDER AND HIS WORK

SPEAKING of that enormous mountain peak known as the Matterhorn, which is the universal admiration of Alpine travelers, a writer says that the materials of which it is composed are remarkable, and he goes on to give us the following description: "Few architects would like to build with them. The slope of the rocks to the north-west is covered two feet deep with their ruins, a mass of loose and slaty shale, of a dull red brick color, which yields beneath the feet like ashes, so that, in running down, you step one yard and slide three. The rock is indeed hard beneath, but still disposed in thin courses of these cloven shales, so timely laid that they look in places more like a heap of crushed autumn leaves than a rock, and the first sensation is one of un-mitigated surprise, as if the mountain were upheld by miracle; but surprise becomes more intelligent reverence for the Great Builder when we find, in the middle of the mass of these dead leaves, a course of living rock, of quartz as white as the snow that encircles it, and harder than a bed of steel. It is only one of a thousand iron bands that knit the strength of the mighty mountain. Through the buttress and the wall alike the courses of its varied masonry are seen in their successive order, smooth and true as if laid by line and plummet, but of thickness and strength continually varying, and with silver cornices glittering along the edge of each, laid by the snowy winds and carved by the sunshine."

Now, all this suggests a parable. The church of God, that glorious mountain of his habitation, is apparently built of very frail materials. The saints are, to all appearance more like "a heap of crushed autumn leaves than a rock," and beneath the feet of tyrants and persecutors they seem to yield like ashes; and yet the church defies the storm and towers aloft, the obelisk of the truth, the eternal pillar of almighty grace. Faith, with eagle gaze perceives the thousand iron bands which prevent the disintegration of the mass, and the central foundation harder than a bed of steel upon which the colossal fabric rests. The church abideth for ever: infinite love, faithfulness, and power sustain her, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. C. H. S.

NOTES

A CERTAIN growling critic affirms that we make too much of the Tabernacle and its affairs. This is a sin which we fear he is never likely to commit towards any good work. It may suffice us to say that our pages from month to month prove that our sympathies extend to every form of holy service in all Christian denominations. Those notes are specially intended to set forth our own portion of the work which is done for our Lord, and we cannot see any objection to their being so occupied. Other agencies and communities have their own organs and reports, and this is ours; and if we keep very much to home affairs, our friends are, we find, all the better pleased. The Lord is making much of our work, and though we have passed through, great personal trial he is blessing us more than ever and raising n p princely friends to help us; therefore the growler may growl on.

The weekly religious papers have already given full accounts of the remarkable work of grace which has been going on at the Tabernacle during the pastor's absence, and therefore we will not repeat stale news; but we must at least declare our grateful praise and cry, "What hath God wrought?" A very gracious influence is upon our church and people. The believers around us are, evidently greatly quickened, which is a most important point; and all are on the look out for souls, which is equally a matter to rejoice in. Love and unity are conspicuous, as will as joyful energy. Our evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, have done a noble work among us; and let the Lord be glorified for it. They have gone to Newcastle-under-Lyne, and are having marvelous times. Everywhere we trust they will now find open doors, for they are worthy. On our return the crowds were almost terrible; two Tabernacles might have been readily filled on the first Sabbath. The eagerness to hear was remarkable, even for a place where crowding is constant. We have always been heartily welcomed when returning from a vacation, but never so warmly as on this occasion. Every outward token showed that the people were joyous not because of mere natural feeling, but because they had been aroused and awakened, and were hungering to hear the Word of Life from the lips which have fed them in former times.

On Monday evening, March 18, the new converts, more than four hundred in number, were invited to tea together with the evangelistic choir and the singers. What a happy meeting it was! We were all overjoyed. Then came the great prayer-meeting at 7. The Tabernacle was almost entirely filled, and both praying and singing were carried on with a spirit and enthusiasm such as, even among our naturally warm-hearted people, we have never seen excelled. Eighty-four had been added to the church on the previous Sabbath, and this encouraged us to look for greater things.

COLLEGE. The College has largely shared in the visitation of grace with which the Lord has favored us. A whole day of prayer was kept by the men in preparation for the services, and then all threw themselves into the work with the utmost zest. Many of the students had the great privilege of leading individuals to Jesus by personal conversation, and nothing can better conduce to joyful encouragement than such blessed success. To be in union with a living church is a great part of a young minister's training, and to be actually engaged with inquirers is a splendid preparation for after service. All goes well with the College; and those friends who have helped us in this our well-beloved work would be rewarded a thousand times could they hear a tenth part of the good news which often gladdens our heart. We do not make too much of this work; we have never spoken of it as we might have done, for we prefer to leave it to speak for itself. We do have failures, and some men who were very hopeful turn out to be weak; but can it be otherwise while we have to deal with imperfect beings? Those who are mighty soul-winners, and these are not a few, shall be our advocates. Our only desire is to send out men who will hold to the old faith, and preach it with some measure of intelligence, and above all with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. How far the Lord has made the effort a success eternity will reveal, and we await the verdict without fear. Meanwhile, we are having such sweet letters from our men in foreign lands that we brush the tears from our eyes to see how they love us, and how they love the gospel, for which we would live and die. There are some four hundred of the men preaching now; God bless every one.

The following account from our former student, Mr. Gammon, now an agent of the Baptist Missionary Society, will interest our readers, and show that our College men are doing a good work in foreign lands.

“Puerto Plata, San Domingo,
West Indies, Feb. 22, 1878.

“My dear President, — My report for last year, whilst being very far from what I could wish, is a slight improvement on the previous one; we have baptized forty-nine persons, on a profession of their faith in Christ, at the different stations, and there have been but few cases calling for exclusion from the church.

“With regard to my new work in San Domingo, so far, it has been very rough and discouraging; however, the small church we have formed has given us some encouragement, and the few members we have are very faithful to their duties; several months of the short period during which we have been resident in Peurto Plata, have been taken up by revolutions.

“On Sunday, January 13th, we opened our new Iron Chapel, seating four hundred persons, but that very morning fighting commenced in town, and since then — five weeks — very little has been done besides visiting the sick and wounded. I have been obliged to send my wife and child away, for from the beginning of the year we have been surrounded by the rebels; and often just as one sits down to write or study the firing will commence. and all work is over for the time being. When it will end we cannot tell, for both the Government and the rebels seem determined to hold out. We are in a very unpleasant position, for our houses are of wood, and the Remington rifle balls go through them like paper. Many rencombatants have thus been wounded and killed by stray balls. There are about forty wounded soldiers in the hospital now, and they very eagerly received the Spanish tracts and books which we give them. I should be very glad if some kind friend at the Tabernacle would send me a supply of tracts, but *especially* of your sermons, both in English and Spanish for distribution among the people; my poor, weak voice cannot be heard everywhere, but these silent messengers of the gospel may prepare the way for me, and even do the work I am unable personally to accomplish; any parcel of books sent to the Baptist Mission House, under care of Mr. Baynes, will be forwarded to me by him. This is the port from which most of the people from the interior ship their tobacco, mahogany, etc., which is brought in by them on horses so that it is plain what an amount of good might be done by giving them SPANISH tracts, gospels, and Testaments.

“Hoping to be able to give you a much better and more detailed account next year,

“I remain, my dear President
Yours very sincerely,
R. E. GAMMON.”

The news from our son, Thomas Spurgeon, in Australia, continues to be of the most delightful character. The exciting kindness of friends is almost more than we dare to think upon; we thank the brethren in the various colonies, one and all. Brightest of all to our heart is the fact, that from various quarters we hear of conversions which probably our dear son has not been informed of. Christians at home tell us of sons and brothers abroad who write to say that they have been brought to the Savior by hearing our son’s sermons. A grand presentation at Adelaide has evidently touched Tom’s heart as it has done ours. Mixed with it all the father and mother at home get their share of loving remembrance from friends. Things of this sort come to us, and as they are genuine words, though we do not feel worthy of them we must give a specimen: —

“Ballarat Ministers’ Association,
November, 1877.

“Resolved unanimously, — That in giving a hearty welcome to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, on the occasion of his visit to Ballarat, the Association would avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of putting on record their deep sense of the services rendered by his father, the Rev, C. H. Spurgeon, to the cause of Christ throughout the world, and not least to Victoria, through the influence of his printed sermons: their hope that the father may be long spared as a watchman on the towers of Zion: and their earnest; prayer that the son may prove worthy of so noble a sire, and may be increasingly blessed as a worker for God”

We have had so many of these kind messages that we might appear to be indifferent to them if we did not take some public notice of them. We have needed them all, and each one has come opportunely. In times of sickness and depression of spirit the Lord often employs human sympathy as a cordial and restorative, and we have found it so. Generous aid to our work, and affectionate words of thanks, have often made labor light and suffering endurable.

ORPHANAGE. Our friends will have read Mr. G. D. Evans' interesting paper as to the orphans' visit to the west. Everyone seems to receive our orphans kindly, and we thank them. The beloved lady who founded the Orphanage should be remembered in our prayers. May she enjoy in her own heart the Lord's gracious smile as she sees her substance accepted by him and used to his glory.

Mr. Latimer, the first youth from the Orphanage to enter the College, has passed through his course of instruction with great satisfaction to us all, and now settles at Willingham, Cambs, with the unanimous and hearty vote of the church and congregation. This is a noteworthy fact in our Orphanage history. Another Orphanage student is now in the College, and very many are in positions of respectability and trust. The condition of the Orphanage is good.

Our valued friend, Mr. Vickery, who so generously presented the Orphanage with a very handsome drinking fountain, desires us to mention that it was manufactured by Messrs. W. and T. Allen & Co., 2, Somerset Buildings, Lambeth Hill London, E.C. It certainly does great credit to the firm.

The Post Office authorities have not removed our residence but they have altered our postal description. All moneys and letters sent to us should be directed, C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. It is more convenient to us to have letters so addressed than to have them sent to the Tabernacle. If sums of money fail to be promptly acknowledged we should be glad if friends would write us at once, for some mistake may have occurred, and by a timely notice it may be rectified. Friends writing about matters which do not concern us, but are merely for their own information, should not expect us to pay postage: it is growing to be a heavy tax. A large part of our daily toil arises from letters which ought not to be written, but which we try to answer, and do answer, as a rule, though it makes life a slavery. If postal labor increase, as they threaten to do, it may come to this, that, courtesy or no courtesy, we shall have to decline answering; for life is not long enough for us to be perpetually writing explanations of hard texts, giving names of books, replying to people seeking situations, refusing requests for loans of money which we cannot spare, answering questions upon degrees of affinity, church government, medicine for gout, hotels at Mentone, and so on ad infinitum. Certain people never seem happy until they have a pen in their hand with which to torture a public man. It will be

needful in self-defense to declare that we will answer nobody unless they have a right to an answer, and this implies that the letter is short, sensible, about some important matter, and has a stamp enclosed. If a man asks me a question in the street, and I am to pay a penny if I reply to him, he cannot reasonably expect me to answer unless he pays the penny himself; why then should a person be expected, to pay a penny for the great privilege of giving advice gratis, for which he uses his own stationery and gets no thanks? Letters which are to the purpose shall always have a reply, but we cannot promise to answer every epistle; indeed, we do not intend to do so much as we have done in that direction.

COLPORTAGE. The Secretary sends us the following report: — “The Report of the Colportage Work, which we have now to offer, is most encouraging; and will, we trust, stimulate others to help us in a still further extension of this valuable and economical agency. Since the end of December, 1877, no fewer than thirty additional agents have been added to the staff of the Association, and are now actively engaged working in new districts. Through the liberality of two most generous and tried friends of Colportage all these districts have been commenced with a lower rate of subscription from local friends than we usually require, which is £40 a year. But this has been done in the full hope that during the first year the work will so commend itself, that Christian friends in the district will become sufficiently interested to subscribe the full amount for the second year. About ninety of our agents are now at work in England and Wales. Will friends remember them in prayer? Ninety godly men all day long traveling from street to street, and from door to door in our towns and villages, sowing the seed of God’s word, by the printed page, by the pointed appeal, and by the daily life. More than a hundred pounds worth of Bibles and Testaments alone are sent out every month, besides Bible parts and a variety of religious periodicals and books, and sound, instructive publications. Help is much needed just now to provide the Colporteurs with a sufficient and suitable supply of Tracts for gratuitous circulation. Many Christians have not much time to distribute tracts; here are ninety distributors at hand, whom they can supply with gospel messages. Parcels will be thankfully received and acknowledged if sent to the depot, and dressed to Mr. W. Corden Jones, Secretary, Colportage Association, Pastors’ College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E. Subscriptions or donations for this purpose, or for the General Fund, will be duly acknowledged in *The Sword and the Trowel*. The Annual Meeting will

(D.V.) be held early in May, when, as usual, several of the Colporteurs will give an account of their work, and the Annual Report will be issued.”

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: — March 4th, twenty-one; 7th, twelve; 11th, eleven; 14th, eighteen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MAY, 1878.

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Yea, it shall be at an instant suddenly.” — Isaiah 29:5.

“The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea.” — Jonah 1:4.

ABOUT four o’clock in the afternoon of Lord’s-day, March 24th, the inhabitants of London were startled by a sudden hurricane which all at once brought with it darkening clouds of dust, and for a short season raged furiously. Sitting in our study in quiet meditation we were aroused and alarmed by the noise of doors and windows, and the terrible howling of the blast as it swept upon its headlong course. Unhappy were travelers across heath and moor who were overtaken by such an overwhelming gust, for it gave no warning, and allowed no time to seek a shelter. It was soon over, but it was followed by cold and dreary weather, and it would seem to have been a token that winter meant to make another struggle to assume his ancient throne. His Parthian arrow was driven forward with intense force and left its mark in ruin and death.

Just at the moment when landsmen were terrified by the threatening storm, her Majesty’s training ship “Eurydice,” which had returned from a cruise to the West Indies, was rounding Dunnose headland, off the Isle of Wight, with all plain sails, and also her studding sails set. Those on board were all naturally anxious to reach their homes, and having only to round the coast and to anchor off Spithead, they were making the best of the wind. The noble frigate was plainly seen from the lovely village of Shanklin; but one who was watching the fine vessel suddenly missed it and wondered why. She was hastening along with all sails set except her royals, and her ports open, when in a moment the fierce wind pounced upon her. It was in vain that the captain ordered sail to be shortened; the ship lurched till her keel was visible, and in less time than it takes us to write it the ship capsized,

and more than three hundred brave seamen perished. Well might her Majesty's telegram speak of "the terrible calamity of the 'Eurydice.'" What mourning and lamentation had that one cruel blast scattered over the hind! How swift is the swoop of death! How stealthy its step! How terrible its leap! In the midst of life we are on the verge of the sepulcher. This lesson is preached to us by those three hundred men who lie enshrouded in the all-devouring sea, with a gallant ship as their mausoleum.

***"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!"***

Great is the peril of the ocean, but there are also dangers on the land, and at any moment we also may be summoned to appear before our God. Since this cannot be questioned, let each prudent man foresee the evil and prepare himself for it.

Another lesson which lies upon the surface of this sad event is this — never feel perfectly safe till you are in port. Many awakened souls are almost within the haven of peace, and are at this time rounding the headland of thoughtfulness, with the sails of earnest inquiry all displayed to the breeze. Their condition is very hopeful but it is not satisfactory to those who are anxious about their eternal welfare, nor should it be satisfactory to themselves. They are steering for the harbor, they enjoy favoring winds, they have all sails set, but still they have not quite believed in Jesus, nor surrendered themselves to his grace. We who watch them can see that their ports are open, and we dread lest they should be overtaken by a sudden temptation and should suddenly be overturned at the very moment when our hopes are at their best. Is the reader in such case? Then let us beseech him not to be content till he has found Christ and so by faith has anchored in the harbor of "eternal salvation." Do not be happy, dear friend, till you are moored to the Rock of Ages, under the lee of the everlasting hills of divine mercy, through the stoning blood. It seems very wonderful that a ship which had been to sea so many times and had just completed a long winter's cruise in safety should at last go down just off the coast in a place where danger seemed out of the question. It is doubly sad that so many men should be within sight of a shore upon which they must never set their foot. To perish in mid ocean seems not so hard a lot as to die with the white cliffs of Albion so near: to die with the gospel ringing in our ears is still more sad. Never reckon the ship safe till it floats in the haven: never

reckon a soul safe till it is actually “in Christ.” The “almost persuaded” are often the last to be fully persuaded. Aroused, impressed, and moved to good resolutions, to tears, and even to prayers, yet men postpone decision, and by the force of Satan’s arts are lost, — lost when we all hoped to see them saved. O that seekers were wise enough to be distressed until they are thoroughly renewed. Any position short of regeneration is perilous in the extreme. The manslayer would have been cut down by the avenger had he lingered outside the walls of the refuge-city; it would have been all in vain for him to have touched its stones or sheltered near its towers: he must be within the gates or die. Seekers after salvation, you are not safe till you actually close in with Jesus, place all your confidence in him and become for ever his. Shall it be so *now*, or will you abide in death? Rest not an hour. Trifle not for another moment; for death may seize you, or a spiritual lethargy may come over your soul from which you may never again be aroused. Give no sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till your anchor has entered into that within the veil and you are saved in Christ Jesus.

A further lesson should be gleaned from the scant wreckage which as yet has floated up from the sunken vessel. Let us all take warning, and remember that *we cannot tell when fierce temptation may assail us.*

***“Be watchful, be vigilant, danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.”***

As the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh, our want of foresight keeps us in constant jeopardy, and should therefore induce unceasing watchfulness. The gale may burst upon us either from the north or from the south, and if we make ready for an easterly breeze we may be assailed from the westward instead. He who has sailed upon the sea never trusts it; he who has been at the mercy of the wind never depends upon it.

Beloved believer, you have had a long stretch of fair sailing; let a brother whisper in your ear, “keep a good look-out.” Those who are familiar with spiritual navigation know that there is never more likelihood of storm than when the barometer stands at “set fair.”

*“Whene’er becalm’d I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss;
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss:
 Far more the treacherous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o’er my head.”*

The danger of a foreseen tempest is comparatively little, for your ship with close-reefed sails, and bare poles, is ready for whatever comes; but the perils of the calm lie in the temptation to security, and the liability that sudden temptation may find us unprepared. “What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch”: for if the good captain of the ship had known at what hour the storm would come he would have lowered all his sails, and have weathered the gale. He did all that a brave man could do, but all was little enough, for the huge ship was tossed over and sucked down, and but two remained to tell the tale. Be ye always ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the danger will be upon you.

One other warning let us collect from the wreck while yet it lies beneath the wave. *Always be most afraid of sudden temptation when all sails are filled with a fair wind.* Personal experience teaches some of us that our gladdest times attract perils to us. The temper of the placid may readily be ruffled when they have newly come from solitary communion with God: the rude shock of the world’s rough speech tells most upon a mind which has been bathed in heaven. Even the love of Jesus may lead us in the heat of our spirit to wish that we could invoke fire from heaven on his foes. Great power in prayer, unless we guard ourselves well, may be followed by a fit of depression, even as Elijah fled from Jezebel very soon after his wrestlings upon Carmel. High and rapt enjoyment may be followed by fierce temptation, for the enemy watches for loaded vessels when he allows the empty bark to escape. Even our Lord found but a short interval between the testimony from heaven at his baptism and the temptation from hell which beset him in the wilderness. Our full sails tempt the prince of the power of the air to rage with more than his usual malignity. It is right that, all sail should be set when the wind is favorable. Why should we not avail ourselves of everything which may speed us on our way? Still, let us never forget to watch unto prayer, or our happiness may be our danger. Brother, mark well your steps in coming down from the mount of communion, for at the foot of it you may meet mocking Pharisees, dispirited disciples, and

perhaps one possessed of an evil spirit of the kind which goeth not out save with prayer and fasting.

Let the self-exalting professor specially beware; but remember, dear brother, that you may soon become such a character. When your sails are big with the wind, and you are flying over the waves, clap your hands if you please and hope soon to have perfected your voyage, but take care to have all hands ready for an emergency. Perhaps one of the best things that could happen to you would be that when you are sailing along so bravely, confident and at ease, your topsails of pride should be carried away; you would be all the better for losing such lofty gear. Plenty of ballast must be stowed away or our royals may be our ruin. Better have our glory rent to ribbons by the gusts than for the ship itself to be blown over. Mark this.

Are you prospering in business? Keep your eye on the weather, and do not flatter yourself that you will never be moved. Is all going well with your family? Be grateful, but rejoice with trembling. Is every desire gratified? Thank God, but do not fold your arms, or suffer the watch to go below. Are you progressing wonderfully in the spiritual life? Doubtless Satan has told you that you are somebody now, strong in faith, exceedingly earnest, wonderfully busy, and altogether an example to others! Do you not see that the storm-fiend is near you, and do you not know what a wind he can raise? Remember how he slew Job's children by a wind which smote all the four corners of the house. He saves up those four-cornered hurricanes for men in high estate as Job was; therefore beware Brother, take in those sails, for the weather is very gusty just now and cannot be relied on for five minutes. As you would dread shipwreck, cultivate a holy jealousy, maintain godly fear, and evermore look to him that keepeth Israel. He never slumbers nor sleeps, for he knows that his children always need his watchful eye.

“CALLING OUT THE RESERVES.”

*“Reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war.”
Job 38:23.*

ON the evening of April 1st, the Lord Chancellor read a message from the Queen, stating that

“Her Majesty has thought it right to communicate to the House of Lords that her Majesty is about to cause her Reserve Force and her Militia Reserve Force, or such part thereof as her Majesty shall think necessary to be forthwith called out for permanent service.”

Might not some such message from the King, who is in the midst of Zion, be just now very seasonable, if the Holy Spirit should convey it to all the churches? There should be no reserves in the hosts of the Lord; but alas, through the lukewarm condition of many, these reserves form a numerous part of our membership, and need a great many calls from their officers before they will obey. Perhaps if they felt that the King himself ordered that they should be “forthwith called out for permanent service,” the love of Christ would constrain them, and we should see them marching forth to war. “I pray thee have me excused” has been upon their lips for a long time, or else they have said, “I go, sir,” but they have not gone. The word of Moses to the children of Gad and Reuben is exceedingly needed by many at this time, “Shall your brethren go to war, and ye sit still?” The reserved forces are so terribly numerous as compared with the active army of our great King that our holy war is sadly hindered and the Canaanites are not subdued. Among these inactive professors there are many who are commonly known as “very reserved people.” These must no longer sit at ease, but must summon up courage enough to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, lest the curse of Meroz fall upon them. Others are idle, and allow their armor and their weapons to rust. Many are busy here and there about inferior things, but forget their allegiance to their Lord. Very much time, talent, and opportunity is held in reserve for various reasons, and ought at once to be brought forth and consecrated actively to the Lord. What meanest thou, O sleeper? What aileth thee, O sluggard? There is much to be done, why doest thou not thy part? Every man has a place appointed him in the battle, what excuse can be accepted for those who are at ease in Zion, and stir not a hand for their Master and his cause. Nor is it in men alone that a sinful reserve is made, but great treasures of gold and silver belonging to Christians are laid by to canker while the Lord hath need of them. Men talk of loving Jesus so as to give him all, and in their hymns they say that if they might make some reserve, and duty did not call, their zeal would lead them to a total sacrifice, and yet the *financial* reserve of the church of God is probably a hundred times as great as that which is expended in the Lord’s service. Your own judgments will confirm this statement. The funds actually in the hands of professed

believers are immense, for many Christians are enormously rich, and yet we hear daily appeals for money, till one might conclude that all professors of the Christian faith were poor as Lazarus, and that nowadays no holy women were able to minister to the Lord of their substance, and such persons as Joseph of Arimathaea were no longer disciples of Jesus.

There is a great deal of reserve *time*, and reserve *talent*, and reserve *energy* and *fire*, and we would in the name of Jesus call it all out. Why, some men when engaged in the service of God seem to be only the tenth part of men compared with their zeal in their business pursuits. It would take nine of some church members to make one real praying man, and twice that number of some preachers to make a downright earnest minister of the gospel. Is this judgment too severe? Are not some men mere apologies for workers, even when they do pretend to be up and at it? Verily it is so. Oh, if they would but be aroused; if all their manhood, all their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, were truly engaged, how differently they would act; and if they sought strength from on high, what grand results would follow! I long to see the Holy Spirit filling us all with ardor, and causing every man and woman among us to yield himself or herself fully unto the Lord.

When the reserves are called out matters look very serious, and we expect to see war. Every lover of peace shuddered as he read the Queen's message, for he felt that at last war was really threatened. God grant it may not be so. But with regard to the church of Christ, when the reserves are called out, the world believes that it really means war for Christ. At present the world despises many a church for its inactivity, but when *all* Christians come forth it will know that we are in earnest. While the regular workers are marching to and fro like a standing army going through its regular drill, very little is done beyond mere defense, but when the reserves are called out, it means *defiance*, and the gauntlet is thrown to the foe. Our Lord would have us fight the good fight of the faithful, and go forth in his name conquering and to conquer, but the elect host is hampered and hindered by the suffers and camp-followers who hang about us and work us serious ill. If all this mixed multitude could be drilled into warriors, what a band would the Son of David lead to the war! Once get the reserved members of this church praying, working, teaching, giving, and the enemy would soon know that there is a God in Israel. These is too much playing at religion nowadays, and too little of intense, unanimous, enthusiastic hard work. A part of the church is all alive, but a far larger portion is as a body of death,

by which the life of the church is held in bondage. Once find the whole body tingling with life from head to foot, from heart to finger, and then you shall have power over the adversary and prevalence with God. When all the people shout for joy and long for the battle, the Philistines will be afraid, and cry out, saying, "God has come into the camp." O that my eyes could once perceive the signal! Zion travailing is the sign by which those who know the times will be able to prophecy concerning Zion triumphant. O for the universal agony, the inward throes of deep compassion and consuming zeal; for when these are felt by the whole body, the joyous hour is come.

The Queen's message reminds me of a great and comforting truth. *God himself, blessed be his name, has forces in reserve which he will call forth in due time.* Remember the Lord's own language in the book of Job: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hall, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against; the day of battle and war?" He represents himself in the language of his servant Joel, as calling out innumerable locusts as a part of his host: "The Lord shall utter his voice before his army; for his camp is very great." The hiding of his power we cannot estimate, but we know that nothing is impossible to him. Whatever the church may have seen and experienced of divine power there is yet more in reserve, and when the fit moment shall come all restraint shall be withdrawn, and the eternal forces shall be let loose to rout every foe-man, and secure an easy victory. For the moment our great Captain puts his hand into his bosom and allows the enemy to exult, but he is not defeated, nor is he in the least disquieted. "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged." His time is not yet, but when the time comes he will be found to have his reward with him and his work before him. Let us never be daunted by the apparent failures of the cause of God and truth, for these are but the trial of patience, the test of valor, and the means to a grander victory. Pharaoh defies Jehovah while he sees only two Hebrews and a rod, but he will be of another mind when the Lord's reserves shall set themselves in battle array and discharge plague upon plague against him. Even the doubling of the tale of bricks, and the wanton cruelty of the tyrant, all wrought towards the divine end, and were no real hindrances to the grand design; nay they were reserved forces by which the Lord made his people willing to leave Goshen and the fleshpots.

Today, also, the immediate present is dark, and there is room for sad forebodings; but if we look a little further, and by faith behold the brilliant future which will arise out of the gloom, we shall be of good cheer. My eye

rests at this moment somewhat sorrowfully upon the battle field of religious opinion; truly, there is much to rivet my gaze. It is a perilous moment. The prince of darkness is bringing up his reserves. The soldiers of the devil's old guard, on whom he places his chief reliance, are now rushing like a whirlwind upon our ranks. They threaten to carry everything before them, deceiving the very elect, if it be possible. Never were foes more cunning and daring. They spare nothing however sacred, but assail the Lord himself: his book they criticize, his gospel they mutilate, his wrath they deny, his truth they abhor. Of confused noise and vapor of smoke there is more than enough; but it will blow over in due time, and when it is all gone we shall see that the Lord reigneth, and his enemies are broken in pieces.

Let us watch for the coming of recruits divinely prepared. Let us be eager to see the reserves as they come from the unlikeliest quarters. There may be sitting even now by some cottage fireside, all unknown, the man who shall make the world ring again with the gospel, preaching it with apostolic power. The orthodox advocate, born to cope with subtle minds and unravel all their sophistries, may even now be receiving his training in yonder parish school; yea, and even in the infidel camp, like Moses in the palace of Pharaoh, there may dwell the youth who shall act the iconoclast towards every form of skepticism. Jabin and Sisera may reign, but there shall come a Deborah from mount Ephraim, and a Barak from Kedeshnaphtali. Let the Midianites tremble, for Gideon who threshes wheat in the wine-press will yet beat them small. The Ammonites shall be smitten by Jephtha, and the Philistines by Samson; for every enemy there shall be a champion, and the Lord's people shall do great exploits. I for one believe in Omnipotence. All other power is weakness, in God alone is there strength. Men are vanity, and their thoughts shall perish; but God is everlasting and everliving, and the truth which hangs upon his arm, like a golden shield, shall endure to all eternity. Hither come we, then, and bow before the face of the Eternal, who reserveth wrath for his enemies and mercy for them that seek hire; and as we lie at his feet we look up right hopefully, and watch for the moment when all his reserves of grace, and love, and glory shall be revealed to the adoring eyes of his chosen people world without end. C.H. S.

MORE GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

“DEAR MR. EDITOR,” said a coaxing voice the other morning, “do you think you could find room in next month’s magazine for a few further particulars, telling how the dear boy gets on in Australia?” “Foolish little mother,” says the Editor, putting on as solemn a face as he knows how, “do you think people care to hear anything about your boy?” “No, perhaps not,” says the voice demurely, “but they think *ever so much of your boy*, and . . . and God is so good to him and to us.”

“That he is!” comes from the depths of the father’s heart. “Well, we’ll see,” presently replies the Editor; “have you there some extracts from his letters?” “Yes,” (this very meekly), “they are woven together in rather a rough fashion, but friends are *so* indulgent, and ‘Good news from a far country’ was received so warmly and drew forth so much tender sympathy that, instead of fearing criticism, one longs to renew the sweet experience of touching such harmonious chords. Will you *please* let it pass the editorial chair?” What was that dear Editor to do, good reader? Surely he will be pardoned for having said “Yes,” and placing before his friends a record which aims simply and only at magnifying God’s mercy and tender care over one of his little ones.

The thread of the story is taken up where Mr. Bunning laid it down on their return from the Bush.

Mr. Bunning’s charming paper “Out in the Bush” leaves nothing more to be said about that journey, except that the kindness received by our dear son from the master and owner of Quambatook has deeply touched our hearts, and will be remembered with the warmest gratitude and love while life shall last.

Returning to Melbourne he renewed the busy life which has been habitual to him since he set foot in the colonies, preaching continually, attending meetings, traveling hither and thither to help some struggling cause, and

everywhere receiving a genial welcome and a full share of that splendid hospitality which flourishes so grandly on Australian shores. "All the people are so kind and friendly," he says, "that you have not been in their society for half an hour before you feel quite at home with them." A visit to Kyneton, a stay at St. Kilda, a few days at Pt. Henry, "where we did enjoy ourselves," and then he is away to Adelaide, of which place and its people we will allow him to speak for himself.

"I am writing from Adelaide, a much quieter and smaller place than Melbourne, and therefore in some respects preferable. Friends are as numerous and as kind in South Australia as in Victoria, and I anticipate a very pleasant stay. We are located in a splendid house, situated among the hills, commanding a view of Adelaide, the sea beyond, and the peninsula beyond that. Host and hostess are kindness personified, and we have everything that heart can wish. My first Sabbath here, Nov. 18, was indeed a happy time. I preached the anniversary sermons of the Norwood Baptist Chapel (Mr. Lambert's) and once again had the pleasure and honor of telling the way to heaven. The place is comparatively small and was densely packed, the ample lobbies and vestries being both morning and evening crowded with eager listeners. Not expecting to have to preach twice, I had nothing prepared for evening service, and did not feel justified in delivering an old sermon. *Then* I found the Lord to be 'a very present help,' and more than I have ever done before I realized that the 'Spirit helpeth our infirmities.'"

The first Sabbath in Adelaide was succeeded by a week which he describes as "teeming with mercy and full of blessing." Monday night was devoted to a meeting at Flinders-street Chapel (Mr. Silas Mead's), and Tuesday to a tea and public meeting in Norwood Baptist Chapel. Then on Wednesday his kind friends planned an excursion which gave him much pleasure, and is thus described "we drove to the very top of Mount Lofty, nearly 3,000 feet high, and pic-nic'd there. Lovely scenery delighted us as we ascended. Rugged chasms and steep gullies opened up as we wound round the hills by easy gradients, while the broader valleys had pretty houses peeping from the green trees, and gardens flourishing with oranges and cherries, and rich with the perfume of flowers and strawberries. Far, far up the hills were villas, whither the wealthy owners resort to catch the breeze, and to escape the scorching heat of the plains below. Arrived at the summit, a panorama most extensive and delightful lay before us. Like the city of Jerusalem, there stood Adelaide, a perfect square, with towers and spires, and trees

surrounding it, lacking only the hills to make it exactly like views I have seen of the ‘City of David.’ We could plainly see the ‘Port’ with its smoking chimneys, and the winding channel leading to it. Just beyond Adelaide lay the Bay of Glenelg, a favorite sea-side resort only four miles from the city. Landwards and to the south stretch a series of hills not so high as Mount Lofty, but richly timbered and extending to the Murray.”

A few “little outings” similar to this pleasant one, were enjoyed all the more that they were sorely needed, for constant excitement and public speaking were trying to the not very robust frame of the young visitor, and the most grateful thanks are due to the dear friends at Glen Camend who took an almost parental interest in our beloved boy. The following Sunday is thus described: “Another Sabbath has gone by. One just as full of blessing as its predecessors. I was glad to *listen* to a sermon in the morning, a most appropriate and helpful one, on the highest motive for serving Christ, and the best stimulus in doing so,— ‘For my sake.’ In the evening a very large Wesleyan Church was crowded. Before six o’clock the yard at the side and back was filled with vehicles which had brought the people, and 2,500 listened to the Word. A very deep slanting gallery goes entirely round the building; the pulpit stands nearly as high as the gallery, and is reached by a winding stair. When with no small difficulty I had succeeded in gaining the steps, I was surprised at my elevation and at the mass of people. I had to conduct all the service. The heat was very trying, but it made my heart glad to receive those hearty thanks for the sermon as I left the building. Today I feel as tired as possible, but have to speak at a meeting in the same place tonight.”

The following week was spent in an excursion to Moonta, some 100 miles from Adelaide, a trip enjoyable, though tiring. Here he preached in a large Wesleyan Chapel, and as most of the congregation were Cornish Methodists, his audience was not “by any means dull.” Then, “On to Kadina, where bills, distributed in the morning only, announced —

SPURGEON AT KADINA.

WESLEYAN CHURCH. SEVEN O’CLOCK.

No Collection.’

The crier too, had gone round the little township, and about 800 souls attended. Back to Adelaide Friday morning. A more tedious journey than

before — hot, dusty, jolting, anything but pleasant. One of our wheels got red hot, but having neither oil nor water we were obliged to continue on our way. At the first inn we came to, we succeeded in cooling it down, but it had been smoking and burning so long that the wonder is no accident happened. On this trip I have seen one of the most celebrated mines in the world, but best of all I rejoice to know that several persons found the Lord through the services.”

Yes, dearest son, this is the goal and climax of our hopes and desires for you, that God would give you “souls for your hire.” None can doubt your “high calling of God in Christ Jesus,” to be an ambassador for him, if you carry with you such credentials as these. The Lord increase them “an hundredfold how many soever they be.” On Sunday, December 2, we find him preaching again in Flinders Street Chapel, but “suffering from the effects of the tiring trip to Moonta and Kadina.” He says, “Concerning that service, and several others both in town and country, I have received most encouraging news. The Lord has blessed me to the conversion of souls, and to the upbuilding of saints more in South Australia than anywhere else — at all events I *hear* of more good done. To his name be all the praise!”

On Monday, Dec. 3, our son and a large party of friends took train northwards, intending to spend ten days in what they call the “Area,” — a vast tract of newly-cultivated land, where fields of wheat are waving for miles and miles. For ten days they journeyed on and on, Tom preaching four times and finding it “rather hard work after a long ride.” The weather was dreadfully hot, and the flies an intolerable nuisance, while worse enemies than flies were constantly being exhibited to landlords of hotels as “spoils taken in the night.” One bright spot in this journey was a pleasant Sabbath spent at Fort Augusta, where he met with a companion of his childhood, a son of our esteemed deacon, Mr. Olney. The two young men seem to have been delighted to grasp hands once again and talk over “old times,” but farewell had soon to be said, and our dear son had to go on his way. After this journey preaching engagements multiplied, and we note one of which he thus writes: — “On Sunday, December 16, I preached in the open air a few miles from Adelaide. The advertisement of the meeting would have amused you. After the usual announcements came the word ‘MOONLIGHT.’ People drove in from considerable distances and moonlight aided their return. We had a blessed season beneath a clear Australian sky amongst the gum trees. I found it to be rather an effort, and have had a slight cough ever since. Still I have the same news to tell of happiness and

blessing, and though I have not been quite so well lately, feeling weak, as I used to do after services at home. I believe I shall soon be right again. What rejoices me most is to know that I am not laboring in vain. By God's blessing the churches are profited and souls are saved. I have ever so many kind letters encouraging me, and though adverse criticisms appear occasionally, they usually come from the atheistical papers. If God owns my endeavors to serve him, I can need no earthly commendation, yet it is very encouraging to get a kindly word, and both ministers and people give it to me. The waters were not crossed in vain, dear parents; you were not bereft of your son for nought."

The letter from which these latter extracts are taken gave fond hearts at home some deep anxiety, for we feared the dear boy's strength was too heavily taxed by incessant work and excitement. But subsequent news calmed our fears and caused us to bless the "hand unseen" which was directing "all his steps." A delightful "lazy week" followed the time of weakness and weariness, and seems completely to have restored his failing energies. A party of friends was formed for a trip to Victor harbor, and he gives a very lengthy and detailed description of the pleasures and prospects of this most enjoyable excursion. We have, however, only space for a very condensed account of it. Leaving Adelaide on Tuesday, Dec. 18, their way lay over the hills to Battunga, from whence they turned aside to attend an anniversary meeting at Macclesfield, where one of the party was to deliver a lecture, and of *course* the good people could not let Tom off without a speech. The next day "Strathalbyn" was reached, "a small town as pretty as its name," boasting a "Scotch kirk with considerable pretensions to architecture, and a bridge in front of it, spanning a delightful little stream skirted with willow trees." This seems to have been quite a refreshing sight to him, after the "bare and desolate places" to which he had been accustomed up north. From Strathalbyn they went by tramway twenty-eight miles, and of this part of his journey he shall himself speak:—

"The ride was most monotonous, for miles ahead one could see the straight line of rails piercing direct as an arrow through the wretchedest scrub imaginable. Right glad were we to regain our friends and get a scramble on the rocks, and a ramble on the sea-shore in the afternoon. Here between Port Elliott and Port Victor we went, literally, on a 'wild goose chase,' and caught two of the birds. They seemed to be a species of swan, and had, I presume, got washed down the Murray, out to sea, and then again ashore. That same evening we took a delicious stroll along a jetty, half a mile long,

to Granite Island, where wild ocean billows dashed in furious grandeur on the rugged rocks; . . . At twelve o'clock we reached the mouth of the Murray. This, the largest river in Australia, navigable for over 3,000 miles, has a mouth so narrow, and so blocked by land, that it is very rarely a vessel ventures through it. This very fact makes it worth inspection. We saw the whirling eddies of tide contending with opposing currents: round the numerous sand banks, where pelicans flourished, the wild waves surged, driven on from bank to bank, twisted and turned, now here, now there, in vain endeavor to reach the sea. Just one solitary buoy danced in smoother water, just one solitary flag-staff stood in front of the solitary hut on an island opposite, and everywhere else, land-ward and seaward, was utter desolation." Less than an hour sufficed them there, and they traveled back to their last starting place, from whence they took another line of tramway to Goolwa, a port of the Murray. Here they propelled to interview some natives, and the result is thus described: "On the way we met the king and his 'lubra.' His majesty wore a large, thick Mackintosh, a fur cap was on his head, and a short pipe protruded from his mouth. Over his back was a swan in a sack, for which he wanted two shillings. We were anxious to see a corobaree, or native dance: but when we gained the camp we had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to gratify us in any way. Only one woman and an old man took pains to interest us. The *lady* referred to collected some pieces of flannel or rag, and made a hard pad of them, which she placed between her knees, and then commenced beating it with her skinny hand, at the same time rolling her head and eyes about, shrieking, moaning, yelling, groaning, and producing a combination of sounds more hideous than words can tell." They had to pay pretty literally even for this questionable *exhibition*, and left, without having induced the "black fellows" to give a demonstration of their satisfactory movements.

Next day they commenced their homeward journey, and after sundry adventures reached Adelaide on Friday night, blessing God for a "most enjoyable holiday." On the following Sabbath our son preached in the evening in a beautiful church in North Adelaide, and says, "I was mightily helped." Passing over Christmas, of which he himself says very little, possibly because just then a sharp attack of home sickness overcame him, we find him at Gawler and Lyndock Valley, two stations occupied by former students of the Pastors' College, where he was received with open arms and a true brotherly welcome. We give in his own words his impression of the place and people. "Gawler is a little more than an hour's

slow traveling from Adelaide. It glories in the name of the ‘modern Athens,’ though this can have no reference to its architecture, and is the second town in the colony. The advantage of possessing two rivers is in summer somewhat nullified by the fact that the bed of one of them can be driven over without wetting the horse’s hoofs, and that at the other, if you wish to obtain a bucket full of water, your patience must enable you to hold the pail for half-an-hour. Of course in the winter season matters are very different, and at nearly every creek we heard of teams being washed away and drivers drowned only a few months back. At Gawler Station we were met by Mr. Morgan. whose appearance in silk coat and white helmet, seated in a four- wheeled ‘buggy,’ behind two rough steeds, was as unlike one of ‘Spurgeon’s Students’ as one could have imagined. The warm grasp of the hand meant something uncommon between us, however, and the very horses seemed so pleased that I think the reins must have conducted the excitement from the driver into their legs, for they dashed along in fine style.” “Our first halting place was the home of the ‘Faireys.’ Here was no enchanted glen, no star-tipped wands and magic scenes, but on a hill overlooking the pretty town, and standing in a newly-planted garden which promises to be a cool retreat when grown, is the manse of the Baptist Bishop of Gawler (Mr. S. Fairey). He too was rejoiced to see the son of him whom he still calls ‘President,’ and gave me a hearty welcome. We had nine miles further to drive to Lyndoch Valley, the scene of the pastoral labors of my companion, Mr. Morgan. I feel an intense joy in seeing and helping these former students of dear father’s College, they have a claim on me which I am delighted to recognize, and in serving them I am truly happy. My present host is indeed a good specimen of a hard-working pastor He takes three services on the Sunday and has a considerable journey from one to the other, in fact he is rarely out of the saddle or trap, except to preach or prepare for another service. Pleasant conversations about the Tabernacle and its Pastor, the College and its tutors, the Orphanage and its President delighted him and comforted me, and when the Sabbath came I know not which was the happier. There were about two hundred people in the little chapel, and amongst them hearts as loving, and souls as earnest as I have ever met with. Saturday was hot, but Sunday was hotter *still*, it seemed to take the life out of everything but the flies. As the heat becomes greater their coolness increases, and they most persistently annoyed me while preaching. Old colonists do not seem to mind them much, but I unfortunately am not sufficiently acclimatized to allow them to fly down my throat and stop up my ears unrebuked. After

service on the Sunday morning we had the Lord's Supper, and one good brother did pray so fervently for my dear father and for me, that I felt sure my loved ones at home would have a happy day, brightened like mine by the outpourings of so loving a heart. That same evening I preached in a large Wesleyan church at Gawler, the place was lent, the collection given to the Baptists and a right joyous time we had. Everyone was so kind to me, that I was quite sorry I had to leave so soon, but I was advertised to take the watch-night service at Norwood, so was obliged to hasten back to town (Adelaide). New Year's Day was spent with some friends "who almost worship father." Anon he is off to Mount Barker, where he preached in the Baptist chapel and spoke at a meeting of the Bible Society. Again returning to Adelaide, the kind and generous friends who first welcomed him there (Mr. and Mrs. F.) had arranged for him to visit them at Glenelg, the sea-side resort of Adelaide's inhabitants. About this time the intense heat tried him greatly, and the mosquitos were a constant annoyance. He says, "It is stated that Adelaide is the hottest city in the world inhabited by Europeans, and only once have they had it hotter than it is now. I should not mind the heat by day so much, if the mosquitos would let me sleep at night, but all our efforts to defy their malice seem in vain. One night we managed the net arrangements so deftly that the wretches could only look through the lattice at me, and sing their mournful ditty outside, but alas, the next night the net slipped, and through the meshes of the covering they had their will of me, and bit me from head to foot." On the Sunday after his return from Mount Barker he preached to young people in Flinders-street Baptist church, and had a large and attentive congregation. Receiving just then letters from home, counseling a little less work and excitement, he remarks, "You seem exactly to anticipate my situation, and my desire to do all I can. I felt quite sad you should be anxious about it. I have done my best to get strong consistently with work for the 'Master.' If during the months I have been ashore I had been rustivating all the time in one or two places, I doubt not I should be stronger than I am, but God called me to something better. 'Not to over-work,' you say. No, my darling mother, but this I have not done as yet, and under God's guidance shall not do. 'Hitherto, the Lord hath helped, me,' and I can truly say that I enter on no engagement without first I 'take it to the Lord in prayer.'

We are now drawing near the close of his happy stay in South Australia, and must hasten on to let him tell of the farewell meeting and the beautiful

presentation by which his generous friends sought to testify their love and interest in him. The last Sunday in Adelaide was exceptionally hot, and he felt thoroughly prostrated by it. Nevertheless, he preached in the evening in the Town Hall to an overflowing audience, and by God's gracious help surmounted all physical obstacles which lay in his path. After the sermon the people crowded round him. "I should like to have shaken hands with the whole two thousand," he says," and I believe that there was not our who would not have been glad to do so for my dear father's sake."

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

MANY things must be omitted this month in order to give space for a summary of the Conference proceedings, but we must not crowd out the gathering of butchers.

The Butchers' Annual Festival was held at the Tabernacle on Tuesday, March 26. 2,100 of the London butchers and their wives were entertained in the rooms below the Tabernacle, and 600 of the masters and their wives, and other friends, had tea in the College Lecture Hall. To feed this great multitude the committee provided a ton of meat, 71/2 cwt. of carrots, 600 lbs. of cake, 200 loaves of bread, and a half chest of tea, at a total cost of £150, which, was defrayed by subscriptions amongst the master butchers and their friends. The feeding of all this great multitude was accomplished by our marvelous deacon Mr. Murrell, without a trace of disorder or a moment's delay, How he and his assistants do the work so merrily we can hardly imagine. He might be general of an army, so well does he organize. Mr. Farmer, a city missionary in Camberwell, obtained gratis from the publishers sufficient periodicals to give all the men and their wives at least one each. After tea, or "supper," the butchers, masters, and their wives adjourned to the Tabernacle, where they were entertained with music and singing by our evangelist, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and the evangelistic choir, until the time for commencing the public meeting. Meanwhile, the Tabernacle was rapidly filled by the general public, about 5,000 persons being present. The order and attention of the men was all that could be desired, even had they been peers of the realm. The chair was taken by C. H. Spurgeon, who addressed the men on their need of civility, morality, humanity, and true religion. We do not give a report, because so many of

the respectable daily and weekly papers have already issued very fair accounts of the speech, while a number of others have abused us in their ablest style, their writers being rather hard up for a subject. Earnest addresses were delivered by our brother Alfred. J. Clarke; Mr. Dennis, a meat salesman, who read a letter from Mr. Henry Varley; Mr. Varley, jun., and Mr. Lambourne. Mr. Dennis quoted the following definition of a letter, which is worth preserving.

WHAT IS A LETTER?

*“A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A tie to bind where circumstances part,
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart;*

*Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash, the lightning of the brain;
And bear at once along each precious link
Affection’s life pulse in a drop of ink.”*

These meetings, besides creating and fostering a good feeling between masters and men, are calculated to be of great service by letting working people see that the church of God cares for them, and aims at their good. Our Lord fed the multitude as well as preached to them, and thus for ever placed this mode of operation beyond the reach of criticism. What a blessing to be able by means of the Tabernacle and College to accommodate so vast a company and make “a great supper” for more than two thousand.

The fourteenth annual Conference of the Pastors’ College Association was held during the week commencing April 8th, and a wonderful season it has proved to be.

On Monday afternoon, at three o’clock, a preliminary prayer meeting was held at the College, that the fire might be burning on the hearth when the guests arrived. At 5:30 about 150 ministers and students were entertained at tea at what is best known as Baptist Noel’s Chapel, Bedford Row, by invitation of Mr. Collins, the pastor, and his friends, to whom a cordial vote of thanks was passed by the brethren, who rejoiced to see one of their number in so honorable a position. There were many happy greetings in the schoolroom, and the President appeared to be happiest of all as he saw his clan mustering for the week. At seven there was a public meeting, at which

C. H. Spurgeon occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and brethren Bateman (Leicester), Chambers (late of Aberdeen), Gange (Broadmead, Bristol), and Tarn (Park Road, Peckham). The meeting was full of life, power, and joy from beginning to end, and was a fine beginning of the Holy Week. At the same hour a prayer-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, at which Vice-President J. A. Spurgeon presided, and brethren Medhurst (Portsmouth), and Norris (Bedminster), gave addresses.

Tuesday morning, April 9. At the College the President presided, warmly addressed a few word of welcome to the brethren, and prayed for a blessing on the whole Conference. After a season of wrestling prayer, and great melting of heart, the President delivered his inaugural address, which was intended to promote self-examination and lead to a calm review of our life-work, arguments being drawn from the commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that Believeth not shall be damned." Searching questions were suggested by the letter and authority of the commission and by the spirit in which it would be carried out. Action and result were also made contributory to he heart-searching work. The address will be given in a future number, so that no description is needed in this place. Never was audience more responsive to a speaker's words, and especially when adherence to the old truth was declared and modern innovation denounced.

After a recess, business was transacted, the principal items of which were very touching references to the deaths, during the past year, of our brethren Priter, Sparrow, and Winter. The reception of forty-one students into the roll of the Conference; the unanimous re-election of the President, Vice. President, and officers, and the report of the Conference Benevolent Fund, of which Mr. Greenwood was most cordially asked to become treasurer. By this fund assistance is rendered to subscribers at the death of wife or child. A levy of five shillings was made for the coming year, and members of conference who have not handed in that amount are reminded that they will have no claim upon the fund unless they send at once: the benefit of last year's subscriptions having ceased on April 80.

Dinner was served at the Tabernacle, and tea at the dining-hall of the Orphanage, which in the evening was filled for a soiree. This was a festive social season, a true feast of love. Mr. J. Manton Smith and the orphans led

the singing, and an "all alive" paper was read by Mr. Durban, B.A. "The Bishop of Chester," on "Pains and Pleasures of Pastoral Life," which the President said he should like to print, that all might read it with the care and attention it deserves. Mr. Latimer was called to the platform that he might receive £10 worth of books which had been subscribed for by the trustees, masters, teachers, matrons, nurses, and everybody at the Orphanage, on the acceptance of the pastorate of Willingham by the first student who had entered the College from the Orphanage. After Mr. Latimer had briefly and feelingly acknowledged the pleasing presentation, the President said he believed the day was not far distant when he should begin to strike out for the Girls' Orphanage. He had been waiting for a long time, but there were now certain premonitions that the Lord meant him to take up the work. All was ready for action, and he only waited the signal. Brethren Gange and Mealhurst spoke of the great joy that had been felt when the orphans visited Bristol and Portsmouth, and recommended other pastors to invite them to their places. We trust the hint will be taken, for in this way the Orphanage might be helped without anyone being burdened. The boys sing remarkably well.

Pastor Frank H. White then presented to the President, for Mrs. Spurgeon, a beautifully framed Illuminated Testimonial, as a token of the gratitude of the brethren for her abounding kindness to them in connection with her Book Fund, and in other ways.

"An address to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon, — The return of our much valued College Conference affords us another opportunity of learning from each other of your continued kindness in replenishing the libraries of many of our brethren, by means of your Book Fund. We, therefore, offer you our warmest thanks for all your generous acts, kindly words, and gentle sympathies. It is a marvel to us that you are able to put forth such efforts; but we know your ministry is one of love, and can only pray that our gracious Father may continue to strengthen you, and that you may long enjoy 'the luxury of doing good.' Your name is already engraved on every page of our history as a College. Our beloved President has put upon record how much he owed to your sympathy and cooperation in the work, when its burdens were heavier, and its friends were fewer than now. As for ourselves, we have had many proofs of your interest in our welfare,

and we feel assured of a constant place in your prayers. We join you in heartfelt gratitude for the restoration of our more-than-ever-loved President; and for him, and for yourself and your worthy sons, we desire all happiness, peace, and usefulness. May the smile of God refresh you, the hand of God guide you, the word of God instruct you, the heart of God compass you, and at last the Son of God address you with a welcome to the heavenly home, We are,

“Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,

“Yours ever gratefully on behalf of the Pastors’ College and Conference,

“Frank H. White, Archd. G. Brown,
E. J. Silverton, Walter J. Mayers,
T.W. Medhurst, Win. Anderson,
E. G. Gange, J. Alex. Brown.”

The President and Mr. C. Spurgeon, junior, acknowledged the gift for Mrs. Spurgeon, who was too ill even to receive a deputation from the Conference.

Our colored brethren, Johnson and Richardson, who are accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society as missionaries to Africa, “the land of their fathers,” sang in a most touching manner the hymn, “Africa,” which Mr. Johnson has composed to express his longing to preach the gospel to his own race. After prayer this most delightful meeting closed right joyously.

Wednesday morning, April 10, at the College, the President in the chair, a hallowed season was spent in prayer specially for the brethren in distant lands, of whom the President presented a general and cheering report. The Vice-president then read a valuable soul-stirring paper on a subject which appropriately followed his two previous ones — “The Christian principle: how both to be and to do.” This was followed by two extraordinary papers, the first by brother C. A. Davis (Manchester), on “Jesus, the preacher’s model”; and the other by brother W. B. Haynes (Stafford), on “Loyalty to King Jesus, as the soul reigning influence.” Often did the whole assembly weep during the reading. Towards the close of the second paper there was a most thrilling scene. Mr. Haynes, in the course of his reading, quoted the first verse of Perronet’s grand hymn, “All hail the power of

Jesu's name," and the whole assembly, without a signal or the least premeditation, rose as one man and sang the verse with grand effect. Many will never, while reason holds its throne, forget this season, for the Lord Jesus was conspicuously in the midst of his servants, and communed with them till their heart burned within them. Probably few there had ever been more under the divine power. It was good to be there. Dinner was provided again, about 350 sitting down each day. The task of feeding so great a number every day was performed by our good deacon, Mr. Murrell, and his helpers, in a masterly style. Not a hitch or a moment's delay.

In the evening, the College subscribers were entertained at tea, and afterwards adjourned to the College Hall for the annual meeting, over which John Kemp Welch, Esq., presided. Dr. McEwan offered prayer, the President presented a resume of the annual report, addresses were delivered by the chairman, and our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers; Messrs. Latimer, T. L. Johnson, A. J. Clarke, J. Manton Smith, I. A. Martin (Erith), A. G. Brown, J. Edwards, and William Olney, all gave a good word. Brethren Smith, Johnson, and Richardson contributed to the happiness of the evening by their sweet sacred songs. The large company then retired to partake once more of Mr. Phillips' generous hospitality, and at the close contributed to The College funds about £1,600, a sum which is somewhat less than usual, but is still a grand help towards another year's campaign. To God be abounding thanksgiving.

Thursday morning, April 11, at the College, the President in the chair, the first hour was spent in the utterance of a succession of brief pointed petitions of one or two sentences, in which more than twenty brethren followed each other with very stirring effect. Two papers were then read, the first on "Paul's one aim," by Mr. W. J. Dyer (High Wycombe), and the second on "Evangelistic Work," with special reference to the labors of our brethren, A.J. Clarke and J.M. Smith, by brother G.D. Evans (Bristol). Reports of the evangelists' visits to Portsmouth, Bristol, Reading, and other places were given by ministers from those towns, and an interesting discussion followed. The success of the first year's labors of the evangelists has been so great that as soon as funds are forthcoming others will be started if the right men, offer themselves from our own body.

Again the Conference dined, but this time in the College lower hall, for the great rain had caused a flood, and the basement of the Tabernacle was a sheet of water. By energetic measures the waters were assuaged, and at

5.30 a large number of friends assembled with the ministers and students for tea in the Lecture Hall.

In the evening the Tabernacle witnessed the enthusiasm of the annual public meeting. The President was still in his place, and after prayer summarized the report, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Fergusson, T L. Johnson, Mackey (Southampton), Bax (Salter's Hall Chapel), and the Vice-President; and sacred songs or solos were sung by the evangelistic choir, and brethren J M. Smith, Mayors, Burnham, Johnson, and Richardson: sweet singers all, even as were Homart and Asaph of old.

The ministers and students then adjourned to the Lecture Hall, where they were sumptuously entertained by Mr. Phillips, who together with Mr. Murrell, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. William Olney, replied to the hearty thanks and cheers which were accorded them. What a day it had been! What a happy meeting in the Tabernacle! What affectionate meetings of College friends!

Friday morning, April 12, the last and best day of the feast, the President still in the chair, a theme of moral thankfulness, since he has on former occasions been quite disabled before the week came to an end. The morning was a season of sacred communion with God Amongst others, prayers were offered by the President's son, brother, and father; and the following letter from Mrs. Spurgeon to the assembled brethren was read:

“To the Ministers attending Conference of 1878

“Friday, April 12, 1878

“My very dear friends, — It will give you some joy to know that the distant echoes of the silver trumpets of your solemn feasts have penetrated even to my sick chamber and filled my heart with joy and gladness, The Conference of 1878 has been one which we shall all remember as long as we live. You have been favored with the presence of the Master in so remarkable a manner, that whether in the body or out of the body you could scarcely tell. Oh, how my heart ‘burned within me’ when I was told how he ‘manifested himself unto you as he doth not unto the world’ during these days of heaven upon earth! How ardently I longed for a crumb from your table, or a drop from the full fountain where you were slaking your seals’ thirst. But though I, like poor Thomas, ‘was not with

them when Jesus came,' he has not left me desolate; the recital of your wonderful experience of a present Savior has lifted the veil for me also, so that I too have seen 'his hands and his feet,' and heard him say, 'Peace be unto you,' and have answered, 'My Lord and my God.' As for the kindness which, both individually and collectively, you have shown to me this Conference, I hardly know how to speak of it. Your handsome present was a great surprise and pleasure to me. and the loving words of the 'address' went straight to my heart, and will ever abide there. I did not NEED this costly expression of your affection and interest, to convince me that such feelings existed on your part towards me, but as I am sure it has given you unfeigned delight to put this on record in so graceful and gracious a manner, I am rejoiced to accept it at your hands with heartfelt thanks, and shall always feel as proud a pleasure in it as is compatible with my deep sense of unworthiness of it.

"Fare well, dear friends, may the solemn joy and gladness of this week refresh and revive you for many months to come. You have seen your Lord, and you must carry home with you some trace of his presence: the clay caught the sweet perfume of the rose by being near it; and if only 'the smell of his garments' has passed upon you, your people will recognize and enjoy the blessed fragrance of your renewed consecration of heart and life to his service. Before another conference comes some of us may 'see the King in his beauty,' and 'go no more out from his presence for ever'! So 'farewell,' again, dear servants of the Lord, heaven is *our* meeting-place! Heaven is our home!

"Your loving and grateful friend,

SUSIE SPRUGEON."

A thoroughly characteristic paper on "College Friendship" was read by dear old Father Rogers; and then, after a short interval, we gathered around the table of our Lord for the communion and farewell. C.H. Spurgeon preached a sermonette on our Savior's words, "I thirst." Here was his substitutionary pain, his longing for communion with his people, his longing to save multitudes. All partook of the bread and wine, and remembered that love divine which shone in the great sacrifice. The

blessing of the President, "The Lord be with you," was responded to by the heartfelt utterance of nearly four hundred soldiers of the cross as they said with one voice, "and with thy spirit", and then with linked hands the Scotch version of Psalm 122, was sung to the tune Martyrdom, three grips were given as we remembered our triple unity in "One Lord, one faith, and one baptism"; and so closed the formal gatherings of the Fourteenth Annual Conference of the pastors' College Association.

At the farewell dinner our faithful remembrance, brother Frank White, reported that 130 pastors had sent up £435 during the year to the College funds; the President presented Bibles to Mr. Phillips and Mr. Murrell, both of whom again addressed the assembly; hearty cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon and their sons: thanks were accorded to all the willing workers, for whom Mr. Allison responded; and the meetings were finally closed by the doxology, sung by all present, "The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us."

COLLEGE. Since our last report, the following brethren have accepted pastorates: Mr. E. P. Riley, Middleton-in-Teesdale; Mr. K. S. Latimer, Willingham, Cambs.; Mr. G. C. Williams, Mill-street, Bedford; Mr. W. Hackney, Commercial-road, Oxford; Mr. T. Breewood, Mark-house-common, Walthamstow; Mr. J. J. Ellis, Gosberton, near Spalding; Mr. F.

A. Jones, Cross-street, Islington; Mr. W. Compton, Western-road, Hove, Brighton; and Mr. C. A. Fellowes, Keynshum, near Bath. Mr. W. J. White is returning to Japan as an agent of the Baptist Missionary Society.

At considerable expense we give our readers the bulk of the College Report, because we are anxious that all who have subscribed should share our joy in the success which has attended the effort. Perhaps some who have known but little of us may be interested and led to help for the future. This report only touches London; another relating to the country would be equally cheering.

COLPORTAGE. The secretary writes: "This month we are busily preparing for our forthcoming conference and annual meeting of colporteurs to be held in the Tabernacle on Monday, May 6. This is always a most interesting meeting, as the colporteurs speak of the actual results of their labors during the year. We should much like to see a greatly increased attendance at this most important meeting, and are glad to know that you

hope to be with us. As full information will then be given, a full report now is unnecessary.

“We thank one friend who responded to our appeal for tracts last month and brought a parcel, also another who sends a donation for the purpose. Will more friends think of this matter, and help to circulate the gospel of Jesus?”

PASTORS COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS FROM MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 18TH, 1878.

Giver	£	s.	d.	Giver	£	s.	d.
Mr.E. Bitbray	5	5	0	R. M. H	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6	Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Thankoffering, per Rev. A. A. Rees	2	0	0	Mrs. Harriet Elias	10	0	0
Miss Couch	0	5	0	L.C.W. and J. W	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	1	0	Mr. Dowsett	1	0	0
Mr. H. P. Wright	0	7	6	Mrs. Berry	0	10	0
Mr. John Lewis	1	1	0	Miss Dransfield	5	5	0
Mr.J.G, Cumming	0	10	0	Mr. J.G. Hall	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Jeph's	1	12	0	MrW. C. Parkinson	5	5	0
Mr. R. S,	21	0	0	Mr. Balne	0	10	0

Faulconer							
Miss Steedman	10	0	0	Mr. Turner	1	0	0
A. T	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Outland	3	3	0
Readers of "Christian Herald".	20	0	0	Mr. W. Williamson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Stirling	1	0	0	Mr. T. Stone	10	0	0
J. and E. C	1	0	0	Mr. W.C. Price	5	0	0
C.D.E	25	0	0	Mr.B. Venables	1	1	0
Legacy, late Miss Chilton.	90	0	0	Mr. J. E. Tresidder	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Robertson Aikman	3	0	0	Mr. H. Keen	1	1	0
C. S. F	0	5	0	Mr. H. Burgess	2	2	0
J.B.E	0	7	6	Mr. and Mrs. Startin	5	5	0
.Awake	1	1	0	Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. H Spurgeon	100	0	0	Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0
Mrs. T	100	0	0	Rev. T. King	18	0	0
Dr. Angus	5	0	0	Mr. H. McKay-	2	0	0

Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	O	Mr. G. Gastell	0	5	0
Mr. Winter's Bible Class Richmond-street, Walworth	1	10	0				

ANNUAL PAPER

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE LORD'S WORK

CONNECTED WITH THE

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

1877-8.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT.

C. H. SPURGEON, Nightingale Lane, Balham.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

J. A. SPURGEON, White Horse Road, Croydon.

TRUSTEES IN WHOM THE PROPERTY IS BESTED.

THE PASTORS AND DEACONS OF THE CHURCH AT THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE:

MR. WILLIAM OLSEY, 9, The Paragon, New Kent Road, S.E.

MR. WILLIAM HIGGS, Bedford Road, Stockwell, S.W.

MR. JOSEPH PASSMORE, 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

Mr. W. C. MURRELL, The Lawn, South Lambeth, S.W.

Mr. T. R. PHILLIPS, Quarry Farm, Bletchingly, Kent.

Mr. T. H. OLNEY, 1, Fountain Court, Aldermanbury, E.C.

Mr. WILLIAM MILLS, 392, Old Kent Road, S.E.

Mr. W. PAYNE, 350, Kennington Road, S.E.

Mr. B. W. CARR, 24, Wiltshire Road, North Brixton, S.W.

Mr. T. Greenwood, 113, Loughborough Park, S.W.

FINANCIAL COMMITTEE.

C. H. SPURGEON.

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

J. A. SPURGEON.

W.C. MURRELL.

SECRETARY.

Mr. C. BLACKSHAW, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are audited with the accounts of the church by appointed auditors, and are read and passed at the Annual Church -Meeting in the first month of each year.

REPORT OF COLLEGE WORK

IN AND AROUND LONDON.

COMPILED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

YEAR by year we have presented our subscribers with a Report or the Pastors' College, until we begin to fear that we shall tire them with our repetitions. Paganini is said to have produced exquisite music upon a single string, but we do not possess his melodious secret, and therefore find it difficult to harp upon one subject without falling into monotony. We will therefore summarize our report of the College by saying once for all, that the blessing of God is resting upon it, that it has a plentiful supply of students, that the tutors remain as they were, their funds have not been lacking, and that everything works well. Our heart is often heavy within us with sore travail in supervising all the various agencies which have been formed around us, and were it not that we can take our cares to our heavenly Father we should sink: but yet so great has been the loving favor of our God in affording direction in hours of dilemma and supplies in times of need that we are right happy as we adore and magnify our gracious Lord. Bound to persevere, and yet trembling under the responsibility, we feel like Gideon's men when they were "faint, yet pursuing." We are thankful, but we are not satisfied with what has been already done, feeling an increasing hunger to see our great city thoroughly permeated with the gospel. The population grows far beyond our power to overtake it, and all we do seems as a drop in the sea to its awful need of holy influences, and its grievous ignorance of the true God. Thank God, others are working too, and reaping their reward; but this only makes us the more eager to do our full share.

We tarry a moment to express our deep gratitude to many generous friends who have from time to time assisted us, and to the great Disposer of all hearts, who has led them so to do. Mr. Phillips' supper and the Weekly Offering are our chief channels of supply, and these yielded right plentifully last year. Our many donors will never know how much of benefit has been bestowed upon the sons of men through the instrumentality of the men

educated by the College, until eternity shall reveal all things. Then will it be seen what multitudes have been instructed, awakened, and decided by the earnest appeals of those who have been trained for their life-work in our beloved institution.

This year we purpose reviewing the work of the College *in the metropolis*; this will give a measure of variety, and perhaps set results in a clearer light than usual. We ought to have something to show, as the outgrowth of years of giving, working, and praying; and we think we have. The success of our men both in England and abroad has been very encouraging, and would vie with the London work in importance and interest; but at this time we make no mention of it, reserving our space for the recapitulation of the work done in and around our great city. Even upon this we cannot enter into full particulars, but must for the most part keep to cases in which chapels have been built or purchased, and churches formed, or raised from the brink of destruction; adding only a mere summary of pastorates occupied by our men over churches of older date.

A large amount of very earnest evangelistic work results in the conversion of souls, but does not produce any church organization: this, however, is by no means labor in vain, for thereby our Lord sees of his soul's travail, whether *we* see it or not. We could not, however, write much upon this point, unless we were to descend to the tabulation of professed conversions; and this we dare not do, for such statistics are very unreliable and unsatisfactory, and are generally best omitted. Our College men have carried on open-air preaching in divers places, besides assisting regular pastors when desired; and halls and rooms have been taken for a time and then dropped when there seemed no hope of permanent success. Our policy has been to imitate the florist, by planting a large number of slips, in the hope that some of them would strike. In the process a great many prove to be failures as to any church result, but they are not failures in other respects, and inasmuch as Christ has been preached, we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. On this occasion we confine ourselves to operations which have been successful in forming, saving, or greatly increasing churches of Christ. If our successes in this direction had been much fewer we should not have been disappointed; for the difficulty of founding churches, and especially of building chapels, can only be known by those who have experienced it. Societies have existed, and have I not been able to accomplish much even by long continued efforts; and this makes us the more grateful that our God in his great mercy has enabled our men to

achieve very marked results, such as materially affect the spiritual provision for our teeming population, and the growth of the Christian body to which we belong.

Often under very difficult circumstances a brother has labored on under hardship and discouragement, and only after a considerable period has perseverance been rewarded. The plan is generally to begin in a hall or other hired building, to get together a few people, to gather converts, and to struggle on till a small church is formed: then commences the labor of collecting money to build a schoolroom or part of a building, or to erect an iron chapel, and, this accomplished, the chapel is undertaken. This has in some cases proved too small, but the smaller one has housed the people until they have been strong enough to erect a more commodious structure. Thus by degrees with slender funds a new house of prayers opened and Christian activities set in motion, and despite the prejudice of some good men against regular places of worship, we are at a loss to know what London would have been if these permanent centers of gracious influence had not been maintained among us. No amount of occasional evangelistic services will ever render needless the abiding work of organized Christianity; in fact, in proportion as special efforts are of use, our churches will become the more necessary. The larger the harvest, the more need of barns.

The College funds, aided by private friends, have largely assisted in building operations, and, whatever we have personally possessed has been cheerfully given; yet the Christian public, and especially a few noble givers, who appear to help every deserving cause, have had to be relied upon. Therefore we by no means claim for our College all the credit of the work done, nor indeed do we ask for any credit at all, but simply wish to give an account of our stewardship to our subscribers, and most heartily to lay whatever of honor there may be resulting from it at the feet of the Ever Gracious One. The credit of some of the chapels mentioned is due mainly to the London Baptist Association, and it is the furthest thought from our mind to rob it of a single atom of its need of praise, for it has done noble service to the metropolis, and deserves the growing confidence of the denomination which it represents. If we include in our Report any portion of Association work, it is simply that we may express our gratitude that it has consented to work with us so often. Other denominational organizations have also been our hearty friends, and we trust will ever remain so. We have no object distinct from that of the church of Christ at

large; the new churches melt into the community to which we belong, and will be found to be doing Christian Work in perfect harmony with churches before established. It is no concern of ours to keep the new spheres for our own men, and when more fitting preachers come forward we have never expressed any regret at the fact, nor have we been conscious of feeling any. The pulpits are there, and let the best men fill them whether they hail from our College or from another, or from none at all. The churches must choose for themselves, and although we are glad that they, as a rule, feel a grateful tie binding them to the fostering mother, yet if they see reason to go elsewhere they do not find us repining at this use of their Christian liberty.

Should there be any errors in our account, they may arise from the fact that we have had to collect the details with considerable difficulty, and they are mere extracts from materials prepared by a willing hand, but digested by an overwrought laborer who cannot spend time in examining the minute accuracy of every line. We trust that nothing has been overstated, for we have endeavored in every case to be below rather than above the truth, and we do not believe that any one of our brethren would mislead us. Still, some men are sanguine, and see everything through magnifying glasses, and if it be found to have been so in any one case we can only assure our readers that we have not sinned in that direction in compiling our record, but have rather inclined to the other side. The ministers themselves may even discover cause for complaint that we have unduly toned down their reports; we must therefore assure them that we have never done so because we doubted their word, but in order that all might be under rather than over the mark.

Our fear is that there may be omissions of acknowledgments to others, which they might reasonably expect. If so, they must excuse this fault, for space is limited, and this paper is not prepared with any idea of saying; all that could or even should be said. To obviate all misunderstandings on this score, we would say in one word that nothing has been done by us alone, but that in many cases the work may as fairly be ascribed to other people as to ourselves, and all we intend by mentioning certain enterprises in this Report is neither more nor less than this — the work has been done, in connection with the College, under the leadership of our young brethren, and we are rejoiced to have had even the humblest share in it. If we tread on any one's corns after these somewhat lengthy apologies we shall have the consolation of having done so unintentionally.

Only one other fact requires to be mentioned, namely, that from the commencement our plan was not only to train students, but to found churches. Our subscriptions have been received after due announcement that all sums not needed for the education of young men would be used for the work of God in connection with them, and this has all along been done. Hence our expenditure is not all for the men themselves, and no estimate of the cost of each man deduced from our balance-sheet can be correct if it omits this consideration. On the other hand, the large sums which we have supplied for buildings have in almost every instance been either the gift of a generous helper who insists upon being anonymous, or they have come from our own private purse, which is now so thoroughly drained that we could wish that some brother of wealth were moved to come to our assistance. This said, we enter upon our record of labor for “the Master” in London.

NEW CHAPELS OR CHURCHES.

I. — EAST HILL, WANDSWORTH,

Was the first scene of our endeavors. In the year 1859 the Assembly Rooms of the Spread Eagle Tavern were hired, and one of our then very little band of students, Mr. J. W. Genders, was sent to preach the gospel. After three months, the youthful preacher and nine other believers were formed into a church. A great blessing followed the ministry, and at the end of four-and-a-half-years’ labor in the Assembly Rooms the church had increased to about 150 members.

In May, 1863, Mr. Spurgeon opened their new chapel, capable of accommodating nearly 700 persons, and costing £3,000, towards which he contributed a considerable amount.

After a successful ministry of ten years, Mr. Genders removed to Luton, and Mr. F. G. Marchant, a former student, accepted the pastorate in 1870. He has lately become pastor of a church at Hitchin.

A large amount has been expended, upon school and class rooms and improvements, by the friends at East Hill.

II. — STEPNEY GREEN, AND EAST LONDON TABERNACLE, BURDETT ROAD.

The eminent success of our beloved brother, Mr. A. G. Brown, late President of the London Baptist Association, is too well known to our readers, and indeed to the Denomination, to require more than a brief notice.

The Church was originated in 1858, by the efforts of one of our early students, in a small chapel in Grosvenor Street, Commercial Road. This place proving too strait for the numbers attending, the Hall of the Beaumont institution was hired, and ultimately a commodious Chapel erected on Stepney Green, at a cost of £3,500, towards which we gave largely, and our Loan Fund voted £500. This was in 1864.

In November, 1865, our brother, Mr. T. Ness, took the oversight of the church, but though favored to see increasing spiritual prosperity, he was obliged within twelve months, through failing health, to relinquish his work and go to Australia for a season.

In January, 1867, Mr. Brown entered upon the duties of the pastorate. Of his work in his previous sphere, undertaken while yet a student in our College, an account will be found under Number V. Speedily the Chapel at Stepney was thronged Sabbath after Sabbath; aisles, vestries, platforms all densely crowded; and every Lord's-day evening large numbers were turned away from the doors, unable to gain admission. Necessity being thus laid upon them, the Pastor with his earnest and united people encouraged themselves in their God and determined to build. While their new building was in progress they negotiated with friends of the Primitive Methodist connection for the sale of the Stepney Green Tabernacle, and received a fair price for it, which amount was paid to the new Chapel Fund.

On February 22nd, 1869, the President of the Pastors' College opened the new sanctuary: a noble pile indeed, which he described as "a Dissenting Cathedral, plain, massive, immense." It contains 2,724 sittings, and has cost about £12,000. But for the princely generosity of the builder, Mr. Higgs, the expense would have been far greater; but on this occasion, as upon many others, he has used the office of Deacon well, and earned unto himself a good degree. From the first the noble building has been well filled, and frequently overcrowded, and, best of all, the spiritual results have been in the highest degree satisfactory. The church now numbers 1,753 members: the tide of blessing has never ebbed.

III. — SOUTH STREET, GREENWICH.

Mr. Benjamin Davies, who at an early age was an acceptable preacher of the gospel among our Baptist brethren of the Strict and Hyper-Calvinistic order, after several short pastorates, was called to the pastorate of the church in Bridge-street, Greenwich, in 1858. The College was then in its infancy, and our friend, feeling his need of the advantages it offered, sought our help and was heartily welcomed. A change taking place in his views as to the mode in which the gospel should be presented to the unconverted, he resigned his charge, and was about to proceed to Natal to take the oversight of a church, when large numbers of people called upon him urging him not to leave Greenwich, as his ministry had been greatly blessed to their souls. This led to the Lecture Hall, at Royal Hill, being rented; and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, who greatly assisted and encouraged the undertaking, preached the opening sermons in February, 1859. Then followed years of patient and unwearied toil — preaching, lecturing, and collecting for a chapel. At length, mainly by the liberal aid and timely activity of Mr. John Olney and Mr. Huntley, the church and its hard-working pastor saw their long-cherished hopes fulfilled; and the noble sanctuary in South-street, with inimitable class and school accommodation, was opened by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon on the 21st day of March, 1872. For a few Lord's-days only after the opening services was Mr. Davies permitted to serve his Master upon earth, for after a few days' suffering, from what at first was thought to be but a trifling ailment, he fell asleep and entered into rest on May 11th, 1872. This pulpit is not now occupied by a brother from our College, but we none the less wish to the church an abundant blessing.

IV. — LOWER SLOANE STREET, CHELSEA.

Our beloved brother Mr. Frank H. White, who is now at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting-hill, was sent in the early days of our College to Paradise Chapel, Chelsea, situated at the end of a most unsavory court in a very low neighborhood, where the friends were often insulted as they passed to and fro. Despite these difficulties, Mr. White's efforts led, by the divine blessing, to the ingathering of many, and after several years a handsome chapel was erected in the main road at a cost of £1,500, towards Which Sir S. Morton Peto generously gave £2,000. We contributed £750 to the work, and also a loan from our Building Fund.

The Lord greatly prospered the church under our dear brother's care for some years, till failing health forced him to resign and seek rest. The church then passed through a series of vicissitudes, and was brought very low. At

length our former student, Mr. Knight, removed from Lowestoft at the call of the church, in October, 1876, since which time there has been a continual improvement. The church now numbers 261 members, 69 of whom were added during the past year.

V. — BROMLEY, KENT.

The Baptist chapel at Bromley, Kent, is the result of the work commenced by one of our earlier students, Mr. T. Harley, at the first by open-air preaching, and by services in the old market-house. Little, however, remained when Mr. Archibald G. Brown, then a student with us, entered the town and left his mark upon it. We once heard the following story concerning our brother's first Sundays at Bromley in 1862. On the Monday following his second visit, in reply to an inquiry as to "how he got on," he answered that his sermon had some effect, for the congregation of 18 persons on the first occasion had come down to 12: he had evidently "moved" half-a-dozen. The next Monday he reported further progress in the same direction, for he had had but 6 hearers on the third occasion, and he remarked that it only required another Sunday to finish the work. Full of youthful pleasantry, our dear brother was also full of zeal for God's glory, and prayer and faith soon caused the tide to turn; the meeting-place was filled, and the White Hart Assembly Rooms had to be taken to accommodate the numbers anxious to hear the young preacher. It was soon necessary to admit the regular attendants by ticket. A church of about 30 persons was formed in 1863; many of the members were the seals of his ministry. The little community rapidly increased by the addition of converts from among the eager listeners, and a house became needful for the growing family. Mr. Brown gave himself to the enterprise with all his heart, and consequently he succeeded.

In July, 1864 Mr. C. H. Spurgeon laid the memorial-stone of the present chapel, and preached the opening sermon in July, 1865. As will be seen by reference to the history of the East London Tabernacle, Number II., Mr. Brown removed to Stepney, and another of our former students, Mr. A. Tessier, of Coleraine, was chosen pastor in May, 1867, and has the happiness of ministering to an earnest and united people.

During the past year extensive alterations and improvements have been effected in the building at a considerable outlay, towards which the friends have raised nearly £400.

VI. — EALING.

Ealing Baptist Chapel has sprung up, not from the efforts of a student, but from the ministry of our esteemed tutor, Mr. Fergusson, whom it was a great pleasure to assist in this work by a grant of £100. Our friend and fellow-member Mr. John Olney also lent his very efficient aid, and Tabernacle friends espoused the cause. The chapel accommodates a healthy and earnest church, which values its pastor's thoughtful preaching. The debt is gone, and large schoolrooms have been erected. The membership numbers 127.

VII. — OCTAVIUS STREET CHAPEL, DEPTFORD.

In the year 1863 a few of the members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle church residing at Deptford formed themselves into a church, and hired a large room at the Lecture Hall. Students from our College ministered to the little community, but as each brother neared the close of his College course, he had to seek a self-supporting sphere of labor, and vacated his temporary place of service for a permanent pastorate. These changes greatly interfered with the progress of the work. For the past eleven years, however, the church has been favored with the earnest ministry of our friend Mr. D. Honour, who has borne much and worked hard, and the result is that he now sees ground of hope that a numerous church will be gathered as soon as he has a house to hold the people. We helped our friends years ago to build the schoolroom in which they now worship, and we have promised them £200 towards their long-needed chapel; most earnestly do we commend their appeal to the prompt and generous aid of all who wish to see the working classes evangelized. Both minister and people are worthy of help if industry and perseverance constitute a claim. This is an effort among the working classes, and is one of a kind which we would gladly see multiplied. The people have supported their pastor and have done their best to find funds for a chapel; this is far better for them than if a missionary effort had been made by others, and the people had been pauperized. Help in erecting their chapel is the safest and best mode of aiding a working-class church: once let these good people have their chapel built and free from debt, and by God's grace they will need no more help from outside. Mr. Honour would be delighted to receive subscriptions.

VIII. — UPPER KENNINGTON LANE.

The building, in the above road, then known as St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, came into the possession of our denomination in the year 1864, under the following circumstances. A small but increasing congregation had been gathered by the zealous efforts of Mr. G. Hearson, in a large carpenter's shop in an out-of-the-way place near the Vauxhall Railway Station, and a more suitable meeting-place became a necessity. When the ritualistic congregation vacated St. Paul's chapel for a more architectural building, Mr. Hearson's friends, acting with Mr. Spurgeon, secured the chapel on lease, and a considerable sum was expended on necessary repairs and improvements. Mr. Hearson joined the College and carried on pastoral work at the same time. He still remains with the church doing a good work, and ministering, like the apostle of old, to his own necessities.

IX. — OLD FORD, VICTORIA PARK.

Here a church has been gathered and an iron chapel erected through the persevering endeavors of Mr. R. R. Finch. The freehold site has been purchased and the whole property is free from debt, Mr. Spurgeon having given five per cent. of the money as it was collected. Having worshipped for about fourteen years in the iron chapel, the inevitable wear and tear of such a structure will compel the congregation to erect a more permanent building; but for this they will require much aid from friends beyond their own circle, and they must be content to work on year by year till their means shall increase. We wish the friends every success in their project, but we wish their were stronger, or had a smaller task before them.

X. — DRUMMOND ROAD, BERMONDSEY.

Students of our College having for some time preached the word in a schoolroom in Mill Lane, the nucleus of a Baptist church was gathered. In August, 1865, the pastor of the Tabernacle church laid the foundation-stone of a chapel in the new neighborhood of the Drummond Road. This was entirely a missionary effort, and we and our friends at the Tabernacle raised £1,270 of the cost and lent £500 free of interest. A church was soon formed and a considerable congregation gathered under the ministry of our student Mr. J. A. Brown. In 1870 the growing needs of the earnest church rendered necessary the erection of far larger premises for the schools. These buildings quite eclipse the chapel, and are the scene of a very gracious work among the children, who number 655. The dew of God's

blessing has continued to rest upon our brother's labors from the first day until now. The present membership is 258.

XI. — PENIEL TABERNACLE, CHALK FARM ROAD.

This interest originated about 1865 in the labors of a person to whom we had for a while accorded the benefits of the College Classes, but who turned out to be far more zealous than wise. Without our sanction or knowledge he contracted liabilities and proceeded to erect a chapel, and finding that disaster would follow, we helped to save the building from being sold by giving £250. The originator of the unwise enterprise disappeared very speedily, and the buildings, was burdened with debt. Mr. Edgley, one of our students, took up the work after a time, but the pecuniary difficulties proved so great that he resolved to leave the building and to erect another chapel in the Berkley Road. This the church its own responsibility, and the wisdom or otherwise of the course remains with them. In our opinion they were only creating another difficulty, but in their judgment they were following the right path. We gave them aid after the deed was done, but we had no hand in the doing of it. Certainly the Berkley Road building is a great advance upon Peniel, and is incomparably better as to situation. The first chapel, however, was still used by a portion of the congregation, who invited Mr. E. W. Thomas to minister to them, which he has continued to do with successful results till within a short time since. The present pastor is Mr. R. T. Sole, of our College; but the chapel is badly situated, and the task of raising a church in it will remind the preacher that Peniel was the place where Jacob wrestled hard.

XII. — BERKLEY ROAD, CHALK FARM.

This chapel, referred to in the preceding paragraph, was opened in 1871, and Mr. Edgley was favored with a fair measure of success until his removal to Swindon in 1873, when Mr. E. Leach, the present pastor, succeeded him. His esteemed brother is fighting gallantly an uphill battle, and we pray that the divine blessing may crown his endeavors. There is room for both the churches, and even for others, if the people could but free themselves from the burden of debt, which is severely felt, and is no doubt a great hindrance to the cause. When our men run before us they usually run into debt, but when we have controlled a movement we have either cut down the expense or waited till the funds came in to pay the cost.

XIII. — MAPLE ROAD, PENGE.

This was an entirely new work. In the year 1865, Mr. J. M. Cox commenced preaching in the lower rooms of a small house in Penge, which soon became inconveniently crowded. A church was formed, and within twelve months it grew to the number of 41 members. With great generosity the friends connected with the Wesleyan body lent their Baptist neighbors their temporary chapel, and they migrated from their hired house. A project for a chapel was set on foot, and the little band worked with a will, and we rendered them substantial help. On June 4th, 1867, the chapel, which cost about £1,200, was opened by us free of debt with the exception of £300 granted as a loan free of interest by our Loan Building Fund. Upon the removal of its first pastor, the church cordially welcomed our dear friend Mr. John Collins, now of John Street, Bedford Row, to be their minister, and by the divine blessing much spiritual prosperity was the result of the union. In 1869 first-class schoolrooms were erected and soon paid for. Mr. G. Samuel is now the pastor. Peace and prosperity reign in the midst of this people.

XIV. — BRENTFORD.

About the year 1865 a few friends left Park Chapel and endeavored to raise a new interest; they were soon after formed into a church under the ministry of Mr. Walter, a student of the College. When persons, seceding from other churches, apply to us, we always try our best to induce them to make peace; but when they altogether refuse to do this, and feel that they can do better by themselves, we do not think it right to let them drift, but endeavor to see how far they can be used for the increase of the church. We believe that in this case good has resulted from this new interest, though we were sorry that it sprung up at first. The present members of the church are not those by whom it was set on foot, but are nearly all new comers. On Mr. Walter's removal Mr. W. Smith was sent by us, and continued with the little church until his removal to Malton. How he suffered and labored, and endured poverty, is written in the book of the record of the living martyrs for the faith. Mr. W. Sumner, the present pastor, sends the few particulars which we subjoin: —

“My predecessor was Mr. Smith, who left in June, 1875, and is now settled at: Melton, Yorkshire. He labored here for several years with remarkable zeal and self-denial. I followed him as a student in July, 1875, and the Lord

greatly blessed me in preaching the gospel; but in the December of the same year the church received notice from the Directors of the Town-hall, wherein the friends had worshipped for nearly ten years, that they would be obliged to raise the rent of the Hall. The church considering it impossible for them to stay, betook themselves to prayer, and the Lord graciously interposed. Just at this time two Congregational bodies amalgamated, leaving, as a consequence, the Albany Chapel, in High Street, which holds nearly 400 persons, unoccupied. Upon leaving our prayer-meeting we heard of this, and hired the Chapel at once at £25 per annum. Thus, instead of giving the Directors more money, we were enabled to give them notice, God in his good providence having provided a better place for us. We took possession of Albany Chapel in March, 1876, and our first business was to make a baptistery. The good work went on, and the church called me to the pastorate in January, 1877. The Lord has continued his blessing, and upwards of 40 have joined our fellowship. The church now numbers 72.”

XV. — CRANFORD, MIDDLESEX.

About the year 1859 a few members of a neighboring church residing in this village commenced holding Sunday-evening services in one of the cottages; but the increasing attendance rendered larger accommodation necessary, and the friends hired a larger cottage, and converted it into a mission-room, where, in December, 1865, they formed themselves into a church of 15 members, and regular Sabbath services and schools were conducted. Mr. E. E. Fisk, of the College, was invited to minister to them, and he was favored to see souls saved and added to the little company. By the help of one of their number, who gave much time and labor to the work, a pretty little *chapel*, with baptistery, vestries, and all needful accommodation, was erected at a cost of £600, towards which some £200 had been collected. Mr. Fisk removing to a larger sphere of usefulness in 1868, another student, Mr. Walter J. Mayers, took his place, and God greatly prospered his work during his short stay. He removed to the new chapel, Battersea-park, in January, 1870, and students were sent to supply the church at Cranford, which ultimately chose Mr. Young as pastor, who soon after went to labor in Scotland, where he died. This is one of the smaller village churches; but these are as needful as larger ones.

XVI. — STREATHAM, LEWIN ROAD.

In the latter part of the last century some Christian people erected a small wooden building as a preaching-station in Greyhound-lane. The history of the little community, like the wheels upon which we are told that the little meeting-house once stood, is lost in obscurity. This dilapidated building fell into the hands of Mr. Spurgeon, who rented it of a clergyman. Student after student preached here during their College course with varying success. A small church was formed in 1867, and Mr. Lauderdale became the minister; but the place was extremely small, low, hot, and uninviting: many a barn is much more attractive.

About the year 1870, Mr. W. Coombs, of our College, was induced to stay with the little church through the liberality of an esteemed Christian lady in the neighborhood, in the hope that a suitable chapel would soon be erected, as our revered friend Mr. Caleb Higgs (now with God) had purchased a freehold site for the purpose. Through domestic affliction Mr. Coombs left without seeing his hopes realized. The church then invited Mr. J. L. Keys to become their pastor, and we were enabled, with the help of our beloved deacon, Mr. W. Higgs, to erect a neat iron chapel in the rear of the site; this was opened free of debt in February, 1874, by our brother and Co-pastor J. A. Spurgeon.

On November 14, 1877, we had great delight in opening a new chapel erected on the ground in front of the temporary iron structure. It is a remarkably beautiful specimen of the taste and common sense of our deacon, Mr. W. Higgs, who carried out the work; it was presented by himself and his brothers, as a memorial of their departed father, Mr. Caleb Higgs. What better form can be given to a monument? It is precisely such as our departed friend would have approved. Here is an example for others.

Mr. J. Johnstone; from our College, is the present minister.

XVII. — TRINITY CHAPEL, JOHN ST., EDGWARE ROAD.

Our much esteemed brother, Mr. J. O. Fellowes, succeeded Mr. W. A. Blake as pastor of the church at Shouldham-street in 1865, where he labored with success until 1868, when he and his friends obtained possession of the noble chapel in John-street, which had originally been erected for the congregation of the late Mr. Ridley Herschell. The Word was with power, and the people came in numbers to hear it, and were saved. Thus in the providence of God a small impoverished church has

advanced to the front, and now numbers 571 members. This is a clear gain to the denomination, for Shouldham-street Chapel still remains as before.

XVIII. — CHISWICK.

After the larger church which we have just noticed this is but a small affair. The church meeting in Chiswick-lane is one of those which owes its origin to the Pastors' College. The chapel was for some years in the hands of our brethren the Congregationalists. Under the ministry of the late Mr. Millar, a much respected and devoted servant of God; the cause was prosperous. After his death it declined, and in the year 1867 Mr. Spurgeon took the place, and sent a student to conduct services and preach the gospel on the Lord's-day. The brethren from the College continued to sustain the work for some years, during which time congregations were gathered, and a Sunday-school put into working order. The preaching of the Word was owned of God, souls were saved, and a small church was formed. Many students have worked here with varying success, for the place is a difficult one. About a year ago Mr. Lynn, formerly a student of the College, was invited to become the pastor. During the past year fifteen members have been added to the Church, and there has been a considerable increase in the attendance. The church and congregation are for the most part composed of the working classes, but they contribute liberally in proportion to their means in support of the cause. We trust God will answer prayer, send down his Holy Spirit in rich abundance upon all the efforts of the church for his glory, and magnify his grace in the salvation of many souls. The church is one of the weaker sort, but it has "held the fort" very bravely, and we cannot doubt that a brighter future awaits it.

XIX. — WYNDHAM ROAD, CAMBERWELL.

A case in which the help of a wealthy brother would be very valuable: especially if he would build the people a chapel *very soon*, for otherwise all available ground will soon be covered. A company of believers banded themselves together in the year 1866 to form a new interest in this crowded locality, and worshipped for some time in the Claremont Rooms, under the leadership of Mr. J. Spanswick, of the College. Mr. E. Morley succeeded his fellow-student, and the Lecture Hall in Carter Street was hired for the Sunday-evening services. It was found necessary by the little church to secure a permanent home, and two railway arches were leased and fitted up at considerable expense, the one for public worship and the other for

Sunday-school purposes. Mr. Aabington, of the College, labored here as pastor with satisfactory success until his removal to Eastbourne. As this is a struggling cause in a very poor neighborhood, and could not afford support to a minister, the pastors have, after leaving College, been compelled to remove to congregations which could maintain them, so that the little church has had special difficulties to contend with; and, moreover, converted railway arches do not form very attractive homes or "quiet resting-places." Mr. Childs, another student, has been for some time pastor of the church, and under him there has been a time of great happiness and blessing. He has had many opportunities to remove, but he loves the people, and will abide by them as long as ever he can. A fund has commenced for the building of a chapel, but it is the day of small things as yet. Who will help?

XX. — DALSTON JUNCTION, ASHWIN STREET.

Mr. D. Paterson, one of our students, labored very strenuously in the neighborhood of Kingsland Gate for several years to raise a Baptist Church; and about the year 1866 he and his friends obtained a short lease of the old Congregational Chapel, which had been occupied by the church under Dr. Aveling. Mr. Paterson removed to Oxford, where after a short pastorate he fell asleep in Jesus. Mr. A. Bird, another student, then went to Kingsland, and at Luxemburg Hall, Dalston, carried forward his late fellow-student's work. After a time his people erected a noble building near Daiston Junction, at a cost, including land, of £5,300. With this last enterprise our College has had nothing to do, as we judged the scheme to be beyond the means of the people, and therefore imprudent. However, substantial friends have appeared upon the scene, and have carried on the work with mingled zeal and wisdom, and we now believe that the enterprise will be carried through. We were sorry to differ from our brethren, who were more venturesome as to borrowing money than we have ever been, and we join with them in congratulations as to the hopeful future which lies before them. At the moment of writing we are informed that our friend Mr. Burton, of Kingsgate Street, has been invited to the pastorate, and should he accept it we look forward to great things, the Lord being his helper.

XXI. — BARNES, SURREY.

About the year 1866 some gentlemen in this neighborhood, mourning over its spiritual destitution, determined to erect a Baptist Chapel. After considerable difficulty this was done. The cause thus started at first bade fair to be a success, but after some time declined so much as to become almost extinct. However, in August, 1868, one of our students, Mr. W. Priter, took up the work while continuing his college duties. This brother, who so lately died, to our intense distress, left a name behind him in the north of England which will not soon be forgotten. Under his earliest direction the work of the Lord prospered; within twelve months 30 persons were added to the church, and much blessing continued to rest upon his labors until his removal to Middlesborough in 1871. Several changes have since taken place at Barnes, and but little progress has been made until within the past eighteen months. Signs of returning prosperity cheer the hearts of the friends under the ministry of Mr. F. Brown, of our College, who baptized 28 believers last year, and is evidently raising the church into a healthy, self-supporting condition.

XXII. — CORNWALL ROAD, BRIXTON.

In December, 1866, a small room was opened in this district, and Mr. Asquith, of the College, was sent to see what could be done towards raising a new cause. The friends obtained the loan of a joiner's shop, where they held services until September, 1867. By that time, through the generosity of Mr. Spurgeon, who gave £50, and the still more efficient assistance of Pastor A. G. Brown, a small chapel was erected. A church of eight members was soon afterwards formed, which within eighteen months was increased to sixty. The crowded state of the little chapel and the rapidly increasing Sunday-school rendered a much larger building necessary, but the attainment of this would have been utterly impossible to so poor a people had not the Lord moved one of the members of the Tabernacle generously to secure suitable property close by, and to erect at his sole expense a convenient chapel to seat 500, with house for the minister. This with some adjoining houses is the property of the Stockwell Orphanage, who let the chapel and house to the church and minister at a nominal rent; such being the wish of the donor. The arrangement is a very useful one, as it gives to a small church an efficient board of reference in case of any dispute out of which scandal might arise. Thus helped, the friends have appropriated the smaller chapel to Sabbath-school purposes, and are carrying on their work without the burden of a debt. On the generous donor may every blessing rest.

XXIII. — CHEAM.

Cheam is a small village in Surrey. Our students commenced here, and in the neighboring village of Ewell, in the open air. The two lower rooms of a cottage were hired and made into one, and here, in a most self denying manner, our students continued to preach. At last a new chapel was erected under the leadership of Mr. W. Sullivan, who is partially occupied in the post office, and is thus enabled to render service to the little community without being a burden to it.

XXIV. — SUTTON.

In this growing town Mr. W. Norton erected a small chapel, and upon his removing we purchased it of him for £400. A congregation was gathered and a church formed, which, after paying us £300 for the chapel (ourselves giving them the remainder), has removed into a better position in the High Street, where they have erected part of a more ornate structure, and are going on to raise funds for the completion of what will evidently be a handsome and suitable chapel. Under the able pastorate of Mr. Bergin, this community is increasing in power and usefulness. This esteemed brother is not of our College, but we are none the less interested in Sutton, where from the character of the population we hope that a strong church will grow up. The first chapel is now used as a schoolroom.

XXV. — SHOOTER'S HILL ROAD CHAPEL.

This chapel is situated on the old road which from time immemorial has run from London to the sea at Dover, traversed, in all probability, by the Roman legionaries as well as by the Canterbury pilgrims, and in later days by the stage coaches. Near the chapel are two distinct neighborhoods, the one consisting of handsome suburban villas, and the other of a large working-class colony known as Sunfields.

It was in a little mission chapel in Sunfields that the Baptist church now worshipping in Shooter's Hill Road Chapel was first organized. This mission chapel was built by persons of various denominations, and was to be used for the preaching of the gospel without any sectarian basis. This scheme resulting in a congregation of less than half-a-dozen, a few Baptists living in the neighborhood took up the cause, the original promoters having abandoned it, and applied to Mr. Spurgeon for a student to supply the pulpit. The present pastor, Mr. H. Rylands Brown, was sent. After much

anxious toil and many discouragements a church numbering ten members was at length formed. Circumstances then occurred which rendered the building of a new chapel imperative. In the good providence of God a most eligible site was secured in the main road, and the present chapel was opened, Mr. Spurgeon preaching one of the sermons.

The church has steadily grown both in numbers and power, especially in earnestness and oneness of purpose, internal disputes being practically unknown. There are at present 137 on the church books, 28 having been added since January of the past year. There is now no debt upon the property. The church was assisted by a loan of £200 from the Tabernacle Loan Fund; and by a gift from Mr. Spurgeon of £250. From the advent of the pastor, upwards of ten years since, the interest has been self-supporting.

XXVI. — NORTH FINCHLEY.

In July, 1867, Mr. W. Clarke, now of Ballafat, was sent from the College to open a preaching station at North Finchley. The services were held in the front room of a dwelling-house. At the beginning of the following year a building known as the "Cottagers' Chapel" was secured, and a church formed. A good congregation was gathered during the time of Mr. Clarke's ministry, but in the early part of 1870, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Ashford, he severed his connection with Finchley.

During the next two years a variety of circumstances combined to scatter the congregation, and in August, 1872, the brother who had supplied the pulpit for the space of about a year joined himself to the Plymouth Brethren, a number of those who had been associated with him following his example.

A very small company of worshippers was left in possession of the chapel, but at the invitation of these friends Mr. J. Chadwick, then a student in the College, who had on several occasions conducted the Sabbath services, agreed to take the oversight of the work. The church was reorganized in October, 1872, and consisted of ten members, with Mr. Chadwick as pastor. He labored with them continuously during the two years remaining of his term in College, and then went to reside permanently amongst them. From the beginning of his ministry the work has greatly prospered: the congregation soon increased so as to fill the room, and the church has now

a membership of nearly a hundred, while it has won for itself through God's blessing the sympathy and esteem of the various churches in the district. Further progress, however, is impossible so long as the church remains in its present place of meeting. The "Cottagers Chapel," originally a stable, is a low, dilapidated, and in every way inconvenient building, incapable of enlargement or improvement, and as the recent extension of railway facilities is bringing to the district a continuously increasing population, the members of the congregation feel that the duty is thrust upon them of providing a meeting-house that shall not only meet their present requirements, but shall be suited to the wants of a growing and attractive neighborhood.

Rather more than two years ago a most eligible site was purchased at a cost of £450, and vested in trustees. Plans have been prepared by Morton M. Glover, Esq., and accepted by the committee. They are designed ultimately to accommodate, with galleries, 850 persons; but for the present the building is so arranged as to provide 400 sittings on the ground floor, while under the same roof there will be vestries, class-rooms, and a lecture or schoolroom for about 300 children. The estimated cost, including land, gas fittings, etc., is £4,000, towards which a large amount is already promised.

The President of the College has very warmly commended this cause to the sympathy of the churches, and has himself contributed £100 towards the cost of the undertaking.

XXVII. — ENFIELD BAPTIST TABERNACLE.

Early in the year 1867, a few friends of Baptist principles resolved, after serious and prayerful consideration, to commence a Baptist cause at Enfield. Accordingly a deputation waited upon the President of the College, who promised to render all the assistance in his power. A large room, known as the Assembly Room, adjoining the "Rising Sun" public-house, was forthwith rented and opened for public worship on the 24th of March, and students from the College conducted the services. On Whit Sunday of the same year a church consisting of 12 baptized believers was formed by four of the deacons and elders of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and a building fund commenced. The success of the work soon excited a considerable amount of prejudice and opposition, and the landlord of the "Rising Sun," doubtless finding that the preaching of the gospel on his premises was not the most likely method of increasing his business,

summarily gave the friends notice to quit. This involved them in an unexpected difficulty, as no other suitable place could be found. However, assured that the work was of God, they determined without delay to erect a temporary building, and on the 3rd of December an iron chapel was opened by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon. From that time the cause rapidly increased, and the church found itself able to support a pastor. Accordingly, in 1868, Mr. D. E. Evans, of the College, was invited, and labored for upwards of two years with most cheering results. Upon the resignation of Mr. Evans, in 1870, Mr. George W. White — who during his College course commenced the church at Shoreham, Sussex — accepted the pastorate. Early in his ministry it became evident, owing to the increasing congregation and the inadequate accommodation in the iron chapel for the advancing agencies of the church, that a more suitable and substantial building would be required. And in December, 1872, an enthusiastic meeting was held and a building scheme inaugurated. For two years the friends worked unanimously and heartily to raise the necessary funds, after which the committee felt justified in commencing operations, and on the 16th of June, 1875, the memorial stone of the new tabernacle was laid by W. Fowler, Esq., J.P. In the following September the building was opened for public worship, Dr. Landels preaching the first sermon. The total expenditure, including freehold site and accommodation for Sunday-schools, was £2,517. The people have done nobly, as may be gathered from the fact that a debt of only £590 remains. To remove this burden four gentlemen have promised £25 each on the condition that the entire debt be cleared during the present year, and it is earnestly hoped that other friends will come to the assistance of this church in its final struggle for freedom. During the ministry of the present pastor the church has steadily increased, and now numbers 90 members. Souls are being saved, and the work bids fair to be one of the most successful of the College enterprises.

XXVIII. — TOTTERIDGE ROAD, ENFIELD HIGHWAY.

The neighborhood of Enfield having been selected by the government for the erection of large works for the manufacture of rifles and other weapons of war, a very large number of artisans settled in the locality. A few earnest friends, desiring to employ the weapons of our warfare, which are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, sought our advice and help. A plain schoolroom was erected at a cost of £200, of which sum we provided the half. We went brethren from the College to preach the word, under the ministry of one of whom there was considerable success, and a small

church was organized; this was in 1868. In the following year Mr. Doel was chosen pastor, and the church and the congregations rapidly grew, until larger accommodation became necessary, and a neat chapel was erected, towards which we contributed. After the retirement of Mr. Doel from the work Mr. W. Townsend received a call to the pastorate; since which time between forty and fifty persons have been received into fellowship. The great decline of work in the gun factory has caused the removal of large numbers of persons from the neighborhood, and affects the progress of Christian work. In these stirring times, as an ill wind blows good to some one, it may be that this church will increase with the number of gun-makers employed. The present membership is about ninety. The friends have reduced their debt of £800 to £550, by the help of a loan of £150 from our Tabernacle Building Fund.

XXIX. — GRESHAM CHAPEL, BARRINGTON RD., BRIXTON.

In May, 1868, one of our students, Mr. G. Kew, obtained the large hall of the Angell Town Institute for Sunday services, at an annual rental of £50, for which two friends became responsible. Within a short time a church of thirty-six baptized believers was formed, which number increased to sixty within twelve months, and there were large congregations on Sabbath evenings. As there was no accommodation for week-night services or Sabbath-schools, the friends began to raise funds for a chapel, our good friend Mr. James Stiff acting as treasurer, and rendering them considerable pecuniary help. A plot of ground was taken on lease and a neat iron Chapel erected in 1871. Within twelve months, however, the Lord was pleased to call his young servant home, after a long and painful illness.

Mr. J. T. Swift, of the College, the present pastor, succeeded Mr. Kew, and much blessing has resulted from his earnest pleadings with men's souls. The chapel has long been too small for the numbers attending, and there is great need of a larger chapel and suitable school-rooms, but the path has been blocked up hitherto.

XXX. — HORNTON STREET, KENSINGTON.

While studying with us, Mr. R. J. Mesquitta was chosen by a few friends to be their minister, and to aid in a movement to form a new church. He succeeded in raising a Baptist church in a public hall in High-street, Kensington, in 1868. The friends, after a time, obtained possession of the old chapel in Hornton-street, formerly occupied by Dr. Stoughton's

congregation. By their self-denying efforts, and some outside help, the place was converted into an elegant place of worship at a cost of £70! Mr. Mesquitta left the church in 1870 for another sphere of labor, and our brother, Mr. Hawes, who is not of our College, is now the pastor. May prosperity attend him.

XXXI. — SURREY LANE, BATTERSEA.

The church meeting at Surrey-lane was formed in 1868, at the Laminas Hall, under the ministry of one of our students, Mr. J. Eames. A piece of ground in Surrey-lane was soon after secured, and the present temporary iron chapel erected, capable of holding 300 persons. Here Mr. Vaughan works with great diligence, but the lease of the ground has almost run out, and unless a friend is raised up to save the interest, this church of working people will lose its place of worship. They are bound to build a permanent chapel in eighteen months, or to forfeit both chapel and lease. We were not parties to this agreement; but as it was so constructed we should deeply regret the winding up of the enterprise, but we do not see how it is to be avoided unless some friend is moved to help more largely than we are able to do.

XXXII. — BATTERSEA PARK CHAPEL.

The London Baptist Association having voted £1,000 towards the chapel, we purchased a fine freehold site for £750, and our esteemed deacon, Mr. Riggs, erected the chapel-school upon the back part of the ground, for the small cost of £1,000, leaving the land in front for the future chapel. The building now holds about 500 persons. The place was opened free of debt in January, 1870. We selected our earnest student, Mr. W. J. Mayers, now of Bristol, to commence the work of the Lord in the new building, and right happy were we in our choice, for soon a good congregation was gathered, a church of earnest workers formed, Mr. Mayers recognized as its pastor, and schemes of usefulness entered upon and successfully carried out. In 1871 it was found necessary to erect a gallery to accommodate more hearers.

Upon the removal of Mr. Mayers to Bristol, in 1874, our former student, Mr. A. Bax, of Faversham, was heartily welcomed to the pastorate, and spiritual prosperity was enjoyed by the church, and Sabbath-schools and vestries erected. To the regret of the church and congregation, he left at the call of the important church at Salter's Hall Chapel, and was succeeded

by another of our College brethren, Mr. T. Lardner, of Ulverstone, who has during the past year baptized 61 believers. The present membership is 289. We have said that there is freehold ground for the erection of a large chapel, but the people are mostly poor, and will need much aid from outside before they can hope to achieve their purpose. At present they do not seem to look upon the design as practicable with their small means. They need a good start, and being an earnest folk they would go on with it and by degrees reach their aim.

XXXIII. — JAMES' GROVE, PECKHAM.

The gathering of a congregation and the erection of a substantial chapel in James' Grove may be considered as a home-missionary enterprise of our own beloved people at the Tabernacle. The work was commenced in 1864 by Mr. J. B. Field, one of our elders, who preached for several years in a room in a friend's house. A much larger place became necessary, and the large hall of the Rosemary Branch Tavern was hired. The attendance was large and souls were converted. The people, though of the humbler class, worked hard and were liberal, so that a considerable sum was collected towards the cost of a chapel. We contributed £140, and in December, 1870, had the pleasure of preaching the opening sermon. Mr. Field relinquished his secular calling and entered our College some time previously, and he continued to minister to the people he had gathered until his removal to Aylsham in 1875. The converts have from the first been received into fellowship at the Tabernacle, but they will be formed into a church as soon as it will be wise to do so. Discordant elements have hindered progress, our student, Mr. Chettleborough, has united the people around him, and the prospects are very pleasing

XXXIV. — MERTON ROAD, NEW WIMBLEDON.

In 1871 our friend Mr. J. L. Keys having had his attention drawn to this new neighborhood as a likely field for a Baptist interest, rented the Palmerston Hall, then used as a preaching station by our Independent brethren. The little company was upon the point of giving up the work, but willingly transferred their tenancy to Mr. Keys. A congregation was gathered, and in the course of twelve months a small church formed. Mr. W. W. Robinson, also from our College, succeeded Mr. Keys. and labored among the people for about three years. During his ministry the friends purchased the freehold building, which was very fairly adapted for a

Nonconformist chapel, having a good schoolroom and vestry. Towards the cost (over £1000) we apportioned them £200. The present pastor, Mr. A. Halford, another of our College men, became pastor in 1875. There are now sixty-five members in fellowship and a flourishing Sabbath school.

XXXV. — SUNNYSIDE ROAD, HORNSEY RISE.

The church and congregation now worshipping in this place have been gathered by the persevering efforts of Mr. Frank M. Smith of the College. Between seven and eight years since Mr. Smith had his attention drawn to an unoccupied place of worship in the growing neighborhood of Hornsey Rise. It was known as Duncombe Road Chapel, and had been erected and used for a congregation of the "Free Church of England" order, but had passed into the possession of the Birkbeck Building Society and was "to let". Our young brother sought out a few friends of the gospel in the vicinity, and, obtaining some promises of help, boldly hired the building, and by the divine blessing succeeded in the course of four years in gathering an earnest working church and congregation, who, with the generous help of other friends, were enabled to erect a commodious iron chapel and schoolroom in a better position, at a cost of £1,680, towards which we contributed £50.

During Mr. Smith's ministry at Hornsey he has baptized one hundred and forty-three believers, and there are now one hundred and seventy in fellowship. The church is healthful and aggressive; it is, however, heavily weighted with debt, and deserves assistance.

XXXVI. — HAMILTON ROAD, NORWOOD.

Mr. R. P. Javan furnishes the following particulars of his work: — "Four years since, while a student in the Pastors' College, I commenced preaching services in a mission room. At the first service there were not half-a-dozen persons present; the congregation grew, but very slowly. After I had preached there for nine months, the friends urged me to settle down amongst them, and I complied with their request. The first year they promised me a salary of £80, to which sum Mr. Spurgeon added £20. The next year they promised me £90, and Mr. Spurgeon added £10 and contributed a further sum of £10 for general purposes. We rent the Paxton School Room for our meetings. We have had unusual difficulties to contend with, as our work is of quite a home missionary character. We are contemplating the erection of a chapel." This interest is a weak one, but it

has made a gallant effort, and has never drawn upon us when it could help itself. Its position is not convenient, and as yet there seems little hope of getting into a better place. Mr. Javan's friends have wrought hard and done well, but experience proves that without a home of their own churches do not rise into a vigorous condition.

XXXVII. — OAKLANDS CHAPEL, SURBITON HILL.

An eligible site having been presented to us by our kind friend, Mrs. Woodfall, the London Baptist Association gave £1,000 towards the erection of a chapel thereon. We opened it in July, 1874. For a time our rained helper, Mr. J. T. Dunn, undertook the work of gathering a church and congregation; but as we could no longer spare him, Mr. Baster, of our College, was invited to settle among the people, and became pastor in January, 1878. The work advances slowly but surely: there is now a Church of 70 members, and a good Sabbath-school.

XXXVIII. — ST. PETER'S PARK, PADDINGTON.

Through the persevering labors of one of our former students, Mr. J. M. Cox, a church has been gathered and a chapel commenced in this new and roadless neighborhood. Mr. Cox began the work here by preaching in a barn, and after some time a church of 18 believers was formed. A shop and parlor were then fitted up as a meeting-room, and the little company migrated thither, and worked on until the present school-chapel was erected in 1875, at a cost, including the land, of £1,150, towards which £600 have been raised. We could not at first see any probability that Mr. Cox could carry out his plan; but his spirit is indomitable, and his courage boundless. We have felt bound to give him a measure of help. Still, the work is his own from the beginning to this hour. Certainly his self-denial, perseverance, and push have achieved far more than we expected. The present building is the basement upon which it is hoped ultimately to raise a chapel as the superstructure. The plan of using the basement as a temporary building is somewhat new, but it has been tried before and found to answer. The present number of believers in fellowship is 50.

XXXIX. — WYNNE ROAD CHAPEL, BRIXTON.

A little band of our Tabernacle friends maintained for some time a preaching station at a hall in St. Anne's Road. In the early part of 1874 they secured the commodious but dingy iron chapel erected for the late Mr.

W. Carter, and under the ministry of Mr. T. L. Edwards, one of our students, succeeded in forming a thoroughly working church, in which are some of the choicest of our own friends. The membership is now 120, last year's returns showing a net increase of 41 persons. A considerable sum has been expended in purchasing, renovating, and decorating the building, which now presents a very different aspect from that of former days, one of our invaluable deacons having largely helped both with influence and money. The pastor and people are abundant in labors for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the neighborhood, especially in attracting young men and women to their well-conducted Bible-classes and special meetings, from which frequent additions are made to the church.

XL. — VICTORIA CHAPEL, WANDSWORTH ROAD.

This is another of the London Baptist Association chapels, in the work of erecting which our beloved people at the Tabernacle took a large share. We agreed to undertake the work if the Association would grant £1,000 towards it. While we were seeking restoration to health in the beginning of 1872 our friends raised a subscription to present us with the means of purchasing the freehold land. This helped us grandly. The chapel was opened in April, 1873, and Mr. Henderson, one of our students, was chosen pastor. From the first the Lord has owned and blessed his earnest labors. The church at the present time numbers 252 baptized believers. Within twelve months it became necessary to erect schools and classrooms, and these have been built and paid for. This church is a great power for good in the neighborhood, and is diligently laboring to remove all debt from its handsome premises.

XLI. — PLAISTOW — BARKING ROAD.

The good work going on among the friends to whom Mr. Gillespie minister's is best described in a letter he has lately sent to us: —

“My Dear Sir, — On February 23rd, 1872, you sent for me to come and see you in your vestry. On going there I found you had company, four gentlemen whom I had never seen before, and who seemed to look me through. You then addressed me thus, ‘Gillespie, I want you to go down to Barking-road and preach for two or three Sundays, and if you don't like the place, don't stay; if you do, stick to it, I'll help to support you. These gentlemen have come for you, and may God's blessing go with you.’ The following Sunday I went to Barking-road, and did not like either place or

people, the second Sunday I liked the people, and the third Sunday I thought I could like both place and people. They wished me to come for a few more Sundays, and as I saw signs of blessing, I consented. In two or three months' time the chapel was nearly full, and several had been brought to the Lord. The blessing came in this way: the sons and daughters of several families were brought to the Savior, and at once I had gained the fathers and mothers. Ah, many times I have seen a whole family bowing before God, and one in particular, a very large family. One son had been their great trouble. He came to chapel, and the text, 'God so loved the world,' (John 3:16) brought him to Christ. O what a blessed time that was for his family. The father took me by the hand, saying, 'I thank God for sending you here, sir, my son is now alive.' "I soon came so to like the people, that I felt I could not leave them, and thus the work went on till eventually I settled with them. The chapel got too small: what was to be done? Several began to pray about a new one, and after having made a few alterations in the shape of a small platform, and reducing size of vestries, to give a little more room for hearers, we saw that a new chapel we must have. But the money, where was that to come from? We could only raise about £80 a year, and £30 of that was to go for rent. I laid the matter before James Duncan, Esq., one day, and to my great surprise he said, 'When you get £600 come to me and I will give you £1,000.' We then set to work, and in six months' time we had the £600 in cash and promises, Mr. Duncan, at a public meeting, put the cheque into my hand. I never had such a thing in my hand before, and never since. Towards the £600 you kindly gave us £100, and I must add that the first two years you gave me £50 a year, making in all £200. The new chapel was in course of erection, and everyone doing something towards it. They had besides to make up the £50 towards my salary. It was a pull, I can assure you, but God was blessing the word.

"On June 21, 1876, our new chapel was opened, and of course we all felt very grateful, though we were in debt about £2,500. The first year we exactly doubled the increase we had in the old place, and the work today is going on steadily. We started with a membership of 25, and have reached to 198. We are in debt, and more than we can well manage, but we shall get that down. Give us time and Christ's presence. To our Lord and Master be the praise. — Yours sincerely, R. H. GILLESPIE."

XLII. — MARKHOUSE COMMON, WALTHAMSTOW.

Among the various agencies by which our friends at the Tabernacle seek to extend the kingdom of Christ is the “Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission,” whose work consists in establishing preaching stations around London, and assisting young brethren who are endeavoring to plant Baptist Churches around London, by contributing towards the expenses of traveling, hire of rooms, etc. The members preach and pay, for each brother is expected to contribute towards the common fund. Several churches have already been formed through the efforts of its members, but we do not give a full account of them here, as they do not come within the scope of this report. We refer to this very useful Society here, because its first secretary, Mr. T. Breewood, who was the originator of the church at Markhouse Common, has been for some time in the College. The society was applied to by a few friends in the neighborhood of Walthamstow to assist in starting a new interests, and Mr. Breewood was sent; but the progress of the work was such as to necessitate his retirement from the Country Mission, which he had so well served for seven years. He gives the following particulars of his work: —

“The work was commenced three years ago in a private house, in which we held regular services for ten months. Being compelled to look for a larger place we obtained the free use of an abandoned chapel in the neighborhood; on the first Sunday the congregation increased from 70, who used to meet in the house: to 170, and in a few weeks the 200 seats were occupied; and from then to the present the congregations have kept up well. We were formed into a church by elders Bowker, White, and Dunn in June, 1876, with 14 members, now we number 78. The Sunday-school has grown from one boy to 300 scholars, among whom a joyful work is going on.”

XLIII. — ERITH.

The Baptist church in this place has been identified with the College from its commencement. A Baptist friend, earnestly desirous that our principles should be represented in this rapidly increasing town, entered into arrangements with the Vice-President, as the result of which the Public Hall was engaged, and the present pastor, then a student, was sent down to commence services. From the first very satisfactory progress was made, and evident tokens of divine approval rested upon the work. About four months after the services were commenced a very cordial invitation was given to Mr. J. E. Martin to settle, with the view of gathering a church.

The church is now two years old, and numbers 31 members, the large majority of whom have been gathered in as the result of the services. In November last the new chapel was opened. It is a handsome building, seating about 250 persons, and already there are signs that the place is becoming too strait. The building cost nearly £1,400, a debt of only £300 still remains, and this it is hoped will be cleared off this year. There are two Sunday-schools in connection with the church, numbering together 180 scholars. There are likewise organized two weekly Cottage Services, a Band of Hope, and so on, all of which are in a flourishing state.

This is one of the numerous instances in which a vigorous and self-supporting church has been speedily raised in connection with the College, without whose initial aid, humanly speaking, it could never have existed.

XLIV. — GEORGE STREET, BROMLEY-BY-BOW.

In this spot a Christian brother, who was formerly a member of the Tabernacle, erected a chapel in 1856. Mr. Lainbourne, the pastor, writes to us: —

“It is nearly five years since I accepted the pastorate of the church worshipping at George Street Chapel, Bromley-by-Bow, E., from which time the church dates its connection with the Pastors’ College. For two years previously there had been no settled minister, and the general results might be easily imagined; but to the glory of God be it said, that during the five years of our ministry the smile of our gracious God has been constantly upon us. After the first three years labors our number of members had increased threefold, and the building had become far too small to allow us to worship God with any degree of comfort or convenience. Being the property of a private friend, we were unable to enlarge it, consequently we were compelled to secure a large site, upon which we hope to erect a chapel to accommodate 1,000 persons, with schoolrooms for the same number of children. The foundation-stone of the schoolroom was laid on Monday, March 11th inst. This will accommodate 500 people, and we intend to use it for the present both as a chapel and school-room. The cost of this building will be £1,000: towards this sum we have in cash £600, with promises amounting to another £100. We have received the promise of between £300 and £400 towards the chapel itself, including £100 promised by our beloved President.”

This will be another new place of worship. The church is reported in the Handbook as numbering 200. Mr. Lambourne gives a very modest account of his labors. He is a brother admirably adapted to reach the class among whom he resides.

XLV. — PONDERS END.

We were asked by a few friends to assist them in raising a Baptist church in this place. Students were sent, and at length Mr. Cotton was chosen to take permanent charge. The church numbers 25, with 5 more about to be added: a hopeful beginning. The friends have a small chapel, and are working hard to erect another more suitable to their present and future need: this they hope to open in two months, and then the small place will be their schoolroom. We have promised to give help in proportion as the friends help themselves.

XLVI. — WOOLWICH — CHARLES STREET.

Our former student, Mr. James Smith, now of Chatham, carried on a very useful evangelistic work in Woolwich until a church was formed, which settled down in Charles Street, where it still remains under the able pastorate of Mr. Wilson. The friends have purchased the chapel. The church now numbers 112.

XLVII. — PEOPLE'S MISSION HALL, PECKHAM.

In Gordon-road, Peckham, our student, Mr. Linnecar, an earnest evangelist, fresh from the sea, has gathered a people together, fitted up an arch with his own hands, and formed a church of 41 members. Here is the nucleus of a hopeful community, which may the Lord multiply exceedingly. We confess that our joy is great when we see the working people drawn to attend the means of grace and to take an interest in extending the Redeemer's kingdom. Men like Mr. Linnecar seem to gather a congregation better than some of those who are more refined but have less energy. Of course his work is but a commencement as yet, and a railway arch is a poor makeshift; but, if the Lord will give his blessing, though the beginning be small, the latter end will greatly increase. Mr. Linnecar does a great deal of open-air work.

XLVIII. — PERRY HILL CHAPEL.

Mr. Spurgeon has lately taken upon a long lease at a very small rental the school-chapel at Perry Hill, Catford Bridge, which stands at the rear of a fine plot of ground. Through the large-heartedness of friends on the spot who desired to see the gospel preached more fully in the neighborhood this exceedingly well furnished little building has been transferred to us, and is now a Baptist chapel, where a congregation is already gathered. Repairs to about £50 have been carried out at our expense. This is but a small outlay to secure such a property. As there is a large piece of ground in front which is taken with the building, it is hoped that ere long a goodly house will be built upon it. Our student, Mr. Greenwood, junior, has undertaken the task of raising a church, and he has met with remarkable success.

XLIX. — FONTHILL ROAD, FINSBURY PARK.

In 1874 Mr. John Wilson, a former student of the College, commenced preaching in a small hall near Finsbury Park. It was indeed a day of small things, the preacher had not before been in the neighborhood, and did not know whether a congregation would be in the hall when he went to preach; some eight persons, however, came to the morning service, and in the evening the attendance was multiplied fourfold. Success had so far attended the undertaking that in March, 1875, an iron chapel costing £400 was opened, Mr. Tucker, of Camden Road Church, and others taking part in the services. From the first a measure of prosperity attended the labors of both, minister and people, but towards the close of the year 1876 Mr. Wilson mind was moved towards the higher Calvinistic line of doctrine and also to Strict Communion, and he judged it to be the honorable course to leave the people and begin elsewhere. This is certainly better than strife and ill will. Mr. Wilson left behind a Baptist church of some sixty members, with nearly two hundred scholars. The present minister, Mr. H. S. Smith, continues the work at Fonthill Road, and Mr. Wilson is preaching in the Holloway Road. We wish both the brethren abounding success.

Although the following cases of New Chapels are not so completely connoted with *the College* as the former, they have some relation to it, and yet more to the President of the institution, through the Tabernacle church and its societies, or through the Evening Classes.

L. — CHATHAM ROAD, WANDSWORTH COMMON.

Here a chapel, accommodating 240, has been erected and paid for through the efforts of our two sons, C. and T. Spurgeon. This is purely a mission

chapel, in the midst of a neighborhood greatly needing the gospel, but far from eager to hear it. It is a light in a dark place. We rejoice that our son Charles is now a student in the College.

LI. — NOTTINGHAM ROAD, UPPER TOOTING.

Chiefly through the consecrated energies of two brethren, members of the Tabernacle, a room was opened here some few years ago. A very pretty little chapel has since been built, towards which we subscribed £250; the people have given up to the full of their means in order to secure; a place to meet in where they might have a hope of gathering a congregation. Mr. Tredray, of our College, was for some months the preacher at present the little church is seeking a pastor.

LII. — PUTNEY.

The Tabernacle Country Mission has for some time been sending a preacher here, and at length Mr. Geale has succeeded in building a small chapel in Werter Road, in a good position in a new neighborhood. The new church numbers 42, and is growing hopefully. We aided this enterprise as far as we had the means and our Tabernacle friends joined heartily in it.

LIII. — CARSHALTON.

Here our Country Mission has rented a hall, gathered a congregation, and formed a church of more than 60 members, which prospers under the care of our brother Mr. May, who is a member at the Tabernacle. Thus there are still young plants taking root and branching out; all, we hope, are likely to be fruitful to the glory of God. They need, however, much tending, and some will need a good deal of water from the golden stream of Christian liberality if they are to become strong trees. May the Holy Spirit yet more abundantly water the whole of the trees of the Lord with “the river of God, which is full of water.”

CERTAIN CHURCHES REVIVED.

The resurrection and salvation of an old church is often a more difficult task than to commence a new one. They remind us of the man who used profanely to swear, “God mend me,” to whom a Christian man remarked, “It were better if he made you new.” In very many instances our young

brethren have been remarkably successful in this work; but it is not easy to say much about it, for except the case is extraordinary, and altogether undeniable, there are always affectionate friends of the old cause and of the former ministers who feel greatly hurt at any statement which appears to bear hard upon them. To them, it may be, the new order of things may even be distasteful, for the noise and stir of large additions, and the introduction of new ways, causes them disturbance of mind, and is hardly counterbalanced by any joy at the manifest increase of numbers and development of resources. Therefore we confine ourselves to those instances in which the growth of the church seems to us at least to be specially remarkable. We have omitted several which might justly have been inserted, lest in any way we should raise a question: our brethren who find themselves unmentioned will not, we trust, take it as a slight, nor fancy that we underestimate their services to the Redeemer's cause.

VERNON CHAPEL, PENTONVILLE.

One of the earliest of our students was Mr. Alfred Searle, who, while in College, endeavored to raise a church in the heart of our great city, first at a little old meeting-house in the Old Bailey, thence removing with his little company to Shaftesbury Hall, in Aldersgate-street, where he ministered until invited to Vernon Chapel, Pentonville. He, however, fell ill, and after preaching a few times, fell asleep in Jesus. At this time the heavy liability upon Vernon had to be met, or the place to be sold, and lost to the Baptists. Sir S. M. Peto joined with Mr. Spurgeon in the endeavor to redeem the building and secure it to the denomination, This desirable object was accomplished, and knowing the, result thereof, we are unfeignedly glad.

Our brother C. B. Sawday, who was then a very young man, took his late fellow-student's place, and the pews soon began to receive occupants, and the occupants to receive the word of life. This was in 1863. To few youthful pastors has so large a blessing been vouchsafed as to our friend's early labors. In one year 198 persons were added to the church, and how many were converted then and in after years it would be hard to estimate, for the ministry has been remarkably useful in soul-winning.

A crowded chapel led to hiring the large hall of the German Gymnasium for Sunday services in 1867, and at length to the enlargement of Vernon, which is now a very commodious building, seating 1,300. This church of

650 members, with its schools and organization, is one of the most useful in London. We have both given help and granted a loan to this church.

ARTHUR STREET, KING'S CROSS ROAD.

The church worshipping in Arthur-street Chapel has records of "a strange, eventful history" of well-nigh a century and a half, as we learn from a little book compiled by one of the deacons for the information of his fellow-worshippers; but as we have only space for so much of its history as connects it with our College work, we must pass over all but a few facts within our recollection. The chapel is within a few hundred yards of "Vernon," where our beloved brother Sawday ministers; and its history is closely connected with that of "Vernon"; for about the year 1860 the church and congregation, with their pastor, Dr. Wills, were literally locked out of Vernon Chapel, owing to some unfortunate disputes about the ownership of the property, and they eventually erected Arthur-street Chapel.

Passing by the intervening years, we come to the period when the present pastor, Mr. H. E. Stone, entered upon the work at Arthur-street, in 1872. At that period there was a debt of £900 on the chapel, and the church was in a very low condition, 38 names only being on the church book, of these not a few had absented themselves for upwards of two years. A great change soon took place, for many came to hear the word, faith came by hearing, and souls were saved; and now, notwithstanding the migratory character of the surrounding population, there are 333 believers in church fellowship, and the chapel, which will accommodate 800, is often well filled.

The position of the chapel has certainly had little to do with the popularity and success of the preacher; for so out-of-the-way is it, that a stranger must needs ask half-a-dozen times, even when close to it, ere he finds it, for it has been described as "next door to nowhere." The pastor says he believes that very many have been induced to attend through hearing him preach at the theaters and in the open-air.

The interior of the building has undergone a very great change, spacious galleries having been erected and considerable improvements made, at a cost of about £900; and as the debt is now a little over £900, it will be seen that this large sum has been raised besides all necessary expenses of worship.

In the little book above referred to, the good deacon thus writes: — “Our present esteemed pastor, Mr. Stone, was formerly a student in Mr. Spurgeon’s College; and if there were not already so many notable proofs of the value of that noble institution, the present would more than suffice for the acknowledgment of the great debt of gratitude we owe to its founder.”

ROMNEY STREET, WESTMINSTER.

This church under the influence of ultra-calvinistic preaching had almost become extinct when, in 1865, we were waited upon by one of the few members to whom a heavy sum was due. We released him from his liabilities and saved the place from sale. Mr. J. S. Morris, a student of the College, went to preach in the chapel; his first audience consisted of six persons only. We aided by a draft of members from the Tabernacle, and gave considerable pecuniary help so as to remove the debt. Our friends were thus enabled to renovate the chapel and render it more comfortable. The church soon became a power for good in that densely populated, and poor neighborhood. There were about 120 in fellowship when Mr. Morris removed to his present sphere at Leyton in 1866. Mr. H. Tarrant of our College is now the pastor and an earnest missionary work is carried on by himself and people in a place where it is greatly needed. What with its ecclesiastical heresies, and over-crowded lanes and courts, Westminster needs all the help that all its Christian churches can supply.

SOUTHWOOD LANE, HIGHGATE.

Mr. J. H. Barnard, while pursuing his studies with us, labored hard to reinstate the cause at Highgate. The church had been established about fifty years, and worshipped in a small old-fashioned building under an esteemed minister, who at length retired through old age. Mr. Barnard commenced to preach there in 1862. In 1867 the chapel was enlarged and modernized, in fact almost rebuilt, at a cost of £700, which sum the friends were enabled to raise when they returned to their comfortable meeting-house. The friends are still favored with the ministrations of our dear friend Mr. Barnard, and, better still, with continued spiritual blessing. The church numbers 121 members.

KINGSGATE STREET CHAPEL, HOLBORN.

The church here has a history of nearly a century and a half, and has numbered among its pastors several Baptist worthies. The ancient meeting-house was in Eagle Street, adjoining the present modern structure, which is dark and dreary to an almost impossible degree. The most noteworthy circumstance about this church at the time we were called to the rescue was an enormous debt. When our brother Mr. Burton became the pastor in April, 1865, the church was very low; he has labored long and well for his Lord, and has seen much prosperity. The debt has been reduced by £1,900, and £500 more have been expended in improving the property. From our Loan Fund the church has borrowed at different times £300. The pastor has received into fellowship about 700 persons. The population of the neighborhood is a very changing one, and church members are constantly being transferred to our suburban sanctuaries, so that the preacher, who is in poor health, feels much discouraged, and yet he need not be, for the souls are saved whether they stay with him or not. When Mr. Burton became pastor there were about 100 names on the books; now there are above three times that number.

BARKING.

The pastor, Mr. Tomkins, shall tell his own story. "The cause at Barking became connected with the College some six years ago, and was at first supplied by students from week to week. In the autumn of 1873 I was sent to preach, and continued to do so occasionally until the summer of 1874, when owing to the increase of congregation, and other signs of blessing, I accepted the pastorate, though the temporal reward is but small. The cause was then in a very low state, the chapel was small and the number attending few. They had never been able to support a settled ministry.

"During the three years and a-half of my ministry the following work has been accomplished: — 1. A debt of £80 upon the schoolroom has been cleared off. The chapel has been enlarged to double its former size at a cost of about £200, all of which has been paid, our worthy President contributing £20. 2. The congregation has more than trebled, while the membership which then stood at 27 is now 102, most of these having been brought in from the world. The attendance at the Sabbath school has during the same time more than doubled. Our chapel is again crowded and we are about to re-enlarge at an outlay of £400. This estimate is for two

vestries, new pews, and accommodation for about 150 more people. I may here mention that during the past two winters I have conducted services in a large hall on Sunday afternoons, which were attended by between two and three hundred people, and were much blessed. Altogether we have reason to thank God and take courage.

SHOREDITCH TABERNACLE.

The following is taken from a circular issued by the church: — “The church and congregation meeting in Providence Chapel, Hackney Road, London, have increased to such an extent under the ministry of Mr. Cuff that there are now 200 more members on the church books than the present chapel will accommodate. About four years ago, in consequence of the crowded state of the chapel, it was decided to take the Shoreditch Town Hall for our evening services. This building holds nearly 2,000 people, and from the commencement to the present time has been well filled, and very often large numbers have to go away.

“During the time of our pastor’s ministry 700 persons have joined the church, an old debt of £1,200 has been cleared off, about £1,000 per annum has been raised for the current expenses of the church, including pastor’s salary, Sunday-school, Dorcas Societies, Poor Funds, hire of Hall, and incidental expenses, in addition to which two large Mission Schools, numbering about 1,000 children, have been largely supported by our congregation. We have also a Christian Mission, consisting of about 50 persons, who devote their evenings to preaching the gospel in the open-air during the summer months, and in the lodging houses and other places in the winter; also Tract Societies and other evangelistic agencies. Our School and Bible glass accommodation is quite inadequate to the requirements of our present position.

“Under these, and many other circumstances that might be named, the church has unanimously resolved to build a large Chapel, to seat 2,500 persons; but, in order to accomplish this great work, a frontage had to be secured in the Hackney Road by purchasing several houses, four of which are already in our possession, and two others are agreed for. We have received from our own people, in cash and promises for this special fund, about £2,500, and in cash and promises from outside friends nearly the same amount, making a total of cash and promises received, up to this date of £5,000.

“The new building will cost about £12,000, and, with purchase of houses, about £4,000 more, making a total outlay of about £16,000. The entire plot of ground being freehold, the Committee earnestly, yet with confidence, commend their case to the thoughtful consideration of Christian people in all parts of the country, for they are deeply conscious that, unaided by a sympathetic public, they dare not embark in so great a work: and, therefore, they appeal to Christians of every name and denomination for help in this important undertaking.”

PECKHAM — PARK ROAD.

We do not mention this church because we had any share in founding it, but because under the ministry of our beloved student, Mr. Tarn, it has risen from a low and straggling condition to become a large and influential community. By the divine blessing everything is changed, for the Holy Spirit works mightily with the word. Mr. Tarn has sent us the following particulars: —

“Two years ago, when I settled at Peekham Park Road, the church was exceedingly weak, and the chapel well nigh empty. The need of the church and district was its chief recommendation to me. The band of workers, though small, was united, earnest, and prayerful, and our efforts have been attended by copious and continuous blessing. The congregations soon became so large that we were compelled to erect galleries. Additional accommodation was thus provided for 300, at a cost of £620, toward which our beloved President contributed £10. This provision has, however, proved inadequate; all the sittings are appropriated, and seats are generally used in the aisles. During the past five years God has added to us 489 souls, and *every month*, with one exception, we have been privileged to welcome new members. The fellowship of the Church has increased from 59 to 463.

“In the Sunday-schools God has been pleased to bless us with corresponding increase. The two schools, with 620 scholars and 41 teachers, have become *five* schools, numbering 1,489 scholars and 108 teachers. We are now engaged in the erection of spacious schoolrooms for our home school, which contains 813 children. The cost of the new schools and the freehold site is £2,400, towards which we have received £1,160 in cash and £100 in promises. We have four mission stations where the gospel is regularly preached, and where manifold efforts are made to elevate men

and win them to Christ. Two of our young men have become missionaries, one has accepted a pastorate in Lincolnshire, and four more are at present in the College. In every part of our widespread organization there is the throb of healthy life. All our agencies are well sustained, and during the last three years our income for all purposes has amounted to £3,606.

“Further chapel enlargement is sorely needed. Our aggressive efforts are crippled for lack of room. We grieve that the accommodation is not equal to the anxiety for hearing the gospel. We are anxious to enlarge the chapel by adding to it the old schoolrooms, and thus we shall gain about 250 more sittings. The work is both pressing and promising. Will any of the Lord’s stewards help us thus to extend our sphere of usefulness in a district where earnest effort is needed, appreciated, and blessed? — T. G. TARN.”

STRATFORD GROVE.

Mr. J. H. Banfield, of the College, became pastor of the Union Church at Stratford in 1875. The cause had been established about twenty years, and the membership at the time of our friend’s settlement was 50 only. Through the Lord’s blessing upon his labors, the church now numbers 119 members. Towards the liquidation of a debt of £800 the friends have given and collected £350, including a gift of £20 from ourselves. The income of the church has also been more than doubled. We greatly rejoice in our brother’s prosperity.

TWICKENHAM.

Here the cause was so utterly reduced that the chapel was about to be sold, and must have been so, had we not taken upon ourselves the payment of the interest of the debt, and thus helped the almost extinct society at its lowest ebb. We have greatly rejoiced to observe that, after our College men had labored with but slender success, this church has been taken up by Mr. Edward Brown, brother of A. G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, and under his ministry the wilderness rejoices and the desert blossoms, as the rose. Though not of our College, Mr. Brown was one of our Tabernacle members, and it has been a delight to us to aid him in clearing away the incubus of debt.

OTHER LONDON CHURCHES.

Of other London churches among whom our College men have labored we can only give a passing notice, though in several instances a page or two might be filled with interesting matter.

GROVE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK. — This is an Association chapel. Mr. G. D. Evans here gathered a church of 120 members, which, under the earnest ministry of Mr. W. J. Inglis, has subsequently increased to 318. Here we find a good chapel, a working church, and an efficient pastor, but there is a debt.

REGENT STREET, LAMBETH. — We carried on this church when others had left it “minished and brought low.” It had fallen on evil days, and our students could barely keep it going. Our good brother-in-law, Mr. T. C. Page, has both renovated the building and revived the church.

UPTON CHAPEL, LAMBETH. — We have had the honor to supply two pastors to this old-established and honored church. Under Mr. Williams of our College, the cause is enjoying unmistakable tokens of the divine favor.

LOWER EDMONTON. — Mr. D. Russell has been the pastor here for fifteen years.

ALFRED PLACE, OLD KENT ROAD. — This feeble interest has been furnished with preachers by us, but it is in a bad situation and deserted by everybody. We shall do our best for it.

BEXLEY HEATH. — Under the ministry of Mr. George Smith this church is increasing in strength, removing its burdens, and enlarging its borders.

BOW. — Mr. Edgley is cheered by an increased congregation, and trusts that the old church will renew its youth.

TALBOT TABERNACLE, WESTBOURNE PARK. — Our well-beloved brother Frank White took up the work of Mr. Gordon Furlong, and by the divine blessing has built up a church of 230 members. This church is doing its utmost for the masses around.

NEW BARNET. — Mr. M. Cumming has for a year been pastor of this new Association church, and has been the means of greatly adding to the congregation and uplifting the cause.

LEYTON. — Mr. Morris of Romney Street was selected to raise a church here, in the Association Chapel. It is a difficult position. The church commenced in 1876 with 26 members and now numbers 58.

JOHN STREET, BEDFORD ROW. — We count it no small honor that our College should furnish one of the successors of Baptist Noel and Harrington Evans. From the peculiarities of the neighborhood our excellent brother, Mr. Collins, has a hard task before him; and we earnestly pray the Lord to send him his gracious help in a special degree.

SALTER'S HALL CHAPEL, ISLINGTON — Mr. Bax is happily settled here, and one of the deacons writes us, "Our church is prospering. Our growth is not extraordinarily rapid, but I believe it is of a very substantial character."

DACRE PARK CHAPEL, BLACKHEATH. — We hold no very strong views as to open or strict communion, and we are glad that we always have in the College a few brethren of the sturdy school of old-fashioned Baptists. Among these is Mr. W. Usher, who at Dacre Park is enjoying a very encouraging measure of success, with every omen of better times to come. The membership is 115, of which number 73 have been added since Mr. Usher's advent in June, 1875.

WEST GREEN. — Mr. G. Turner has been working since 1872 in the chapel which was purchased by the Association. The region is chaotic and "cut up" with railway and new roads. There are 108 members, and as the district fills up there will, by God's blessing, be a strong and useful church.

SPRING VALE CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL — Mr. Honan's church in this chapel is reported as numbering 53.

WELLINGTON ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON. — This decayed church in 1875 chose Mr. Rawlings. He finds it uphill work, but he is not without encouragement.

NORWOOD NEW TOWN. — Here Mr. Hobbs has supplied the pulpit of a society which maintains an undenominational position. Under his ministry it has so prospered that he is induced to remain. There are about 100 in fellowship.

LOUGHTON. — Mr. Vivian accepted this pastorate in 1874, and under his ministry the cause is built up.

HARLINGTON. — Mr. Crick settled here in 1876. Church numbers 174.

POTTER'S BARN — Mr. Hart has been pastor here since 1876.

PARSON'S HINT, WOOLWICH. — Mr. J. Turner, after successfully building a church at Tunbridge, has undertaken this church, for which we pray that its prosperity may return.

CROSS STREET, ISLINGTON. — This church has invited our worthy student, Mr. F. Jones, to settle among them. May the Lord revive the work by his means.

Thus have we ended our summary; not without regret at being compelled to be so brief. This hath the Lord done by the hand of his servants, and unto his name give we praise.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

FLOODS IN THE STREETS.

“Rivers of waters in the streets.” — Proverbs 5:16.

“Let judgment run down as waters,
and righteousness as a mighty stream.” — Amos 5:24.

ON Thursday morning, April 11th, when we reached the Tabernacle, at eleven in the morning, we found the rooms of the basement covered with water, so that they could not be occupied. Our conference was unable to meet for dinner in the schoolroom, and was obliged to adjourn to another building. The papers, among many accounts of the flooded districts, thus speak of our near neighbors in the somewhat aristocratic region of Brixton:

“The easterly gale which had been blowing since Sunday morning subsided on Wednesday night, and was followed by such a downpour of rain as seldom occurs in this latitude except in connection with summer thunderstorms. It was very heavy all through the night, and continued yesterday without much abatement through the early hours of the forenoon, until more rain had fallen in a few hours than the average rainfall for a month. At Brixton there was a serious flood, caused by the inability of the Effra river, which is nothing better than a covered sewer, to carry off all the water. It burst forth at all openings, and even forced itself upward in jets which are compared to the spoutings of a whale. The water rising with much rapidity, the inhabitants, who in most cases were sitting down to or

preparing for breakfast, had barely time to escape from their breakfast rooms, when the water was upon them. Snatching up what came first to hand, they made the best of their way upstairs, and finding all efforts to save their property futile, gave up the attempt in despair. In Brixton-road, not alone the carriage way, but the footpaths were submerged, and in some places the flow of water was so great that the roadway and pavement were broken up by the rushing waters seeking to find an outlet, and in some instances the pavements were actually washed away. The main road itself was like a quickly-flowing river, and many of the side roads were also flooded. The water was in most places upwards of a foot in depth, and in many nearly two feet. Locomotion was exceedingly difficult, vehicles of all descriptions having to be drawn through the flood, with the horses nearly up to their knees in water, while with the tram-cars the water reached up to the step, and an extra horse was necessary to draw the car."

When the Lord is pleased to open the windows of heaven and refresh the thirsty earful with plentiful showers, man in his boasted wisdom has so arranged the cities where he dwells that there is no room for the divine bounty, and a benison becomes a danger. His careful preparations in blotting out rippling brooks and water courses begirt with willows, and burying in the earth beneath arches of brick the once silvery streams, are all sources of peril to him; peril, too, from that which should have been his greatest blessing. The rain is good, but we have not room enough to receive it; we have space for our own filthiness if the heavenly rains will let us alone, but for "showers of blessings" our arrangements have left no receptacle, and they must drown us out, and stop our traffic, to gain even a temporary lodging-place. Time was when the Effra river would have carried the water down to the Thames without any greater inconvenience than a flooded meadow, or a garden swamped for an hour or two. Some living persons remember the Effra as a pretty brook with a charming walk by its side and overhanging trees. We have seen some pretty bits of scenery which an artist copied from this rural streamlet of days gone by. There were little rustic bridges here and there, and many a nook where lovers of quiet could sit down and meditate; but now there is no sign of the brook until you pass into Dulwich; almost throughout its entire length our modern civilization has transformed it into a covered drain. Confined within a dark arch of brick, the stream forgets its sunny days, and like a prisoner urged along the corridor of an underground dungeon pursues its dreary way. Alas, that man should have made human life to be so much

after the same manner. Of green fields and fresh breezes how little do the multitudes of our toilers ever see or feel: of cheerfulness and content how little do many of our merchants and traders understand; and of sacred joy and consecrated delight the bulk of men know nothing whatever. Life comes to us, but too often we will not allow it to flow freely in holy content and joy, where the trees are flourishing and the birds singing among the branches, but we compel it to grovel underground in anxiety and unbelief.

Yet heavenly life cannot always be made to abide among the dead, just as the Effra when fed by showers from heaven would no longer brook its prison. It burst forth wherever a vent existed and forced ways of escape for itself where there were none before. Every now and then this happens in spiritual affairs and men behold the phenomenon with wonder and even with alarm. It was so in the age of Whitefield and Wesley, when the Lord opened the windows of heaven upon our land. What an outbreak there was! What a commotion and upheaval! The old pavements of conventionality were torn away, and the floods burst up through them. Attempts were made to stop the stream, persecution was tried against the Methodists, they were denounced from the pulpit, threatened by mobs, and ridiculed as modern enthusiasts and madmen, and regarded as the offscouring of all things; but all this availed nothing, omnipotence was at work and malice could not hinder. The sacred flood would not be denied a channel, but found free course and God was glorified. Of course it stirred the mud and raised the foulness of the community to most offensive rage, but it cleansed as it rushed forward, and swept away the accumulated vices of dreary years. May the like happen again in our times, indeed we are not altogether strangers to such burstings forth of the living waters even now.

It were well if in individuals there were such floodings of the soul with the grace of God, that the divine life would break forth everywhere, in the parlor, the workshop, the counting-house, the market, and the streets. We are far too ready to confine it to the channel of Sunday services and religious meetings, it deserves a broader floodway and must have it if we are to see gladder times. It must burst out upon men who do not care for it, and invade chambers where it will be regarded as an intrusion; it must be seen by wayfaring men streaming down the places of traffic and concourse, hindering the progress of sinful trades, and surrounding all, whether they will or no. We want another universal deluge, not of destruction, but of

salvation, so that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Would to God that religion were more vital and forceful among us, so as to create a powerful public opinion in behalf of truth, justice, and holiness. It will be a blessed day when all the streets of our land shall be flooded with grace. Amos in the text which we have quoted bids us aim at this, in the name of the Lord. The formalities of religion are of little worth compared with this, for the Lord says, "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies." "Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." He would have us exhibit a life which should purify the aged and sweep before it every obstacle; a life to be seen even in the streets, where men care least to have it. It is much to be desired that the Christian church may yet have more power and influence all over the world for righteousness and peace. Something of it is felt even now, but not enough. The Church of Christ in England has more power to-day than it ever had before. Our country would have been plunged in war months ago (May, 1878), if it had not been for Christian men who have been the backbone of the opposition to the war party. Peace would not have been kept unbroken so long as it has been had it not been earnestly promoted by the prayers and labors of those who worship the Prince of Peace. In other matters, also, of social reform, and moral progress, the influence of true religion is felt, and it will yet be far more mighty. May the day come when the spirit of righteousness shall have complete control over those who govern, and direct our affairs, then shall judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. All will not go pleasantly even then, for many will be greatly vexed by such prevalence of right principles: their craft will be in danger, they will be greatly inconvenienced in their sins, they will be up to their knees in an element which they do not relish, and they will rave against it; but for all that it will be a blessing if God sends us such showers of grace as to become an irresistible flood. Come, mighty stream; send it, we beseech thee, O Lord: and let us live to see Ezekiel's vision fulfilled. "Then said he unto me, These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass, that every thing that

liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and every thing shall live whither the river cometh.”

C. H. SPURGEON.

CLEAR THE ROAD

“Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones.”
— Isaiah 62:10.

“Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way: but let it rather be healed.” — Hebrews 12:13.

“THE DAILY TELEGRAPH,” May 9, informs us that “a singular want of thought on the part of the Parisian authorities has been much commented on by strangers. Some days before the opening of the Exhibition a great many of the principal roads in the center of the city were partially closed for repairs, and at this moment many of them are almost impassable. This applies particularly to the opera district, where the Rue Auber, the Rue Scribe, and the Boulevard Haussman form a mass of unpaved ground covered with heaps of stone and sand, staked off with ropes against the public. Everyone acquainted with Paris is aware that the carriage way and footpath accommodation in this part of the town is insufficient for ordinary requirements, and he may judge of the inconvenience and confusion existing there under present circumstances.” Have not some whose business it is to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ been equally negligent as to clearing the way of those who are coming to the light? In many cases doctrinal difficulties are overlooked, or by crude exaggerated teachings are even multiplied, so that the poor troubled heart is unable to travel the path of faith because of hard thoughts and doubtful questions which sorely perplex it. The ministers of Christ should often dwell upon the stumbling blocks which lie in the way of earnest seekers, and endeavor as far as possible to remove them, that simple minds may not be staggered. The language used by teachers is often so refined and oratorical that the common people do not understand it, and hence their way is blocked up “with heaps of stone and sand.” “We use great plainness of speech,” said

the apostle, but his example is not followed in every case. Theological distinctions, crabbed definitions, and high-sounding phrases are often like the ropes with which the Paris footpaths are staked off against the public: they tend to hinder those who are in the right way. Minds are troubled with niceties which need never be raised, and perplexed with distinctions which need never be mentioned.

We know cases in which opportunities of Christian conversation are not offered, and the inquirer is not encouraged to bring his doubts and fears to those whose experience might assist him. In some places the kingdom of heaven sufferer violence, and only the very violent are able to enter into the professing church at all: the strait gate is made straiter than Christ left it, and the narrow way is almost entirely blocked up. This is not wisdom: free grace should not be preached as if it were the monopoly of advanced saints, but an open door should be set before the anxious sinner, and he should lovingly be pressed to enter it. What is the use of the house of mercy if those who would enter it are rather repulsed by hard speeches than assisted by affectionate invitations? It is said of one of old time, "They brought him to Jesus" let us zealously occupy ourselves by doing the same to all souls who ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. God has made such a glorious exhibition of himself in Christ Jesus that it would be a sin and a shame if we should even in the least degree hinder one of the least of these who would behold it. C.H.S.

MORE GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 225)

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"ON Monday evening, Jan. 14, tea and public meetings were held in the Flinders — street Baptist church to bid farewell to Mr. Thos. Spurgeon. who purposes returning to Victoria today by the steamer *Aldinga*. The tea which was spread in the church, was partaken of by upwards of four hundred persons, and the large public meeting held subsequently was presided over by Mr. G. S. Fowler, who referred in felicitous terms to the benefits of Mr. Spurgeon's visit to South Australia and the widely

experienced regret at his approaching departure. Suspended in front of the gallery was the word 'Farewell' worked in flowers."

The above paragraph is taken from one of the many full and lengthy newspaper reports which have reached us of the doings and sayings of the good people of Adelaide on parting with our dear son. We shall not transcribe all the kind and loving things said on this occasion concerning both father and son, because we mean this paper to be a record of the young voyager's own views and feelings, rather than a mere recital of "what folks thought of him," but we think it a fitting opportunity to renew our expressions of hearty gratitude to all dear friends in the colonies, for the gracious, generous, tender kindness with which he has everywhere been received and entertained. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," saith the Scripture, and our fervent prayer is that the Lord himself may reward those who have been so good to our boy, returning to them" good measure, pressed down, and running over" of spiritual blessing for the temporal mercies and comforts which they have so constantly lavished upon him.

We now give in his own words some details of the last few days in Adelaide. "The farewell meeting was one to be remembered. Knowing as I do your dislike for testimonials, etc., I am afraid you will think this one unnecessary; but the customs of this hospitable land would have been sadly infringed if some such outlet for kindly feeling had not been allowed. Moreover, though there was a great deal of interest manifested in me, love for father underlaid it all, and made this expression of affection peculiarly gratifying. At the tea-meeting I walked about, shaking hands with everyone, and conversing with those who had anything to say. Words fail to tell of the heartiness of the people. They seem as sorry that I am leaving as if I hail been a pastor among them for years. I must have shaken hands at least; a thousand times. I know my hand ached enough, This parting was not altogether a happy one for me, for I was really grieved to have to say 'good bye' to so many dear friends. Their kindness overwhelmed me. I never expected so great a reward for the services I have rendered them. Then came the speeches, which you will see reported in the papers, but I must just tell you one little thing. In the course of my speech, when talking of the results of my visit and their kindness, I mentioned how rejoiced father was, and read a short extract from his last precious letter. They were delighted, sat forward in their seats to listen eagerly, as they always do when the magic name is pronounced. Then I went on to tell how happy it

had made my sick mother, and spoke thus till tears on their cheeks told me I had reached their hearts, and so I left them to be happy in having made my loved ones joyous. I tried to speak as cheerfully as I could all through, but really did feel ‘awfully sorry.’ The silver mounted emu’s egg inkstand which these loving friends presented to me is really very splendid. The egg is placed on silver ground with a couple of silver emus on one side and a native brandishing his spear over a slain kangaroo on the other, while let into the egg itself is a view in silver of two more emus. The receptacle for ink is surmounted by a silver cockatoo, and an appropriate inscription is at the base. Besides this the surplus of contributions was presented to me in a purse.”

This testimonial was subscribed for by the town and country churches in which our son had preached, and was a most delicate way of showing their appreciation of his services. Not content with this, however, some generous spirits proposed that a contribution to the “Pastors’ College” and the “Stock-well Orphanage,” would form a fitting memorial of the pleasant visit, and some time after the visitor’s departure £20 were forwarded through Mr. G. S. Fowler for these institutions. Hearty thanks to the kind donors!

During the eight weeks the dear boy was in South Australia, he attended and preached or spoke at twenty-four meetings, and we are sure it was in no spirit of self-glorification, but in humble thankfulness to God that he writes, “There is scarce a sermon I have preached but what some are blessing me for it. Oh! this is glorious! not the praise of men, but the smile of God! I tell you this only that you may share my joy.”

Bidding adieu with much reluctance to the friends who “accompanied him unto the ship,” he commenced the return voyage to Melbourne, and in a small overcrowded steamer — a head wind blowing all the way — “did not find it very enjoyable.” Nearing the end of the journey, an incident occurred which must be transcribed, as it gives an insight into some unique conditions of river traveling in Australia.

“Reaching Port Philip Heads, we had a delightful sail up Hobson’s Bay. But our journey was not to terminate pleasantly. Going up the river Yarra is never a desirable trip, but this time we were doomed to something extra in the way of ‘disagreeables.’ The stream is wonderfully narrow, so narrow that one is surprised that large vessels can navigate it, though in most places it is deep to the edge. Unfortunately for us, the tide was out, and as

we proceeded cautiously up stream the harbor-master hailed us from his boat, and desired to board our vessel. This so much hindered us that we got 'stuck,' and only escaped by stirring up mud of the blackest and richest quality. The visitor brought us the bad news that a little higher up there was a wreck lying right across the river, and that it would be extremely difficult to pass. After a prolonged council, off we went again, and soon came up to a vessel run right ashore. Our pilot kindly offered to tug them off, but after a deal of pulling and straining the hawser broke and the steam ship *Dawn* was immovable. Not many yards on was the wreck of the *Otago*, a very fine vessel which had foolishly attempted to sail without ballast. While being towed down the river, a strong south wind caught her and toppled her clean over. There she lay — not exactly bottom upwards, for the masts rested on the other shore, but a sufficiently terrible impediment to our progress. It seemed impossible to pass her. Our captain stamped and — well — did *not* sing hymns, but a skillful pilot took us by. The 'fenders' on one side rubbed the *Otago's* hull, while we could easily have stepped ashore on the other. I never saw such a curious sight. A fine vessel wrecked in a tiny river! The escaped crew had erected tents on the bank — perhaps their position was better than that of most shipwrecked mariners, but I felt very sorry for them. All this maneuvering took up our time, and it was evening before we landed, instead of early morning."

Safely returned to Melbourne, he meets with a glad welcome from former loving friends, and as it was too late in the week to make arrangements for services on Sunday, he takes a Sabbath's holiday *for the first time since leaving home*, and he enjoys a "feast of soul." "I was delighted," he says, "in the morning with a really a first-rate sermon from Mr. Chapman, the new pastor of Collins' Street Baptist Church, and in the evening I heard Mr. Jones, the Independent Minister. This was a true 'Sabbath' to me, and I feel all the better for the rest. Up to this date I have not missed preaching on a Sunday since I saw you, but I have no ambition to be able to say this always, and am sure I did right in embracing the opportunity of learning from others. I feel the honor of serving Jesus more, and, more, and pray for that full consecration, and that consuming zeal which God has given to my father."

Alter a few days' sojourn in Melbourne, we find him writing from "Como," near Geelong, the residence of those same dear friends who showed to him and Mr. Bunning, such splendid hospitality in the "bush" at Quambatook. In this letter also we have the first reference to the fearful drought which

threatened to devastate the Colonies a few months since, but which the Lord in his mercy turned away by giving them at last “a plenteous rain.” We think these extracts will be read with interest by our friends.

“Como, Jan. 30, 1878.

“What a blazing hot day! I must still at times confess to feeling weak, but I think this its due in great measure to the extremes of a variable climate. When I tell you that last evening we were sitting round a fire, and today are afraid to expose ourselves to the scorching sun, you can understand that such changeableness is not conducive to constant health. However, as it is too hot to do anything like work, I will give you a description of the place from which I am writing, and the way to it. From the town of Geelong, a road extends, more mountainous if possible than the generality of roads in the neighborhood. For seven miles we journey on, and then turn to the right for a drive along a lane two miles in length. The only possible excuse for calling it a lane, lies in the fact that it is hedged by furze-bushes. No sylvan shades, no rippling streams making music along the road, no banks of flowers — no bursts of song, nothing indeed that constitutes the loveliness of a lane in dear old England. The only passengers we meet are a few poor cattle, wandering in search of water. They have been turned out to provide for themselves, and are partially successful for they do not scruple to break down fences if a ‘water-hole ‘ is in view beyond. Along the lane, and above the hedges, we notice swarms of flies, so thick that, as the sun shines on them, they look like clouds of dust. See how the swallows enjoy this feast, and flit about with rapid, graceful wing! They are not quite like our swallows, not so pretty or so slim, but they are making havoc among the flies! Success to their endeavors, say I, for the flies are intolerable! Soon we enter a white gate, and draw rein before a cottage which overlooks Lake Connearre. The garden is sadly scorched, but a well-wooded slope extends towards the water. ‘Ill weeds grow apace’ in water as well as on land, and this lake is a melancholy instance of the truth of the proverb. It is of large extent perhaps four miles long, and more than two across, but its depth is so inconsiderable that it is difficult to get it dear of weeds, There are several boats on it, and any quantity of black swans and a variety of game. The Barrow river flows through it, and connects it with the sea. The sand-hills on which Neptune spends his fury are visible in the distance, and cool evening breezes from the south bear plainly to our cars the dash of ocean billows. Altogether, Como and Connearre have as much of the picturesque about them as most places I have seen in the

Antipodes, but even if the place were only half as inviting as it is, I should be happy here, for I am once again among my noble and valued friends of Quambatook. I need not speak their praises — their love and kindness is for ever enshrined within my heart.”

“It will always be for me a memorable fact that I visited Victoria at a time which will be a date of mark in its history. You may possibly have read of the political disturbances with which the land is agitated. Many are fearful of coming events, and dark forebodings are cherished by some. May the Lord direct the government to wise measures, and avert the threatened evil! Another distressing feature of the day is the dread of drought! We read of whole flocks up-country perishing, and of mail coaches having to make tracks in the scrub to avoid the carcasses! Human beings must suffer unless rain comes soon. Even in towns supplied by reservoirs it is forbidden to water flowers or vegetables. The fruits suffer, that men may live. Last season was very dry, but this is drier still, and the most tantalizing part about it is that almost every any towards evening it looks as if it could not help raining. I have seen the clouds appear jagged, as though the precious liquid descended half way, while never a drop reached the parched ground. Never before have I realized so fully the misery occasioned by want of water. It has reached so sad a point that no one who has any feeling for the dumb creation can forbear to pray that the heavens may withhold their coveted treasures no longer.”

After taking services at Geelong on the Sabbath following this happy visit, we find him the next week in the company of new friends bound on an excursion to their home 35 miles “up country” They started “in a commodious buggy drawn by two strong horses,” and they expected to reach their destination by six o’clock in the evening. But after ten miles’ pleasant and comfortable traveling, one of the wheels of their conveyance was disabled, and then commenced a series of disasters and distresses which are very amusing in the detail, but which proved most trying to the patience and complacency of the unfortunate travelers. “The box of the wheel was in a fix,” says Tom, “and so were we,” and truly their position was not a cheering one — on a lonely country road, five-and-twenty miles from home, with a vehicle hopelessly broken down. Relief came after some hours of patient waiting in the shape of another carriage and horse, which one of the party had procured from a village five miles distant, but their trials were not yet ended, for thenceforward their progress was marked by a succession of difficulties which did not cease till home was reached late

at night, and then both bipeds and quadrupeds were thoroughly knocked up. "A little colonial experience of which the usual remarks must be made. 'Worse things happen at sea,' and 'Accidents will occur to the best regulated buggies.'" "The "home" to which the "way" had proved so disastrous, was a very happy and pleasant one and our son's description of it gave us so much pleasure (perhaps we are partial!) that we give it at length in his own words: — "Warrambeen is a large sheep station. The homestead is not in the center of the 'run,' so portions of the property are many miles away from the house. The land is so unsuitable for cultivation, that Mr. A. is not as much annoyed by 'selectors' as some 'quatters' are. You would almost wonder that the ground was good for anything at all. Where the sheep get sufficient 'feed' is a puzzle to all 'new chums,' and I fancy it must puzzle the sheep too sometimes! 'Is that grass?' 'Was it ever green?' 'Is existence possible upon such scanty fodder?' In answer to such questions as these you are assured that 'it is very good feed, they don't want for anything to eat, — how to give them water is the great question' and one soon discovers the sad truthfulness of the reply. Lake waterholes are empty, and dams that have never been dry here are without a drop. The poor sheep are lingering near where they have often drank, looking anxiously for water in the bed of the exhausted reservoirs. Silly sheep they seem, to stay where disappointment stares them in the face, yet are they wise to wait where water will collect when first it rains! The 'home' of Warrambeen really consists of three houses, first, second, and third — positive, comparative, and superlative! The first positively small, the second comparatively large, and the third superlatively commodious! In the smallest dwelling the owners of all three originally resided, but now its rooms have been done away with and it is used as a church. It boasts a pulpit too, which though of bush construction is quite ecclesiastical in appearance. In this 'church in the house' service is held every Sabbath evening, and though it is conducted by Mr. A., my dear father is the preacher. Once in a while the Presbyterian minister of Shelford leaves his people in the morning to minister here, and then C. H. S. preaches at Shelford. I am told these sermons are listened to with wonderful attention, and interest is sustained by them where it might otherwise suffer through incompetent supplies. To be able to keep a congregation fed so regularly and efficiently is no small blessing, and to have the wisdom to make use of such a privilege, is an example which many others would do well to imitate. But I must hurry on — there is not time to be dwelling now in the

‘courts of the house of the Lord,’ we leave the church reluctantly, but will return to it ere long,

“The blackened roof of the old kitchen hard by, tells of long and smoky use. We reflect how many a yarn was spun by early bushmen round the glowing fire, when they returned at eventide to their hard-earned rest. Full many a sheep was sacrificed to roast before that fire, and the ashes on that hearth have baked many a cake of ‘damper.’ These weather-board houses, and rude constructions, tell of the ‘early days’ in the colony, and of the toils, and perils, and hardships which some have experienced, but which we are very well content only to hear about.

‘The second house is a short distance from the first in point of space, but a long way beyond it as regards size and comfort. It is now almost entirely fitted up for bedrooms, and the hospitality of its owner is so expansive and hearty that I urn told they are often filled with friends enjoying a visit up country.

“The new house is built of a blue stone found in large quantities on the estate. It is, of course, all ‘ground floor, for though there is no lack of land on which to build, there is a great scarcity of the extra labor which would be required to erect storied dwellings. ‘Besides, who wishes to run up stairs, when stopping down will answer better?’ Fine dining and drawing rooms are here, and a nursery for the rising generation. Further back are more rooms, and a large ‘store, a regular shop with scales and appliances, and provisions of all sorts. A station store is an emporium of a most interesting nature, if there be any truth in the statement that ‘variety is charming.’ Hardware and soft goods things to put on, and things to put away, and all put by till they are wanted. . . . Let us look *out* now — alas, ‘the view is desolate. There is a garden just in front which, doubtless, could produce any quantity of vegetables in an ordinarily propitious season, but now it looks somewhat bare. Beyond, there are no trees, only some tiny shrubs, which may be trees some day, if the boards about them succeed in keeping the cattle off, and if the soil, and sun and rain permit. Everywhere is a wild waste, and were it not that in the winter a small stream runs by the garden, there would be the same lack of the picturesque all the year round. Far, far in the distance are some hills blest with trees, but all around are dreary, sun-scorched plains.”

After writing out this “very dry” bit we must crave permission to lay down both letter and pen for a moment or two, while we refresh the eye of mind

and body by gazing on the delicious verdure of the grass and the tender beauty of the waving trees visible from our own little window. The rain falls softly, and the trunks and branches of the oaks, limes, and sycamores show jet-black among the pale and lovely greens of the new-born foliage, — scarcely dense enough at present to conceal their beautiful interlacing. Throw up the window! What a variety of delightful scents and sounds fill the moist air! The songs of the blackbird and the “mavis” lose nothing of their liquid sweetness while the “clouds are dropping fatness,” the lilac blossoms bend beneath their load of fragrance, the guelder roses hang out their snowy balls for a shower-bath of cooling drops — shaken off again by every passing breeze, and the golden tassels of the laburnum droop till they kiss the forget-me-nots below them, and help to fill the sweet blue eyes with grateful tears for the welcome shower!

Though birds are the only living creatures to be seen in our small landscape, we think as we look on the fresh greensward that we can almost hear the low music of the cow bell and we find ourselves half unconsciously repeating some quaint lines we read the other day: —

*With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phoebe-Phillis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, to linkle linkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.*

There! we are content! our dear friends in Australia will not find fault with us for praising up this dear foggy, misty Old England of ours, and we turn now with renewed zest; to hear more about the country which they rightly think “the fairest that e'er the sun shone on.” Our son continues his letter thus: —

“Notice could not be given that services were to be held by Mr. Spurgeon’s son till Wednesday in the previous week, but this had made parties interested in the affair more zealous in informing friends and neighbors of the fact. Letters and post cards had borne the message in every direction for miles round that I should preach at Shelforal in the

morning, and at Warrambeen (our host's residence) at night. Quite a cavalcade left the house at 9:30 a.m. Horsemen and pony-boys, and men, women, and children, in every available buggy, the one which had broken down with us included. The songs of Zion and of Sankey rose above the tramp of horses, and the rattle of vehicles, and all were glad to go 'with them that kept holy-day.' Traps and horsemen were descried in the distance, and as the roads converged, our numbers were increased, and there was every prospect of a good congregation. The township of Shelford is a small one, and the district very thinly populated. We had driven over nine miles, and only passed one solitary hut, but the few inhabitants there are mostly Scotch, and therefore you will be prepared to hear that they have built a commodious and substantial kirk. The aisles were lined with forms and filled with people, and when I reached the pulpit I faced a very good audience. The omission of hymn singing was not pleasant to me, but I spake with great freedom to Christians on the text, 'Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you' (Deuteronomy 12:9). Rarely have I had more attentive hearers, and never a more blessed sense of ease and help in speaking than among these sons of Scotia who have wandered to the seclusion of Shelford, Victoria. I needed not to say a word about the collection, for the Lord had 'opened their hearts;' and as the little boxes at the end of long rods were passed from pew to pew the offerings were dropped in by cheerful givers, and the elders informed me, after thanks for preaching, that 'the collection was very good.' As men remounted horses, and ladies took their seats in buggies, the thanks of many caused me to feel deeply grateful to the Lord, who again had graciously helped me. The evening service was held in the little church at Warrambeen, which I have before described to you. It was filled with people and we had indeed a good time. What a happy trip it has been. On leaving for Geelong, on Monday morning, my kind hosts 'loaded me with benefits.' They are greatly interested in our father's labors of love, and some time back sent £100 to him through Mr. Bunning. God bless and prosper them!"

Soon after his return to Como, near Geelong, he is able to give the delightful intelligence that "the drought has broken up and the land has been refreshed," and preaching the same evening at a small Primitive Methodist chapel near, he takes the appropriate text. "There is a sound of abundance of rain." Preaching engagements seemed to come thick and fast upon him. He says — "There are so many causes to help that even now I

find it difficult to attend to half the requests I receive.” On Sunday, Feb. 10, “the rain descended and the floods came. Driving nine miles to church that morning was anything but pleasant. A regular tropical down-pour, so that the dry ditches were soon over-flowing, and streams of water were rushing in every direction. We were very thankful. As the torrents descended our praises ascended, for on every hand the grass is springing up again, and we may hope the country is saved. There were very few people in Aberdeen Street Church that morning, but the ‘Master’ was there, and when we had all moved into the center seats of the building we enjoyed true fellowship, and listened with delight to a good sermon from Mr. Bunning. The weather cleared towards evening, but the atmosphere was oppressively hot and steamy, and anything but helpful to preacher or hearers. My text that evening was from Ephesians 5:8, and after the sermon a good number stopped to a delightful prayer-meeting, where my father mother, and brother were remembered before the throne.” Here, for the present at least, we must leave our “young wanderer,” lest we tire our readers with details which, though all-important and interesting to us, may not prove so engrossing to them; but we ask all who have thus far followed our dear son’s course with interest and pleasure to join us in praising and extolling the wonderful goodness and grace of the Lord to him. He has “led him by a plain path,” though he went forth “not knowing whither he went.” He has “guided him by his counsel,” for not a step has been taken without seeking to know his will. He has taught him to declare his truth, giving him “favor” in the eyes of all the people, and he has “kept him as the apple of the eye,” hiding him beneath the shadow of his wings.

NOTES

As the weekly papers give the news of the churches, we reserve these Notes for matters relating to the work of the Tabernacle, and other special items. All else they will find in other periodicals.

Monday evening, April 29. — Mr. Hudson Taylor, “the Apostle of China,” brought a number of his friends of the China Inland Mission to our prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, that the prayers of our church might be specially presented for eight missionaries who were to sail for China on the following Thursday. It was a touching service, especially moving all hearts when one by one the missionaries stood up and special prayer was

presented for each one. With heroic self-denial our beloved brother, Mr. Taylor, sends back his own wife to take charge of some of the orphans saved from the famine: he will follow as soon as he can, but to tarry here without her on the Master's business is right noble. Mr. Taylor gave some delightful instances of the way in which the Lord has heard his prayer in sending money and men, and also encouraged our hearts by proofs that the Holy Spirit is applying the gospel to Chinese hearts.

Thursday afternoon, May 2. — The Baptist annual meetings of this year have been full of life and joy. They closed with a true love-feast, for about 450 ministers of the Baptist Union were entertained at dinner in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall, at the expense of the London Baptist Association. The after-dinner addresses were thoroughly hearty and fraternal, and were followed by the Annual Meeting of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, which was a large and enthusiastic gathering. We are glad to see that a majority of our own students, and indeed of all the men in our different denominational colleges, except those of Wales, are total abstainers. We never hear of characters being ruined, and dishonor being brought upon the cause of Christ, through a man's drinking water. No man has a right to deny another his Christian liberty in this matter, but it is safest to feel quite free to do without.

COLPORTAGE, — The Annual Conference of the Colporteurs was held on *Sunday and Monday, May 5 and 6*, at the Tabernacle. Twenty-five of the Colporteurs selected from the eighty-six now employed, came up to London from their various districts to report progress, to renew old acquaintances and make new ones with their fellow-laborers, to consult with the committee as to past and future operations, and to receive such an inspiration for their work as these visits to head-quarters usually supply. Though only commenced eleven or twelve years ago in a very small way, our Colportage Association has grown, by the blessing of God, until it now numbers eighty-six men, fully employed as Colporteurs, and eight who give part of their time as book-agents. It is impossible to tell how much good is effected by this means of spreading the truth, especially in the villages and country districts where the only enlightenment the inhabitants receive comes from the ritualistic clergyman's Roman candle, but the following statistics will reveal something of the extent and success of the work. During the year 1877, the average number of men employed has been about sixty-one, and they have distributed gratuitously 160,000 tracts, visited 500,000 families, and sold 84,147 books, and 239,758 periodicals,

for which they received £6,651 19s. 10d., that amount being £743 18s. 1d. in excess of the previous year's receipts. The total subscriptions for the year amounted to £3702 16s. 6 d., which included £545 5s. for the Capital Fund, and £1991 6s. 6d. local subscriptions. It is also worthy of remark that our men sell more than £100 worth of Bibles and Testaments every month. If Christian people only knew the value of this agency among our rural population we should never have to ask for subscriptions, but should treble the number of men at once. The president of the Association, C. H. Spurgeon, presided at the annual meeting in the Tabernacle, after having addressed the Colporteurs in one of the class rooms in the afternoon in a more private manner. We were glad to see so large an attendance, which evidences a growing interest in the society. Prayer was offered by two of the committee, our brethren Goldston and Pearce; the Report was presented by the honorary secretary, Mr. Fred A. Jones; the balance sheet was read by the honorary finance secretary, Mr. G. Gregory, and addresses were delivered by the general secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones; Mr. J. Manton Smith, and five of the Colporteurs. The collection amounted to £23 10s. 6d., which, though very good, considering that there were two other collections in the same week, was very small compared with the need and the merit of the society. Probably some who were present did not like to give an amount so small as that which they had in their purses at the time and are waiting to send in heavy cheques. If so we trust they will not delay till they forget. Tabernacle friends will not be behind-hand and friends from a distance will not lag. The Report can be had of Mr. Corden Jones, Colportage Office, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Tuesday evening, May 7, the fifty-ninth Anniversary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society was held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., was in the chair, and intimated pretty plainly what he and other influential "laymen" would do if the Congregationalists did not take some decisive step to declare the evangelical objects of the Union. We thank God that this step has been taken, and that it has been done with a heartiness and unanimity more significant than the deed itself. It was our privilege, at the Home Mission, to advise our brethren to imitate Cobbett, who said, "I not only speak so that I can be understood, but so that I cannot be misunderstood." Our brethren of the Independent order will never, as a whole, go our lengths in old-fashioned Calvinistic doctrine: but we are delighted to believe that they are determined to abide by the verities of the common faith. A few noisy

individuals, for ever clashing the “high-sounding cymbals” of their pretended thoughtfulness and culture, have led many to fear that Congregationalism would ultimately become another name for a lawless, creedless skepticism, but those fears are groundless; the sons of the Puritans are aroused, and have avowed the faith once delivered unto the saints. God bless the brethren, and send them a down-pour of his grace, that in the power of the Spirit the preaching of the gospel among them may greatly glorify the Lord. It was high time that something was done, and now that it is done we thank God and take courage, and feel that the Congregational Union has made a new departure, and will henceforth no longer be a place where Pantheists and Socinians will dare to say that they find themselves at home.

Wednesday evening, May 8, the Annual Public Meeting of the Liberation Society was held at the Tabernacle, which was crowded in every part, the resolutions in favor of the policy of the society were carried with one dissentient, whom Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., seemed to be able to single out as “a D’Israelite indeed.” In nothing are Tabernacle friends more hearty than in the desire to free the domain of the Savior from the intrusion of Caesar, whether Caesar gives gold or makes laws. Liberal and Conservative are distinctions of small consequence to us, compared with those which arise out of the Church and State question.

Thursday evening, May 9. — At the request of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews we preached at the Tabernacle, and made a collection on behalf of that society. We know neither Jew nor Gentile under the gospel, and are half sorry to have any effort made upon the lines of that ancient division; but yet if the house of Israel cannot be reached by ordinary ministries they must be sought by peculiar means: hence we say, “God speed the Society.”

COLLEGE. — The annual breakfast of the College was held on *Friday, May 10*, after which short addresses were delivered by our brethren W. Williams, Cuff, and J. Manton Smith. A meeting was afterwards held in the lecture-room, when the tutors spoke briefly, and the President gave an address on the birth, origin, history, and work of a Metropolitan Tabernacle student. All goes well. A considerable number of new men have been selected for admission next August, and spheres are being found for those whose time has expired. Two or three good men are needing positions, but these will be found for them in the Lord’s time. We merely

mention the fact that vacant churches may know where to apply. We heartily wish that we could break up more new ground: friends living where a Baptist church is needed should apply to us. During the past month the following students have accepted pastorates: — Mr. Lyall, at Odiham, Hunts, and Mr. Jas. F. Foster, at Wick, N.B. Mr. Papengouth has gone to missionary work at Naples.

On *Sunday afternoon, May 12*, the annual sermon in the Tabernacle on behalf of the National, Temperance League was preached by the Rev. J. A. Macfayden, M.A. of Manchester, but for some reason or other the building was not nearly filled. What are the temperance men up to? Are they asleep? Their great sermons will not help them unless they muster in larger numbers.

On *Sunday evening, May 12*, our seat-holders, at our request, stayed away from the Tabernacle and prayed for a blessing upon the strangers who were expected to occupy their places. Although the service is no longer a novelty, the building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the singing, reverence, and general attention were all that could be desired. Our text was Matthew 5:45, "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Very large numbers of all ranks were unable to obtain admission, for the building was packed. The officials tell us that the excluded ones pleaded hard for admission, and gladly enough would every one have been accommodated, but the laws of matter do not allow of two persons occupying the same space. What a mercy to find the multitudes willing to hear! How earnest should be our prayers for a blessing to attend all that is spoken!

At the same hour an open-air service was conducted in the grounds of the Orphanage by the members of the Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, the orphans forming the choir. This is reported to have been a service of remarkable power.

On *Tuesday evening, May 14*, we again lent the Tabernacle to our Primitive Methodist friends for their annual missionary meeting, which we are glad to find was as large and enthusiastic as ever. The net increase of 149 to the membership of the denomination strikes us as being very small compared with other years, and also contrasted with the increase in the population. It is hardly as good as a decrease, for a decrease would be more likely to lead to earnest prayer and redoubled effort.

May 17th, the ninth annual meeting of the *Tabernacle Country Mission* was held in the Lecture Hall, the Pastor presiding. A goodly band of friends mustered to tea, among whom were little bands from each of the stations. Good Mr. Bowker must have been cheered to see his young soldiers surrounded by their friends. The report read by Mr. Clough referred to the services held at Putney, Carshalton, Walthamstow, Tiptree Heath, St. Mary Cray, Kensal Town, Tooting, New Hampton, Teddington, Upper Caterham, Southgate, and Pope Street, near Eltham, and also to open-air services in other places. It was brief and full of matter. The year's subscriptions amounted to £105 13s., and the expenditure to £105 2s. 10d., for which small sum a very large amount has been done by gratuitous laborers who want nothing but their expenses. This is one of the most profitable ways of spending money for our Master, and we are always glad to help. Short speeches interspersed with sweet song made up a happy evening and we came away feeling that the Lord's work is prospering in every department at the Tabernacle, for which his name is to be magnified.

A friend who stepped into a City church the other Sabbath day found there a congregation of nine with twelve performers to carry on the worship for them, namely, minister and clerk, six choristers, organist, blower, beadle, and vergers. Is this a profitable use of national property? This is by no means a solitary case: some City congregations are not quite so crowded.

The London City Missionary in the public-houses of Walworth writes to say that many coffee-houses in his district are supplied with *The Sword and the Trowel* monthly, and he adds, "these are highly prized by the proprietors and very many of their customers, and I believe much good is thus done in quiet, unostentatious manner. Neither the proprietors nor I know who pays for them, but I am told, 'a kind lady leaves them every month.'" We know how part of the work is done, and any who wish to help can write to Mr. Bartlett, Metropolitan Tabernacle. The City Mission needs aid for the support of the Walworth Public House Mission, which may have to be given up if special funds are not sent for its support. It is a good work and should not be relinquished.

Mr. Morton, of Longton writes very affectionately concerning the death, by scarlet fever, of Thomas Page, one of our orphan lads who has been in his service and lived in his house. He says, "He died leaning on Jesus, leaving Behind him a good name. I am very pleased to bear testimony to the fact that he was in every sense a good lad, and had become as attached

to us as one of our own. His abilities would have procured him a good position in life. He had just joined the church, and was very dear to a large circle of young friends. I have not merely lost a servant, but a friend." We mourn with our friend, but his testimony is very comforting to us, and will, we trust, help to cheer those who have helped us to train the orphans for Jesus.

CAPE TOWN. — We are delighted to see that our late student, Mr. Hamilton, is abundantly prospering in the upbuilding of a Baptist church in Cape Town. He now needs a new chapel and deserves to receive help from old England. At a bazaar which was arranged by his own friends the sum of £150 was cleared. We fear we shall see the good man over here collecting; it would be a deal better if we could send the money out and let him keep at his work. Certain foreign pastors use far too much of their time in gathering funds here. when they are wanted in their own field of labor; but they are not to be blamed for the money is needed. It would be a grand improvement in the exercise of Christian stewardship if Believers gave without the need of pressure and personal calls, and so kept the missionaries at their work. When will that day arrive?

Will our friends specially note that, the 19th of June is Mr. Spurgeon's Birthday and will be kept as a fete at the Orphanage. Proceedings will commence at 3 in the afternoon. Particulars will be announced by bills. This is a suitable time for sending in all moneys collected. Bazaar goods will also be very welcome.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: March 25th, seven; April 4th, twenty; 29th, nineteen; May 2nd, nineteen.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Young Llanero; a Story of War and Wild Life in Venezuela. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

PRODUCED in Messrs. Nelson's best style, and those who know what that is will comprehend that there is nothing better. The wood engravings are matchless. The story will be exceedingly fascinating to boys; but to our mind it lacks purpose, and we fail to see its use beyond amusement and a little instruction in natural history.

We beg here to express our deep sympathy with Messrs. Nelson under the heavy loss which they have sustained by their late disastrous fire. It will be a loss to the nation if the issue of their valuable works should be intermitted even for a few weeks.

The Speaker's Commentary: New Testament. Vol. 1 John Murray.

OUR opinion of the "Speaker's Commentary" improves as it proceeds. It is undoubtedly a standard work, and adds considerably to our expository stores. It will be of less value to plain readers than many of the older commentaries, but to ministers it will be a book of constant reference and instruction. The best scholarship from among the bishops and other Anglican clergy has been employed upon the work, and the volume before us is worthy of its predecessors. The whole issue will be an honorable monument to the learning and piety of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Martin Luther, the Prophet of Germany. By the Rev. J. S. BANKS. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster-row.

OUR Wesleyan friends are very wisely exerting themselves to produce a literature of their own, and they have been remarkably successful in obtaining authors who write with popular ability. In the present life of Luther the writer, of course, always takes the Arminian side upon such questions as free will, and the like, and thus he finds an excellent opportunity for gently advocating the creed which he has espoused. Of this we do not, complain, but rather hold it up to imitation, only wishing that we could see the press pouring forth a stream of literature equally imbued with Calvinism. Mr. Banks writes exceedingly well. He has given a vivid sketch of Luther, and for general use we do not know of a better biography in so small a space. Wesleyan peculiarities occur so seldom that any Protestant may circulate the book, whatever his doctrinal views. The woodcuts are quaint and suitable.

The Second Advent. By the Rev. J. BENNETT, M.A. James Nisbet and Co.

THE author tells us that this book is the outcome of lectures delivered during Lent, and now "published at the request of those who heard them." We suppose that those who heard them considered them worthy of being preserved; but for ourselves, after attempting to understand them, we fail to see their value. Those of our readers — if we have any such — whose souls thrill at the mention of the seven vials and the four-and-twenty elders,

will count us very heretical; but we can't help it. The Literalist school of prophetic students will find here a book after their own heart! but practical, working Christians will think it much-ado-about-nothing.

The Desert Path and the Heavenly Hope. By Mrs. HERBERT W. TAYLOR. Houghton and Co.

DEVOUT thoughts harmoniously expressed. Some of the verses are exceedingly sweet, and they have all the more charm about them when we remember that she who wrote them is now singing the new song before the throne.

Songs of Zion, Harmonized Edition. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON, M.A. Nelson and Sons.

THIS collection of hymns and tunes is an attempt, and a very successful one we think, to combine about a hundred and fifty of our grandest and sweetest time-honored "spiritual songs" with an equal number of the more modern melodies which have attained immense popularity since their introduction by our friends Philip Phillips, Sankey, and other singing evangelists. The harmonies introduced in this edition by Professor W. H. Monk are simple but good, and the tunes generally are well adapted to the hymns.

Palissy, the Huguenot Potter: a True Tale. By C. L. BRIGHTWELL. Religious Tract Society.

OUR young people cannot know too much about such heroes of the faith as Palissy, although we fancy there are nearly enough lives of him now. The author has attempted to give an account of the facts which Palissy himself recorded, weaving them into a tale. In these days of revived Romanism we need to keep the evil deeds of Rome before our children's eyes. Only the other day the daughter of a Baptist minister, quite a child, was decoyed into a Popish building on a Sabbath evening and baptized into antichrist without the father's knowledge or consent. The rascals are busy, and we had need be on our watch.

Triplicate Paper on Triunities. By ALFRED F. MORGAN. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE author searches through all nature and providence for analogies to the three personalities in the Deity, and with much the same success, we think,

as if they had been two or four. There is a short recommendatory preface by the Bishop of Manchester, more in reference to the design than to the success of the undertaking. It was reserved, in all probability, for the scheme of redemption to reveal to men and the whole intelligent universe the peculiar constitution of the divine nature. As without the Trinity there could be no redemption, so without redemption the Trinity could not be known and glorified.

NOTES

MANY memories were awakened in our mind when we received a letter from the vicar of Isleham, Cambs., to inform us that the venerable W. W. Cantlow, lately the minister of Pound-lane Chapel, had suddenly died. Between himself and us there existed this special bond, that on May 3, 1850, we were baptized by his hands into the name of the sacred Trinity in the river Lark, which is the Isleham baptizing place. We shall never forget rising early that morning at break of day for prayer, and then walking along the lonely country road in quiet meditation from Newmarket to Isleham to the house of Mr. Cantlow. His kindly smile greatly encouraged our trembling spirit. With holy delight he welcomed the youth, who desired to confess his Lord in the Scriptural fashion, and with many a loving word he bade him be faithful unto death. In the Isleham vestry for the first time our mouth was opened in prayer in a congregation of adults; and in the extremely gentle and cordial companionship of the pastor we spent a very happy evening, which we recollect was very cold, so that a peat fire, whose white appearance we still remember, was needed to warm the room. Mr. Cantlow was for some time a missionary in Jamaica, and is mentioned three times in Hinton's "Life of Knibb." For thirty-two years this excellent man resided at Isleham, and was the pastor of the church till age enfeebled him, and he welcomed our worthy student Mr. J. A. Wilson as his successor. He was great at giving the soft answer which "turneth away wrath"; he was beloved by his people, and universally respected in the village.

His death serves as a landmark in our life, reminding us at forty-four that the days are long past since we were generally spoken of as "the boy preacher." One correspondent kindly trusts that we shall be "*strengthened under the infirmities of our declining years,*" which kindly wish we gratefully acknowledge and lay by in store, but we hardly feel that it is

quite seasonable at present. Mr. Stevenson, in “The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, his Life and Work,” makes it out that we joined the Baptist church a year before we were baptized; but not so, we never dreamed of entering the church except by Christ’s own way; and we wish that all other believers were led to make a serious point of commencing their visible connection with the church by the ordinance which symbolizes death to the world, burial with Christ, and resurrection to newness of life. That open stream, the crowded banks, and the solemn plunge have never faded from our mind, but have often operated as a spur to duty and a seal of consecration. From henceforth let no man trouble me, for he who first saved me, afterwards accepted me, spirit, soul, and body, as his servant, in token whereof this mortal frame was immersed beneath the wave. The outward sign has served to bring vividly before mind and heart the spiritual meaning, and therefore is it dearly loved, for his sake who both ordained the ordinance and himself submitted to it.

The church at the Tabernacle agreed at the last annual meeting to celebrate the Silver Wedding, or 25TH ANNIVERSARY of MR. SPURGEON’S PASTORATE in the first week of January, 1879, if the Lord will. A committee has been formed to make arrangements for carrying out the festival in a proper manner, The Pastor having intimated his wish that an effort should be made to celebrate the occasion by obtaining funds for the Almshouses, there is to be a large bazaar held soon after Christmas. It would have been natural that a presentation to Mr. Spurgeon himself should have been a chief feature of the occasion, but he from the first objected to this, and desired that the poor of the church should have all the benefit by means of the relief afforded to the poor fund if the almswomen were no longer supported from it, as they have been hitherto. About £150 a year has now to be found for the alms-women, and Mr. Spurgeon feels that if he were removed this would be a burden upon the church which it might be unable to carry. Having built the additional almshouses, he wishes to see the additional endowment supplied. In case, however, any friends should not fall in with the proposed plan, they can devote their thankoffering to any object they may select, or they may give it to Mr. Spurgeon for his own personal use if such be their desire. Meetings for praise and prayer, and reunions of church-members, sermon readers, magazine-subscribers and the host of Mr. Spurgeon’s friends will be planned, and probably an account of the twenty-five years will be printed

and published. From this time to Christmas iris hoped that many will think how they can contribute to the success of the celebration.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION. — Mr. G. E. Elvin, the secretary of the Association bearing the above title, has sent to us a paper containing many interesting particulars about the society, but as we have not room for it *in extenso* we have culled a few extracts to lay before our readers. The association has been in existence for about fifteen years, and its objects have been threefold, — to commence and maintain regular services at as large a number of stations as possible, to train young Christians tot the work of the evangelist and pastor, and also to carry on, wherever practicable, the work of evangelization in connection with existing churches, and under their authority, In all these three designs considerable success has been achieved. Services are conducted every Sunday in eleven different stations, while several brethren are engaged among the lodging-houses in the Mint and elsewhere. Many of the members of the association have entered the ministry, some after a course of training in the Pastors' College, but as Mr. Elvin truly remarks, “the very mention of them indicates the weakness of the association; the best success it can have tends to impoverish it; the more it is able to train young men for the regular ministry, the more it is ‘minished and brought low,’ by its preachers leaving it for the College.” With pardonable pride he mentions our dear friends Mr. Orsman and Mr. Edward Leach as formerly occupying the position he now so ably fills, but he in a measure consoles us with the assurance that *he* is not likely to relinquish his post as secretary in order to become a pastor, or to enter the College, and that therefore if his life is spared he hopes to devote himself to the duties of his office for a goodly number of years. Long live the good man. O secretary, live for ever!

He says “the special distinctive work of the association for the past two years has been the effort we have made to help on the evangelization of London by means of the churches. Our pastor saw that the work must not be spasmodic, but perpetual, and that it must not be a thing outside the churches, but connected with them, and therefore, acting upon his suggestions, and under his sanction, and feeling that it was an agency of the largest church in the largest city of the largest empire of the world, and that therefore it ought to attempt great things, this association offered to the churches to send them approved men who should conduct special services in their own places of worship, with the view of awakening the unconcerned, and leading the anxious ones to the Savior.” It is gratifying

to learn that numerous invitations have been received from churches, not only of our own denomination, but also belonging to the Independents, Presbyterians, and other bodies; and it is equally cheering to learn that the services have been so much enjoyed that from almost all the places invitations for a second visit have been sent, and best of all that “not a single series has been held without some sinners being brought to Jesus. . . . During the last winter our meetings have been more numerous and successful than at any previous time.”

Mr. Elvin asks us specially to mention the need of increased financial help, as the work of the Association is growing more rapidly than the frauds in its treasurer’s hands. The expenditure for the half-year ending March 30 was £63 17s. 11d., the greater part of which was for rent, printing, postage, etc.; and on that date the balance due to the printer and treasurer was £5 1s. 4 d., and for rent of halls £16. We have been enabled to meet these amounts through the liberality of various friends, but it is very desirable that there should be a larger regular income to enable the work to be carried on in its ever-widening circle of usefulness and blessing. Mr. Elvin particularly requests that any donations and subscriptions that may be intended for the society, of which he is secretary, may be sent with an intimation that they are for the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists’ Association*, as otherwise, in mistake, they might be applied to the Pastors’ College Society of Evangelists, which supports our Brethren A. J. Clarke, J. Manton Smith, and J. Burnham; whereas his society consists of what are vulgarly called *laymen*, who are engaged in business, and require nothing but their traveling expenses. This is one of the cheapest and best of the many growing societies connected with the Tabernacle. We have allotted to it a few amounts which have been left at our discretion, and shall hope to do so in future as we are enabled by kind donors. We have received several letters from London ministers bearing testimony to the efficient services rendered by these earnest evangelists, and we feel confidence in inviting other churches to secure their aid. If only to break the monotony of their own regular work, our brother ministers would find these young evangelists a great relief to them.

On *Tuesday evening, May 28th*, the seventeenth annual meeting of the *Bible-class* formerly conducted by our beloved sister, Mrs. Bartlett, and since her death ably conducted by her son, was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall. About two hundred of the members of the class and their friends were present to tea, and a large number of others came for the

public meeting, at which the pastor presided, and delivered an address of the history of the class, its efforts and successes, its ups and its downs. He also spoke of the importance of individual effort for the conversion of souls, and the influence of Christianity in the homes of true believers. Sacred solos were sung by our Brother J. Manton Smith, and addresses were delivered By Sergeant Baily, of the Grenadier Guards, and by brethren Alfred J. Clarke, J. M. Smith, Townsend (the second student who has entered the College from the Orphanage), J. A. Soper, and E. H. Bartlett, the leader of the class, who closed a most interesting and comprehensive report of his labors by presenting to the pastor £48 4s. 1d., which had been contributed or collected by the class for the College. It was a very happy evening, and thoroughly worthy of the traditions of this famous class.

On *Wednesday evening, May 29*, about 2,500 persons were present at the Tabernacle for an evening of sacred song and addresses, by our evangelists and the evangelistic choir. The pastor took the chair, and opened the meeting with prayer; and after the hymn, "Come to Jesus" had been sung, spoke of the success which had rested upon the labors of our brethren, Clarke and Smith, notably at the Tabernacle last February. A large amount had then been expended for printing, advertising, free teas and the like; so that instead of sending up a contribution towards the College Evangelists' Fund, as most churches that receive a visit had done, there was a deficiency of about £26, which would no doubt be cleared off that evening. The time then passed most pleasantly with solos, choruses, and anthems from "The Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song," Mr. Smith singing the solos and occasionally leading the congregation with his cornet, Mr. Frisby conducting the evangelistic choir, and Mr. Buckley accompanying. Each of the evangelists also spoke briefly of their work, their difficulties, their success, and their Savior. An interesting incident of the meeting was the presentation of gold watches to Messrs. Clarke and Smith by the pastor, in the name of himself, the deacons, the choir. and other friends, who desired to give them some token of their Christian love and esteem. The choir is in a very efficient condition and sings most sweetly. We notice that some churches get up concerts, secular or sacred, in which the attraction is mere music. Is this the mission of the church of Christ? Is this the fitting use of the precious talent of song? Surely the winning of hearts for Jesus is our work, and not the provision of amusement. Singing can be made pleasantly subservient to our grand aim, and most happy and attractive gatherings

may be held without going into secular sing-song, and unprofitable entertainment. It is a good thing to keep our young people away from the demoralizing amusements around them, and to bring them under the Influence of the gospel by addresses and singing, of which the old, old gospel is the theme. This will have all the charms of music without the drawbacks which inevitably attend concerts, penny-readings, and the like.

On *Monday evening, June 3*, the annual meeting in connection with Mrs. Evans' *Home Missionary Working Society* was held in the lecture hall. This society makes garments for poor ministers and their families, and during the year has made many a heart to sing for joy by the boxes of clothing which it has sent out, of the value of £160. A little money goes a long way by the cutting and planning of our lady friends. Could not drapers, mercers, haberdashers, etc., at small self-denial to themselves, send on remnants, unfashionable pieces, and so on; for Christian ministers' wives and little ones in country villages care little about fashion? This is a favorite society with us, and if our readers could see the grateful letters received they would not wonder that we prize its modest but useful labors. More of this another time.

On *Tuesday, evening, June 11*, the annual meeting of *The Spurgeon's Sermons Tract Society* was held in the lecture hall. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. C. F. Allison, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Murrell, Charlesworth, Goldstone, Court. We were unable to be present, but we are informed on good authority that Mr. Allison made an excellent chairman, and that the meeting was a splendid one, full of life and power. He started the train of speakers and announced Mr. Murrell as the Pullman car, but not the sleeping car. Mr. Murrell made the speech of the evening, and, we are told, "brought down the house," whatever that may mean, by the announcement that he had collected £20 among his friends towards the funds of the society. Eighty thousand of Spurgeon's sermons have been circulated by this useful agency, which has thirty-seven depots in different parts of the country, and supplies every week 250 districts containing 7,000 houses. The honorary secretary is Mr. Cornell, 60, Hamilton-square, King-street, Borough, S.E., who will be happy to receive sermons and contributions, and also the names of any friends who desire to start agencies in their own districts for the loan of the sermons which are everywhere welcomed, and are more certain to be read than ordinary tracts. This method of spreading the gospel has been remarkably owned of God. Friends who can afford to buy the sermons and lend them

should do so on their own account, but those who have the time to circulate the sermons but no money to buy them should apply to this society, which will help them if it has the means to do so.

We wish the best success to the new evangelical paper, *The Christian Signal*. We do not wish to regard it in the light of opposition to existing papers, but as supplying a great lack. It was time that orthodox Christians of all denominations had some weekly medium for expressing their sentiments, and maintaining their principles. As Baptists we are well represented by two respectable papers, but the wider sphere of evangelism has no worthy representative. *The Christian World* with remarkable ability represents latitudinarianism, we only wish that we could see anything like the same vigor and talent employed in the defense of the good old cause. If ministers and Christian people who feel strongly on this point would promote the circulation of *The Christian Signal*, it would in due time become a powerful instrument for good. Other people have full liberty to advocate their own views, and we by no means condemn them for so doing; we therefore regret that something like personality is too apt to tinge the new paper, but we certainly should rejoice to see a thoroughly able penny journal which we could circulate without introducing our young people to dangerous errors.

COLLEGE — During the past month the following brethren have settled: Mr. Hollinshead at Rattlesden, Mr. Stead at Worthing, and Mr. J. G. Wilson at South-end-on-Sea. In addition to this, Mr. Mead has accepted the call to Ecclesiastes Our friend Mr. Holmes, late of Belfast, has sailed for Ontario, and we bespeak for him the sympathy and confidence of our Canadian friends. Mr. Javan is removing from Hamilton Road, Lower Norwood, to Warksworth in Northumberland. The students are now absent upon vacation, but are to re-assemble on Tuesday, August 6th. Some four-and-twenty new men are then expected to join the classes. We are still looking for places where new churches may be gathered, but By this we do not mean old places which everybody else has abandoned in despair.

BOOK FUND. — Mrs. Spurgeon is prepared to give “The Treasury of David,” or four volumes of sermons, to any *poor* ministers in Ireland who are in actual charge, and will apply to her for the grant. The offer applies to all Protestant denominations alike, and she is enabled to make it through the generosity of a princely donor. To make the amount go as far as

possible, recipients will be asked to pay the carriage of the parcels, but they are not to send anything when they make their application: that will be a matter of subsequent detail. Ministers who read this notice will oblige by communicating the information to their brethren, and assuring them that their applications will be heartily welcomed. Mrs. Spurgeon hopes to give her friends some interesting particulars as to the fund next month.

COLPORTAGE. — Since the Annual Meeting two additional colporteurs have been started; one at Crawley, Sussex, and the other at Hartford Bridge, Cramlington. It is to be hoped that the friends in the various districts who at present subscribe towards the support of the Colporteur will use every effort to continue the work during the widespread depression in trade which exists, as it is generally much easier to keep friends interested than to arouse their interest. It is encouraging to this Association that those who have tried the system of Colportage for the longest time are usually most satisfied with its valuable work and results, and anxious for its extension. The Secretary of one of our local Associations has kindly sent a copy of a resolution passed at the recent gathering, which was heartily adopted. It runs as follows, “That this Association, having heard the reports of the work done by the Colporteurs during the past year, would express its gratitude to God who has blessed the labors of its servants, and its esteem for the brethren engaged in Colportage; it would again commend this agency to the prayers and liberal support of the Churches,” etc. Our friends began with one agent, but continue adding to the number each year. Colportage needs only to be known to be valued and supported. The Colporteur scatters light in the dark places by the sale of Bibles and books of evangelical character, and useful and interesting publications. By his visits the mourner is cheered, and the fainting invalid comforted, while the dying who in many cases would not hear of Christ are pointed to him as the way of life. The last Annual Report is full of interesting cases of usefulness reported by the agents, which are only selected from a mass of letters on the same subject. We ask friends to pray for the work, and to help us by contributions, and by making it known to others.

ORPHANAGE. — *June* 19th. The Forty-fourth Anniversary of the Pastor’s Birthday was kept as a fete at the Orphanage. The day opened with bright sunshine, which very speedily vanished, and the sky was overcast; a thick darkness followed, and very soon torrents of rain descended. No prospect could have appeared more gloomy; yet many prayers had been offered for

the success of the day, and large numbers were looking forward to spending its hours in the Orphanage grounds in happy fellowship. Prayer was heard, the rain ceased, the day was above the average of days in this land of the weeping skies, and it concluded with abundant thanksgiving. The afternoon was fine, and the company began to arrive in large numbers, among whom we specially noticed a large contingent of country friends, whom we were right glad to see. The work of hand-shaking taxed all the pastor's strength, and the gifts for the Orphanage handed in to him needed all his wits and memory to keep a clear account. It was a time of joy and gratitude. At four o'clock an entertainment was given to the young folks, which the elder people appeared to enjoy. When this was over the friends sat about the grounds in groups to enjoy music and refreshments. At seven o'clock a large public meeting was held, which was presided over by G. Palmer, Esq., M.P. for Reading, who very heartily expressed his sympathy with the Orphanage, a sympathy which he has shown for many years in the most practical manner. On his departure the chair was occupied by Mr. T. Blake, the Baptist M.P. for Leominster, another beloved and hearty helper. Mr. Willis, Q.C., who is a staunch Baptist, Anti-state-churchman, and Liberal, addressed the meeting with a forceful eloquence which abundantly proves his fitness for the House of Commons; and we take this opportunity of expressing our hope that the borough of Colchester will at the next election return him at the head of the poll. Mr. Spurgeon, his father, his son Charles, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and Mr. Williams, of Upton Chapel, took part in one of the most lively and interesting meetings we have ever attended. The boys were specially jubilant, for a worthy gentleman and his bride who had been married in the morning sent £5 to be divided among them. The fete was a festival of Christian affection, and all day long there was a display of the loyal and fervent love of the church and people to their pastor, such as can never be excelled. In remembrance of the quarrels and disputes in many churches, such a scene was calculated to delight the Christian heart and compel the exclamation, "Beloved, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The Orphanage funds will be helped by contributions amounting to about £500, to which must be added the receipts of the bazaar, and the money paid for admission by nearly three thousand persons, who entered the grounds. The highest credit is due to Mr. Murrell and his volunteer staff of helpers, who conducted the heavy work of the refreshment department, and to Mr. Charlesworth for his capital programme. Dr. Barnardo's band and Mr. Courtney's choir greatly enlivened the proceedings: the illumination of the

grounds in the evening was exceedingly effective; and a splendid display of flowering annuals by James Carter and Co., of High Holborn, was a new feature, and a charming attraction. The pastor went home with a glad and grateful mind, praising God for his goodness, and feeling the ties which bind him to thousands of Christian friends fastening around his heart more strongly than ever.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon — May 23rd, nineteen; May 27th, thirteen; May 30th, sixteen.

THE VINE OF ISRAEL.

NO. 3243

A SERMON PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY, MARCH 30TH, 1911,

DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

On behalf of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 9TH, 1878.

“Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine.”—Psalm 80:14.

I FEEL somewhat straitened on this occasion, because of the, specialty of my subject. I have been persuaded by the Society to preach on the behalf of the Jews, but my mind does not quite run in the direction which is prescribed for it. I have been so in the habit of preaching the gospel to everybody, knowing neither Jew nor Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free, that the very recognition of anything like nationality and specialty is somewhat difficult to me. I do not think that the recognition of the distinction is wrong; nay, — I think it right, but it is so unusual that I scarcely feel at home. I would sooner, by a thousand times, take a text, and preach the gospel to sinners or to saints than discourse upon a special race; yet is it needful, and therefore let it be done; and I trust the Holy Ghost may make our meditation profitable. Assuredly, if there be any distinction

which might be maintained, and I think there is none, for that distinction of Jew and Gentile seems to me to be wiped out and obliterated, — if there be any distinction, we may, at least, recollect that which lingeringly subsists between the seed of Israel and the nations, for God's election of old fell upon them, and when the old world lay in darkness, gleams of light gladdened their eyes. To them belonged the oracles. They were long the sole preservers of precious truth, which they have handed down to us; and if through their unbelief we have taken their place, we cannot but recollect who occupied it for so many centuries, and we cannot but look with extraordinary tenderness and affection and earnest desire to that elder family when the Lord loved so long, and towards whom, methinks, his love still burneth, as shall be seen when the day comes in which he shall gather Israel again unto himself.

We shall view the prayer of the text, in its reference to Israel. "Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." The vine was peculiarly a type of Palestine and the Jewish nation. When this Psalm was written, the Gentiles were not in the psalmist's mind, but only Israel. So let us speak of Israel now, and let us pray to God that he will return in mercy, behold in pity, and visit this vine, and the vineyard which his right hand hath planted.

I. First, let us reflect upon WHAT AN AMOUNT OF INTEREST SURROUNDS THIS VINE, — this chosen people. Brethren, Israel has a history compared with which the annals of all other nations are but poor and thin. Israel is the world's aristocracy, and her history is the roll-call of priests and kings unto God. At the very beginning, what interest attaches to *the planting of this vine!* The psalmist speaks of the Lord bringing the vine out of Egypt, and casting out the nations that he might find a trench wherein he might place Israel's roots, that she might strike deep, and take possession of the soil. But what wonders God wrought in the removal of Israel from the soil of Goshen, wherein her vine seemed to have taken deep root, until the wild boar of Egypt began to uproot her! Never can we forget what he did at the Red Sea. Even at the very mention of the name, we feel as if we could sing unto the Lord who triumphed gloriously, and cast the horse and his rider into the depths of the sea. What marvels he wrought all through, the wilderness, when he turned the rock into a pool of water, and made refreshing streams to follow his chosen along the burning sand! Neither can we forget the Jordan; our hearts begin to sing at the mention of the name, — What ailed thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back when the Lord's

ark led the way through the depths of the river, and the priests stood still in the midst, while all the hosts of his people passed over dry-shod? Neither can we fail to exult, as we think of the planting of the vine in Canaan. Saw ye not the walls of Jericho tottering in ruins at the sound of the ram's horns when Israel gave her shout, for the Lord was in the midst of his people? Therefore the sword of Joshua smote the Canaanites till they were utterly destroyed, the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, because the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man, working marvelously with his people, that he might settle them in the land which he gave unto their fathers, — the land which flowed with milk and honey. When I think of such a planting, it seems to me that this vine can never be given up to be utterly burned with fire after wonders as these. It is not God's fashion to cast away a people for whom he has done so much. The commencement of Israel's national history is by far too good to close, as we fear it must, if we judge only according to carnal reason. An era brighter and more glorious must surely dawn, and the Lord must, bring again from Bashan, and lead up his chosen nation from the depths of the seas. Once again he will make bare his arm, even he that cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon, and the whole earth shall behold all Israel, both spiritual and national, singing in one joyous song the song of Moses the servant of God, and of the Lamb. The very planting of the nation makes us feel the deepest possible interest in its welfare. O God, behold, and visit *this* vine, as the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted!

Let us reflect again upon *the prosperity of Israel, and the wide influence which the nation exercised for centuries*. I am keeping closely to the Psalm, which is really my text, for we are told that, after the planting of the vine, "the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto, the sea, and her branches unto, the river." No nation has ever exercised such an influence upon the thought of the world as the Jewish people have done. I grant you that some other nations exercised greater influence upon the world's art and sculpture, and the like for Israel eschewed much of art and science, not greatly to her loss, especially since the reason, for it was so greatly to her gain. But the idea of one God, which the Lord had graciously written upon the hearts of his elect people, though it took many an age to erase the natural lines of idolatry which nature had imprinted there, — that idea of the unity of the Godhead is a treasure, handed to us by the seed of Abraham. The grand truths which were contained in type and shadow, and

outward ordinance, and given to the chosen people of God, exercised a far more powerful influence over the world than, perhaps, most of us have ever dreamed. I feel certain that the religion of Zoroaster came from the Jews. I believe that much of whatever is pure in Eastern religions might be distinctly traced to the teachings of Moses, to gleanings of the Israelitish vintage which were carried to the nations through their commerce and intercommunication; perhaps directly and distinctly by the teachings of Jews who journeyed thither as exiles in captivity. The earth had become corrupt even in father Abraham's time; and though, here and there, there might have been found goodly individuals like the patriarch Job, adhering to the simple worship of the one only God, yet, for the most part, the whole world was sunken in idolatry, and the light came, to it, and remains in it, gleaming strangely in the darkness, like flashes of lightning amidst the blackness of a tempest: that light came always, as I believe, by the way of Israel. The original light of tradition grew dimmer and dimmer, and threatened to die out, for in transmission from father to son its brightness was sadly beclouded with human error. But the truth retained much of its vitality and purity in the midst of Israel, and from, Israel it influenced the rest of the nations. In the days of Solomon, how proudly did the temple stand upon its holy hill, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the one Pharos of the, midnight, sea of humanity! That little country — we often forget what a very little district Palestine occupied, — was, nevertheless, the very queen among the nations. From far-off Sheba they came to hear the wisdom of Solomon and to other lands the rumor of his glory extended, and all his greatness was connected with the worship of God, for she who came from Sheba, came to hear all the wisdom of Solomon “concerning the Lord his God.” That little land thus influenced all lands, and transmitted far-off adown the centuries what was known of the ever-blessed God among the people. To me it seems so sad that she that sat over against the treasury should now be poor; that she that laid the daily showbread before the Lord should now be famished; that she that piled the temple, and brought the offering, should now turn away from the one only Sacrifice, and should these many days remain without priest or temple. Alas! poor Israel; our hearts take the deepest interest in thee, and we pray the, Lord to look down, and behold, and visit this vine, when we remember the days of thy glory, and all the splendor of the revelation of the Most High in the midst of his people.

Nor does the interest become one particle the less when we come to *the time of Israel's decay*. She would imitate the heathen, and go aside to false gods; nothing could cure her of it. She was chastened again and again, and at last, it came to banishment, and the people were scattered. Alas, for the tears that Judah and Israel shed! What sea could hold them all? How were God's people made to smart, and cry, and groan! Let the waters of Babylon tell how salt they flowed with Judah's griefs. How could they sing the Lord's song in that strange land? What a history of woe has Israel's story been! And then, when they were brought back cured of idolatry, as, thank God, they most effectually are, there came an equally mournful decay; for formalism, the absence of all spiritual life, — the mere observance of outward ritual, came into the place of idolatry, and the people in whom all the nations of the earth were blessed had the Christ among them, but refused him. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Woe worth the day! Speak of it with sevenfold sorrow. *He* came for whom they long had waited — Israel's hope, — and they refused him; yea, they crucified him. My tongue will not attempt to tell what came of it, when his blood was on them and on their children. Earth, never saw a more terrible sight than the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. Then did they sell the ancient people of God for a pair of shoes, and the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, were esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter. The enemy ploughed the holy place, and sowed it with salt, and the seed of Abraham were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Alas! the evil ceased not when the last stone was overthrown, but wrath followed the fugitives. Through many, many centuries Israel was persecuted — shame covers my face, — persecuted by those who called themselves Christians. The blood of Israel hangs in great gouts upon the skirts of Rome, and will bring down upon that thrice-accursed system the everlasting wrath of the Most High; for did they not grievously oppress the Jews in Spain and every other Catholic country, remorselessly hunting them down as if they were unfit to live; torturing them in ways that it were impossible for us to describe, lest your cheeks should blanch as you heard the horrible story? The men that were of the same race as the Christ of God were so hated by the professed followers of Jesus that no indignities were thought to be great enough, and no severities to be fierce enough, for execution upon those they thought to be the execrable Jews. Thank God, such persecution is over now, — let us hope for ever, at least in the Western world. The race would have been stamped out, however, if Rome's tender mercies could have wrought their will. Go

to the Ghetto to-day, in the Jews' quarter in Rome, and see the church, as I have done, in which a certain number of Jews were compelled to hear a sermon, once in the year, leveled at their own race and faith, and over the door of which is written what from such a quarter is a wanton insult to them, "Unto Israel he saith, All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people." Verily it would be so eternally if the hands of Rome were the hands to be stretched out, when she encouraged if she did not command the racing of Jews in the Corso, and the pouring of contempt upon them in the rudest fashion. Israel would never worship images, saints, and virgins. Blessed were they as a nation for this thing at least, that they utterly rejected the idolatry of which Rome is shamelessly guilty. It were better far to be no Christian than to think Popery to be Christianity, for it is one of the vilest forms of idolatry that ever came from the polluted heart of man. Alas, poor Israel, what hast thou suffered! What tongue can tell thy woes? I feel, perforce, compelled to apply to Israel the language which Byron applied to Rome, when he called her "the Niobe of nations," and reckoned all sorrows beside hers put petty misery: —

*“What are our griefs and sufferance? Come and see
Jerusalem in heaps, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples.”*

Look, too, on a princely people crushed under persecution, laboring and finding no rest. Princes were hanged up by their hand; the faces of elders were not honored. They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets: they that were brought up in scarlet embrace dunghills. Then was fulfilled Jeremiah's Lamentation, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!"

But we will not end here, my brethren. The interest which we feel with regard to Israel, and which makes us pray, "Lord, visit this vine," rises as we think of *its future*. I am no prophet or interpreter of the prophecies, but this much seems clear to me, that the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the Jews, will have dominion over them, and they shall be converted, and shall own him to be the Messiah who was promised to their fathers, so doth the New Testament teach us as well as the Old. It seems to me that we may work for the conversion of Israel with the absolute certainty that, if we do not see it ourselves, yet it shall be seen; for the natural branches of the olive, which for a while were cut off, shall be grafted in again, and so all Israel shall be saved. The future of the Gentiles in the fullness of its glory

can never be accomplished till, first of all, the Jews shall be ingathered. Ye shall have no millennia, day, or full brightness of Messiah's glory, until yonder, by Jordan's streams and Judah's deserted hills, where once the Savior worked, and walked, and preached, the song shall yet again arise of Hallelujah to the God of Israel.

One thought more, and then I leave this point of the interest we take in Israel; we must forever take a special interest in the Jews, because *of them came our Lord*. He was so completely a man that, one forgets that he was a Jew, and, perhaps, for the most part it is best that we should, for he is more a man than a Jew; but, still, "he took not up the nature of angels, but he took up the seed of Abraham." Jesus is the Son of David. The Jews have a part in him, after the flesh which we have not; and, amid all the privileges which we enjoy, we call to our aid, let them have everything that they can claim; and they can certainly prove a special kinship to him whom our soul loveth. Oh, if it were far nothing else but that our Savior was of the Jews, we ought to love them, and make them the subject of our prayers and of our earnest efforts! Surely the mention of that will suffice, and I need not say so much as one solitary word more. Interest in the Jews, indeed, is a very wide subject, and we have said enough for the present purpose.

II. NOW, SECONDLY, WHAT IS IT THAT THE JEWISH PEOPLE NEED? We have been exhorted by all the things to pray for this vine. What is it that is needed?

The answer of our text is, "Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." A visitation from God is the one thing needful for Israel. For what purpose should God visit the Jews, then? I say, brethren, it is the one essential thing in order to give them *spiritual life*. Our acquaintances with the interior of the Jewish commonwealth at the present time is not very large, but some of us have observed that there are two sorts of Israelites. Some are devout,-devout men, with some of whom it has been our privilege to have hearty fellowship in matters of common interest touching the things of God. When we have spoken together of the providence of God and of faith in the divine mercy, we have been much of the same mind. In the late debate brought on by Colenso, we were able, in comparing notes, to feel the same zeal for the value of the Old Testament and for the glory of the ever-blessed God. Whether we were Christians or Jews, we were equally zealous to repel the infidel assaults of the famous master of

arithmetic. We meet now and then with men whose sincerity and devotion we could not doubt at all: would to God that their sincerity led them to such the Scriptures, and to examine the claims of our Lord Jesus! Such men lament that many of their people seem to, have no religion, or — what is almost the same thing, — to have nothing more than the outward form. Their being of the Israelite race is distinctly recognized, and never for a moment held back; the Sabbath is almost universally hallowed, for which let Israel put to shame many so-called Christian lands; much is done that is commendable, much which exhibits high integrity and uprightness; but yet be a large extent the race is sunk in worldliness and misled by superstition. Oh, that God would visit the Jew, and ends him with an inquiring and unprejudiced heart, with longing after the God of his fathers, with a deeper reverence and a truer zeal for the glory of Jehovah!

The visitation of God may well be entreated that he would next grant *enlightenment* to his people, taking away the veil which has been cast over their eyes, and enabling them to see the true Messenger of the covenant. There are thousands of Israelites today who only want to know that Jesus is the Messiah, and they would as gladly accept, him as any of us have done. It seems to us so strange that they can read the fifty-third of Isaiah, and so many other plain passages of the prophets and of the psalms, without seeing that the Man of Nazareth is the Christ of God; yet they do read, but the veil is on their hearts so that they do not perceive Christ in their interpretations. Alas, that the Son of righteousness should shine, and Israel should be in darkness! With many of the seed of Abraham there is an honest desire to receive whatsoever can be shown to be the truth of God. If the Lord will touch, their eyes and remove the scales; what an enlightenment on the whole nation would follow! A nation would be born in a day. What joy for us, what honor to God, what happiness to themselves, if they might but be delivered from their present alienation! O God, thou alone canst do this; we cannot. All arguments seem to be in vain, but do thou behold, and visit this vine!

When the spiritual life of the nation shall have been revived, and there shall be an enlightenment of the intellect, they will only not the Spirit to work upon the heart. Even as the Holy Ghost has quickened and regenerated us, so must it be with them, for there is no difference between Jew and Gentile in this matter. The same regenerated work is wanted, — the same enlightening of the Holy Ghost; and if the Lord will do this, our hearts shall be exceedingly glad.

III. WHAT, THEN, CAN WE DO? We are great debtors to Israel, what can we, do for her?

Some people are always afraid of telling Christian people to do anything. They mutter between their teeth, "The Lord will do his own work," and they are afraid that they should be interfering with God's prerogatives. Ah, my dear brethren, I am not afraid that some of you will ever do the Lord's work, for you do not do your own; that part which you can do is neglected. Do not be so mightily frightened lest you should be too active. It is God's work to visit Israel, and gather out his people, and he alone can do it; but he works by means. What, then, would he have us do?

I answer, the first thing we can do is *to pray for Israel*. You believe in the power of prayer, do you not, my brother? Why, some of us can no more doubt the power of prayer than we can doubt the forge of a steam-engine or the influence of the law of gravitation, became to us the effects and results of prayer are everyday things. We are in the habit of speaking with God about everything, and receiving replies which to us are as distinct as if he had spoken to us with words. We can speak boldly in prayer to God concerning Israel. No nation can be nearer to God's heart than the Jews. We may be bold with the mighty God. We may open our mouth wide, for he will fill it. We may plead with him urgently after this fashion, — Wilt thou not glorify thyself by the salvation of the Jews? What couldst thou do that would more signally strike the whole world with awe than if thou went to turn this wonderful nation to the faith of Christ? Thou hast taught them the unity of the Godhead, thou haste burnt this truth into their very souls; now teach them the Deity of thy Son, who is one with thee. Bring them; to rejoice in the triune God with heart and soul, and all lands shall hear of it, and say with wonder, "Who are these?" Great God, were not these thy messengers of old? When thou wantest heralds, didst thou not look to Israel? Thou didst take James and John, and Peter and Paul. Thou wilt find such as these amongst them now, if thou wilt call them, — both boastful Peters and persecuting Pauls, whom thy grace can transform into mighty testifiers for the name of Jesus. Let us pray to God to do this. We can pray.

The next thing we can do is *to feel very kindly towards that race*. I know all that will be said about converted Jews, and I lament that there should have been grave occasion given in many instances; but, for my part, I have been glad of late to smart a little for the sake of my Lord. I have said, "Well, it was a Jew that saved me; and even if this professed convert

should have a hypocritical design upon my purse, I had better be deceived by him that turn away an honest kinsmen of my Lord." I do not marvel that there should be deceivers among the Jews, for have not we plenty of such in our churches, who, for the sake of loaves and fish and pelf, creep in among us, pretending to be followers of Christ when their hearts know nothing about him In all ranks and conditions of man, hypocrisy is sure to be found; but, for all that, we do not turn round and say, "The Gentiles are a bad lot. We will have nothing more to do with them, because two or three of them deceived us." The Gentiles are always taking us in; we know they are, and still we have hope for them. And so must we always have hope towards Israel, and instead of thinking bitterly and speaking bitterly, we must cultivate kindness of spirit both to those who become Christians and to those who remain in unbelief. I, for one, thank God that this land has now for several years swept away the civil disabilities of the Jew. He is no longer a stranger in the land, but he settles down in the midst of us, and exercises all the rights of citizenship. May the kindness of feeling which has prompted this change, — and it came, I think, mainly from earnest Christians, — lead the Israelites to think kindly of our faith.

Another thing we can do, dear friends, and that is, *to keep our own religion pure*. I marvel not that Jews are not Christians when I know what sort of Christianity, for the most part, they have seen. When I have walked through Rome, and countries under Rome's sway, and have seen thousands bow before the image of a woman carried through the streets, — when I have seen the churches crammed with people bowing down before pieces of bone, and hair, and teeth of dead saints, and such like things, — I have said to myself, "If I were a worshipper of the one true God, I should look with scorn upon those who bow before these cast clouts, and mouldy rags, and pieces of rotten timber, and I know not what besides. No, no, good Jew; join not with this idolatrous rabble; remain a Jew rather than degrade yourself with this superstition! If the Lord has taught you that there is an unseen God who made the heavens and the earth, and who alone is to be worshipped, — if you have heard the voice of thunder which saith, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is our God,' stand you to that, and go not one inch beyond it, if the way before you invites to the worship of things that are seen, and the reverence of men who call themselves priests, and the whispering out of every filthy thought into a confessor's ear. No, no, no, Israel; thou art brought very low, but thou are

far too noble to become an adorer of crosses and wafers, and pictures and relics.”

Even in our own land there is a good deal which would not wish a Jew to regard as Christianity. To my mind, baptismal regeneration is about as glaring a piece of Popery as there is to be found in the world; and they can hear that lie publicly taught in England. Grievous, too, it is to my very heart that they may hear it among them who profess a purer form of faith than that of which we have spoken. Try, brothers and sisters, to keep Christ’s religion as Christ taught it. Purify it. Let it come back to its original form.

Labor also to be Christians in ordinary life. If a Jew says, “I would like to see a Christian,” do not let him see a person full of superstitions. Let him see one who believes in the triune God, and who tries to live according to the commands of God, and who, when he talks about Jesus, lets you see the mind which dwelt in Jesus, the same mind bring in him. When once the Church of God shall bear a clear testimony to the truth of God both with lip and life, great hindrances will be taken out of the way of Israel. I know you say, “Well, Jews ought to know that we hold a very different faith from Romanists.” I know that you think so, but I am not able to perceive how the Jews are to learn the distinction, for Baptists are called Christians as much as we are. Their religion is dominant in some countries: it is prominent in every country. How is the Jew to know that it is not the religion of Christ? As he thinks that it is so, he declared that he will have nothing to do with it; and I for one cannot condemn him, but approve of his resolve. I only hope that, as the years roll on, we who worship God in sincerity, and have no confidence in the flesh, we who are saved by the faith which saved Abraham, who is our father after the spirit though not according to the flesh, that we, I say, may be able to bring this purer faith more clearly to the knowledge of Israel, and that God will lead his ancient nation to be fellow-heirs with us. We must keep our doctrine pure, and hold it individually with clean hands and a pure heart, or we have not done all that we can for Israel.

This being done, I will next say that *we must each one evangelize with all his might*. Do this not among Jews only, but among Gentiles also. Wherever you are, tell abroad the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Do not live a single day, if opportunity serve you, without testifying concerning the love of God which is revealed in the cross of Calvary. Your prayer should be for

the whole Church of God, "Behold, and visit this vine." And as a large number of God's elect ones are as yet hidden in darkness, let, us pray unto the Lord that he would visit this vine, and make these branches to spring out into the light, that on them also there may be rich clusters to his praise.

Brothers and sisters, we are ourselves saved, are we not? Come, ere you go away, let the question be put to you, Are you saved? Are you really believers in Jesus? Is the Christ formed in you? Have you realized that he is your Savior? Are you trusting him now? Will you live to him? Are you consecrated to him, spirit, soul, and body? If you are, that is the first thing. If you are not, I cannot ask you to pray for Israel, or for anybody else, till first of all God has put a cry into your soul for yourselves. If you are saved, then let me ask myself and you, "Are we doing all we might for the honor and love of Jesus?" Sitting on these seats, might not many say, "We have not begun to live for Christ yet as we ought"? May the Lord quicken you! There was a young man here, one Thursday night, when I closed with some such words as these, who derived lasting benefit from them. Or was a gentleman doing a large business, to whom it had never occurred that he might preach Christ. It did occur to him that night, and he went to the town in which he lived, and began to preach in the streets straightway. He is now the pastor of a large church, though he still continues his business; and his is an example to be imitated by many. I would to God that some young man might be quickened to feel that he must do something, for Israel perhaps, for Christ certainly. And you, sisters, may you feel a divine impulse upon you while you pray God to visit the vine which he has planned! May he also visit you, and make you fruitful vines unto his praise! The Lord bless every one of you, for Christ's sake! Amen.

AN INTERRUPTION IMPROVED.

A FEW WORDS SPOKEN BY MR. SPURGEON AT A PRAYER-MEETING, WHEN A FRIEND HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT IN A FIT.

POSSESS your souls in quietness, beloved friends. When we are engaged in prayer, or in any other form of worship, interruptions may occur, especially in large assemblies. We cannot expect all nature to be hushed because we are bowing the knee. Permit not your minds to be easily distracted, or you will often have your devotion destroyed. Rather let us learn a lesson from a painful incident. I seemed to hear a voice in that pitiful cry of our friend, and it bade me have pity upon the many whose life is one long agony. Let that doleful moan awaken sympathy for thousands in the hospital and out of it who are grievously tormented. We are in good health, and are sitting in the midst of a happy company of our fellow Christians; let us be grateful that we have not been struck down to be carried out; amid the distress of anxious friends. Sympathy and gratitude are two choice emotions, and if both of these are aroused by the interruption we shall have gained more by it, than we can possibly have lost.

Sympathy or fellow-feeling may well be excited by the sight or hearing of pain in our fellow-creatures. We may indulge it freely, for it is not only due to the sufferer, but exceedingly beneficial to the humane heart which feels it. Those who are never out of health themselves, and keep aloof from the poor and the sick, are apt to undergo a hardening process of the most injurious kind. It is a sad thing for the blind man who has to read the raised type when the tips of his fingers harden, for then he cannot read the thoughts of men which stand out upon the page; but it is far worse to lose sensibility of soul, for then you cannot peruse the book of human nature, but, must remain untaught in the sacred literature of the heart. You have heard of "the iron duke," but an iron Christian would be a very terrible person: a heart of flesh is the gift of divine grace, and one of its sure results is the power to be very pitiful, tender, and full of compassion. You would feel all the greater sympathy with some afflicted ones if you knew how good they are, and how patient under their sufferings. I am delighted with the diligent way in which some of our tried sisters come out to religious services. When many in good health stay away from the meetings upon the

most frivolous excuses, there are certain dear sick ones who are never absent. There is one among us who has marty fits in a week, but how she loves to be here! I beg her to sit near the door, for her fits may come upon her at any moment, but she is an example to us all in the constancy of her attendance. Have sympathy with all the sick, but especially with those who might be spoken of in the words applied to Lazarus, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick."

I mentioned *gratitude* also, and I hope it will not be forgotten. Let the cry of pain remind us that we owe our Lord a song of thanksgiving for screening us from the greater ills of life, — consumption sapping the constitution, asthma making it misery to breathe, epilepsy tearing us to pieces, or palsy causing every limb to lose its power. Blessed be God for our limbs and senses, and for health which sweetens all. We shall never become too grateful; let us abound in thanksgiving.

This interruption speaks to us with a still deeper and more solemn tone. Our friend is not dead, but might readily enough have been so. That cry says to me — "Prepare to meet thy God." We are liable to death at any moment and ought always to be ready for it: I mean not only ready because we are washed in the blood of the Lamb, but because we have set our house in order and are prepared to depart. I feel it right when I lay my head upon my pillow to ask myself, "If I never wake on earth, is it well with my soul?" and then to reply,

*"Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or of my Savior's breast."*

Could we now, dear friends, at this moment resign our breath, and without further preparation crater upon the eternal world? Breathing out the prayer, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," could we now ascend from earth, made meet for the inheritance above? It should be so. Everything about us should be in such order that if our Lord should come while we are in the field we should not wish to go into the house, but could depart at once. I agree with the great scholar Bengel that death should not become a spiritual parade, but should be regarded as the natural close of our ordinary life; the final note of the psalm of which each day has been a stanza. We ought so to live that to die would be no more remarkable than for a man in the middle of business to hear a knock at the street door, and

quietly to step away from his engagements. There should be no hurrying for a clergyman to administer sacraments, or for a lawyer to write a hasty will, or for an estranged relative to make peace; but all should be arranged and ordered as if we kept our accounts closely balanced, expecting an immediate audit. This would make noble living, and do more for God's glory than the most triumphant death scene. A friend remarked to George Whitefield that should he survive him he would wish to witness his death-bed, and hear his noble testimony for Christ. The good man replied, "I do not think it at all likely that I shall bear any remarkable witness in death, for I have borne so many testimonies to my Lord and Master during my life." This is far better than looking forward to the chill evening or actual sunset of life as the time of bearing witness. Let us set about that holy work immediately, lest swift death arrest us on the spot and seal our lips in silence. Be faithful every day that you may be faithful to the end. Let not your life be like a tangled mass of yarn, but keep it ever in due order on the distaff, so that whenever the fatal knife shall cut the thread it may end just where an enlightened judgment would have wished. Practice the excellent habit of Mr. Whitefield to whom I before referred, for he could not bear to go to bed and leave even a pair of gloves out of place. He felt that his Master might come at any moment, and he wished to be ready even to the minutest details.

Now that disturbing incident is over, and we shall settle down again, all the more ready to unite in prayer and praise.

NOTES.

WE have been greatly cheered by receiving recently a letter from Belgrade accompanying copies of one of our sermons which has been translated into the Servian tongue, and sent to each of the twelve hundred priests and teachers in that country. The sermon selected is No. 1389, from the text, "Be of good comfort, rise, he calleth thee;" No. 279 also is being prepared for the press. The friend who sends us the information says that no Protestant preacher in Servian is in the country, and the Greek church is in an extraordinarily dead state. He speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Mijatovich. The translator, and asks for our prayers that this work may be made a great blessing, Will not our readers unite in the petition?

On *Sunday, June 23rd*, Mr. Henry Hutt, of Reading, brought sixty members of his Saturday Evening Bible Class to the Tabernacle, After the morning service Mr. Murrell provided them with a dinner in one of the College rooms, and in the afternoon they attended Mr. Charlesworth's Bible class for young men, and afterwards partook of tea at the Orphanage. At the tea-table they subscribed sufficient to maintain the orphans for one day, and presented the amount (£10 10s.) to Mr. Spurgeon in the deacons' room at the Tabernacle before the, evening service. We are always receiving kindness from friends at Reading, and none are more welcome at the Tabernacle than they are.

Two of the most tempestuous Sabbaths we have ever experienced were the 23rd and 30th of June. What with dense darkness, tempest, and deluging rain it was wonderful that any one came forth at all, and yet there were the people, bent upon the worship of God. The numbers to £152.

July 2 We were unable to preach at Mr. Abraham's, near Whitney, according to promise, for the severe weather confined us to our bed. Our beloved father took the service, and so our place was well filled. We are quite afraid to make engagements since we are so often laid aside in the most painful manner, and disappointment is the result. We wish the Christian public would believe in our inability to preach every day, at least for the present.

No sooner was it known that we were going to Scotland on July 8th, for rest, than we received requests for sermons, not only from a large number of Scotch towns, and from places on each of the three lines of railway, but we were entreated just to make a few hours' stay and preach in North Wales, as also on the Cumberland coast, which as everybody knows are both on the road to Scotland if you choose to make them so. How many pence we have been fined in the form of postage for replies to these insanely kind demands we will not calculate, but it is rather too absurd. We are told over and over again that we could stop two hours and go on by the next train; and this being done at a dozen places, when should we reach Scotland? This, too, when a man is out for a holiday!

Alas, the holiday itself had to be postponed for a while through continued ill health. Now, it may seem a very simple thing to write to these good people and say "No;" but it is not so. It pains us to refuse anyone, and to decline to preach is so contrary to all our heart's promptings, that we had rather be flogged than feel compelled to do it.

July 5. This evening a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the College in anticipation of the *Celebration of our Pastor's 25th Anniversary*. The ladies were present in great force, and cheerfully accepted the responsibility of preparing a Bazaar for the week after Christmas. The kind words and loving expressions used towards the Pastor furnished abundant evidence that everyone will enter heartily into this movement. Mr. Spurgeon was only able to be present for a short time, owing to his ill health, but his address and that of other friends met with the heartiest response. This celebration can on the evening of the 30th were sensibly only be a success by the spontaneous zeal diminished, and yet to a stranger the place of all friends of Mr. Spurgeon. A wedding, whether it be a silver one or a first one, is nothing without heart. This must be begun. continued, and ended with spirit, or left alone.

COLLEGE. — On *Friday morning, June 28*, the President met the students in the lecture hall of the Tabernacle before they left for their summer vacation, and preached to them from Psalm 118:27. At the close of the sermon, which seemed to move the hearts of all present, the session was concluded with the observance of the Lord's Supper, and a few appropriate farewell words from the President, who intimated that the vacation would terminate on Tuesday, August 6th, when he should be glad to meet the brethren, together with the new students, who would then for the first time enter the College.

In the evening the Evening Classes of the College were brought to a close for another session by a tea, followed by a meeting in their rooms at the College. Mr. Spurgeon presided, opened the meeting with prayer, and having called upon Professor Fergusson to give the introductory remarks, preached a sermon upon consecration to the Lord. Mr. Kirk read the report in the absence of the secretary, through illness, and presented forty guineas from the members of the classes, for the College funds, a clear proof of the interest felt by the evening students, The report stated that there were three hundred names on the books, the average attendance being one hundred and sixty. One hundred and twenty new members had joined during the last six months, and their coming from all parts proved the need of such classes. The chairman thanked the brethren for their contribution after which addresses were delivered by Messrs. Juniper, Thwaites, Hustler, Fowler, and C. Spurgeon, and a very pleasant and profitable evening was thus spent. *Young men who desire to improve their talents that they may employ them in the service of God are admitted to*

the classes without fee or reward. Out of these classes come numbers of workers in all departments of Christian service. There is room for more. Application can be made to the secretary, Pastors' College, Newington Butts. The next term will commence August 7th.

Most cheering news has been received from Mr. Blackie, of Calcutta, who is enjoying great prosperity, and also from our brother at the Cape, whose work is marvelously succeeding,

ORPHANAGE. — The following notice of a trip of the orphan boys was sent to us, and it gave us great pleasure to read it, but we did not dream of printing it. We have been over-persuaded by unwise friends, and now permit it to be inserted in the magazine, expecting to be condemned for egotism, and so on. If it will afford pleasure to any individual so to construe our weakness we must bear the rebuke; but the acts recorded are so very kind, and show such a fine Christian spirit on the part of many, that even though we feel unworthy to receive such generous esteem, we cannot help recording it to the honor of those who render it.

Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage Boys in Beds.

Although the Stockwell Orphanage has been established some ten years, to many it is only known in name, and its claims for support are consequently not recognized by them. There is an idea in some quarters that Mr. Spurgeon is never in need of money to carry on his works, or if he is, he has only to mention the fact to his friends and admirers to provoke a golden shower. It is all very well when those who held this opinion contribute their quota, but when it is urged as an excuse for not giving at all it becomes an unfortunate fallacy. As Mr. Spurgeon requires for the support of his Orphanage £10 a day, and for the whole of his institutions some £300 or more every week, it will be seen how necessary it is to use all legitimate means to enlarge the constituency from which the supplies are drawn. That the funds have always been forthcoming proves the confidence of the public in his wise administration. It is a fact which should be widely known that Mr. Spurgeon not only does not derive anything from the institutions he directs, but has for some years contributed to the Lord's work more than his official income as the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The occasional visit of a choir of the orphan boys to country towns, in order to advocate the claims of the Orphanage, is a step in the right

direction. The work becomes a reality to friends, their sympathies are aroused and help secured.

On Monday, the 8th July, Mr. Charles worth and Mr. J. Manton Smith left London with a choir of orphan boys, to give Services of Song at Luton and Woburn, in behalf of the Stockwell Orphanage. At Luton the large Plait Hall was the place of meeting, and through the exertions of Mr. Johnson Willis and the local ministers, a large audience assembled under the presidency of the Mayor, who, although a churchman and a Tory, made common cause with the promoters to ensure success. His speech was a generous testimony to Mr. Spurgeon and the usefulness of his labors. The meeting was enthusiastic throughout, the single fact that it was Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage being an important factor in the enthusiasm. The boys sang well, and two of them gave recitations in capital style. Mr. Townsend, one of the old boys and now a student in the Pastors' College, spoke with great feeling of his indebtedness to the institution, and Mr. Charlesworth gave an interesting account of the work.

To illustrate the catholicity of the institution he gave a denominational analysis of the first 400 cases admitted: Church of England, 124; Baptist, 93; Congregational, 47; Wesleyan, 44; Presbyterian, 9; Roman Catholic, 2; Plymouth Brethren, 2; not specified, 79.

Luton being the center of the straw-hat manufacture, many present were connected with that branch of industry, and a few friends very generously offered to rig out the whole of the 246 boys at present in the institution with a brand new "straw yarker." The announcement seemed equally pleasing to the audience as to the boys of the choir, who felt proud of having contributed towards this result. The Mayor, who expressed his pleasure at the appearance and conduct of the boys, invited them to visit his grounds the following morning for a strawberry feast, before proceeding to Woburn. Had the guests been members of the Town Council or provincial mayors their welcome could not have been more hearty. His worship was quite at home with the boys, and addressed to them a few kindly words, which were responded to by a chorus of ringing cheers. The boys also sang several of their pieces before leaving. At the rail way station quite a troop of friends, many of whom had entertained the boys, came to see them off, and many were the prayers breathed for the prosperity of the institution.

The route chosen to Woburn was via Dunstable, and although it involved a journey by road of some eight or nine miles it proved a source of pleasure to the boys, for the friends had provided wagonettes for the party. On reaching the station at Dunstable the Rev. H. W. Taylor, of Markyate Street, and a portly deacon met the boys, and having regaled them with ham sandwiches, lemonade, and jam tarts, accompanied them to their destination. It being the day for the annual treat of the Church Schools at Woburn, it was arranged for the boys on their arrival to have tea with the scholars in the vicarage grounds, the vicar kindly contributing towards the expenses. Before the hour announced for the meeting the people began to make their way towards the Town Hall with an alacrity which seemed to the writer somewhat unusual to the residents of a town which, since the old coaching days appears to have abandoned itself to somnolent contempt for modern progress in general, and railways in particular. As we walked through the quiet street in the afternoon, we were forcibly reminded of a chapter by Charles Dickens in his capacity as an "Uncommercial Traveler," in which he describes a visit to a similar, and, for aught we know, the same old coaching town. He says "It was a hot day, and the little sunblinds of the shops were all drawn down, and the more enterprising of the tradesmen had caused their 'prentices to trickle water on the pavement appertaining to their frontage. It looked as if they had been shedding tears for the stage coaches, and were drying their ineffectual pocket-handkerchiefs." What hope we had of a meeting which should be a financial success was by no means stimulated by the remark of the hotel-keeper, that "Nobody's got any money in Woburn"; but remembering that an hotel does not exist for the inhabitants of a town numbering a little more, than a thousand, all told, we concluded the statement inclined rather to conjecture than expressed a fact; and so we held on to our hope.

When we state that the Town Hall was well filled, and that some hundreds of people crowded round the outside during the progress of the meeting, the reader will gather that the town was stirred into interest, if not enthusiasm. The chair was taken by Lord Charles Russell, brother of the late earl, an earnest worker in the cause of religion, education, and philanthropy. The noble lord, for some years serjeant-at-arms, is well known the country round, and is held in high esteem for his Christian character and catholicity. In his opening speech his lordship remarked that when he was asked to preside he consented without a moment's hesitation, Or, although he knew nothing about the Orphanage before, when he saw

Mr. Spurgeon's name as the President that fact was a sufficient guarantee that its affairs were wisely administered. He remembered hearing Mr. Spurgeon in the neighborhood some 20 years ago, and he quoted the text as being singularly appropriate to the present occasion: — "Do we begin again to commend ourselves, or need we as some others epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you? Ye are our epistle (*pointing to the boys*), written in your hearts, known and read of all men." The allusions to Mr. Spurgeon by his lordship during his speech, which breathed an earnest Christian spirit throughout, proved how all classes of the community esteem the President of the Orphanage. Here, on the same platform, stood a member of one of the highest families in the land, by whom his ministry had been enjoyed, and a number of poor orphan boys rescued by him from the perils of poverty, and receiving a Christian training which would mold their future life. His Lordship's touching appeal for those whose condition implied the loss of home, will not readily be forgotten. Mr. Charles. worth gave a very interesting account of the origin and progress of the work. The boys, under the direction of Mr. Ladds, formerly a scholar in the school, sang with admirable effect a number of anthems and sacred songs, and rendered the choruses to Mr. Manton Smith's solos. It was the universal testimony, from the chairman downward, that a more interesting and profitable meeting had not been held in Woburn. The friends who provided homes for the boys came forward at the for the night. Mr. John Clarke, a negative of Woburn, and who presided at the harmonium, was congratulated for his admirable arrangements to ensure such good success, and received the thanks of his fellow-townsmen for securing the visit of the Orphan boys. It should be stated that his lordship sent a kind invitation the following morning for the boys to walk through his grounds, and that His Grace the Duke of Bedford gave them permission to see over Woburn Abbey, a privilege greatly enjoyed by the boys and the friends who accompanied them, and also by your contributor, who was

ONE OF THE PARTY.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon — June 20, nine; June 27th, twenty; July 4th, ten.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

SEPTEMBER 1878.

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AN ADDRESS AT TABERNACLE PRAYER-MEETING BY C. H. SPURGEON ON HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

I FEAR I have gathered but few illustrations during my holiday in the north, though I am almost always upon the look out for them. I have spent nearly all my time on board my friend Mr. Duncan's yacht, cruising by day in sunny seas, and usually anchoring at night in lonely bays, far off from the busy haunts of men, where you hear neither rumble of traffic nor hum of city life, but are startled by the scream of sea-birds, the cry of the seal, and the splash of leaping fish. The profound quiet of those solitary regions is a bath of rest for a wearied brain: lone mountain, and sparkling wave, and circling gull, and flitting sea-swallow, all seem to call the mind away from care and toil to rest and play. I am grateful to the last degree for the brief furlough which is permitted me, and for the intense enjoyment and repose which I find in the works of God. No exhibitions, or picture galleries, or artificial recreations, or medical preparations can afford a tithe of the restoring influence which pure nature exercises.

I have been resting, but not idling; relieving the mind, but not smothering it. Very frequently I have seen others fishing, and as I have looked on with interest and excitement, I have been sorry to have been able to take so small a share in it. Perhaps, however, I have gained as much from lines and nets as those who personally used them: they took the fish, but I preserved the silver truths which the creatures brought their months. These pieces of money I have taken, like Peter, not for myself only, but "for me and thee," and so let us share them.. We have a good company of spiritual fishermen in our midst to-night, for here are the young members of "the College of Fishermen," who are making and mending their nets; here, too, are eager members of a church in which, when the minister says, "I go a-fishing," all the members say, "We will go with thee." Here are the fishers of the

Sabbath-schools and of the Bible-classes, fishers of the Tract Society and of the Evangelists' Associations; all these have heard our Lord say, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Not for the hurling of our fellows but for their good we seek to "take up all of them with the angle, to catch them in our net, and gather them in our drag"; and therefore we are willing to learn from others who are fishers too.

Fishermen speak of what they call *gathering bait*, and they say, such a fish is a "gathering bait," and another is a "killing bait." We need both. The gathering bait brings the fishes together, and thus becomes very useful. You cannot catch the fish if they are not there, and it is therefore wise to throw in your ground-bait pretty freely to attract the finny multitude. I wish some of my fellow fishermen were a little more liberal with gathering bait, for one would like to see the creeks and bays of their pews and galleries swarming with life. Some of them appear rather to frighten the fish away than to attract them around their hooks, they are so dull, so monotonous, so long, and so sour. All spiritual fishermen should learn the art of attraction; Jesus drew men to himself, and we must draw men in like manner. Not only in the pulpit but in the Sunday-school class you need gathering bait, to draw the little ones together, and maintain and increase their numbers. In every other sphere of Christian service the same is true. If faith cometh by hearing, we should first endeavor to gain interested listeners, for how shall they believe if they will not hear. Common sense teaches us that the people must be drawn together first, and must be induced to attend to what we have to put before them; and therefore we must lay ourselves out to this end, because it is essential to our highest aim. A pleasant manner, an interesting style, and even a touch of wit, may be useful. I have sometimes been blamed for making use of pleasantries, but I have done so partly because I could not help it, and chiefly because I have perceived that the interest is sustained and the attention excited by a dash of the familiar and the striking. A sufficient quantity of that which will draw men to listen to our message we not only may use but *must* use, unless we mean to be content with empty nets and useless hooks. A *good temper* is a fine gathering bait in a Sabbath-school. There are, some of our brethren and sisters whose very faces are enough to gather the children round them. If I were a little girl I could not help being drawn to some of the sisters who teach in our schools; and if I were a boy the kindly manners of many of our brethren would bind me to them at once: kindly teachers need not bribe children with gifts, their looks and words are irresistible

bonds. Cheerfulness and good humor should be conspicuous in all our attempts to catch men for Jesus; we cannot drive them to the Savior, but they may be drawn. There is a way of giving a tract in the street which will ensure its kindly treatment, and another way which will prejudice the receiver against it: you can shove it into a person's hand so roughly that it is almost an insult, or you can hold it out so deftly that the passer-by accepts; it with pleasure. Do not thrust it upon him as if it were a writ, but invite him to accept it as if it were a ten-pound note. Our fish need delicate handling. The painter, when asked how he mixed his colors, replied, "With brains, sir," and we must fish for the souls of men let like fashion. If you are to win souls you must not be fools. Men will no more succeed in the Lord's business than they will in their own unless they have their wits about them. If Christ's work be done in a slovenly or churlish manner it will answer no man's purpose, but prove labor in vain. We cannot make the fish bite, but we can do our best to draw them near the killing bait of the word of God, and when once they are there we will watch and pray till they are fairly taken.

The fisherman, however, thinks far less of his gathering bait than he does of his *catching* bait, in which he hides his hook. Very numerous are his inventions for winning his prey, and it is by practice that he learns how to adapt his bait to his fish. Scores of things serve as bait, and when he is not actually at work the wise fisherman takes care to seize anything which comes in his way which may be useful when the time comes to cast his lines. We usually carried mussels, whelks, and some of the courser sorts of fish, which could be used when they were wanted. When the anchor was down the hooks were baited and let down for the benefit of the inhabitants of the deep, and great would have been the disappointment if they had merely swarmed around the delicious morsel, but had refused to partake thereof. A good fisherman actually catches fish. He is not always alike successful, but, as a rule, he has something to show for his trouble. I do not call that man a fisherman whose basket seldom holds a fish; he is sure to tell you of the many bites he had, and of that very big fish which he almost captured; but that is neither here nor there. There are some whose knowledge of terms and phrases, and whose extensive preparations lead you to fear that they will exterminate the fishy race, but as their basket returns empty, they can hardly be so proficient as they seem. The parable hardly needs expounding: great talkers and theorizers are common enough, and there are not a few whose cultured boastfulness is only exceeded by

their life-long failure. We cannot take these for our example, nor fall at their feet with reverence for their pretensions. We must have sinners saved. Nothing else will content us: the fisherman must take fish or lose his toil, and we must bring souls to Jesus, or we shall break our hearts with disappointment.

Walking to the head of the boat one evening, I saw a line over the side, and must needs hold it. You can feel by your finger whether you have a bite or no, but I was in considerable doubt whether anything was at the other end or not. I thought they were biting, but I was not certain, so I pulled up the long line, and found that the baits were all gone; the fish had sucked them all off, and that was what they were doing when I was in doubt. If you have nothing but a sort of gathering bait, and the fish merely come and suck, but do not take the hook, you will catch no fish; you need killing bait. This often happens in the Sunday-school: a pleasing speaker tells a story, and the children are all listening, he has gathered them; now comes the spiritual lesson, but hardly any of them take notice of it, they have sucked the bait from the hook, and are up and away. A minister in preaching delivers a telling illustration, all the ears in the place are open, but when he comes to the application of it the people have become listless; they like the bait very well, but not the hook; they like the adornment of the tale, but not the point of the moral. This is poor work. The plan is, if you possibly can manage it, so to get the bait on the hook that they cannot suck it off, but must take the hook and all. Do take care, dear friends, when you teach children or grown-up people, that you do not arrange the anecdotes in such a way that they can sort them out, as boys pick the plums from their cakes, or else you will amuse but no benefit.

When your tackle is in good trim, it is very pleasant to feel the fish biting, but it is quite the reverse to watch by the hour, and to have no sign.. Then patience has her perfect work. It is very encouraging to feel that a large creature of some sort is tugging away at the other end of your line. Up with him at once! It is better still to have two hooks and to pull up two fish at a time, as one of our friends did. To do this twice every minute, or as fast as ever you can throw the line is best of all. What an excitement! Nobody grows tired, and the day is hardly long enough. Up with them! In with the lines! What, another bite? Quick, quick.! We seem to be all among a shoal. The basket is soon filled; this is good fishing. Our great Lord sometimes guides his ministers to the right kind of bait, and to the right spot for the fish, and they take so many that they have hardly time to attend

to each ease, but in joyful haste receive the converts by the score, and fill the boat. It is grand fishing when the fish flock around you, but it does not happen all the day long, nor yet all the days of the week, nor yet all the weeks of the year, else would there be a great rush for the fishers' trade. When amateurs are at sea and the fish do not bite, they have nothing to do but to give over and amuse themselves in some other way, but it must not be so with us, to whom fishing for souls is a life-work and a vocation; we must persevere, whether we have present success or not. At times we have to spend many a weary hour with our line, and never feel a bite; but we must not, therefore, go to sleep, for it would be a pity for the angler to lose a fish by negligence. Draw the line in every now and then, look to the hooks, try a new bait, or go to the other side of the vessel, and cast your tackle into another place. Do, not be disappointed because you do not always fish as you did once; have patience and your hour will come.

Our captain one evening when we were in a very lovely bay came up to me and said, "Look at this: I only just threw the line over the side, and this fine cod has taken the bait in a minute." A cod is noted for the thorough manner in which it swallows the bait. Being of a hungry nature it is not in a picking humor, but feeds heartily. I remarked at the time that the cod was like earnest hearers who are hungering for divine grace, and so greedily snatch at the sacred word. Hungering and thirsting, their souls faint within them, and when the promise of the gospel is placed before them they seize it directly: tell them of Jesus and full deliverance through his precious blood, they do not make two bites of the gracious message — they dash at it, and they are not content till they have it, and it holds them fast. O for more of such hearers.

All fish are not of this kind, for some of them are cautious to the last degree. The author of "The Sea Fisherman" introduces us to an old salt, who says of the Conger eel, "He don't bite home, sir," — that is to say, he does not take the hook if he can help it.

In the instance referred to it had stolen the bait six times, and yet was not captured. Alas, we have an abundance of hearers of this kind, who are interested, but not impressed, or impressed but not converted "they don't bite home," and we fear they never will.

This fishing with a line is a suggestive subject, but I must leave it to say a word about fishing with the net, a mode of fishing to which our Savior makes more numerous allusions than to angling with a hook.

When we came home on the Monday, after visiting Rothesay, we cast anchor in the Holy Loch. Mr. Duncan said to me, "Look at the fish. Just look at them out there, they are leaping up on all sides; and there are the men, let us go and see what they are getting." We were soon in a boat pulling towards them, while all around us were the fish leaping in the air and splashing back into the water. We reached the fishers, who were just getting out the net. I suppose you all know how this is done. A certain number of men remained near the shore with one end of the net, while others in a boat encompassed a great circle of water, letting out the net as they went along. Thus they enclosed a large space, and the salmon within that area were fairly imprisoned. When all was ready the fishers began to pull at both ends, so as to make the circle smaller and smaller. We followed the decreasing ring, and kept just outside the edge of the net. The fish, which had still been leaping all around us, now began to do so in greater earnest, for those within the range of the net seemed to know that they were in an undesirable position, and strove to leap out of it. Some escaped, but many more failed in the attempt. The men kept pulling in, and then it became very exciting, for it was evident that the net was full of life. Here is a very good picture of what we should do as a church. I am to go out on the Sabbath with the net, the grand old gospel net, and it is my business, to let it out and encompass the thousands who fill the Tabernacle; then on Monday night at the prayer-meeting we must all join in pulling in the big net, and looking after the fish. So we bring to land all that, have been caught. Many who were surrounded by the net during the sermon will jump out before we secure them, but still it is a comfort that it is not every fish that knows how to get out of the gospel net. Some of them will be in a rage, and bite at the nets, but they will only be the more surely held prisoners. To me it was a very pleasant sight to see within the net a mass of living, twisting, and struggling salmon-trout, most of them fine fish. There were thirty-seven large fish taken at one haul. O that we may often succeed in taking men in larger numbers still. Let us drag in the net to-night. Let us pray the Lord to bless the services of last Lord's-day, and recompense the fisher's toil.

We must never be satisfied till we lift sinners out of their native element. That destroys fish, but it saves souls. We long to be the means of lifting sinners out of the water of sin to lay them in the boat at the feet of Jesus. To this end we must enclose them as in a net; we must shut them up under the law, and surround them with the gospel, so that there is no getting out,

but they must be captives unto Christ. We must net them with entreaties, encircle them with invitations, and entangle them with prayers. We cannot let them get away to perish in their sin, we must land them at the Savior's feet. This is our design, but we need help from above to accomplish it: we require our Lord's direction to know *where* to cast the net, and the Spirit's helping of our infirmity that we may know *how* to do it. May the Lord teach us to profit, and may we return from our fishing, bringing our fish with us. Amen.

GIVE TRUTH TIME.

NEVER give up a great principle in on theology account of difficulties. Wait patiently, and the difficulties may all melt away. Let that be an axiom in your mind. Suffer me to mention an illustration of what I mean. Persons who are conversant with astronomy know that before the discovery of the planet Neptune there were difficulties, which greatly troubled the most scientific astronomers, respecting certain aberrations of the planet Uranus. These aberrations puzzled the minds of astronomers; and some of them suggested that they might possibly prove the whole Newtonian system to be untrue. But just at that time a well-known French astronomer, named Leverrier, read before the Academy of Science at Paris a paper, in which he laid down this great axiom, — that it did not become a scientific man to give up a principle because of difficulties which apparently could not be explained. He said in effect, “We cannot explain the aberrations of Uranus now; but we may be sure that the Newtonian system will be proved to be right, sooner or later. Something may be discovered one day which will prove that these aberrations may be accounted for, and yet the Newtonian system remain true and unshaken.” A few years after, the anxious eyes of astronomers discovered the last great planet, Neptune. This planet was shown to be the true cause of all the aberrations of Uranus; and what the French astronomer had laid down as a principle in science was proved to be wise and true. The application of the anecdote is obvious. Let us beware of giving up any first principle in theology. Let us not give up the great principle of plenary verbal inspiration because of apparent difficulties. The day may come when they will all be solved. In the meantime we may rest assured that the difficulties which beset any other theory of inspiration are tenfold greater than any which beset our own. — *Canon Ryle.*

NOTES

AUGUST 11TH. — The seatholders vacated their seats on the evening of this Sabbath, and the place was over-packed with a dense throng. The power of the Lord was present to heal. At no time have the people ever seemed so eager to hear the word of God. Prayer is asked that every sermon may be attended with the divine Blessing. The open-air service held at the Orphanage while the Pastor preached at the Tabernacle was largely attended, and Charles Spurgeon took a leading part in it, to the joy of those who delight to see the fathers followed by their sons.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND — Mrs. Spurgeon, though extremely ill, is incessantly occupied with sending out books to ministers in Ireland. For this work a friend gave a special amount. Some mistake has arisen upon the matter, which we would like to rectify. Mrs. Spurgeon's offer of books is not made to *all* ministers in Ireland, but to all *poor* ministers in actual work: hence when others apply in ignorance of this limitation, she hopes that they will take kindly the refusal which it pains her to give, but which it is her duty to send, because the fund is for poor brethren only. In consequence of the publicity given to this Irish offer, large numbers of English ministers have applied — poor ministers whose cases must not be refused; but we mention with some pain that there *are no funds in hand*. Prayer has been offered, and the answer is expected, but perhaps the Lord means us to tell his stewards that this good work of supplying poor preachers with books now needs their attention. Our beloved wife sends out little mountains of books every week; the applications just now are more numerous than at any other time, and she has literally nothing to go on with. This is a sore trial. We feel that we have only to mention the circumstance and help will come, and yet if each one believes this, and leaves the matter to everybody, that is to say, to nobody, the needed aid will not come. Friends are just now at the seaside, or at Paris, or in the country, and therefore almost all parts of the work find this to be a dull time for subscriptions. We hope that this one department may be treated in an exceptional manner.

Friends will notice in our College accounts the sum of £20 from "Two Sisters, profits of College House." Now, to this amount there attaches

deep interest. Two Christian ladies of private means thought that they could help our work for the Lord if they opened a shop and gave all the profits to the College. Some years ago they commenced business, sacrificing their ease in this most laudable endeavor. We did not like to mention the circumstance, for fear it should be misunderstood by the world, and our good friends did not press us to do so till they had seen how the experiment would answer. Having, as private ladies, very little knowledge of business, the "two sisters" did not make a profit, nor even meet their expenses for years, but they were resolved not to be beaten, and so they have continued the shop till the first profit has been gained and paid in. Having seen their indefatigable zeal, and having known what sacrifices they have made, we now feel that we must put aside every shade of false delicacy, and say that the shop is known as College House, 209, Tottenham Court Road, and the business is that of ladies' outfitting. If our friends purchase goods there, the profits will go to the Pastors' College, and they will not have to pay more, than they would elsewhere. No one is asked to buy except as they would elsewhere, but there is the fact that the business of 209, Tottenham Court Road is carried on entirely with the view of benefiting the College. The ladies do not even take their own board and lodging from the proceeds,

It is proposed on *Sept. 25*, to hold a meeting at the Tabernacle, to bid farewell to our colored brethren, Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, who are sailing for the West Coast of Africa. They will sing some of their quaint songs, and Mr. Manton Smith and the Tabernacle choir, under Mr. Fristy, will assist. May these true-hearted brethren be burning and shining lights in the land of their fathers.

Our publishers ask us to mention that they have a large quantity of back numbers of our sermons, which they will be happy to supply at a greatly reduced price to tract societies or distributors. Application must be made direct to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. They are a stock purchased by them from a book-seller, and consist of the accumulations of years. They are now offered for a trifle for benevolent purposes, but it is understood that they are not to be purchased for sale. We often hear of these sermons being used as loan tracts, and this is an opportunity to procure a cheap supply,

COLLEGE. — On *Tuesday, Aug. 6*, the students assembled at Nightingale Lane, for a day's enjoyment previous to the commencement of the work of

another session. Between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning a considerable number met at the President's garden, where a devotional service was held, after which most of the twenty-five new students were introduced with appropriate comments, During the rest of the morning, and also after dinner, various exercises and amusements were heartily engaged in on Mr. Spurgeon's lawn, and also in the spacious and beautiful grounds of Mr. Coventry. Dinner and tea were admirably served in a large tent by Messrs, Murrell and Mills and their numerous helpers, and although the students, ministers, and visitors amounted to nearly two hundred, there was provision enough and to spare. After dinner, addresses were delivered by the President, Vice-President, and tutors, and before separating in the evening a few words of sympathy and congratulation were spoken by Mr. Andrew Dunn, who is the accepted candidate for parliamentary honors in Southwark. Hearty thanks were accorded to Mr. Coventry for the use of his grounds, a closing address on the work of the College was given by the President, and the proceedings of a most delightful day were brought to a close with the doxology and the benediction. Arrangements have been made for a course of five lectures at the College on Friday evenings at 7:30. The general public will be admitted by tickets, costing sixpence each lecture, or eighteenpence the course. The program is as follows: Sept. 6th, by Joseph J. Pope Esq., M.R.C.S., L.M., L.S.A., on "Why and How we Breathe." Chairman, C. H. Spurgeon. Sept. 13th, W. H. Gelding, Esq., on "Birds of the Bible." Chairman, B.W. Carr, Esq. Sept. 20th, Professor Pepper, on "Wonders of Vibratory Motion." Chairman, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. Sept. 27th, Edward B. Aveling, Esq., D. Sc., Lond., F.L.S., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at London Hospital, on "The Biography of a Frog." Chairman, C. Allison, Esq. Oct. 4th., W. R. May, Esq., on "Spectrum Analysis, and the Chemistry of the Heavens." Chairman, Mr. C. Spurgeon, junior.

Deaths. — On the morning of the College Festival a mourning card and letter arrived from the father of Mr. Gregory, of Brynmawr, one of our students, who had been obliged to relinquish his studies through ill health, informing us of his early, but peaceful, death a few days before. About the same time the news reached us of the sudden death of our old friend and co-worker, Mr. Thomas Ness, of Newton. He had long been an invalid, but had displayed marvelous energy in his Lord's service. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. At the same time, at the close of slingerins illness died our former student, Mr. Burt, at one time the pastor

of the church at Aldborough — a good man and true. During the past month another member of our conference, Mr. J. O. Wills, of Stockton-on-Tees, has been called to his reward, leaving behind him a wife and five little children, needing the kind hand of Christian help. Thus has death been robbing the church militant of its soldiers, and swelling the ranks of the church triumphant.

*“We a little longer wait,
But how little none can tell”*

We note, then, in all these four cases the Lord has removed those who were ailing, and whose lives we could not have hoped to see much longer continued among us. Thus mercy is mingled with it all; but bereaved wives and children need greater consolation than this: may the Lord send it by the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

Removals and Settlements. — Mr. Raymond, of St. Neot’s, has accepted the pastorate at Llandudno; Mr. Fletcher, of Sutton-on-Trent, has removed to Alford, Lincolnshire; Mr. Chambers, late of Aberdeen, has been appointed by the Staffordshire Association to the post of Evangelist and the Home Mission Superintendent in that country; and Mr. Vaughan, of Surrey Lane Chapel, Battersea, has sailed for Australia. All these brethren have our best wishes. The following students, have accepted pastorates: — Mr. T. Hagen, Great Yarmouth; Mr. J. A. Soper, East End Conference Hall; Mr. John Wilson Charles-street, Woolwich; Mr. A. F. Cotton, Ponder’s End; Mr. B. Marshall, Horley; and Mr. W. A. Davis, South Shields. Mr. Childs also concludes his College term, and settles at Wyndham Road, Camberwell.

The Orphanage boys go north on *Sept.* 26, to sing at Middlesboro, Stockton, and Newcastle. Will friends in those regions give them kindly recognition and support? Very grateful are we to the gentleman who has paid all the charges for the Town Hall at Newcastle for the Orphanage meetings. God always raises up kind friends for the fatherless.

The quarterly collectors’ meeting will be held at the Orphanage on Friday, Oct. 4. Tea at five. In the evening views will be exhibited illustrating Mr. Spurgeon’s trip to Scotland. Friends can be admitted at seven, at sixpence each.

COLPORTAGE — All appears to be working satisfactorily with the Society, hence but little to report this month. The most pleasing feature of the work

at present seems to be that Local Associations, which at first employed one or two colporteurs, have become so convinced of the utility and necessity of Colportage that, after fair trial, they are applying for an increased number of agents, In Hampshire, Wiltshire, Northamptonshire, and Worcestershire this has been the case; and two additional colporteurs will be started in the latter country shortly. Testimony to the beneficial results of the work is too extended to find a place in these notes. But briefly, the reports continually prove that a vast amount of good literature is being sold with beneficial effect, both upon the mind and soul of the purchaser. The afflicted and dying are visited, and the Word of God read to them, while it is also preached in the cottage, in the open air, and in regular places of worship, with conversions following. We confidently expect as the work becomes more widely known, and trade improves, that a large increase will take place of our not inconsiderable staff of ninety colporteurs. In the meantime, will our readers Dray for the Society, and its work, and continue to help it by contributing to the funds? The following extract from a recently published local report will he read with interest: —

“It would be difficult fully to estimate the value, religiously, of the four colporteurs employed in this district being brought continuously into contact with 45,150 families, comprising nearly 100,000 individuals. And while all must rejoice that 1,085 Bibles and Testaments were sold to the people, who shall estimate the benefit of nearly £500 worth of books sold, and 1,974 periodicals circulated. How many reading these have relinquished the trashy novel, and the worse than trashy — the positively demoralizing periodicals? The sick and dying beds of hundreds of persons have been cheered and enlivened by the visits of your agents, who in many cases are the only visitors, and again and again do we hear from persons well able to judge of the high appreciation in which those visits are held. This department fatherless, trouble and outlay. “The committee have great pleasure in recording their satisfaction with the conduct and work of the four colporteurs, and recognizing their arduous duty, embracing, as it does, much real manual labor, and constant exposure to all kinds of weather. They thank God for the preservation of the lives and health of the agents; and solicit from all Christians the manifestation of hearty sympathy with these our fellow workers; and also earnest prayer to God for his blessing on them and their work.”

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J.A. Spurgeon: — August 1, nine.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

OCTOBER, 1878.

THE AUTUMN CONGRESS. WHAT WILL COME OF THEM?

A BROTHERLY GRUMBLE.

THE time is at hand when the various sections of Christians will be holding their autumnal sessions, meetings, or congresses. Ministers and delegates are packing up their carpet-bags, and counting out their fares, and soon there will be hurrying to and fro, the clattering cars proceeding forward with impetuous speed, and whisperings of kind lips, "They come, they come." There will be hearty greetings and cheerful conversations, and much Christian intercourse will be enjoyed, and fellowship promoted. Of public meetings there will be an abundance, papers will be read in more than sufficient quantity, speeches will be made more or less exhilarating and instructive, and stereotyped resolutions will be passed for the three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth time, with debate wise or otherwise. Vivisection, the Contagious Diseases Acts, the Burials Bill, and other savory matters will come before us as usual; a brother will object to the use of a semicolon in a certain resolution, and after an hour's debate it will be turned into a comma; another friend will propose an amendment and be called to order, struggle, raise up defenders, and subside: and then the trains will carry home the brethren, and the place which knew them as a conference, congress, or assembly will know them no more for ever, or at least until the meetings shall be held in the same town again. The press will prolong the echo of the congressional eloquence, the local committee will settle the bill, and each generous host will settle down to quiet: and what then? What will come of it all? What is ever likely to come of it?

We are not among those who think that Christian communion is not in itself a thing worth promoting, and inasmuch as these periodical gatherings must tend to increase mutual knowledge and create brotherly sympathy, we cannot regard them as failures; but, on the contrary, we consider them to

be well worth all the time and money expended upon them. Our organ of veneration is so large that we would not question the wisdom of so many pastors leaving their flocks, but we would rather sit down, and gaze upon the venerable synod with feelings of glowing admiration. We are sure that the thing is good, and good must come of it, cavil who may. Moreover, there can be no doubt that concerted action in a few instances has followed from these assemblies, and that holy enterprises have frequently received a stimulus which has tended to their invigoration. Yet surely there is room for something more *practical* to arise out of them; the actual, tangible, lasting outcome — might it not become more apparent? There is a considerable sounding of trumpets, and lifting of standards; ought there not to be a grander result? For our own part, we are not cynical or cantankerous as a general rule, but we cannot rest quite, contented with the very small mice which have been born of congresses in labor. Is there living one single mortal man who has attended these meetings, and is now satisfied in the review of them? Has not every one an uneasy sense of opportunity thrown away, of strength paraded but never utilized, and of excellent oratory spent in vain? For practical purposes, is the game worth the candle? Does the whole concern pay as a matter of useful business?

Cannot something be done on the occasion which is now near at hand to make the gatherings more effective? We do not know, and therefore we will not hazard a reply. The unpracticalness of the whole, business infects our pen, so that we cannot suggest anything, nor help in carrying out any suggestion: but our heart wishes that *somebody* would do so. We are getting weary of this imitation of the ancient British king who marched his army up a hill and down again. We suppose it is all right; indeed, we have no doubt it is; but if by some heavenly husbandry half a basketful of fruit would come of the matter we should feel more easy about it. At present we are not quite clear that we shall be able to give in a good account to our Master of how the week will be spent, for we do not see how to gain much interest upon his pounds by trading in that market.

At the last meeting of the Baptist Union a zealous brother urged upon the meeting an extensive evangelistic effort for reaching the masses of our population. Though himself engrossed by a large sphere of labor, he offered his services as an evangelist, and pathetically pleaded that other qualified brethren would do the same. There seemed in the meeting considerable sympathy with the suggestion, and great readiness to spend a week or two, if necessary, in discussing the details of the proposal; but,

alas, beyond the self-denying efforts of the one brother, for which he has been savagely attacked in a denominational paper, nothing has come of it. If another fervent mind were to suggest another godly enterprise his proposal would be equally well received, and quite as surely shelved. We do not blame anybody for this, for everyone is kind and hearty in wishing God speed to all that is good: if anybody deserves blame we take a full share to ourselves: but there stands the fact, — we come and we go, we meet and we separate, we read papers and we listen to them, we make speeches and we clap our hands, and then farewell. — Another autumnal session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland is ended! Amen.

Meanwhile sinners are perishing, our great cities are sinking deeper and deeper into heathenish ignorance, our churches are scarcely holding their own, superstition and skepticism are subjugating the minds of myriads, and we are making but feeble exertions, and attempting but little by way of aggressive effort. Five hundred or more Christian men spend a week together in industriously doing nothing, and then go home greatly refreshed! The streets and lanes of the city are full of the Master's servants, but no multitudes are compelled to come in to the gospel feast. Hundreds of heralds are in the great square and the market place, but the crowds are not gathered to hear the silver trumpets. We cannot get at the work. We should interrupt the sitting of a committee. We should make others jealous. Feeble health restrains some of us from going beyond our allotted task; but how about others who are vigorous and robust? Will no imprudent crusader begin the war? Are there none so indecorous as to win souls by going beyond the program? Every building in the town ought to have a preacher, and many an open space should be made to ring with the gospel. Our Master is coming; the Judge is at the door; how should we answer him if he appeared among us at our next meeting? What if he should say, "You are all gathered as my servants to confer concerning my kingdom, and what have you done?" Could we honestly answer, "Lord, we have done what we could"? If so, these remarks may crave forgiveness. If not, they claim consideration. C.H.S.

SOUL HUMBLING

I HAVE so much cause for humility, and so much need of it, that I hope I shall never give quarter to anything that appears in the shape of sullenness.

Alas! if my best friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable. I know well that I passed with my friends for a person religiously inclined, if not actually religious: and, what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian, when I had no faith in Christ, when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith nor love, nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him. But, blessed be God, even the God who has become my salvation, the hail of affliction and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty in great mercy to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did he break me and brad me up; thus did he wound me, and his hands made me whole. — *William Cowper.*

NOTES

BAZAAR. — The following circular has been prepared by the Memorial Committee. “*The proposed Testimonial to Pastor C.H. Spurgeon. For a quarter of a century rite ministry of our honored Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, has been continued to his loving people with an ever-increasing acceptance and power. Our church roll numbered at the commencement 313, and now 5,346 persons are known to be in our fellowship. This fact demands a special ‘Memorial,’ and we therefore desire to show our gratitude to Almighty God by some mark of esteem and affection towards his honored servant. For twenty-five years of faithful, and eloquent teaching of divine truth no adequate return can ever be made, but we are constrained to attempt the expression of our feelings in a way which we know will be in consonance with the wishes and judgment of our beloved Pastor, by gathering a Fund for helping him more easily to carry on some departments of that great life’s work which continues to grow under his hands. We are resolved, therefore, to raise a sum of not less than £5,000, as a thankoffering, for presentation to Mr. Spurgeon at the close of the year; and the whole matter could be easily accomplished if every church member would give or collect £1. It is our purpose to leave all donors at perfect*

liberty to select which of Mr. Spurgeon's many religious enterprises they would wish to aid. with their gifts, but unless otherwise directed we think it best to unite in one special effort to raise a sum for the permanent relief and comfort of the many poor members of our church; as we know that our dear-Pastor shares the spirit of his Master, who said — 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' In 'The Metropolitan Tabernacle: its History and Work,' Mr. Spurgeon writes of the Almshouses connected with the church, and of the heavy annual charge which the maintenance of our seventeen aged sisters makes upon our Poor Fund: — 'We wish to leave the Tabernacle in good working order when our work is done; but the present burden might prove far too heavy for our successors; indeed, they ought not to be saddled with it. In future years the church may find itself barely able to support its own expenses, and we do not think that we are justified in leaving it the legacy of so heavy a charge. Our present anxiety is to get the ship tight and trim, and this is one of the matters which is not in a satisfactory state. Our aged sisters are worthy of all we can do for them, and their grateful faces often make our hearts glad. 'To remove this one care from our beloved Pastor's mind, and help a worthy object so dear to his heart, is a proposal which we are sure will commend itself to all his friends. We therefore, confidently expect a hearty response to our appeal to the many readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and to all the members of his church and congregation to render this fitting tribute to him in celebration of his Pastoral Silver Wedding. Donations to be sent to the Treasurers, T. H. Olney and Thomas Greenwood, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. A Bazaar will be held at the close of the year, on behalf of the Almshouse Fund, in connection with this Memorial. Contributions in money or goods will be thankfully received, and should be addressed — *The Secretary, Bazaar Committee, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E.*"

On Friday evening, August 30, the annual meeting of the *Green Walk Mission*, conducted by Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., was held at the Tabernacle Lecture Hall. To his own deep regret, the senior Pastor was unable to be present, having only partially recovered from a severe attack of rheumatism. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and expressed his hearty appreciation of the useful work carried on in Bermondsey in connection with the earnest section of the church, which has Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., for its worthy leader. He concluded an earnest and appropriate address by presenting to the Rev. Canon Tugwell, the Rector of Bermondsey, twenty-

three volumes of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," and four volumes of the "Treasury of David," which had been subscribed for by Mr. Olney and his friends, as a token of their gratitude to him for the loan of the boys' schoolroom, Star Corner, for their Sunday evening services while their usual place of meeting was under repair. As the public prints are frequently employed to publish abroad acts of discourtesy and high-handed intolerance on the part of certain clergy of the Church of England, we take great delight in recording a fine instance of conduct of the opposite kind. Canon Tugwell with the utmost readiness lent his schoolroom to our friends, and in the most unaffected and fraternal manner came to this annual meeting of the Mission, and made a thoroughly hearty and earnest speech. This is the more noteworthy because there has been a hot controversy of late in his parish in reference to the rector's rate, and some of our friends have been to the front in opposition, and will be again should the matter be further mooted. There *is*, however, nothing personal in the conflict. Everyone regrets that there should be any sort of contest with Mr. Tugwell, and many find it hard to carry out their conscientious convictions when so good and kindly a clergyman is concerned. Mr. Tugwell has the great sense to know and see this. He does not act in a friendly manner merely to those who agree with him in all points, but he treats with unlooked-for kindness those who differ from him. Long may the Canon be spared and prospered, and may all evangelical believers on both sides of the State-church battle be led to follow his example. We can fight cut the battle of religious equality and disendowment, and yet unite upon all the grand points whereto we are both agreed. Principle we can never sacrifice, nor ask others to sacrifice theirs, but we can, as Christians, regret the cause of difference and remember the still more important reasons for spiritual unity.

The Canon in his speech said many kind things of Mr. Spurgeon, and of the good work accomplished in Bermondsey by Mr. Olney's Mission. The report was eminently satisfactory, and the speeches were full of life and fire. We wish the utmost success to this holy work in one of the most needy neighborhoods in London. If other Christian men would imitate Mr. W. Olney, and commence similar mission no portion of our great cities would remain without the means of grace. Gentlemen in business, with a good education, are there not many of you who would find it a great joy to gather around you a people saved by your instrumentality, and lead them forward in the service of the Lord?

On Monday evening, Sept. 2, the annual meeting of the Tabernacle Loan Tract Society was held at the Tabernacle, in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting. The pastor presided, and presented several special requests for prayer for various objects; and then the Society's annual report was read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. Wood. This stated that during the past year over four thousand families had been visited every week, and upwards of fifty thousand of the pastor's sermons had been circulated, with great signs of divine approval, several interesting instances of which were mentioned, showing that the sermons had been blessed to the sick and dying, the young, backsliders, and all classes of individuals, Ninety-two districts are regularly visited by seventy ladies and twenty gentlemen, some of whom have engaged in the work from the commencement, twelve years ago. The secretary expressed his hearty thanks to his assistant, Mr. G. Woods, and the Committee, for their co-operation, and announced that the total receipts had amounted to £62 17s. 2d., and the expenditure to £57 1s. 7d. In conclusion he earnestly entreated the sympathy, help, and prayers of all present, and stated that during the year they had been cheered by the confessions of more than sixty souls, who had declared themselves to have been saved by this instrumentality. Several addresses were delivered, and two American brethren briefly and affectionately addressed the meeting. Mr. Spurgeon seemed to be supremely happy as the instances of blessing upon the printed sermons were mentioned one by one. Who could refrain from praising God while listening to such gladsome tidings? We do not know of any effort that is carried on upon such a scale for so small an expense, and is attended with so large a blessing. In a certain town in the north of England these sermons are lent from house to house, as loan tracts, by the rector and his curate; and they have seen a marked blessing following their circulation. Where ordinary tracts have been refused, or never read the sermons have obtained a hearing.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 17, about three hundred pastors, deacons, and elders of the churches in the London Baptist Association partook of tea and refreshments in the Tabernacle school-room, and after spending some time in friendly conversation and inter-communion, met in the Lecture Hall, for a conference upon the topic — "The young people connected with our churches and congregations, our duty towards them; how shall we best discharge it?" After singing and prayer Mr. Chown, the president, opened the conference with an admirable and exhaustive address as to our duty towards the young in our families, our Sunday-schools, our

congregations, and our churches, No less than sixteen brethren engaged in the discussion, or conversation, which followed. We best remember the striking remarks of Mr. Marsack Day, of the West, London Tabernacle, upon Numbers 10:29-32. He showed that we should first gain the young by making prominent the sunny side of religion and by our cheerful confidence (verse 29), and then we should hold them by making all the use of them we can (verse 31). There is the material for a capital sermon in this hint. Suggestions as to Young Christians' Bands, Children's Prayer-meetings, Gatherings for explaining the Doctrines, Special Juvenile Services, Correspondence with the young by letter, Singing classes, Bands of Hope, Mutual Improvement Societies, and other points, were both plentiful and practical. Mr. Lyon pleaded for more care in the selection of schools for their sons and daughters by parents of the wealthier class; and he very rightly traced the wandering of many young men from Nonconformist principles to their being sent to schools and colleges where other influences are brought to bear upon them. Can men gather grapes from thistles? One suggestion well worthy of notice was—that ministers should endeavor to preach upon the international lessons of the Sabbath-school, in order to help the teachers, and give unity to the teaching work of the church.

On *Friday evening, Sept. 20th*, the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association (Mr. Elvin's) was held in the Lecture Hall after a numerous body of friends had partaken of tea in the schoolroom. The pastor presided, Mr. Perkins prayed, and then the secretary, Mr. Elvin, presented the annual report. He stated that during the past year the members of the society had conducted 692 Sunday services, and 1,084 services on week days: a very large amount of gospel teaching being thus gratuitously given. The receipts from various sources amounted to £173 10s. 21/2d.; and the expenditure for rent of halls, printing, traveling expenses, etc., had been nearly the same, leaving a balance in hand of £2 0s. 10d.

Addresses were delivered by the Pastor and several members of the Association, and sacred solos were sung by Mr. Chamberlain.

We hope to give our readers a fairer account of this society another time.

COLLEGE. — During the past month seventy-four of the members of the Tabernacle church have been formed into a separate community at James' Grove, Peckham, under the pastoral care of our student, Mr. R. E. Chettleboro. This makes a great gap in our membership, and we are

praying the Lord to send us a large squadron of recruits to make up for those we have thus lent to him. God bless the new church and multiply it!

Mr. S. B. Drake has left the College, having finished his course, and having been accepted by Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission. Mr. H. J. Batts has sailed for Cape Town, in order to carry on the work for Mr. Hamilton, who is coming home for six months to collect money for a chapel, which is urgently needed for the worship and work of his newly-raised church of 138 members, Cape Town has not before appealed to us, and we hope that our friends, when the time comes, will be prompt to aid in the needful building. The longer Mr. Hamilton can delay his appeal the better, for just now other matters are on hand.

Mr. Gomm has removed from West Row, Mildenhall, to Canterbury Road, Kilburn; and the following students have accepted pastorates: — Mr. C A. Slack, Faversham, Kent; Mr. A. Mills, East Dereham, Norfolk; and Mr. W. G. Myles, Morecambe, Lancashire.

Mr. G. W. Linnecar, one of our students, was on board the steamer *Princess Alice* at the time of the fatal collision, and we are happy to say that he escaped by climbing the funnel. He sees the hand of Providence in his preservation, and the blind creatures who are just now railing at us would find it difficult to persuade him to the contrary. We confess we cannot comprehend our assailants; they have evidently never read our sermon. Some of them blame us for sentiments which we never expressed, and suggest to us the very ideas which we uttered. The most of them have no notion of what they are writing about, and can make only one thing clear, namely, that the further off they can place the power and presence of God the better they are pleased.

ORPHANAGE. — We take the following extract from a report, made by order of the House of Commons, on the “Home and Cottage System of Training and Educating the Children of the Poor,” by F. J. Mouat, Esq., M.D., Local Government Board Inspector, and Captain J. D. Bowly, R.E. It is peculiarly valuable as coming from such a source, and it will, we trust, encourage our subscribers.

“*The Stockwell Orphanage.*” — The Stockwell Orphanage, founded by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, is an institution of a higher order than the reformatories and pauper schools, and is not an industrial school properly so called. It is devoted to the education and training of fatherless boys, and

is supported entirely by voluntary contributions in money or kind. The feature which caused us to visit it with reference to the present inquiry is that it is based on the family system, there being eight separate houses, in each of which resides a group of about thirty boys under the special charge of a matron. Each house contains dormitories for the boys, and apartments for the matron, also a lavatory, and the usual offices; but the meals are taken in a general dining hall, and cooked in a general kitchen; an arrangement which doubtless conduces to economy, but which is to some extent departure from the ideal family system.

“The *boys’* houses are arranged in a continuous terrace, each house being separated from the next by a party wall as in an ordinary street, the schoolrooms are on a third floor over a portion of the terrace, and are commodious and airy. The standard of education is high, as one of the avowed purposes of the institution is to get the boys ‘to take good positions in the world.’ There is a general play-hall and swimming bath, and it was stated to us that nearly every boy was able to swim.

“The standard of health is high; there is no general contagious disease in the school, and infectious fevers, when they occur, are easily prevented from spreading by early isolation, in the convenient detached infirmary standing at the southeast end of the playground.

“The institution has been ten years at work, and the boys placed out in situations during that time have, as a rule, turned out well.

“In many respects, this excellent school affords no ground of comparison with pauper institutions; but the point to be specially noted is that the family system, even in the modified form here adopted, is stated to have been productive of undoubtedly good effects, not only as regards the formation of individual character, but also as conducting to a high standard of bodily health.”

We have cause for thankfulness in the escape of our excellent matron, Miss Fairey, from the *Princess Alice*. We are expected to ascribe her rescue to chance, but we shall do nothing of the kind; we shall unite with her in praising the name of the Lord who preserved her.

Mr. Toller, of Waterbeach, has forwarded thirty-five sacks of potatoes and two sacks of flour as the produce of the Orphanage acre on his farm. May the blessing of the Father of the fatherless rest upon himself and his estate.

Did we not hear of Orphanage acres on some other farms? We thought we did.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION. — Mr. Jones sends us the following notes: —

The large increase in the number of agents at the commencement of this year has rendered the work of consolidation very necessary. The work of extension has not preceded so rapidly of late as it might have done but for this cause, and the extreme depression in trade. It is, however, cheering to know that God is blessing the labors of the colporteurs who are at work, and that the good seed of the kingdom is scattered by them broadcast continually.

The following testimony, extracted from the published reports of local associations of churches is very valuable: —

“The Southern Association” reports. — “Your committee have the pleasure of recording not only the success of previous years fully maintained, but in various respects an advance upon that. As a Christian agency our Colportage satisfactorily stands the test of time, and meets with growing favor from the people. This is evident from the accounts received from the districts. Take first that of our colporteur at Lymington. Eleven months’ work is reported, and in that period he has sold 795 Bibles, Testaments, and Scripture portions; 4313 periodicals and bound books, and hundreds of other small books, cards, etc. These sales have realized £122 4s. 5d. During that time he has made 5036 visits, and distributed some thousands of tracts; and his superintendent further reports of him that ‘he works very hard at Sway, where he continues to preach every Sunday, and not without success. He keeps a full congregation together very well.’

After detailing the labors of two more colporteurs the report concludes thus —

“To sum up the work which as colporteurs these three have done who have been continuously engaged from the time of the last annual meetings, we have these results: In eleven months they have sold of Bibles, books, and other publications not less than 21,000, which have realized £420: some 17,000 or 18,000 visits have been made, and many thousands of tracts have been distributed; and, in addition, they have labored as Scripture readers, village preachers, and in the Sunday-school your committee cannot but reiterate, and with greater emphasis, the conviction expressed in the report of last year, that in the extension of this agency would be found

a wise, economical, and successful employment of the resources of our churches.”

The Wilts and East Somerset Association report states — “The results of the work have been exceedingly encouraging. In the five colportage districts sales have been effected to the amount of £490 0s. 6d. The circulation of so large a quantity of pure evangelical literature cannot but be regarded with much pleasure by those who know the scarcity of good books in country districts, and the difficulty of obtaining them. The work has been too long neglected. It has been said — “The church has taught the people to read and left the devil to find the books;’ and certainly the partisans of error and vice have not been slow to avail themselves of the aid of the printing press, and have shown no little zeal in the diffusion of their productions. Now, when the power to read and the taste for reading have become universal it is imperatively necessary to provide a suitable supply if we would not have the influence of our Sunday-school and other Christian organizations entirely neutralized by the pernicious literature which abounds. Many cases of usefulness arising from the sale of books are reported by our brethren. Thus one agent tells of an aged person, who said to him, ‘Sir, I have received more light on spiritual things in a month by reading this book — “The Home Beyond” — than in my whole life before’; and of another, who, having read Dr. Mackay’s ‘Grace and Truth,’ said, ‘It has taken away my fears, and led me to a more perfect rest in Christ, removing difficulties which I had been laboring under for years. Thanks to you for bringing this book. Bookselling, however, is but a small part of the work performed by our brethren. Their daily labors in the homes of the people are of great value. All speak of visits to the sick, when it has been their privilege to speak of Christ to those who have been destitute of Christian society, and deprived of all gospel privileges. Then, coming to more directly evangelistic efforts, all our brethren are preachers, and here it is found that the one work helps the other; the colportage helps the preaching, and the preaching helps the colportage. Our brother Richards has been much blessed in preaching. Of sixteen persons recently received into the fellowship of our church, six attributes their conversion to our brother who, last March, spent a week at Bourton visiting from house to house, and holding services every evening. This review of the extensive and useful nature of the society’s operations may well excite our warmest gratitude, and stimulate our utmost devotion. Let us resolve, in divine

strength, not only to maintain the good work, but to extend it as far as possible.”

These reports point to what our Association is now accomplishing, under the divine blessing, in other parts of England and Wales. We have the organization and the men, and we ask Christians, and Christian churches, to help us within their money and their prayers.

EVANGELISTS. — Our brethren, Smith and Clarke, have been conducting a month’s special evangelistic services in Glasgow, at the invitation of the United Evangelistic Association. The meetings have been a marvelous success from the very commencement; night after night the Evangelistic Hall, which holds 2,500, was crowded; and on Sundays we are assured that thousands were refused admission. This was the more remarkable, as our good friend, Ned Wright, was having almost as many to hear him at the same time; a member of the East End Training College was holding large meetings; Mr. Henry Holloway, of Manchester, was also attracting great crowds; and other evangelistic efforts were simultaneously prospering in different parts of the city. May such multiplied agencies bring great and lasting blessings to the second city of the empire. Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word. Our evangelists, also, have done good service amongst the children at the free breakfasts and dinners, and in other ways. Mr. Burnham, as will be seen by his article, has been busy among the green gardens of Kent. We have other brethren coming forward who will make good evangelists, but the interest of God’s children in the sending forth of such men does not seem to be yet aroused. What better work can be devised? Why is not the matter laid to heart?

The engagements of Messrs. Clarke and Smith are as follows: — October 6 to 10, Falmouth; October 11 to 15, Redruth; October 16 to 20, Truro; October 21 to 22, Hayle; October 23 to 27, Penzance; November 17 to 24, Trowbridge; November 30 to December 16, Leicester. May the divine blessing attend the services in every place.

Correction. — In reference to the site occupied by the Bible Stand at the Paris Exhibition, the Committee of the Monthly Tract Society write that the ground was secured through their secretary, and that the right to use a portion of it for a Bible Stand was purchased from them. We know nothing of the matter, but we are always glad to give honor to whom honor is due. We are glad to mark the holy zeal of the Monthly Tract Society. Some 800,000 of their publications have been given away at their kiosk, and

200,000 more have been distributed in the Exhibition. As with most of these good societies, there is a call for more funds, for the work can be indefinitely extended. In its own sphere the Monthly Tract Society performs much useful service.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: — August 25th, five; August 29th, thirteen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

NOVEMBER, 1878.

CHOOSING OUR CROSSES

“I offer thee three things; choose thee one of them.” — 2 Samuel 24:12.

All God’s children are chastened, but it seldom happens that they have the choice of the rod. No tribulation for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, but very rarely are men left to select their own tribulation so as to have the least grievous out of three. In most cases men quarrel with their cross; they wish it had been something else, and they tell you, “I could not expect to be without some form of affliction, but my present distress is the worst possible. If it had been another, then I could have borne it; but this I cannot endure, for it cuts me to the quick.” We have before us the case of a man of God who had in some degree the option of his trouble. We will for awhile commune with him.

Let us begin by remarking that the choice of our affliction will not be given to you or to me. God’s appointment, and not our choice, will determine the form of our chastisement. We may sit down and foolishly say to ourselves, “We would prefer our cross to be pain of body;” or, “We would sooner enjoy health and endure poverty;” or, “We would be glad rather to suffer reproach from the ungodly world than to be in penury; or, we would choose to bear exile, bereavement, or hardship rather than sickness;” but say what we will, our lot is fixed, and our whims will not alter it. In our Father’s house we are not the head of the household, but each one of us is a child whose place is that of obedience. The Lord reigneth and appointeth all things. We may propose as much as we like, but his disposal rules the day. We may sit down and sketch and scheme, but the wheels of providence swerve not from their course to meet our wishes. We put our hand upon the tiller of life and declare that we will steer the vessel according to our own mind, but there are currents which laugh at our steering, and bear us whither we would not, and there are winds which whirl and twist us about contrary to our devices. You may say in your

heart, "This and that shall be;" but the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and his eternal purpose shall be fulfilled. Wherein we are bidden to choose this day it will be well for us wisely to make the election, but concerning our trials it is not left for us to determine their character or form.

For a moment suppose that we had such a choice. It is ordained that we must each carry some cross, but imagine that each one is to select for himself: what then? *The selection would assuredly be a grim and painful task.* You are called to look upon the various forms of trouble, and you are bidden to take one of them. David has his choice of three, and he knew enough to make him dread each one of them. First, he might choose seven years of famine: blasted fields, withered trees, empty storehouses, woman and children pining in agony, dropping in the streets by hundreds from starvation, to lie there unburied, because the living were too feeble to cover the dead; the wolf prowling; the whole land given to desolation. David could not choose such a horror nor endure that such a scourge should come upon his people. But the second was no better: he must flee three months before his enemies. He had known what it was to be hunted like a partridge upon the mountains. He knew the misery of being a fugitive, having no rest by night or by day, but bound to keep the watch-fires always burning, and the hand always upon the drawn sword, while the victorious foe gave no quarter, and enacted horrors on the women and the children. He could not bear the idea of bloodshed, for he had seen too much of it. Nor was it less terrible that pestilence should descend with its invisible sword, and sweep down thousands at a blow, till the grave became gorged with dead. It was a hard hard choice; and long might a man deliberate between the three furies of famine, war, and plague.

Now suppose, beloved Christian friend, that you stood before a similar series of troubles at this moment, and you were asked first, "Do you choose sickness of body?" Do not be very quick to answer "Yes," for I know what it is, and I cannot give it a word of commendation. What then; shall we select poverty? Many now present could tell you that penury is hard to bear, and is by no means a trifling evil. It is not a desirable experience to be in doubt whence your food and raiment will come when the morning dawns, and to be dependent upon the scant gifts of charity. What, then, shall we select slander and reproach? These are enough to break a strong man's heart. Do you in any degree lean towards sickness in the family, or do you count bereavement to be a less evil than some others? Pause and consider before you decide. Would you be willing that the

partner of your life should be taken from you, or that your children should be plucked from your bosom? No, this we would not choose. If it were put to us to select a cross we should be as painfully embarrassed as the fond parents to whom it was offered that one of their children should be taken for adoption. They had only ten, but the first could not go because he was the son and heir; the second certainly could not, because she was a very delicate little girl; the next could by no means be spared, because she was the image of her mother; and the next, child must remain, for he was of so sweet, a disposition. The question passed on to the very last at the mother's breast, and, of course, no one would dream of its being taken from her. There were always good arguments for keeping the whole tribe at home. And so there is a reason why no form of the cross should be desired; and if any one shape of trouble were spread out before a man so that he really trader stood it, he would say, "Save me at least from that sharp sorrow." Thus it is plain that the choice of grief would be in itself a grief most harassing, and we may rejoice that it is not left to us.

Next, it is more than probable that if we had a choice of our crosses we should, each one, choose a worse than we have already. Our first instinct would be to be rid of this one, anyhow. We are utterly weary of it, and think that any alteration would be a change for the better. We would take our brother's cross right willingly. We have often envied him. We saw him sitting in his seat on the Sabbath-day, and we heard his cheery voice at the prayer-meeting, and we said in our heart, "Oh, that my soul were in his soul's stead." Yet if we had to bear his burden and to maintain his cheerfulness we might not be equal to the task, and might wish ourselves back again to our quieter position and less robust appearance. It is quite certain, brethren, that God has fitted our burdens to our backs, and our backs to our burdens; so that no man could exchange with advantage. A barter of trials would be a loss all round. We should few of us improve by shifting places, and none of us by changing trials: the Lord has ordained our inheritance for us with far more wisdom than we could possibly manifest if we had to choose our own.

Besides this, *the cross, if it became a matter of choice, would lose its main characteristic.* What is a cross, or a chastisement, or a trial, but a something which comes athwart our wills to grieve us, and by that grief to work our good? It is through its being contrary to our own wishes and desires that it is a trial at all; and, therefore, if we could arrange it according to our mind it would cease to be a chastisement. Well, therefore,

may we be asked in Scripture, "Should it be according to thy mind"? Do fathers give their children the choice of the rod, and leave it to their judgment as to how or when they shall be chastised? This would simply mean playing at chastisement, and there would be no discipline at all. It is necessary to trial that it should not for the present be joyous, but grievous; and the idea of making a choice of troubles would destroy the essential characteristic of the cross, which is the crossing of our will. While it destroyed the main ingredient of affliction it would altogether alter trial in other essential respects; for if a person, suffers that which he chooses to suffer, the tonic quality is taken from the medicine. I have heard of certain nuns who have arranged to sleep in their coffins every night, the said coffins being set in an almost upright position against the wall. Habit soon renders the position endurable, and probably even pleasant: the mortification of their flesh is more apparent than real. Nobody pities these ladies for carrying out their eccentric habit, since they might lie on beds like reasonable mortals, if they pleased. I saw near Brussels, in a monastery, the whips with which the monks of La Trappe scourge themselves, and I could but hope that they enjoyed the exercise, and used the scourge right heartily. A self-imposed flagellation is a sham suffering. A sorrow chosen is a trifle; it may readily be petted into a joy: even John Fletcher goes so far as to sing—

*“There’s nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see’t,
But only melancholy:
O sweetest, melancholy!”*

Let those have melancholy who like it, but call it not a trial. Let us save our tears for real sorrows, for where choice comes in the utmost gall is not in the bitterness. If it is my own will that I should suffer, suffering does not subdue my will nor tame my pride; but if it is of the Lord’s will that I should bear daily pain, or poverty, or bereavement, then in taking the cup of anguish and drinking it with patience, saying, “Thy will be done,” I honor God and derive benefit from the grief. So you see that the choosing of the cross would be the breaking up of the cross; why then should we wish to have it?

Again, suppose we could choose our cross, *what a responsibility it would involve upon us, and what pain it would bring while we were bearing it.* We should be sure to say to ourselves, “What an ill choice I have made!

This is my own choice, and I can only blame myself for it." If the young man upon starting in life were to say, "Of all the reasons trials which fall to the lot of man, I have the power to select one and I do select this"; then when it came upon him, he would cry out, "Alas, for my foolishness, I have plunged myself into the saltiest sea of all." And then he would chide himself, and refuse to be comforted. As it is, when the affliction comes, we accept the will of the Supreme, and by his grace endeavor to bow before the inevitable storm. The sight of our Father's hand amid the tempest supplies us with comfort, and the sweet sound of his voice saying, "It is I, be not afraid," sustains us amid the hurricane. When the Lord chooses the cup and holds it to us, we drink it down in peace. We feel no responsibility about it, but we enjoy a solid confidence that he who appointed the sorrow will cause it to work our good.

Brethren, here are good reasons for our rejoicing that no option is given to us. We could not envy David, but we do pity him, for it was a heavy trial to have an option in the matter. How sweet is the thought that our God, in making the allotment of crosses, exercises the greatest care over us, and the tenderest consideration for us. No father can be so judicious and gentle as the Lord. In looking over the lives of your fellow Christians, and in considering our own histories, we shall often be made to admire the adaptations of the peculiar form of tribulation to the person called to endure it. It was well that a certain trial did not happen to Melancthon, for it would have broken his heart; but Luther was all the better for it. We can see that it was well for Bunyan to be in prison, well for Milton to be blind, and well for Baxter to be sick; these crosses came to the right men, and none would wish to have made them exchange. A gardener prunes each tree and trims each plant according to its quality. Would you have him use his knife upon a lily as upon a rose? The comfortable fruits of righteousness are forth by one process in one man and by another in his friend. "One man's meat," we say, "is another man's poison," and it is certainly so as to afflictions. When we get to heaven it will, perhaps, be one of our occupations to see how wisely the Lord dealt out to us all not only our portion of meat but our portion of medicine. This much I know: before we reach heaven, we might almost now, if we have reached middle life, look back and see enough about ourselves, even amid the darkness and smoke of our unbelief and ignorance, to make us bless the Lord most heartily for the fires of the furnace, and for the blows of the hammer, and for the grating of the file: surely by all these hath he made us polished

shafts for his quiver. The cross, that bitter tree, has budded, and blossomed and brought forth fruit for us. Yes, the very cross we dreaded most has been the most sanctified. Henceforth, then, let us be good friends with our afflictions, accept them as they arrive, rejoice in the love which appoints them, in the grace which comes with them, and in the growth which comes out of them, and never let us wish to have things other than they are so far as our Lord's appointments are concerned. No more let us wish to choose, or, if a choice should come, let us imitate the afflicted psalmist and say, "I am in a great strait: let us fall now into the hand of the Lord." Everything is safe when it is left with God.

"TRESPASSERS BEWARE."

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS.

In proclaiming the gospel we endeavor to set forth both its fullness and its freeness. We put up no hedge, fence, or barrier; we raise no question and utter no prohibition, for the invitation runs thus — "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." We sometimes meet with the opposite of this in the world without, and the contrast serves to enhance our idea of divine liberality. This afternoon I saw a large board, conspicuously lettered and elaborately printed, which bore the following inscription, "TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. NO DOGS ALLOWED IN THESE WATERS." The waters were a little miserable stagnant pond, green with duckweed, and rite estate into which no trespassers were allowed to enter was about a half an acre of what would have been a meadow if the grass had not been too much trodden down. I was cheered by the reflection that the dogs of the neighborhood must have been highly intelligent, and that there was no need for the School Board in that region, for of course it would have been no use to put up the notice, "No dogs allowed in these waters," unless the dogs could read. I have before heard of learned pigs, but reading dogs are even more an evidence of the culture of the district. The exclusiveness of the notice is not altogether new, but being placed so prominently, it struck my attention.

Frequently we are warned that, "trespassers will be prosecuted," but there is no sentence of the gospel which breathes such a spirit. You cannot trespass there, for the rule is, "Whosoever will, let him come." You may

come to the richest banquets of the gospel; you may walk up and down through all the length and breadth of the land of promise, but you shall never be questioned as to your right to be there, for the Lord says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." An open door is set before us which no man can shut, and we may enter freely. I know an hotel in a continental town in front of which there is a fine garden, and at the gate you may read this notice, "*Strangers not residing at this hotel are invited to enter and enjoy the garden at all times.*" Now that is generous, and deserves all praise; it is indeed after the manner of the gospel — enter and enjoy yourselves, "Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?"

The Lord draws men to him with the cords of a man, and with the bands of love, but he never did drive a soul from him yet, and he never will. So long as this dispensation of grace shall last, no trespassers can ever be found on the domain of grace, for all who come are invited guests. The Queen permits certain favored persons to drive through her private park, but the Lord sets the gate of mercy open to all comers and gives all believers a golden key which will admit them at all hours to his own palace. Who then will refuse to come?

The board also said, "*No dogs allowed in these waters.*" But no such intimation is given concerning the living waters of divine grace, for the poorest dog of a sinner that ever lived may come to drink, and swim, and wash here. No doubt it is advisable to keep dogs out of little shallow pools, for the water would soon become defiled, and the cattle would refuse it; but we do not need to preserve a great river, and no one cares to put up a notice informing the dogs that they may not wash in the sea, because there is no fear whatever that however many dogs may come they will ever pollute old Father Thames or defile the boundless sea. Where there is infinite abundance there may well be unlimited freeness. The vilest dog of a sinner that ever ate the crumb which fell from the Master's table is invited to plunge into the river of the water of life, which is clear as crystal still, though thousands of uncircumcised and defiled lips have drunk of it, and myriads of foul souls have been washed whiter than snow in its streams. "Come and welcome, come and welcome," is the note which sounds from Calvary, from the wounds of the expiring Savior; yea, it sweetly comes upon mine ear from the lips of the glorified Christ, who sits at the right hand of the Father. "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let

him take the water of life freely.” No one can be an intruder when the call is so unconditional, and whoever tries to keep any sinner back is doing the devil’s work. They are trespassers who keep away from Jesus, and not those who come to him. Some are afraid that they would be presumptuous should they believe on the Lord Jesus, but presumption lies in the opposite direction: it is the worst of presumption to dare to question the love of God, the efficacy of the blood of atonement, and the saving power of the Redeemer. Cease from such proud questionings, and trust in Jesus.

*Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
‘Tis mercy’s voice salutes thine ears —
O trembling sinner, come.*

C.H.S

NOTES

Who is the Apostate? A Passover Story. Translated from the German, by Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

A CHARMING little story, designed to show to the Jews the danger of allowing the Rationalist to explain away the personality of Jehovah, or the orthodox Jew to deny the Son of David. In quarters where Pantheism is the fashionable belief, or where a trust in ordinances is looked upon as the way of salvation, this clever little tractate will provide an antidote. Its brevity will ensure its being read where larger works would be cast aside. The style is fascinating, clear, convincing: the pages full of Scripture proof handled with profound reverence. May many a Jew be turned into “an Israelite indeed” through the reading of this book.

The Church: an Essay. By ARTHUR PRIDHAM. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street.

A LABORED, and in some respects ingenious, attempt is here made to show that the term *church* in the Scriptures is not of different applications as to particular churches, or to the number of the redeemed at any one time on the earth, or to those who have entered into rest, or to the completion of

the redeemed at the last day, but is limited in its meaning to the saints both of the advent of the Lord. That this is one meaning of the term church we admit, and so far as it serves the purpose of the author in refuting the notion of any essential and permanent distinction between the saints of the Old and New Testament we agree with his design; but we do not regard this as the sole meaning of the term *church* in the Scriptures.

The Battle of Unbelief. By Rev. GAVIN CARLYLE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SERIES of papers designed to show the fallacies upon which the opposition to the supernatural in religion rests. The papers are calculated to be useful to studious minds in exposing the cool assumptions of the rationalistic school. The author's word is not like a fire, *but* like the hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces. The third paper in the series on "The inner harmony between the Old and New Testament" is powerful and conclusive; and is, perhaps, the best of all. On the whole we should say, if you wish to be entertained or amused, do not buy this book; but if you want good tough Scotch theology, with a large share of philosophy, unrelieved by a single gleam of the imaginative, this is the right sort of reading for you. The work is so printed as to allow of marginal notes being made *ad libitum*.

NOTES

On Wednesday Evening, Sept. 25, a large number of friends assembled at the Tabernacle to bid public farewell to our colored brethren, Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, and their wives, who will very soon be on their way to Africa to preach the everlasting gospel among those of their own race. During their stay with us they have endeared themselves to us all, and have won a very high place in our esteem by their genuine piety, their unaffected simplicity, and their sincere desire to qualify themselves for their great work. We never remember having met with any of their countrymen in whom we had such unbounding confidence as in these good men; and though they go forth from us to a distant land they will always abide in our kindest memories. May the Baptist Missionary Society find in them able heralds of the cross, and may Ethiopia soon stretch forth her hands unto God. Other brethren in the College are thinking upon Africa, and from all we can see there will be no lack of men for missionaries; but the Christian

Church must take care to provide the means for their sustenance. Mr. Johnson will be supported by the Baptist Mission, but Mr. Richardson wishes to remain free, that he may, if the Lord will, pioneer into regions beyond. Of course, he must live, and we shall be glad to unite with others in assisting to provide for him from time to time, as we see how the work proceeds.

On Monday evening, Sept. 30, our beloved brother in the Lord, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, came again to the Tabernacle to seek the prayers of the church for another party of seven friends who were about to sail for China, in connection with The China Inland Mission. These were Mr. and Mrs. Stott, who have been home for a needful rest; and Miss Mitchell, Miss Snow, Miss Muller, and the Misses E. and F. Boyd, who are going out for the first time. We were very glad to see so many of our sisters setting out for the land where millions are perishing, but we regretted that they were not accompanied by an equal number of brethren. Can it be that our young men have less of the missionary spirit than is poured out on the daughters of the church? We trust that this is not the case. Christian women are greatly needed in "The Celestial Empire," but so are Christian men.

We commend to all our brethren, and sisters, the earnest appeal of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Stott for more laborers not only in China proper, but also in Turkestan, Cabul, Thibet Mongolia, and other dark parts of Asia, where there are millions of people without a single witness for Christ. No mission so fully meets our ideas as that of Mr. Hudson Taylor. He is an apostolic man, and he has gathered around him men and women of a choice spirit, full of real faith in God, and determined to get at the Chinese in some way or other. Mr. Taylor evidently cares less for scholarship than for grace; and we note in all his brethren who address our meetings that there is no attempt at polish, but an abundance of practical common sense, a hearty belief in the gospel, and a full conviction that the Lord will bless it to the conversion of the heathen. Mr. Stott, a brother who has lost a leg, spoke to the audience at the Tabernacle in such a manner upon his various providential deliverances, that his testimony confirmed the faith of us all. A smile passed over the audience when, alluding to his loss of a limb, he said that it did not matter, for he never meant to run away.

BOOK FUND. Mrs. Spurgeon has now closed her special distribution to Irish pastors, all the special amount having been expended and much more.

Applications from poor ministers of all denominations are still pouring in, and as fast as a sickly frame enables the work to be done the much valued parcels of books are sent out. The famine for mental food is still sore in the land. Very touching are many of the letters. The Lord has a faithful, self — denying band of ministers among us, and they ought to be supplied with books, out of which they may feed their flocks. This good work *must not* flag. Can we allow it to do so?

COLLEGE, When we referred in a recent number of our magazine to the deaths of three of our brethren, we little thought that the next one would be our young friend James J. Mead, who only accepted the pastorate at Eceles, near Manchester, last June. Yet so it is; at the early age of twenty-one, just as we thought he was prepared to commence his life's work, it is all over, and he has been called home. He was a gracious young man, beloved of all below, and ripe for the service above. Who will step in to fill up this gap in our ranks?

During the past month Mr. J. Clark has left us to continue his studies at Glasgow University, and Mr. W. Seaman has accepted an invitation to New Quay, Cornwall. Mr. H. Kidher has removed from Mumbles, Swansea, to Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, and Mr. T. Wheatley has become co-pastor with the Rev. G. Gould, Dunstable, Beds.

We have an extremely large number of applicants for the College: men are eager to enter upon the work of the Lord. At the same time we have no men in the College beyond their time, but on the contrary find it difficult to supply the churches wishing for students. There is, therefore, great need to maintain the College in full working order, and we do not intend to slacken in anything. We lay out our whole life in the Master's cause, and we trust we shall find fellow-helpers who will find money while we supply labor and thought.

EVANGELISTS. Our brethren, Smith and Clarke, have been down in Cornwall for the greater part of the last month. From Falmonth comes a very delightful letter from J. Douglas, pastor, in which, after mentioning the crowds and the conversions, he adds: —

“Suffice it to say that I never saw Calvinistic truth better handled in gospel meetings than it is by Mr. Clarke. He goes in for a whole salvation, a salvation that covers the future as well as the present, with a decision that I never saw even distantly approached in evangelistic work. Not only does

Mr. Clarke set forth the gospel in a way that excludes all legalism from the time present, but which equally decisively rids the King's highway of it all the way through."

Redruth seems to have taken fire, and all denominations felt the glowing heat. Out of several letters we select that of Mr. Kench, the esteemed minister of the United Methodist Free Church.

"Redruth, Cornwall, Oct. 15, 1878.

"Rev. and Dear Sir, — You will, I am sure, pardon me for troubling you with, this letter, but I feel that you should be informed of the good work doing in this town and district by means of your evangelists, as they are called, Messrs Smith and Clarke. From Falmouth I hear of glorious things being accomplished in the name of Jesus, but I wish to say a word with reference to this town and their work in it.

Before they came your minister, the Rev. Mr. Abraham, applied to me for the use of our chapel, which will hold near 2000 persons, and our trustees in the most cheerful manner said Yes, and on Friday evening they began their labors, when, notwithstanding it being market day, some seven or eight hundred persons came together. On Saturday the number was increased, but on Sunday afternoon Mr. Smith conducted a children's service when some 2500 children and adults filled the chapel in every part. The address was most interesting and powerful Last evening the chapel was again filled, and at the prayer-meeting several persons sought and found Christ. Throughout the whole of the services held in our chapel (all of which I have attended) there has been a most powerful influence pervading the meetings. We are greatly cursed in this town by what is called 'modern thought,' and this makes us the more grateful for your evangelists, who stand boldly in 'the old paths,' and with great faithfulness and power' warn every man' of the danger to which sin has exposed him. I hear that the other services which were held in the Baptist chapel were crowded, and an overflow meeting was held in the Druid's Hall, which was also packed, each service being full of God."

We cannot refrain from adding part of a deeply interesting letter from Mr. Abraham, the Baptist pastor of Redruth, who is unfortunately obliged to leave on account of health. We feel sure that he would be a great acquisition to some vacant church where the climate would be more suitable, The whole letter is most cheering, but space forbids our giving it

all. Our friends who are acquainted with the book of hymns entitled “Flowers and Fruits” will appreciate the allusions to the various songs in the paragraphs about the descent into the mine: — ..

“Mr. Clarke’s sermon on the well-worn text, ‘Escape for thy life,’ on Tuesday evening seemed to come with the freshness and force of a heavenly inspiration. Then, and often at the other services, my heart sent up almost involuntary (but by no means unwilling) cries to God for his blessing upon the gospel which was so dearly set forth, and my experience was like to that of many others. It seemed marvelous to us all that any could hear the truth so eloquently spoken and so expressively sung, and continue in the service of the father of lies. On the Sunday, morning and evening, Brother Clarke preached in our chapel to as many people as the place could contain; and in the evening a neighboring hall was opened, and Brother Smith had it thronged with those who were eager to hear his triple endeavors to bring the good news to their hearts — by cornet, sermon, and song. The service for children, conducted by Mr. Smith, on Sunday afternoon, will never be forgotten by those who were present. The sight itself still lingers like a beautiful vision in my brain; and that the racy illustrative address went ‘home’ was evident by the happy, eager, interested faces of the children. All the schools of the town were with us, and there must have been between 2000 and 3,000 individuals packed in the building. We are exceedingly grateful to the United Methodists for so willingly lending us their beautiful and spacious chapel, and to the Rev. T. Kench for the hearty and invaluable assistance which he gave. I have as yet said nothing about the spiritual results, but they have been uppermost in my mind all the time I have been writing. They have been exceedingly cheering, and of course they form our chief source of joy. ‘We are not letting the work cease: I preached in my own chapel on Wednesday night, and it was a difficult matter to get the people to go home. Indeed, the place was not clear till half-past eleven; and then five or six who had come sorrowing because of their sins went away rejoicing in Christ as their sin-bearer and risen Lord. The work has been a weariness to the flesh, but a strengthening to the spirit; and, although I am feeling almost ‘done,’ it is nevertheless a blessed thing to be fatigued and worn in such a glorious cause. Last night I assisted Mr. Kench in a service at his place. By the coming of Messrs. Clarke and Smith I am able to understand more fully than ever I could before how ‘both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.’ I now regret the necessity for my removal more than

ever, but I am very hopeful for the success of the next servant of the Master who shall labor here.

“Before the brethren left for Truro on Wednesday, we paid a visit to the East Poole tin and copper mine. After looking about for an hour above ground we commenced preparations for a trip below. The process of dressing in miners’ costume was an exceedingly interesting one. After a considerable amount of stitching and lacing we succeeded in accommodating a suit to Smith’s bulky form; and if you could have seen us when thoroughly equipped you would certainly have thought that some of the Pastors’ College students were prepared for rough work. Two captains accompanied us, and we all wore veritable Mambrino’s helmets, on each of which a piece of moistened clay did duty for a candlestick. Spare candles were attached to the buttons of our jackets. When all was ready we marched across the yard to the shafts, to descend. Having taken our place in the gig, a two-storied cage, three in each compartment, we commenced the descent: down, down, down — through one hundred and fifty fathoms of blackness, We tried to sing, and I have a shrewd suspicion that we did so for the purpose of keeping our spirits up while our bodies were going down; but the ‘Flowers and Fruits’ were not in a congenial atmosphere, and required much forcing before they flourished. Smith commenced with, ‘‘Tis the good old way, By our fathers trod,’ but we could not get; on with that, although a party of young miners might have used the words, for their fathers had to tread the way upon ladders before the gig came into use. ‘ So near to the Kingdom’ was unpleasantly suggestive, while ‘ Heavenward I wend my way,’ and ‘ We’ll journey together to Zion, That beautiful city of light,’ seemed peculiarly inappropriate. At last we started, ‘ I feel like singing all the time,’ and only ceased our song when the carriage stopped. Then our underground ramble commenced, during which we did not sing ‘ How beautiful upon the Mountains.’ With one captain before, and the ether behind way we went, groping along by the solid granite walls, crawling through narrow passages, climbing ever heaps of debris; now knocking our heads, or rather hats, and giving ourselves the opportunity of singing ‘ Our lamps are gone out, and the daylight is past’; and now standing in uge caverns from which the precious metals have been removed to enrich those, who dwell above. Thirty fathoms deeper we went by the aid of ladders placed at every conceivable angle; until we had I reached a depth of one thousand and eighty feet below the surface, and stood among the foundations of the everlasting hills. Ever and anon we were startled by the

bang and rumble and roar of the blastings, and partially suffocated by the smoke. (Captain Bishop promises to suspend blasting operations, and get the mine clear of smoke, if ever he should have the pleasure of taking the President where he conducted the students.) The pitmen hailed our arrival with evident joy; and, when we sat in the midst of a swarthy group, the singing by Mr. Smith of ‘ Always cheerful, always cheerful! Sunshine all around we see,’ did not seem to be at all unsuitable; for there was a brightness about the brown faces of the men, which seemed almost to eclipse the dull glimmer of their candles, like the clear light of open day. After spending a little time in prayer we commenced our upward climb, and we shall not be likely to forget the candlelighted group of sturdy fellows who stood at the one hundred and fifty fathoms level to see us take our places in the gig and start for ‘ grass ‘ again. Clarke nearly fell into an ugly chasm while we were below, and during the ascent he was very quiet; but when the first gleams of daylight came to us down the shaft we all joined in singing heartily, ‘ Happy day, happy day.’ We were soon able to sing, ‘ Sweetest fellowship we know In the light,’ — with a suggestive emphasis upon the ‘sweetest.’ Having employed the sun to make a record of our adventure we were soon able to resume our original characters, and although we enjoyed the trip immensely, not one of us was desirous of being anything more than an amateur miner.”

Mr. Burnham, our other evangelist, has had good meetings during the past month at Sandy, Blunham, Ridgmount, Cranfield, Shefford, and Stotfold, Beds; and is engaged from Nov. 3 to 8, Bexley Heath; Nov. 10 to 15, Sevenoaks and Eynslord; Nov. 17 to 22, Woolwich; Dec. 2 to 15, Bower Chalk, near Saltsbury; Dec. 30, Southampton. Application for his services on any vacant evenings should, be made to C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. S.W.

We have received the following report from the pastor of the Baptist church at Sandy, Mr. Thos. Voysey: —

“The Baptist cause here and the village generally have been much benefited by tee visit of Mr. J. Burnham. His calm and earnest appeals with the touching gospel melodies sung with pathetic power, assisted by his ‘ American Organ,’ have gone home to the hearts of the numbers who crowded to hear him, leaving a lasting impression for good on the minds of very many. Truly his mission has been a season of refreshing to pastor and people.”

We have abounding evidence that our three brethren are most efficiently serving the churches. Our only trouble about the matter is that as yet no one seems moved to help us in the effort to any extent, for as will be seen by our accounts only £13 has been given to us during the month for a work so extensive and so needed. Still, we cannot believe that the Lord will leave the work to pine for funds.

ORPHANAGE. The quarterly meeting of the collectors was held at the Orphanage on Friday evening, Oct. 4, when about £100 was brought in to help the funds of the institution. This is a smaller amount than usual, but we suppose many of our friends are keeping their boxes and cards until they have collected larger sums. How much more might be done if more people would become collectors! we would gladly forward boxes of books, We had quite a Scotch evening in the boys' play hall. The Pastor and his son Charles gave an account of their summer holiday in Scotland, several Scotch views were shown with the aid of the dissolving view lanterns, and Scotch melodies were sung by the boys and other kind friends, who enabled Mr. Charlesworth to make up a thoroughly enjoyable program, We were glad to convey to Mr. Macgregor the hearty thanks of the trustees for the help he has rendered by addressing the tads at the Orphanage on Sunday evenings for so long a time. Excellent speeches were given by Mr. J. M. Smith, Mr. Charlesworth, and Mr. A. G. Brown, who could not think of any better way of spending a holiday of two days than by visiting the Tabernacle and its associated institutions. A true-yoke fellow is our beloved friend.

Our choir of boys have made an excursion to the north, holding meetings at Middlesbrough, Stockton, Newcastle, and Bradford. We had hoped to give details of their journey; but we must be content to epitomize all by saying that everybody was kind to the boys, and that we desire to tender our personal thanks for the noble help which the institution has received from many generous hands. We are elton bowed to the earth by the affectionate respect which is shown to us, and by the love shown to our boys for our sake. We receive enough abuse to crush a man's spirit, and more than sufficient love to make him alive again. Some good people write with pious horror to know if the organist at Leeds did really play such and such a tune upon our entering the, hall. We have no doubt he did, for the papers say so. But really it is too bad to blame us for that. We neither bought it, nor sought it, nor thought it, and if excessive kindness did commit an indiscretion when intending only a hearty welcome, it; ought not

to be visited upon our head, nor we think upon any other. But to return to our orphans, they brought home a noble sum for the Orphanage, and they are ready to go out again on the same terms. The pleasure which it gives their audiences to hear them sing, and the pleasure which we receive from seeing the Orphanage helped, make these singing trips a happy feature in the Orphanage work. Our deep gratitude is due to Mr. Charlesworth, who conducts these excursions with great enthusteeem and sound sense.

Correction. — We regret that in our notes last month we understated the amount of produce of Mr. Toller's "Orphanage Acre" at Waterbeach. It should have been 35 sacks of potatoes and 3 sacks of flour (not 2).

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MR. SPURGEON'S MINISTRY. — The committee earnestly call attention to the circular inserted in last month's magazine. They have received several small amounts, besides one promise of 15250 and another of £50. It is obvious that if the presentation is to be made in January there must be a strong effort made within the next few weeks. It would spoil the intent of the testimonial if it became difficult to raise it. The object is the support of the aged members of the church in the Almshouses; it is at Mr. Spurgeon's own desire that the object was selected, and the committee trust that the £5,000 which is needed will be readily forthcoming.

T. H. Olney and Thomas Greenwood,
Treasurers, Metropolitan Tabernacle,
Newington Butts.

Bazaar goods of all kinds will be thankfully received. The bazaar will commence on Tuesday, December 30.

Mr. Spurgeon's son Thomas is expected home on the last day of October or first of November, in good health.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: —
September 30th, fifteen; October 3rd, fifteen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

DECEMBER, 1878.

WINDOWS IN SERMONS

QUAINT Thomas Fuller says “reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon;’ but similitudes are the windows which give the best light.” The comparison is very happy and suggestive, and therefore we will build up a little temple of discourse under its direction.

The chief reason for the construction of windows in a house is, as Fuller says, to let in light; and parables, similes, and metaphors are to be used with that purpose. Hence we use them to *illustrate* our subject, or, in other words, to “*brighten it with light,*” for that is Dr. Johnson’s literal rendering of the word *illustrate*. Often when didactic speech fails to enlighten our hearers, we may make them see our meaning by opening a window and letting in the pleasant light; of analogy. To every preacher of righteousness as well as to Noah there comes the direction, “A window shalt thou make in the ark.” You may go round about with laborious definitions and explanations and yet leave your hearers in the dark, but a thoroughly suitable metaphor will wonderfully clear the sense. Even the close cell of the convict has its little grated opening, why should our people be altogether immured in solid walls of dullness? There should, if possible, be one good metaphor even in the shortest address, even as Ezekiel, in his vision of the temple, saw that even to the little chambers there were windows suitable to their size. We have no ambition to be obscure, and yet certain preachers are dangerously near it. Lycophron declared that he would hang himself if he found a person who could understand his poem entitled “The Prophecy of Cassandra”; happily, no one arose to drive the poet to such a misuse of good timber: we think we could find brethren in the ministry who might with almost equal impunity run the same risk in connection with their sermons.

Windows greatly add to the pleasure and agreeableness of a habitation, and so do *illustrations make a sermon pleasurable and interesting.* A windowless chamber attracts no one. Our congregations hear us with

pleasure when we give them a fair measure of imagery: when an anecdote is being told they rest, take breath, and give play to their imaginations, and thus prepare themselves for the sterner work which lies before them in listening to our profounder expositions. Even the little children open their eyes and ears, and a smile brightens up their faces; for they, too, rejoice in the light which streams in through our windows. We dare say they often wish that our sermons were nothing else but illustrations, even as the boy desired to have a cake made all of plums, but that must not be, for reasons good and numerous. There is a happy medium, and we must keep to it by making our discourse pleasant hearing but not a mere pastime.

Every architect will tell you that he looks upon his windows as *an opportunity for introducing ornament into his design*. A pile may be massive, but it cannot be pleasing if it is not in due degree broken up with windows and other details. The palace of the popes at Avignon is an immense structure, and might have been made an imposing edifice, but its windows are so very few that it resembles a colossal prison, and suggests nothing of what a palace should be. Sermons need to be broken up, varied, decorated, and enlivened; and nothing can do this so well as the introduction of types, emblems, and instances. Of course ornament is not the main point to be considered, but still many little excellences go to make up perfection, and this is one of the many, and therefore it should not, be overlooked. When wisdom built her house she hewed out her seven pillars for glory and for beauty as well as for the support of the structure; and shall we think that the meanest, hovel is good enough for “the beauty of holiness”: Truth is a king’s daughter, and her raiment should be of wrought gold; her house is a palace, and it should be adorned with “windows of agate and gates of carbuncle.”

Illustrations tend to enliven and quicken the attention of an audience. Windows, when they will open, which, alas, is not often the case in our places of worship, are a great blessing, by refreshing and reviving the audience with a little pure air, and enlivening the poor mortals who have been rendered, sleepy by the stagnant atmosphere of the meeting-house. A window should, according to its name be a wind door, and admit the wind to refresh the audience; even so an original figure, a noble image, a quaint comparison, a rich allegory, should open upon the hearers a stream of happy thought, which will pass over them like a life-giving breeze, arousing them from their apathy, and quickening their faculties to receive the truth. Those who are accustomed to the soporific sermonizings of dignified

divines would marvel greatly if they could see the enthusiasm and lively delight with which congregations listen to speech through which there blows a breeze of happy, natural illustration. Arid as a desert are many volumes of discourses which are to be met with upon the booksellers' dust-covered shelves, but if in the course of a thousand paragraphs they contain a single simile, it; is the oasis of the Sahara, and serves to keep the reader's soul alive. In fashioning a discourse think little of the bookworm, which will be sure of its portion of meat, however dry your doctrine, but have pity upon those living souls immediately around you, who must find life *in* and *by* your sermon, or they will never find it at all. If some of your hearers sleep, they will of necessity wake up in hell.

While we thus commend illustrations for necessary uses, it must be remembered that they are, not the strength of a sermon any more than a window is the strength of a house; and for this reason, among others, *they should not be too numerous*. Too many openings for light may seriously detract from the stability of a building. A glass house is not the most comfortable of abodes? and, besides suffering from other inconveniences, it is very tempting to stone-throwers. When a critical adversary attacks our metaphors he makes short work of them. To friendly minds images are arguments, but to opponents they are opportunities for attack; the enemy climbs up by the window. Comparisons are swords with two edges which cut, both ways; and frequently what seems a sharp and telling illustration may be wittily turned against you, so as to cause a laugh at your expense: therefore do not rely upon your metaphors and parables.

Nor is this the only reason for practicing moderation in illustration. A volume is all the better for engravings, but a scrap-book which is all woodcuts is usually intended for the use of little children. Our house should be built with the substantial masonry of doctrine upon the deep foundation of inspired truth; its pillars should be of marble, and every stone should be carefully laid in its place; and then the windows should be ranged in due order, three rows," if we will, "light against light," like the house of the forest of Lebanon. But the house is not to be built for the sake of the windows, nor the sermon arranged with the view of getting in a favorite apologue: for the window is not the object for which the house is built, but merely a convenience subordinate to the entire design. Our building is intended to last, and is meant for every-day use, and hence it must not be all crystal and color. We miss our way altogether, as gospel ministers, if we aim at flash and display.

It is impossible to lay down a rule as to how much adornment shall be found in each discourse; every man must judge for himself on that matter. True taste in dress could not be readily defined, yet every one knows what it is: and there is a literary and spiritual taste which should be displayed in the measuring out of tropes and figures in every public speech. “*Ne quid nimis*” is a good caution. Do not be too eager to garnish and adorn. Some men seem never to have enough of metaphors, each one of their sentences must be a flower. They compass sea and land to find a fresh piece of colored glass for their windows, and they break down the walls of their discourses to let in superfluous ornaments, till their productions rather resemble a fantastic grotto than a house to dwell in. Our law, I believe, in the days of the taxing, allowed eight windows free from duty, and we might also exempt a “few, that is, eight,” metaphors from criticism, but more than that ought to be taxed heavily.

It is a suggestive fact that the tendency to abound in metaphor and illustration becomes weaker as men grow older and wiser. Perhaps this may, in a measure, be ascribed to the decay of their imagination; but it also occurs at the same time as the ripening of their understanding. Some speakers may use fewer figures of necessity, because they do not come to them as aforetime, but this is not always the case. I know that men with great facility in imagery find it less needful to employ that faculty now than in their earlier days, for they have the ear of the people, and they are solemnly in earnest to fill that ear with instruction as condensed as they can make it. When you begin with a people who have not heard the gospel, and whose attention you have to win, you can hardly go too far in the use of figure and metaphor. Our Lord Jesus Christ used very much of it; indeed, “without a parable spake he not unto them,” because they were not; educated up to the point at which they could profitably hear pure didactic truth: but when the Holy Ghost had been given the parables became few, and the saints were plainly taught of God. When Paul was sent to speak or write to the churches in his epistles he employed very few parables, because he addressed those who were more advanced, and more willing to learn. As the Christian mind advanced, the style of teaching became less figurative, and more plainly doctrinal. This should teach us wisdom, and suggest that we are to be bound by no hard and fast rules, but should use more or less of any mode of teaching, according to our own condition and that of our people.

Out of this last point comes the further remark, that *illustrations are best when they are natural, and grow out of the subject*. They should be like those well-arranged windows which are evidently part of the plan of a structure, and not inserted as an after thought, or for mere adornment. The cathedral of Milan inspires my mind with extreme admiration; it always appears to me as if it must have grown out of the earth like a colossal tree, or rather like a forest of marble. From its base to its loftiest pinnacle every detail is a natural outgrowth, a portion of a well-developed whole, essential to the main idea: indeed, part and parcel of it. Such should a sermon be; its exordium, divisions, arguments, appeals, and metaphors should all spring out of itself; nothing should be out of living relation to the rest. It should seem as if nothing could be added without being an excrescence, and nothing taken away without inflicting damage. There should be flowers in a sermon, but they should be the flowers of the soil; not dainty exotics, evidently imported with much care from a distant land, but the natural upspringing of a life natural to the holy ground on which the preacher stands. The figures of speech should be congruous with the matter of the discourse: a rose upon an oak would be out of place, and a lily springing from a poplar would be unnatural; everything should be of a piece, and have a natural relationship to the rest.

Elaboration into minute points is not commendable. God's altar of old was to be made of earth, or of unhewn stone, "for," said the word,

"If thou, lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." Exodus 20:25.

A labored, artificial style, and especially a style full of ornament, upon which the graver's tool has left abundant marks, is more consistent with human pleadings in courts of law, or in the forum or in the senate, than with prophetic utterances delivered in the name of God and for the promotion of his glory. Our Lord's parables were as simple as tales for children, and as naturally beautiful as the lilies which sprang up in the valleys where he taught the people. He borrowed no legend from the Talmud, nor fairy tale from Persia, neither fetched he his emblems from beyond the sea, but he dwelt among his own people, and talked of common things in homely style, as never man spake before, and yet as any observant man should speak. His parables were like himself and his surroundings; and were never strained, fantastic, pedantic, or artificial. Let us imitate him, for

we shall never find a model more complete, or more suitable for the present age.

Opening our eyes, we shall discover abundant imagery all around. As it is written, “The word is nigh thee,” so also is the analogy of that worn near at hand: —

*“All things around me whate’er they be
That I meet is the chance may come,
Have a voice and a speech in them all —
Birds that hover, and bees that hum,
The beast of the field or the stall;
The trees, leaves rushes, and grasses;
The rivulet running away;
The bird of the air as it passes:
Or the mountains that motionless stay;
And yet those immovable masses
Keep changing, as dreams do, all day.”*^{F9}

There will be little need to borrow from the recondite mysteries of human art, nor to go deep into the secrets of science, for in nature golden illustrations lie upon the surface, and the purest is that which is uppermost and most readily discerned. Of natural history in all its branches we may well say, “the gold of that land is good”; the illustrations furnished by every-day phenomena seen by the ploughman and the wagoner are the very best which earth can yield. An illustration is not like a prophet, for it has most honor in its own country; and those who have oftenest seen the object are those who are most gratified by the figure drawn from it.

It is scarcely necessary to add that *illustrations must never be low or mean*. They may not be high-flown, but they should always be in good taste. They may be homely, and yet chastely beautiful; but rough and coarse they never should be. A house is dishonored by having dirty windows, with panes cobwebbed and begrimed, and here and there patched with brown paper, or stuffed up with rags: such windows are the insignia of a hovel rather than a house. About our illustrations there must never be even the slightest trace of taint; nor the suspicion of anything that would shock the most delicate modesty. We like not that window out of which Jezebel is looking. Like the bells upon the horses, our lightest expressions must be holiness unto the Lord. Of that which suggests the groveling and the base we may say with the apostle, “Let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints.” That which is vulgar and questionable our pure minds should

earnestly avoid. We will gather our flowers always and only from Emmannel's land, and Jesus himself shall be their savor and sweetness; so that when he lingers at the lattice to hear us speak of himself he may say, "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue." C. H. S.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

A RECORD OF COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF
LABOR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1879

“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 I trumpet was by me.” — Nehemiah 4:17, 18

PREFACE

A CONTEMPORARY remarks, "This is an eventful year for Mr. Spurgeon," and his words are true. The reader must forgive us if in our own magazine we become autobiographical, and rehearse the story of the year 1879, in its hearings upon the work which has found a center in the Tabernacle. Its earliest, hours saw the Pastor a prisoner, unable to rise from the bed of pain, but meanwhile his ever faithful people were busy in creating a memorial of the Lord's mercy to him and to them during their happy union of twenty-five years. Love was busy in a thousand ways, having its sweets. A bazaar upon an enormous scale was carried out with enthusiasm, and was in all respects a very wonderful success. Never can we forget, the fervent affection displayed by an array of friends to one whose only justification for receiving such love lies in the fact that he loves in return.

The Pastor himself, much against his own wishes, was compelled to take a furlough of three months, during which his pain of body ceased, his spirits revived, and his mind recovered from a pressure which had somewhat overpowered it. The demands made upon head and heart by ministering to so great a congregation, and superintending so many forms of Christian work, will never be known except to him who feels them, and it is no wonder that sometimes the strain is too great, and mind and spirit sink into painful depression, from which there is no recovery but by rest.

We returned in April. The Conference of ministers who had been educated in the Pastors' College met in May, and it was a joyous occasion. The presence and power of God were manifestly felt, and the meetings were consequently full of life and enthusiasm. The number of men who have passed through the College is 548, and of these 432 remain actually in the field and in the Baptist ministry. From the first we have given as good an education as the exigencies of the times allowed, but as the demand for ministers is not now so pressing, and the supply of students is also larger, we have been able to allow our young brethren a longer term of study, and the majority of them now remain for three years instead of two. We have never deserved the reproach of lowering the standard of ministerial education, for we bid out our life to raise it. We hope soon to sweep away the last rag or reason for the charge. The gospel and the Holy Spirit are

with us far before human culture, but, when we have these, the more a man knows the better.

Soon after the Conference our beloved people presented us with a testimonial of £6,223 10s. 5d, which we had great pleasure in handing over to trustees for the Lord's work. Thus our *Almshouses* are now endowed, so that the support, of the aged sisters will never become a burden to the church. For this to be accomplished as a deed of love is pleasant beyond expression to our heart, and we trust it is well pleasing also to our Lord. If nothing else had been accomplished this would have been an eventful year.

On June 19 we were able to make a fair start with the *Girls' Orphanage*, and this to us is the second great advance of 1879. Depression and disaster have been painfully felt in almost every quarter, and many charitable institutions have been advertising their abject poverty, but, to the honor of our gracious Lord, we wish to bear witness that never have our College and Orphanage been so well supported as during this trying season. By the first of October we had bought and paid for the "Hawthorns," and were on the way towards the purchase of the intervening meadow, so that we are at this present able to report the ground in possession and almost paid for, ^{f10} with seven houses promised, and many other helps. Well may we say, "What hath God wrought!" We know that all this entails upon us more responsibility, but we know also that God can and will give strength sufficient for the burden, and send supplies equal to the demand.

It is also a great joy to us that all the various agencies are well officered, and all properties are in the hands of fitting trustees. We are aided by business men whose watchfulness is stimulated by their love to Jesus and his work. A gracious tone pervades all, and the Holy Spirit is using every agency for the glory of God. Prayer is more fervent than ever. Unity and concord reign. All is well with us!

O that we could do more for Jesus! Our Colportage, which is a great blessing to thousands, does not yet increase to dimensions worthy of its value. It is no small thing to have seventy or eighty workers diligently engaged in spreading healthy literature and visiting the poor; but we ought to have four times as many, and would have them if the funds were forthcoming.

Our Evangelists have had the greatest success. Each one of the three has been made of God to be a mighty soul-winner, and this is reward enough. Those who support them may rejoice right heartily.

If we might be so bold, we would beg our readers to increase the sale of this magazine and the weekly sermons. Such an effort, if successful, might produce great results. Souls might be saved, friends might be found for our work, and truth might spread.

O that we could do more for Jesus! Reader, do you not utter the same desire? He deserves to be made known where'er the sun pursues his daily course. Let us labor to publish his fame abroad. Brother, sister, do your own part, and help us, for Jesu's sake.

Yours to serve through life.

Charles H. Spurgeon

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JANUARY, 1879.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

A FRAGMENT BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago we walked on a Sabbath morning, according to our wont, from Cambridge to the village of Waterbeach, in order to occupy the pulpit of the little Baptist Chapel. It was a country road, and there were four or five honest miles of it, which we usually measured each Sunday foot by foot, unless we happened to be met by a certain little pony and cart which came half way, but could not by any possibility venture further because of the enormous expense which would have been incurred by driving through the toll-gate at Milton. That winter's morning we were all aglow with our walk, and ready for our pulpit exercises. Sitting down in the table-pew, a letter was passed to us bearing the postmark of London. It was an unusual missive, and was opened with curiosity. It contained an invitation to preach at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, the pulpit of which had formerly been occupied by Dr. Rippon, — the very Dr. Rippon whose hymn-book was then before us upon the table, the great Dr. Rippon, out of whose Selection we were about to choose hymns for our worship. The late Dr. Rippon seemed to hover over us as an immeasurably great man, the glory of whose name covered New Park Street Chapel and its pulpit with awe unspeakable. We quietly passed the letter across the table to the deacon who gave out the hymns, observing that there was some mistake, and that the letter must have been intended for a Mr. Spurgeon who preached somewhere down in Norfolk. He shook his head, and observed that he was afraid there was no mistake, as he always knew that his minister would be run away with by some large church or other, but that he was a little surprisal that the Londoners should have heard of him quite so soon. "Had it been Cottenham, or St. Ives, or Huntingdon," said he, "I should not have wondered at all; but going to London is rather a

great step from this little place.” He shook his head very gravely; but the time was come for us to look out the hymns, and therefore the letter was put away, and, as far as we can remember, was for the day quite forgotten, even as a dead man out of mind.

On the following Monday an answer was sent to London, informing the deacon of the church at Park Street, that he had fallen into an error in directing his letter to Waterbeach, for the Baptist minister of that village was very little more than nineteen years of age, and quite unqualified to occupy a London pulpit. In due time came another epistle, setting forth that the former letter had been written in perfect knowledge of the young preacher’s age, and had been intended for him, and him alone. The request of the former letter was repeated and pressed, a date mentioned for the journey to London, and the place appointed at which the preacher would find lodging. That invitation was accepted, and as the result thereof the boy preacher of the Fens took his post in London.

Twenty-five years ago — and yet it seems but yesterday — we lodged for the night at a boarding-house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, to which the worthy deacon directed us. As we wore a huge black satin stock, and used a blue handkerchief with white spots, the young gentlemen of that boarding-house marveled greatly at the youth from the country who had come up to preach in London, but who was evidently in the condition known as verdant green. They were mainly of the evangelical church, persuasion, and seemed greatly tickled that the country lad should be a preacher. They did not propose to go and hear the youth, but they seemed to tacitly agree to *encourage* him after their own fashion, and we were encouraged accordingly. What tales were narrated of the great divines of the metropolis, and their congregations! One we remember had a thousand *city* men to hear him, another had his church filled with thoughtful people, such as could hardly be matched all over England, while a third had an immense audience, almost entirely composed of the *young men* of London, who were spell-bound by his eloquence. The study which these men underwent in composing their sermons, their herculean toils in keeping up their congregations, and the matchless oratory which they exhibited on all occasions, were duly rehearsed in our hearing, and when we were shown to bed in a cupboard over the front door, we were not in an advantageous condition for pleasant dreams. Park Street hospitality never sent the young minister to that far-away hired room again, but assuredly the Saturday evening in a London boarding-house was about the most depressing

agency which could have been brought to bear upon our spirit. On the narrow bed we tossed in solitary misery, and found no pity. Pitiless was the grind of the cabs in the street, pitiless the recollection of the young city clerks whose grim propriety had gazed upon our rusticity with such amusement, pitiless the spare room which scarce afforded space to kneel, pitiless even the gas-lamps which seemed to wink at us as they flickered amid the December darkness. We had no friend in all that city fall of human beings, but we felt among strangers and foreigners, hoped to be helped through the scrape into which we had been brought, and to escape safely to the serene abodes of Cambridge and Waterbeach, which then seemed to be Eden itself.

Twenty-five years ago it was a clear, cold morning, and we wended our way along Holborn Hill towards Blackfriars and certain tortuous lanes and alleys at the foot of Southwark Bridge. Wondering, praying, fearing, hoping, believing, — we felt all alone and yet not alone. Expectant of divine help, and inwardly borne down by our sense of the need of it, we traversed a dreary wilderness of brick to find the spot where our message must needs be delivered. One word rose to our lip many times, we, scarce know why — “He must needs go through Samaria.” The necessity of our Lord’s journeying in a certain direction is no doubt repeated in his servants, and as our present journey was not of our seeking, and had been by no means pleasing so far as it had gone — the one thought, of a “needs be” for it seemed to overtop every other. At sight of Park Street Chapel we felt for a moment amazed at our own temerity, for it seemed to our eyes to be a large, ornate, and imposing structure, suggesting an audience wealthy and critical, and far removed from the humble folk to whom our ministry had been sweetness and light. It was early, so there were no persons entering, and when the set time was fully come there were no signs to support the suggestion raised by the exterior of the building, and we felt that by God’s help we were not yet out of our depth, and were not likely to be with so small an audience. The Lord helped us very graciously, we had a happy Sabbath in the pulpit and spent the intervals with warm-hearted friends; and when at night we trudged back to the Queen Square narrow lodging we were not alone, and we no longer looked on Londoners as flinty-hearted barbarians. Our tone was altered, we wanted no pity of anyone, we did not care a penny for the young gentlemen lodgers and their miraculous ministers, nor for the grind of the cabs, nor for anything else under the sun. The lion had been looked at all round, and his majesty did

not appear to be a tenth as majestic as when we had only heard his roar miles away.

These are small matters, but they rise before us as we look over the twenty-five years' space which has intervened: they are the haze of that other shore between which rolls a quarter of a century of mercy. At the review we are lost in a rush of mingled feelings. "With my staff I crossed this Jordan, and now ." Our ill health at this moment scarcely permits us either to hold a pen or to dictate words to another, we must therefore leave till another season such utterances of gratitude as the fullness of our heart may permit us., Common blessings may find a tongue at any moment, but favors such as we have received of the Lord throughout this semi-jubilee are not to be acknowledged fitly with the tongues of men or of angels, unless a happy inspiration should bear the thankful one beyond himself.

The following items must, however, be recorded: they are but as a handful gleaned among the sheaves. To omit mention of them would be ingratitude against which stones might justly cry out.

A church, has been maintained in order, vigor, and loving unity during all this period. Organized upon the freest basis, even to democracy, yet has there been seen among us a discipline and a compact oneness never excelled. Men and women associated by thousands, and each one imperfect, are not kept in perfect peace by human means; there is a mystic spirit moving among them which alone could have held them as the heart of one man. No schism, or heresy, has sprung up among us; division has been far from us; co-pastorship has engendered no rivalry, and the illness of the senior officer has led to no disorder. Hypocrites and temporary professors have gone out from us because they were not of us, but we are still one even as at the first; perhaps more truly one than ever at any former instant of our history. One in hearty love to our redeeming Lord, to his glorious gospel, to the ordinances of his house, and to one another as brethren in Christ. Shall not the God of peace receive our humble praises for this unspeakable boon?

That church has continued steadily to increase year by year. There have not been leaps of progress and then painful pauses of decline. On and on the host has marched, gathering recruits each month, filling up the gaps created by death or by removal, and steadily proceeding towards and beyond its maximum, which lies over the border of five thousand souls. One year may have been better than another, but not to any marked extent; there has been

a level richness in the harvest field, a joyful average in the crop. Unity of heart has been accompanied by uniformity of prosperity. Work has not been done in spurts, enterprises have not been commenced and abandoned; every advance has been maintained and has become the vantage ground for yet another aggression upon the enemy's territory. Faults there have been in abundance, but the good Lord has not suffered them to hinder progress or to prevent success. The Bridegroom has remained with us, and as yet the days of fasting have not been proclaimed, rather has the joy of the Lord been from day to day our strength.

The gospel of the grace of God has been continually preached from the first day until now — the same gospel, we trust accompanied with growing expertness and appreciation and knowledge, but not another gospel, nor even another form of the same gospel. From week to week the sermons have been issued from the press, till the printed sermons now number 1450. These have enjoyed a very remarkable circulation in our own country, and in the Colonies and America; and, besides being scattered to the ends of the earth wherever the English tongue is spoken, they have been translated into almost every language spoken by Christian people, and into some of the tongues of the heathen besides. What multitudes of conversions have come of these messengers of mercy eternity alone will disclose: we have heard enough to make our cup ran over with unutterable delight. Shall not the God of boundless goodness be extolled and adored for this? The reader cannot know so well as the preacher what this *printing* of sermons involves. This is a tax upon the brain of a most serious kind, and yet it has been endured, add still the public read the sermons, — best proof that all their freshness has not departed. Oh Lord, all our fresh springs are in thee, else had our ministry long since, been dried up at the fountain, the unction would have departed, and the power would have fled. Unto the Eternal Spirit be infinite glory for his long forbearance and perpetual aid.

Nursed up at the sides of the church, supported by her liberality fostered by her care, and watched over by her love, hundreds of young men have been, trained for the ministry, and have gone forth everywhere preaching the word. Of these some few have fallen asleep, but the great majority still remain in the ministry at home and in the mission field, faithful to tile things which they learned in their youth, and persevering in the proclamation of the same gospel which is dear to the mother church. When we think of the four hundred brethren preaching the gospel at this moment, of the many churches which they have formed, and of the meeting-houses they have

built, we must magnify the name of the Lord who has wrought by so feeble an instrumentality.

Evangelists are now supported by the agency at the Tabernacle, and sent forth hither and thither to arouse the churches. Upon this effort, a special blessing has rested, enough to fill all hearts with delighted thankfulness.

During a considerable period hundreds of orphans have been fed, and clothed, and trained for time and eternity beneath the wings of the church of God, and many scores of these are now engaged in honorable business, prospering in life, in membership with Christian churches, and delighting to own themselves in a special manner children of the Tabernacle, sons of the Stockwell Orphanage. This is a well-spring of joy sufficient for a life. Those who have labored with us in this holy work have a wealth of satisfaction in looking back upon the way wherein the Lord hath led us in this benevolent enterprise. Both the providence and the grace of God have been abundantly illustrated in this delightful service. If the story could ever be fully written — as it never can be — it would redound to the praise of the faithful, promise-keeping Savior, who said to us at the first, My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

Nor is this all, nor can all be told. An army of colporteurs at this present, moment covers our country; ninety or more men are going from house to house with the word of God and pure literature, endeavoring to enlighten the dark hamlets, and to reach the neglected individuals who pine alone upon their sick beds. Priestcraft is thus assailed by an agency which it little expected to encounter. Where a Nonconformist ministry could not be sustained for want of means, a testimony has been kept alive which has sufficed to fetch out the chosen of the Lord from amid the gloom of superstition, and lead the Lord’s elect away from priests and sacraments to Christ and the one great sacrifice for sin. This work grows and must grow from year to year.

The poor but faithful ministers of our Lord have had some little comfort rendered to them by a quiet, unobtrusive work, which has supplied them with parcels of useful books: a work which is only ours, and yet most truly ours, because it is performed in constant pain and frequent anguish by her who is our best of earthly blessings. *The Book Fund* has a note all its own, but we could not refrain from hearing it as it swells the blessed harmony of service done during the twenty-five years. “She that tarried at home divided the spoil.”

Time would fail us to rehearse the whole of the other enterprises which have sprung up around us, and were we inclined to do so and to become a fool in glorying we should not be able, for bodily weakness plucks us by the sleeve and cries "*Forbear.*" We will forbear, but not till we have exclaimed, "What hath God wrought?" Nor till we have noted with peculiar gratitude that to us is doubly fulfilled the promise, "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." Our sons have already begun to fulfill our lack of service, and will do so more and more if our infirmities increase.

It was right and seemly that at the close of this period of twenty-five years some testimonial should be offered to the pastor. The like has been worthily done in other cases, and brethren have accepted a sum of money which they well deserved, and which they have very properly laid aside as a provision for their families. In our case it did not seem to us at all fitting that the offering should come into our own purse; our conscience and heart revolted from the idea. We could without sin have accepted the gift for our own need, but it seemed not to be right. We have been so much more in the hands of God than most, so much less an agent and so much more an instrument, that we could not claim a grain of credit. Moreover, the dear and honored brethren and sisters in Christ who have surrounded us these many years have really themselves done the bulk of the work, and God forbid that we should monopolize honor which belongs to all the saints! Let the offering come by all means, but let it return to the source from whence it came. There are many poor in the church, far more than friends at a distance would imagine — many of the most godly poor, "widows indeed," and partakers of the poverty of Christ. To aid the Church in its holy duty of remembering the poor, which is the nearest approach to remembering Christ himself, seemed to us to be the highest use of money; the testimonial will, therefore, go to support the aged sisters in the Almshouses, and thus it will actually relieve the funds of the church which are appropriated to the weekly relief of the necessitous. May the Lord Jesus accept this cup of cold water which is offered in his name! We see the Lord's servants fetching for us water from the well of Bethlehem which is within the gate, and as we see them cheerfully and generously setting it at our feet we thank them, thank them with tears in our eyes, but we feel that we must not drink thereof; it must be poured out before the Lord. So let it be. O Lord accept it!

WHAT'S YOUR PERSUASION?

SOME years ago a visitor said to a poor wounded soldier, who lay dying in the hospital, "What church are you of?" "Of the church of Christ," he replied. "I mean, what persuasion are you of?" "Persuasion," said the dying man, as he looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Savior, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." None should rest contented with any hope less sure or bright. — *From Day to Day*. By ROBERT MACDONALD, D.D.

PASTORLESS FLOCKS

OUR excellent contemporary *The Watchman*, of Boston, United States, has an article upon American churches and their difficulties in finding pastors which is singularly applicable to the condition of things in England. We quote the whole paragraph —

"It is sad to see sheep without a shepherd, and as sad to see a church without a pastor. At the present time a number of our most able churches are in a pastorless condition. The First Church in Cleveland has no successor to Dr. Gardner. Emanuel Church, in Albany, has not filled the place of Dr. Bridgman. The First Church in Chicago comes into the number of the pastorless. The old First Church in New York, for the first time in many years, has a vacant pulpit. Warren Avenue Church, in Boston, still waits. The Tabernacle Church, Albany, parts with Rev. Frank: Morse, and puts up the sign, 'Pulpit to let.' The Fourth Church in Philadelphia mourns the withdrawal of its favorite. Other great churches are without pastors. The question arises, 'What is the matter?' We ask not why the pastors left, for in most cases the reason is obvious. But why is not the pulpit filled? Why should Emanuel Church and the Cleveland Church be so many months in securing a new minister? There seems to be a false taste prevailing in our churches which prevents any speedy settlement of a pastor when a vacancy occurs. The habit is to send all about the country to find some wonderful man to do some wonderful work. When a 'supply

committee' is chosen, they look over the field, and get their eyes upon some brilliant man who is supposed to stand at the head of the list. They have the most important field in the country, and feel sure the genius will come. They call, and the call is declined. Then the committee strike a notch lower. Now they are sure, but the elect says, 'No.' Then they try again — a notch lower, with the same result. By this time the committee has learned something. The church is taught humility, and a call is given to some fair man, who accepts, and the machinery gets in motion again. What is to become of these great pastorless churches? They are too big for our theological institutions to fill. They are too important for an ordinary race of ministers. They find nobody in the country equal to their necessities. What is to be done? We might import Spurgeon, but he refuses to be imported. We might call Hugh Stowel Brown, but he will not come. Certain it is that churches must be more moderate in their wants, or we must have a new race of ministers raised, up by some special providence. As it is, we have too many big churches, or too many little men. The churches are often made big by fictitious means. They become swollen by self-laudation. Is there no way to swell the ministers? We know of a lot of men good enough for the best of the vacant, churches if they could only be swollen a little. An institution to inflate ministers so that they would *fill* vacant pulpits is a desideratum in our times, when so many churches find it so hard to obtain the men they want."

Mr. Watchman is wickedly poking fun when he talks about inflating ministers. No preacher would be improved by being "swollen," and we are quite sure that *The Watchman* would be the very first to object to the process. The remedy lies in the opposite direction. Churches need to be brought down from their exalted notions of themselves, and their self-laudation must come to an end; or else the old proverb will find illustration in unexpected quarters — "Pride goeth before destruction." When Christian men grow dainty and quarrel with the bread of life because it is not baked in silver tins they are evidently in a sickly condition, and are in need of something else besides an able preacher. When they are strong and vigorous they can feed on good, wholesome spiritual meat, served up without the condiments of genius and sensationalism: let them judge themselves, and see whether this strength does not still abide with them,

and if so, let them shake off their whimsies, and sit down to homely fare, like their brethren.

We know at the present moment churches which are worthy of all honor from their past history, their position, and their liberality to the cause of God — churches which it would be an honor to any man to preside over, for they are composed of intelligent, thoughtful, Christian men; and these churches cannot find a minister in all her Majesty's three kingdoms. It would be an injustice to charge any one of the: members of those churches with self-conceit, for personally and privately they are each one sober-minded and lowly; but there is a certain something called "the church and its status," of which they are very proud, and when they meet together in their corporate capacity this "church and status" is paramount in their thoughts, and they are as puffed up about it as they well can be. "We must have a man of the first order. It matters not how long we wait, nor where we look, nor what we give; our church is of such a character and occupies such a position that only a first-class preacher can be thought of." Filled with this idea, these brethren have heard some of the excellent of the earth, and have enjoyed their ministry; but they have conscientiously denied themselves the privilege of inviting them to the pastorate, because they have felt that these admirable brethren were lacking in classical attainments, or in brilliant oratory. For themselves, and for their children, the esteemed ministers whom they have heard were all they could desire; but there were learned men outside, or men supposed to be learned, persons of influence, or persons thought to be influential, hovering round the church doors, and for the sake of these the sound, edifying divine must be put on one side while they looked for a brother who would be abreast of the times, and would meet the philosophical turn of thought so current, among "our more thoughtful young men." We confess to a smile as we write the last five words; for we have heard of these gentlemen so often than we have the same awe of them as of "the Conservative working-man" These churches have several times hit upon the right men as they thought, and have endeavored to entice them away from the congregations over which they were settled, but their invitations have been respectfully declined. They are still looking out, and probably will be looking out for anything under the next quarter of a century, unless their can modify and moderate their notions of what they ought to find in a minister.

Besides the risks which they run by remaining so long pastorless, risks by no means to be under-rated, there is one which they forget, namely, that

when they do make their choice they will probably select a man far less worthy of their election than several whom they have passed over. The old story of the boy in the wood who needed a stick, but felt that with so many around him he should be sure to meet with a better one by-and-by, has been repeated hundreds of times. That worthy, as we all know, came at last to the end of the copse, and was obliged to cut any one he could find, having passed by scores of better ones earlier in the day.

One of the best things that a church can do is to catch a minister young, and train him for themselves. Some of the happiest and longest pastorates in our denomination commenced with the invitation of a young man from the country to a post; for which he was barely qualified. His mistakes were borne with, his efforts were encouraged, and he grew, and the church grew with him. His pastorate continued for many a year, since he was under no temptation to leave for another position, because he felt at home, and could *say*, like one of old, "I dwell among mine own people." If our large churches will not try young men, but must all be provided with tried, experienced, eminent pastors, there will probably be many vacant pulpits, and a great many reasons for their being vacant will be stated by letter-writers in the religious newspapers — reasons all more or less amusing because they show how men can spin theories, as spiders spin webs, out of their own interiors, making a little substance go a very long way. God has promised to send the churches pastors according to his own heart, but not according to the hearts of those who say "Our pulpit is one of the most important in the denomination, and therefore we want something more than sound gospel preaching." Our Lord will never suffer the churches to be destitute of soul-winning and edifying ministers, but he has never promised to give them orators, poets, philosophers, and deep thinkers. The gifts of the Spirit he will not withhold, but there are gifts of mind which are rare, and always will be rare so long as the earth remaineth, and these he may not see fit to give to a larger average of men in a this age than in former periods. If the churches direct their choice by these rare mental attainments, the selection of a pastor will be difficult in all cases, and growingly difficult as the number of our churches shall be multiplied.

We by no means suggest that pastors should be chosen in a hurry, or that intelligent churches should select ignorant ministers, or that zeal and spirituality should alone be considered in the election; on the contrary, we heartily recognize the need of care, and we sympathize with the difficulties felt by our larger churches in finding suitable preachers. It is far better to

wait for years than to be carried away by a few starrng sermons, and choose a man who will cling to the church like a limpet, and suck out its very life like a fungus. Better no man than the wrong man. Our larger and more educated churches might with advantage have refined and learned men as their leaders. We believe that the more a man knows the better, and the more culture he has the better; but at the same time education, refinement, talent, and culture are not everything, and the admiration of them may be carried a great deal too far. Gifts may be exalted above graces, and the flowers of natural made to rival the fruits of the Spirit; and this will be a grievous error. We also believe that large and influential churches should, as a rule, look out men of considerable experience and proved ability to be their spiritual overseers, but even this may be overdone, and so much overdone that, when the Lord sends the right man for the place, he may be rejected, because of his youth, to the church's serious loss. Let the highest and holiest ends of the gospel ministry be well considered, and let a pastor be sought for mainly with the view of edifying the church and glorifying God and we are persuaded that a pastor will be found ere long. Let the brethren meet in prayer continually, and lay their case before the great Head of the church, and we feel persuaded that he who holds the seven stars in his right hand will find a star for each pleading church. We are far from wishing to insinuate that the pastorless churches have not prayed already, but we would urge them to greater importunity in supplication, and beg them to couple with their earnest request a full resolve to have a man not so much of their own choice as of the Lord's own choosing. We may not succeed when we pray for a pastor after our own ideal, but we cannot fail when we lay all our wishes and desires at the Master's feet, and cry, "Send by whomsoever thou wilt send." This business must become more divine and less human; we must look *up* as well as look around, and we shall find the upward glance to be the more successful.

C. H. S.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

A VENERABLE minister, with compassionate earnestness, once preached a sermon upon eternal punishment. On the next day some thoughtless men agreed that one of their number should go to him, and, if possible, draw

him into a discussion. He went accordingly, and began the conversation, saying, "I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, and I thought that I would call this morning and try to settle it." "Ah!" said the good man, "what is it?" "Why," he replied, "you say that the woe of the finally impenitent will be eternal, and I do not think it will." "Oh, if that is all," he answered, "there" is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew 25: 26, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with him."

WHY NEGROES ARE BAPTISTS

AT the American and Foreign Bible Society's annual meeting last year one of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. Lodge, said, "In answer to the question, why so many of the colored Christians are Baptists, he said he was of the opinion of an old Negro Baptist, who, when asked why this was so, replied, 'We culled folks hab no book larnen, so we're *foced* and *druve* to take de Bible straight as it read, and we could come to no other conclusion.'" — *Baptist Almanack*.

TEMPTED OF THE DEVIL

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE PRAYER MEETING AT THE TABERNACLE, ON A MONDAY EVENING.

The letter which I am about to read comes from a certain county in Scotland. Each line begins in the original with a capital letter, so that it wears the appearance of poetry. I believe the idea is current in remote country places that this is the correct way of writing, and the writer is too earnest to do anything carelessly or contrary to rule. Here is the letter : —

"To the Very Rev. C. H. Spurgeon — Believing that you are one of the faithful servants of God, and also that you have a large congregation, and that there is many a true believer among them; therefore I proposed to write to you in the hope that you and your congregation will remember me in your daily prayers, and also that it will be made public that I am requesting the prayers of the Lord's people for my soul and everlasting salvation, knowing that the

effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Dear sir, I may tell you that I am suffering much from the adversary. It is true that I cannot compare myself to that holy man, John Bunyan, but in the book that he wrote under this title, ‘Grace Abounding,’ he tells us how he was tempted; and I feel that the old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, who deceived Eve in the Garden, and who was tempting that saint John Bunyan, with many of the same temptations, tempteth me on this day, and if you would know all that I am suffering from his fiery darts, you would have commiseration with me. I believe it will be twenty-five years now, if not more, since I began to pray to God, and yet my temptations are terrible. Yet I cannot say that I am in despair, for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I will see him. My trials from the adversary are awful. It may be when I am on my knees praying to God that he will come to me as sudden as a gunshot, and I believe doing all he can to steal my heart and affections away from God and heaven, and trying to make me say some wrong word; and many a time he will make my heart and flesh tremble while I am at my meat or talking, or in the house of worship, or traveling. In whatever condition I am, I feel that he is doing all he can to ruin my poor soul; therefore, I request the earnest prayer of all Christians for my poor soul, and I know for one, and for the first one, that you will not refuse this supplication to me. I believe that we never saw one another in the flesh, and God only knows if we will see each other on the face of the earth; but I hope we will see one another in heaven where the adversaries can never come near us. I hope this will be told before your congregation on Sabbath first, — I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, who resides in the county of — . ‘The Lord knoweth all them that are his.’

P.S. — I will be happy to see your kind advice either in a tract or in a newspaper. I am a reader of the *Herald*.”

I very much demur to the commencement, “To the Very Reverend C. H. Spurgeon,” for no reverence is due to me. Romaine used to say that it was very astonishing to observe how many reverend, right reverend, and very reverend sinners there were upon the face of the earth. Assuredly *reverend* and *sinner* make a curious combination, and as I know that I am the second, I repudiate the first. To me it is surprising that such a flattering title should have been invented, and more amazing still that good men

should be found who are angry if this title be not duly given to them. However, the superscription is a small matter. I would make a few remarks upon the letter itself in order that we may the more intelligently and fervently present our supplications on the writer's behalf.

And first we notice with pleasure that *the writer is not altogether in despair*, for he expressly says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." If he would dwell more on his living Redeemer, and look less at the changeful current of his own thoughts, the snare would be broken, and he would escape. It is very charming to see how poor souls when tossed to and fro by the devil will yet hold on to their hope: half afraid to think that Jesus is theirs, they nevertheless feel that they could not give up what little hope they have. By a blessed inconsistency they doubt and yet cling, dread and yet trust, condemn themselves and yet hope. Such souls are a riddle, puzzling their friends, and most of all confusing themselves. Could we but persuade them to give their thoughts to that blessed "I know," they would soon chase away the enemy, for Satan abhors a believing "I know." He is more content with "I hope," and best pleased with "I am afraid"; but "I know" stings him dreadfully, and if he who can truly say it will arm himself with that mind he will ere long overcome the enemy. Satan dreads the Redeemer's name, and he falls like lightning from heaven before those who know how to plead it with confidence.

Having noticed the pleasing point in the letter, we are now forced to remark that *it is a very dreadful thing to be tempted twenty-five years in this way*, and yet *this is not the only case we have heard of* in which temptation has been both long and strong. I have in my library a book by Timothy Rogers upon "Trouble of Mind," in which he tells us of Mr. Rosewell and Mr. Porter, both ministers, the latter of whom was six years oppressed by Satan, and yet afterwards rejoiced in the light of God's countenance. Mr. Robert Bruce, many years ago minister in Edinburgh, was twenty years under terrors of conscience, and yet found deliverance. Rogers says — "You have in the 'Book of Martyrs,' written by Mr. Fox, an instance of Mr. Glover, who was so worn and consumed with inward trouble for the space of five years, that he neither had any comfort in his meat nor any quietness of sleep, nor any pleasure of life; he was as perplexed as if he had been in the deepest pit of hell, yet at last this good servant of God, after such sharp temptations, and strong buffetings of Satan, was freed from all his trouble, and was thereby led to great mortification, and was like one already placed in heaven, leading a life

altogether celestial, abhorring in his mind all profane things.” None of these cases extend to quite the length of time mentioned in the letter, but I remember to have heard of one who lay in the prison-house some twenty-seven years, and yet came forth to perfect liberty: but even this is less remarkable than the case mentioned by Turner in his “Remarkable Providences,” of Mr. Charles Langford, the author of a book called “God’s Wonderful Mercy in the Mount of Woeful Extremity.” He therein says that for near forty years he had been severely buffeted by Satan, who left no stone unturned to do him all the mischief he could. For forty years was he led through the uncomfortable wilderness of temptation, and his clearest day all that time was but dark, Satan filling his soul with cursed injections, blasphemous thoughts, and dreadful temptations. The Lord was pleased to make use of his godly wife for his deliverance. He overheard her pleading at the throne of grace, as washer wont, after this fashion — “My Father ! My Father ! What wilt thou do with my husband? He hath been speaking and acting still in thy cause. Oh, destroy him not, for thine own glory. What dishonor will come to thy great name if thou do it ! Oh, rather do with me as thou wilt. But spare my husband,” etc. “God, who delights to advance his own power by using small and unlikely means, came,” said he, “and owned his own ordinance, and crowned the cries, and faith, and patience of a poor woman with such success that my praise shall be continually of him. Mine adversary, the devil, was sent to his own place by my dear Lord Christ, who brake the door of brass and rescued me from his fury.” So you see that long temptation by Satan is not so rare a trial as some would suppose.

But *these temptations of the devil, do they come to really gracious men?* Certainly. The instances I have given prove it, and besides, our reason would lead us to expect it. If a foot-pad were on the road, and knew something about the travelers, he would not stop beggars, for he would know that they have nothing to lose. Would he try to rob the rich or the poor? Those that have money, of course, would be his game, and just so Satan assaults those who have grace, and leaves those who have none.

When a sportsman is engaged in duck-shooting, he does not hurry himself to pick up the dead ducks that fall around him, he pays all his attention to those which are full of life and are only wounded, and may perhaps get away. He can pick up the dead ones at any time. Even so, when Satan sees that a man’s soul is wounded, and yet that it has a measure of spiritual life, he bends his strength in that direction in the hope of securing that poor

bleeding spirit. It is grace that attracts his malicious eye and his diabolical arrows. He would not sift if there were no wheat, nor break into the house if there were no treasure within. It is no ill proof, therefore, when you find yourself tempted of Satan, his assaults are no sign of a want of grace, but rather a token of the presence of it.

But *can a good man be tempted to use bad language?* Ah, that he can The purest mind is sometimes most of all assaulted by insinuations of the filthiest thoughts and most horrible words. I was brought up as a child with such care that I knew but very little of foul or profane language, having scarcely ever heard a man swear. Yet do I remember times in my earliest Christian days when there came into my mind thoughts so evil that I clapped my hand to my mouth for fear I should be led to give utterance to them. This is one way in which Satan tortures those whom God has delivered out of his hand. Many of the choicest saints have been thus molested. Beloved, think it not strange concerning this fiery trial when it comes upon you, for no new thing is happening unto you but such as is common to men.

What is to be done, then, in the case of one who is beaten down and harassed by fierce temptation? If I were the writer of this letter, I suppose I should do as he does, but if I acted rightly *I would go and tell the Lord Jesus Christ* all about the devil's suggestions, and beg him to interfere and restrain the evil one. It is his office to bruise the serpent's head, and he can and will do it. We need not fear that our poor cries and tears will be in vain: Jesus is very faithful, and will come to our rescue. "That great Shepherd of the sheep" will not allow the wolf to worry his lambs to death.

In addition to spreading his case before the Lord, it may be helpful to the tempted one to *write down his trouble*. Very much of perturbation of mind arises out of absolute confusion of thought, and a written statement may help to clear away the cobwebs. Luther threw an inkstand at the devil's head at the Wartburg, and the example may be wisely followed, for often when you see your misty thought condensed in black and white before your own eyes it will not exercise over you one half the power which it possessed before, and often there will be an end of it altogether. I have told you before of the poor woman who complained to her minister that she did not love the Savior. So the pastor went to the window, and with his pencil wrote on a piece of paper, "I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ." Taking it to the good woman he said, "Now, Sarah, will you put your name to the

bottom of that ?” Her horror was most manifest, and she cried, “Oh, no sir, I could not do it; I would die first.” “But you said so.” “Yes, I did, but I will not write it. I love the Lord Jesus too much to sign any such a document.” Is there not wisdom in my advice to write down your temptation ?

Still the main remedy is *to keep on going to the Savior* as each new blasphemy is injected, and as each fresh sin is suggested, for he will send the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to deliver you. If Satan sees a soul constantly driven to Christ by his temptations, he is too crafty to continue them. He will say to himself, “These attacks of mine accomplish nothing, for every time that I tempt him he runs to his Savior, and so becomes stronger and holier. I will let him alone, and perhaps he will then go to sleep, and so I shall do him greater mischief by my quietness than by roaring at him.” The devil is a cowardly spirit, and fears to meet the courageous in heart. Stretch out your hand and lay bold upon the sword of the Spirit, and give him a believing thrust, and he will read his dragon wings in dastard flight. A man had better go a hundred miles roundabout, over hedge and ditch, rather than meet the arch enemy, yet if any of you must meet him, be not dismayed, but face it out with him. Resist, and he will flee. May we in all our conflicts with him fight the good fight so bravely that when a memorial is set up to record the conflict it may bear those lines of honest John Bunyan : —

*“The man so bravely played the man,
He made the fiend to fly;
Whereof a monument I stand,
The same to testify.”*

May the brother whose letter I have read find the Lord to be his strong helper, and speedily come forth out of darkness into marvelous light!

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

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AN ADDRESS AT TABERNACLE PRAYER-MEETING BY C. H. SPURGEON, ON HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

I FEAR have gathered but few illustrations during my holiday in the forth, though I am almost always upon the look out for them. I have spent nearly all my time on my Mr. Duncan's yacht, cruising by day board friend in sunny seas, and usually anchoring at night in lonely bays, far off from the busy haunts of men, where you hear neither rumble of traffic nor hum of city life, but are startled by the scream of sea-birds, the cry of the seal, and the splash of leaping fish. The profound quiet of those solitary regions is a bath of rest for a wearied brain: lone mountain, and sparkling wave, and circling gull, and flitting sea-swallow, all seem to call the mind away from care and toil to rest and play. I am grateful to the fast degree for the brief furlough which is permitted me, and for the intense enjoyment and repose which I find in the works of God. No exhibitions, or picture galleries, or artificial recreations, or medical preparations can afford a tithe of the restoring influence which pure nature exercises.

I have been resting, but not idling; relieving the mind, but not smothering it. Very frequently I have seen others *fishing*, and as I have looked on with interest and excitement, I have been sorry to have been able to take so small a share in it. Perhaps, however, I have gained, as much from lines and nets as those who personally used them: they took the fish, but I preserved the silver truths which the creatures brought in their mouths. These pieces of money I have taken, like Peter, not for myself only, but "for me and thee," and so let us share them. We have a good company of spiritual fishermen in our midst tonight, for here are the young members of "the College of Fishermen," who are making and mending their nets; here, too, are eager members of a church in which, when the minister says, "I go a-fishing," all the members say "We will go with thee." Here are the fishers

of the Sabbath-schools and of the Bible-classes, fishers of the Tract Society and of the Evangelists' Associations; all these have heard our Lord say, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Not for the hurting of our fellows but for their good we seek to "take up all of them with the angle, to catch them in our net, and gather them in our drag"; and therefore we are willing to learn from others who are fishers too.

Fishermen speak of what they call *gathering bait*, and they say, such a fish is a "gathering bait," and another is a "killing bait." We need both. The gathering bait brings the fishes together, and thus becomes very useful. You cannot catch the fish if they are not there, and it is therefore wise to throw in your ground-bait pretty freely to attract this finny multitude. I wish some of my fellow fishermen were a little more liberal with gathering bait, for one would like to see the creeks and bays of their pews and galleries swarming with life. Some of them appear rather to frighten the fish away than to attract them around their hooks, they are so dull, so monotonous, so long, and so sour. All spiritual fishermen should learn the art of attraction; Jesus drew men to himself, and we must draw men in like manner. Not only in the pulpit but in the Sunday-school class some need gathering bait, to draw the little ones together, and maintain and increase their numbers. In every other sphere of Christian service the same is true. If faith cometh by hearing, we should first endeavor to gain interested listeners, for how shall they believe if they will not hear. Commonsense teaches us that the people must be drawn together first, and must be induced to attend to what we have to put before them; and therefore we must lay ourselves out to this end, because it is essential to our highest aim. A pleasant manner, an interesting style, and even a touch of wit, may be useful. I have sometimes been blamed for making use of pleasantries, but I have done so partly because I could not help it, and chiefly because I have perceived that the interest is sustained and the attention excited by a dash of the familiar and the striking. A sufficient quantity of that which will draw men to listen to our message we not only may use but *must* use, unless we mean to be content with empty nets and useless hooks. A *good temper* is a fine gathering bait in a Sabbath-school. There are some of our brethren and sisters whose very faces are enough to gather the children round them. If I were a little girl I could not help being drawn to some of the sisters who teach in our schools; and if I were a boy the kindly manners of many of our brethren would bind me to them at once: kindly teachers need not bribe children with gifts, their looks and words are irresistible

bonds. Cheerfulness and good humor should be conspicuous in all our attempts to catch men for Jesus; we cannot drive them to the Savior, but they may be drawn. There is a way of giving a tract in the street which will ensure its kindly treatment, and another way which will prejudice the receiver against it: you can shove it into a person's hand so roughly that it is almost an insult, or you can hold it out so deftly that the passer-by accepts it with pleasure. Do not thrust it upon him as if it were a writ, but invite him to accept it as if it were a ten-pound note. Our fish need delicate handling. The painter, when asked how he mixed his colors, replied, "With brains, sir" and we must fish for the souls of men in like fashion. If you are to win souls you must not be fools. Men will no more succeed in the Lord's business than they will in their own unless they have their wits about them. If Christ's work be done in a slovenly or churlish manner it will answer no man's purpose, but prove labor in vain. We cannot make the fish bite, but we can do our best to draw them near the killing bait of the word of God, and when once they are there we will watch and pray till they are fairly taken.

The fisherman, however, thinks far less of his gathering bait than he does of his *catching bait*, in which he hides his hook. Very numerous are his inventions for winning his prey, and it is by practice that he learns how to adapt his bait to his fish. Scores of things serve as bait, and when he is not actually at work the wise fisherman takes care to seize anything which comes in his way which may be useful when the time comes to cast his lines. We usually carried mussels, whelks, and some of the courser sorts of fish, which could be used when they were wanted. When the anchor was down the hooks were baited and let down for the benefit of the inhabitants of the deep, and great would have been the disappointment if they had merely swarmed around the delicious morsel, but had refused to partake thereof. A good fisherman actually catches fish. He is not always alike successful, but, as a rule, he has something to show for his trouble. I do not call that man a fisherman whose basket seldom holds a fish; he is sure to tell you of the many bites he had, and of that very big fish which he almost captured; but that is neither here nor there. There are some whose knowledge of terms and phrases, and whose extensive preparations lead you to fear that they will exterminate the fishy race, but as their basket returns empty, they can hardly, be so proficient as they seem. The parable hardly needs expounding: great talkers and theorizers are common enough, and there are not a few whose cultured boastfulness is only exceeded by

their life-long failure. We cannot take these for our example, nor fall at their feet with reverence for their pretensions. We must have sinners saved. Nothing else will content us: the fisherman must take fish or lose his toil, and we must bring souls to Jesus, or we shall break our hearts with disappointment.

Walking to the head of the boat one evening, I saw a line over the side, and must needs hold it. You can feel by your finger whether you have a bite or no, but I was in considerable doubt whether anything was at the other end or not. I thought they were biting, but I was not certain, so I pulled up the long line, and found that the baits were all gone; the fish had sucked them all off, and that was what they were doing when I was in doubt. If you have nothing but a sort of gathering bait, and the fish merely come and suck, but do not take the hook, you will catch no fish; you need killing bait. This often happens in the Sunday-school: a pleasing speaker tells a story, and the children are all listening, he has gathered them; now comes the spiritual lesson, but, hardly any of them take notice of it, they have sucked the bait from the hook, and *are* up and away. A minister in preaching delivers a telling illustration, all the ears in the place are open, but when he comes to the application of it the people have become listless; they like the bait very well, but not the hook; they like the adornment of the tale, but not the point of the moral. This is poor work. The plan is, if you possibly can manage it, so to get the bait on the hook that they cannot suck it off, but must take the hook and all. Do take care, dear friends, when you teach children or grown-up people, that you do not arrange the anecdotes in such a way that they can sort them out, as boys pick the plums from their cakes, or else you will amuse but not benefit.

When your tackle is in good trim, it is very pleasant to feel the fish biting, but it is quite the reverse to watch by the hour, and to have no sign. Then patience has her perfect work. It is very encouraging to feel that a large creature of some sort is tugging away at the other end of your line. Up with him at once! It is better still to have two hooks and to pull up two fish at a time, as one of our friends did. To do this twice every minute, or as fast as ever you can throw the line is best of all. What an excitement! Nobody grows tired, and the day is hardly long enough. Up with them! In with the lines! What, another bite? Quick! quick! We seem to be all among a shoal. The basket is soon filled. This is good fishing. Our great Lord sometimes guides his ministers to the right kind of bait, and to the right spot for the fish, and they take so many that they have hardly time to attend

to each cast trot in joyful haste receive the converts by the score, and flu the boat. It is grand fishing when the fish flock around you, but it does not happen all the day long, nor *yet* all the days of the week, nor yet all the weeks of the year, else would there be a great rush for the fishers' trade. When amateurs are at sea and the fish do not bite, they have nothing to do but to give over and amuse themselves in some other way, but it must not be so with us, to whom fishing for souls is a life-work and a vocation; we must persevere, whether we have present success or not. At times we have to spend many a weary hour with our line, and never feel a bite; but we must not, therefore, go to sleep, for it would be a pity for the angler to lose a fish by negligence. Draw the line in every now and then, took to the hooks, try a new bait, or go to the other side of the vessel, and cast your tackle into another place. Do not, be disappointed because you do not always fish as you did once; have patience and your hour will come.

Our captain one evening when we were in a very lovely bay came up to me and said, "Look at this: I only just threw the line over the side, and this fine cod has taken the bait in a minute." A cod is noted for the thorough manner in which it swallows the bait. Being of a hungry nature it is not in a picking humor, but feeds heartily. I remarked at the time that the cod was like earnest hearers who are hungering for divine grace, and so greedily snatch at the sacred word. Hungering and thirsting, their souls faint within them, and when the promise of the gospel is placed before them they seize it directly: tell them of Jesus and full deliverance through his precious blood, they do not make two bites of the gracious messages they dash at it, and they are not content till they have it, and it holds them fast. O for more of such hearers. All fish are not of this kind, for some of them are cautious to the last degree. The author of "The Sea Fisherman" introduces us to an old salt, who says of the Conger eel, "He don't bite home sir," — that is to say, he does not take the hook if he can help it. In the instance referred to it had stolen the bait six times, and yet was not captured. Alas, we have an abundance of hearers of this kind, who are interested but not impressed, or impressed but not converted — "they don't bite home," and we fear they never will.

This fishing with a line is a suggestive subject, but I must leave it to say a word about fishing with the net, a mode of fishing to which our Savior makes more numerous allusions than to angling with a hook.

When we came home on the Monday, after visiting Rothesay, we cast anchor in the Holy Loch. Mr. Duncan said to me, "Look at the fish. Just look at them out there, they are leaping up on all sides; and there are the men, let us go and see what they are getting." We were soon in a heat pulling towards them, while all around us were the fish leaping in the air and splashing back into the water. We reached the fishers, who were just getting out the net. I suppose you all know how this is done. A certain number of men remained near the shore with one end of the net, while others in a boat encompassed a great circle of water, letting out the net as they went along. Thus they enclosed a large space, and the salmon within that area were fairly imprisoned. When all was ready the fishers began to pull at both ends, so as to make the circle smaller and smaller. We followed the decreasing ring, and kept just outside the edge of the net. The fish, which had still been leaping all around us, now began to do so in greater earnest, for those within the range of the net seemed to know that they were in an undesirable position, and strove to leap out of it. Some escaped, but many more failed in the attempt. The men kept pulling in, and then it became very exciting, for it was evident that the net was full of life. Here is a very good picture of what we should do as a church. I am to go out on the Sabbath with the net, the grand old gospel net, and it is my business to let it out and encompass the thousands who fill the Tabernacle; then on Monday night at the prayer-meeting we must all join in pulling in the big net, and looking after the fish. So we bring to land all that have been caught. Many who were surrounded by the net during the sermon will jump out before, we secure them, but still it is a comfort that it is not every fish that knows how to get out of the gospel net. Some of them will be in a rage, and bite at the nets, but they will only be the more surely held prisoners. To me it was a very pleasant sight to see within the net a mass of living, twisting, and struggling salmon-trout, most of them fine fish. There were thirty-seven large fish taken at one haul. O that we may often succeed in taking men in larger numbers still. Let us drag in the net tonight. Let us pray the Lord to bless the services of last Lord's-day, and recompense the fisher's toil.

We must never be satisfied till we lift sinners out of their native element. That destroys fish, but it saves souls. We long to be the means of lifting sinners out of the water of sin to lay them in the boat at the feet of Jesus. To this end we must enclose them as in a net; we must shut them up under the law, and surround them with the gospel, so that there is no getting out,

but they must be captives unto Christ. We must net them with entreaties, encircle them with invitations, and cutangle them with prayers. We cannot let them get away to perish in their sin, we must land them at the Savior's feet. This is our design, but we need help from above to accomplish it: we require our Lord's direction to know *where* to cast the net, and the Spirit's helping of our infirmity that we may know *how* to do it. May the Lord teach us to profit, and may we return from our fishing, bringing our fish with us Amen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MARCH, 1879.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL CLUSTERING ROUND A TEXT.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN we were in Turin we were delighted to see in one of the most public streets a Vaudois temple, which we entered, and found full of earnest worshippers. It was Charming to think of the change of times, as marked by the difference between the fierce persecution which stained Piedmont blood-red and a noble house of prayer, in part erected by a royal grant, in which the Waldensian church was able to worship, none making her afraid. Upon the front of the edifice we read the text, from Jeremiah 6:16,

“Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”

This Scripture struck us as most wisely chosen, and as a noble testimony against the novelties of the Church of Rome, some of which, indeed, are such new inventions that the assemblies which decreed them have but lately separated, and the aged priest who was their mouthpiece is hardly cold in his grave. The passage impressed us so forcibly that we hid it in our heart, and lying there it budded and put forth five blossoms, which our readers may, perhaps, develop into flowers and fruits.

We saw upon it, first, A CALL TO CONSIDERATION, — “Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask.” Like those to whom the prophet spoke, men are by nature wanderers, and if they go heedlessly onward they will lose themselves more and more in the many “ways” which lead the soul to destruction; therefore is it man’s wisdom to pause awhile, and not rush onward heedlessly. A pause is suggested, — “Stand ye.” Come to a halt, stay your steps, do, not be too sure that you are right; another step may be dangerous, therefore “Stand ye.” In the commencement of life young

people should take thought, and meditate upon the design of their being, and the way by which they should answer it; in middle life men should carefully consider their ways, and mark whither they tend; and in going down the hill the aged should be specially aroused to make sure of a right ending to their pilgrimage. We are most of us in too great a hurry, and we blunder on as if we were infallible, and could not possibly be making a life-long error. As we were the other day brought to a dead stand while traveling in an express train by the exhibiting of a red flag, so do we now hang out the signal, and cry with all our might to all who are thoughtless “STAND YE.”

Crossing the Channel, on a foggy afternoon, the man on the lookout sang out, loud and clear, a warning voice, and the captain caused the vessel to be stopped in a moment. Right ahead was the North Foreland, we had gone a point out of our course, and we must pause and bear away from the danger. Looming through the haze which a thoughtful eye may pierce, there may at this moment be a huge rock of sin; let a voice like thunder cry “*Stop her,*” and if need be, “*Back her,*” for it is better far to shift our course a hundred times than dash upon destruction.

Then, in the text, *an examination is advised* — “Stand ye in the ways, *and see.*” Look about you, within you, beneath you, above you. Look at; your road, and your companions, and the prospect beyond. Compare these with the chart of Scripture by the help of an enlightened conscience. Climbing up the olive terraces, and steep mountain sides at Mentone, we find it needful to look at every footstep lest our feeble feet should cause us to fall; and when we ascend a hill which is new to us we have to take our bearings pretty frequently lest we should miss our course and find ourselves altogether cut of our latitude. No man can go to heaven blindly. The eye of faith which looks to Christ will be needed all the way, and he who closes it will soon be tripped up by one stumbling-block or another. It is foolish to hope that a priest can see for us, or that we may follow the multitude with closed eyes. He that hath eyes to see let him see. We shall not be excused if we go astray through want of thought when the Bible is in our hands, and the way of life is plainly mapped out therein.

Nor is this all, for by a third word *inquiry is recommended*, — “ask for the old paths.” Select those who may reasonably be expected to know, and question them with earnestness. Most of us have some Christian friends, let us ask them the way, they will be glad to tell us; indeed, they are anxious to

be our guides. Best of all, we can ask of the Lord of the way himself, and by his Holy Spirit he will direct us into the one and only path which has been trodden from time immemorial by all his saints. Ask in prayer, ask by hearkening to the Word, ask by looking to Jesus who says, "I am the way."

In driving about the great world of London we are frequently brought to a stand by the alteration of the streets, and the sudden springing, up of new neighborhoods. We had a coachman once who had an invincible repugnance to asking his way, although we over and over again laid before him the maxim "Better ask a dozen times than once miss your road." Ask he would not, and so we should have lost time in endless mazes had we not pulled him up very often, and sought direction from one and another who knew the region well. The mass of people nowadays are of our coachman's mind, and will not ask. We have to force our directions upon them. O that they would become inquirers, and follow us with anxious questions; we should never weary of showing them, the old paths.

Our Waldensian inscription has a second meaning, for it contains A COMMENDATION OF ANTIQUITY, — "ask for the old paths." In this case the older the better. Many think the mediaeval paths old, but, indeed, they are of yesterday and are new inventions. May we not trust "the fathers," says one? And our answer is — better far to go back to the apostles, and to their Master. Certain churches boast of their venerable age, but no way of religion is so ancient as that which is found in the Scriptures themselves. Councils, synods, assemblies, bulls, decretals, are all modern; the old paths are to be found marked down in the old Book, and they bear the footprints of old saints. The way of repentance is as old as John the Baptist, yea, as old as David; the way of faith is as old as Abraham; the way of communion with God is as old as Enoch; the way of approaching God by the lamb slain is as old as Abel; yea, the true Lamb was slain from before the foundations of the world. Romanism and Anglicanism, and half the isms, are the moss which has grown upon the ancient stones: the interpolations of yesterday upon the writing of the ages. There is an interesting ride from Mentone which brings you to a cathedral adorned, after the manner of papal taste, with gaudy colors and childish decorations. There you will see all the apparatus for modern Romish worship; but you need not stay there. Ask for the crypt, — the old church. Descend a winding stair, and you shall see in the center of the building a baptistery. What, are we in a Baptist chapel? Listen to the guide, who is the sacristan, and he will tell you in Italian, so like to Latin that you can understand him, that this is an ancient font used

in those days when baptism was by immersion. Why not by immersion now? The difference in that ordinance is only an index of the wholesale alterations which priests have made from time to time. Man's church covers over the church of God, and when you have seen the oldest of the national churches, you must then inquire for the old original church. New doctrines as well as new ordinances are taught, and new modes of life are brought into fashion. It is with religion as with wine, "the old is better."

"Ask for the old paths." The infallible Word of God is older than the supposed infallible pope, the priesthood of the saints is older than the priestcraft of the clergy, the epistles are older than the thirty-nine articles, and the true church of God is older than any one of the sects. Lovers of antiquity, take care that your antiquity is antiquity. Let the old be old enough. With our own eyes we have seen "real antiques" in process of being made, and have observed the finishing touches as they gave the fine dark tinge to furniture of the middle ages fresh from the cabinet-maker's. 'Twas from a canal at Venice that we first saw veritable antiquities in their maker's workshop. Many a religious antique have we seen since then which was not one whit more worthy of acceptance. Remember that the twelfth century, the sixth century, or the second century are nothing to us; we go back not to this or that *Anno Domini*, but to the *Dominus*, to the Lord himself and his apostles, and we will! receive nothing but what we find in the Old and New Testaments. We wish that all professors would do the same, and thus "ask for the old paths."

Our text next gives us A DESCRIPTION OF THE WAY. It is called "the good way." It is not the easy way: the idle and the foolish ask for that, but it is not worth seeking for, since it leads to poverty and perdition. Neither is it the popular way, for few there be that find it. But it; is the good way, mate by a good God in infinite goodness to his creatures, paved by our good Lord Jesus with pains and labors immeasurable, and revealed by the good Spirit to those whose eternal good he seeks. It is the way of holiness, of peace, of safety, and it leads to heaven. Is it not good. It has been traversed by the best of men since time began, and the unclean do not pass over it. It is good at its commencement, for at its entrance men are born again; it is good at its continuation, for they are righteous who hold on their way; and it is good in its termination, for it leads to perfection, to bliss, to God himself.

When we are asked “Where is the good way?” we need not hesitate in our reply, for our Lord Jesus says, “I am the way.” Faith in him as the Son of God, the Substitute, the Savior, the all in all, is the way of life for the soul. Many are the ways which are not good. In the dusty weather, as we crossed a road, a boy ran in front of us with his broom, pretending to sweep the path, but in reality raising a cloud of dust around us; and this reminds us of the men with new brooms of modern thought, who offer their services nowadays to clear the way for us, though all that they do is to create a blinding dust of doubt and questioning. We prefer God’s old, good way to their new and false way. We were told of a fresh road the other day, and we went to try it, and found it foul at its entrance, miry in its progress, and abrupt in its termination, landing us nowhere; the old. road is very steep, and tires our knees, but next time we go in that direction we shall follow it, for we know it, and know that, though rough and rugged, it leads somewhere. The doctrines of grace and Puritanic practice are not attractive to the flesh, but they are safe, they have been long tried, and their end is peace. Others may say, “We will not walk therein,” but as for us, we have already found rest for our souls in the good road, and shall not leave it for another.

Another blossom of the text is found in AN EXHORTATION TO PRACTICE — “walk therein.” First see where is the good old way, and then walk in it. Walking in the way is the end aimed at; the standing, seeing, and questioning are only the means. That question, “Where is the good way?” has come from many a false lip. Pilate asked, “What is truth?” But what cared he? Thousands ask the same question; the learned discuss it, the frivolous amuse themselves with it. Vainly do they ask, and in vain are they answered, unless they enter upon the holy pilgrimage.

Some spend their time in finding fault with wisdom’s travelers. “See how he limps!” say they of one. “What a clownish gait!” say they of another. Yet were it better for themselves if they would walk as cripples in the good way than to run in the broad road.

Others intend pursuing the road, but first they must have solved for them a metaphysical difficulty, a petty scruple, or a theological puzzle. A lady of whom we heard in our travels had worried several ministers who sought her good by always telling them that she could not believe till they could explain to her how God could be without a beginning, “For,” said she, “if he never began, then he has not begun, and there can be no God at all.”

Very dexterous are certain persons in blocking up their own road, and yet, perhaps, there is no great dexterity in it, for the proverb says, "A fool may put questions which a wise man cannot answer." In the Vatican at Rome we saw the renowned statue of the boy who has a thorn in his foot, and is busy extracting it. He was doing this when we first saw him, and three years after he was attempting the same operation. We have good reason for believing that he is even now in the same posture, and will be found in like attitude fifty years hence. He is carved in marble, and therefore is excused for making no procures; but what shall be said of living, thoughtful individuals who year after year are trifling with imaginary difficulties, and never set foot on the road to heaven? "Walk therein" is the advice of common sense as well as the command of God.

Yet many who appear to be in the road make no progress; they sit, but do not walk. One cold winter's evening we were on the railroad between Alexandria and Genoa when the train was in a very peculiar condition: the wheels revolved, but the carriages made no advance on the journey, the rails were slippery, the wheels did not bite, and our engine was spending its strength for naught. Until the iron way had been sprinkled with sand we just held our place, and nothing more. We have known several persons in like case: they revolved in the routine of religious duty, but they had no grip, no hold upon the heavenward way, and did not advance an inch, with all their expenditure of effort, *Walk therein*, — go on, proceed, advance, lest ye glide backward. Grew in grace, and in the knowledge of your Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Let us not talk of repentance, but repent; neither let us be satisfied with knowing what faith is, but at once believe in the Lord Jesus. A religion of head-knowledge and theories will prove of no avail either in this life or in that which is to come. There are large maps upon the walls of many French railway stations, yet no man ever reached Paris or Marseilles by gazing at the map; he must take his place with other travelers, or the train will hasten on without him. The Cornische is one of the finest roads in the world, but no traveler ever passed from Marseilles to Genoa by a mere study of its course; there must be actual journeying or the highway is useless. Not the hearer of the word, but the doer thereof, is saved.

The concluding words of the text contain A SENTENCE OF PROMISE. "Ye shall find rest for your souls." In the good old way you shall find rest if you have never enjoyed it before; traveling you shall rest, as certain birds are

said to rest upon the 'wing'. Joy shall be upon your head, peace shall prepare the place of your feet. It is wisdom's dominion, and concerning her we read, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Rest for the conscience comes to those who enter God's way of salvation; rest of heart arises out of their love to him who is the way; rest of brain from their acceptance of his teaching; rest of desire from their satisfaction with his person, — in a word. the soul rests in all its powers and faculties. Nor does it alone rest in the present; the future is guaranteed beyond all fear. Trouble will come, we are born to it, and our life is sure to accord with our birth; nor need we wish to be screened from affliction, for there will come with it surpassing consolations. The dungeon of the Mamartine, where a probable tradition declares that Paul was for awhile confined, is entered through a round hole in the floor of another dungeon above. The uppermost apartment is dark enough, but the lower one is darkness itself, so that the apostle's imprisonment was of the severest kind. We noticed, however, a strange fact: — in the hard floor there is a beautiful fountain of clear crystal water, which doubtless was as fresh in Paul's day as it is now. Of course the Papists believe the fountain to be miraculous: we who are not so credulous of traditions rather see in it a symbol of instruction: — there never was a dungeon for God's servants which was without its well of consolation. Sorrow never comes to a saint without its solace, nor care without its cure. "Ye shall find rest unto your souls" is the language not only of the prophet, but of the Lord of prophets, and we may be doubly sure of its fulfillment.

"Alas," cries one, "I am in daily bondage through fear of death." Let not this fear hold you captive any longer, for it is without cause, seeing you have your Lord's word for it, that you shall find rest unto your soul. When we returned from Italy some years ago the Mont Cenis Tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage. Six miles underground! We thought it must be very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore we reckoned upon closing every window, for fear we should find it hard to breathe the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage the carriages were exceedingly well lighted, and much of the tunnel also, and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreaded tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams: Jesus will light the darksome way,

and the soul shall need no candle of earth; fresh breezes from glory shall drive away the death-damps, and the music of angels shall make the heart forgetful of all pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but the eternal rest?

Reader, you have heard the wise advice which bids you consider, and the commendation which directs you to prefer the older paths, you have also been reminded that the way is good, and you have been urged to follow it and encouraged by a promise: what is your answer? Do not, we beseech you, say, like Israel of old, "We will not walk therein" but rather cry, "Teach me thy way, O Lord."

PERIL FROM THE PULPIT

A WARNING NOTE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE habit of perpetually mentioning the theories of unbelievers when preaching the gospel, gives a man the appearance of great learning, but it also proves his want of common sense. In order to show the value of wholesome food it is not needful to proffer your guest a dose of poison, nor would he think the better of your hospitality if you did so. Certain sermons are more calculated to weaken faith than to render men believers; they resemble the process through which a poor unhappy dog is frequently passed at the Grotto del Cane at Naples. He is thrown into the gas which reaches up to the spectators' knees, not with the view of killing him, but merely as an exhibition. Lifted out of his vapory bath, he is thrown into a pool of water, and revives in time for another operation. Such a dog is not likely to be a very efficient watch-dog or pursuer of game; and when hearers Sunday after Sunday are plunged into a bath of skeptical thought, they may survive the experiment, but they will never become spiritually strong or practically useful. It is never worth while to make rents in a garment for the sake of mending them, nor to create doubts in order to show how cleverly we can quiet them. Should a man set fire to his house because he has a patent *extincteur* which would put it out in no time he would stand a chance of one day creating a conflagration which all the patents under heaven could not easily extinguish. Thousands of unbelievers have been born into the family of skepticism by professed preachers of the gospel, who supposed that they were helping them to faith: the fire fed

upon the heaps of leaves which the foolish well-intentioned speaker cast upon it in the hope of smothering it. Young men in many instances have obtained their first notions of infidelity from their ministers; they have sucked in the poison, but refused the antidote. The devil's catechists in doubt have been the men who were sent to preach "believe and live." This is a sore evil under the sun, and it seems hard to stay it, and yet ordinary common sense ought to teach ministers wisdom, in such a matter.

Alas ! there are public teachers who do the devil's work wittingly, for if you hear them for a short time you will perceive that nothing is certain with them but their own uncertainty. We one day heard a tradesman selling old lead from off a church to a person who dealt in that metal. "How much have you ?" said the buyer. "I will sell you *eighteen* hundred-weight," said the seller, "and guarantee the weight if you take it away to-day; but, mark you, I will not warrant that there shall be *nine* hundred-weight to-morrow." "Why not ?" said the buyer. "Why," replied the other, "you know better than I do that lead evaporates- very-mysteriously." The buyer nodded an understanding nod, and bought for immediate delivery. We also marked the metaphorical statement, and remembered how mysteriously the precious treasure of the gospel "evaporates" in the hands of some workmen who need to be ashamed. "*Heigh, presto .*" and away the wizard makes the essential truth to fly, though every word he uses is as orthodox as the creed. In a book of Indian travels the writer states that he has seen marvelous things performed by jugglers. Believe him who will, he states that he saw two conjurers with a chain fifty cubits long. They threw one end of it into the air and there it remained suspended. A dog walked up the chain and disappeared; then a goat came forward and did the same; and afterwards a lion and a tiger mounted and vanished in like manner. Our "deep thinkers" perform this trick to perfection. The heavenward end of their chain of thought is fixed somewhere in cloudland, and up this precious chain of theirs they have long ago sent the doctrine of the substitution of Christ, the immortality of the soul, the plenary inspiration of Scripture, and other eternal verities; and now it is hinted that the Deity of our Lord, the resurrection from the dead, and the personality of God are to be regarded as moot points. Up into the air all positive truths are to go one after another till nothing will be left. At what conclusion will they arrive? As yet they have come to no conclusion but this — that nothing can ever be concluded.

But silence! If you say half a word you will be called uncharitable, or perhaps you will be charged with bearing false witness against your neighbor. Rats may undermine a Dutch dyke and drown a province, but to hunt them would be cruelty to animals. Have not the creatures as much right to their own course as you have? Burglars may break into our houses, and even take our lives; but hold off, ye police ! Be not so uncharitable as to interrupt a dexterity so admirable, or to raise a hue and cry against *artistes* so proficient. They are amiable men in family life, very clever in conversation, and much esteemed in their own circles; why render their occupation uncomfortable? They simply differ upon matters of opinion as to rights of property, and if they are a little heterodox, there are only two letters of difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and it is a shame to make men offenders for so insignificant a distinction. Bah! We execrate the thief, and with equal justice ought we to expose and to condemn the traitor who robs us of heavenly treasure, of truth vital to eternal life, truth which is absolutely needful to our soul's salvation. Pleas of charity to error are arguments for the murder of souls. Life and death hang upon the question of truth or falsehood; if lies be propagated, or truth be clouded, the watchmen of the Lord will have to give in their account for permitting it. For our part we shall not cease to warn till the occasion is removed, and at this present time that occasion is by no means gone, for the world swarms with —

*“Philosophers who darken and put out
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt;
Discoverers of they know not what, confin'd
Within no bounds — the blind that lead the blind.”*

Till these have all fallen into the ditch and cleared the road for honest teachers we must not cease to warn every man, that none may be fatally deceived by them.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

MAY, 1879.

UNDER THE APPLE TREE

A COMMUNION SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.” — Solomon’s Song 2:3.

CHRIST known should be Christ used. The spouse knew her Beloved to be like a fruit-bearing tree, and at once she sat under his shadow, and fed upon his fruit. It is a pity that we know so much about Christ, and yet enjoy him so little. May our experience keep pace with our knowledge, and may that experience be composed of a practical using of our Lord. Jesus casts a shadow, let us sit under it: Jesus yields fruit, let us taste the sweetness of it. Depend upon it that the way to learn more is to use what you know; and, moreover, the way to learn a truth thoroughly is to learn it experimentally. You know a doctrine beyond all fear of contradiction when you have proved it for yourself by personal test and trial. The bride in the Song as good as says, “I am certain that my beloved casts a shadow, for I have sat under it, and I am persuaded that he bears sweet fruit, for I have tasted of it.” The best way of demonstrating the power of Christ to save is to trust in him and be saved yourself; and of all those who are sure of the divinity of our holy faith, there are none so certain as those who feel its divine power upon themselves. You may reason yourself into a belief of the gospel, and you may by further reasoning keep yourself orthodox; but a personal trial, and an inward knowing of the truth are incomparably the best evidences. If Jesus be as an apple tree among the trees of the wood do not keep away from him, but sit under his shadow and taste his fruit. He is a Savior; do not believe that fact and yet remain unsaved. As far as Christ is known to you, so far make use of him. Is not this sound common sense?

We would further remark that we *are at liberty to make every possible use of Christ.* Shadow and fruit may both be enjoyed. Christ in his infinite condescension exists for needy souls. Oh, let us say it over again: it is a

bold word, but it is true, — as Christ Jesus, our Lord exists for the benefit of his people. A Savior only exists to save. A physician lives to heal. The good shepherd lives, yea dies, for his sheep. Our Lord Jesus Christ hath wrapped us about his heart; we are intimately interwoven with all his offices, with all his honors, with all his traits of character, with all that he has done, and with all that he has yet to do. The sinner's Friend lives for sinners, and sinners may have him and use him to the uttermost. He is as free to us as the air we breath. What are fountains for, but that the thirsty may drink? What is the harbor for but that storm-tossed barques may there find refuge? What is Christ for but that poor guilty ones like ourselves may come to him and look and live, and afterwards may have all our needs supplied out of his fullness?

We have thus the door set open for us, and we pray that the Holy Spirit may help us to enter in while we notice in the text two things which we pray that you may enjoy to the full. First, the *heart's rest in Christ* — “I sat down under his shadow with great delight.” And, secondly, *the heart's refreshment in Christ* — “His fruit was sweet unto my taste.”

I. To begin with, we have here THE HEART'S REST IN CHRIST. To set this forth let us notice the character of the person who uttered this sentence. She who said, “I sat down under his shadow with great delight,” was one who had *known before what weary travel meant, and therefore valued rest*; for the man who has never labored knows nothing of the sweetness of repose. The loafer who has eaten bread he never earned, from whose brow there never oozed a drop of honest sweat, does not deserve rest, and knows not what it is. It is to the laboring man that rest is sweet; and when at last we come, toilworn with many miles of weary plodding, to a shaded place where we may comfortably “sit down,” then are we filled with delight.

The spouse had been seeking her beloved, and in looking for him she had asked others where she was likely to find him. “Tell me,” says she, “where he feeds his sheep, and makes them rest at noon.” They told her to go and seek him by the footsteps of the flock, and they used these words, “Go thy way.” She did go her way, but after awhile she came to this resolution: “I will *sit down* under his shadow.” Many of you have been sorely wearied with going your way to find peace. Some of you tried ceremonies and multiplied them, and the priest came to your help; but he mocked your heart's distress. Others of you sought by various systems of thought to

come to an anchorage; but, tossed from billow to billow, you found no rest upon the seething sea of speculation. More of you tried by your good works to gain rest to your consciences. You multiplied your prayers, you poured out floods of tears, you hoped, by almsgiving and by the like, that some merit might accrue to you, and that your heart might feel acceptance with God, and so have rest. You toiled and toiled, like the men that were in the vessel with Jonah, when they rowed hard to bring their ship to land, but could not, for the sea wrought and was tempestuous. There was no escape for you that way, and so you were driven to all other way, even to rest in Jesus. My heart looks back to the time when I was under a sense of sin, and sought with all my soul to find peace, but could not discover it, high or low, in any place beneath the sky; yet when I “saw one hanging on a tree,” as the Substitute for sin, then my heart sat down under his shadow with great delight. My heart reasoned thus with herself — Did Jesus suffer in my stead? Then I shall not suffer. Did he bear my sin? Then I do not bear it. Did God accept his Son as my Substitute? Then he will never smite *me*. Was Jesus acceptable with God as my sacrifice? Then what contents the Lord may well enough content me, and so I will go no farther, but “sit down under his shadow” and enjoy a delightful rest.

She who said “I sat down under his shadow with great delight,” *could appreciate shade, for she had been sunburnt*. Did we not read just now her exclamation — “Look not upon me, for I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me”? She knew what heat meant, what the burning sun meant; and therefore shade was pleasant to her. You know nothing about the deliciousness of shade till you travel in a thoroughly hot country; then you are delighted with it. Did you ever feel the heat of divine wrath? Did the great Sun — that sun without variableness or shadow of a turning — ever dart his hottest rays upon you, — the rays of his holiness and justice? Did you cower down beneath the scorching beams of that great light, and say, “We are consumed by thine anger”? If you have ever felt that you have found it a wry blessed thing to come under the shadow of Christ’s atoning sacrifice. A shadow, you know, is cast by a body coming between us and the light and heat; and our Lord’s most blessed body has come between us and the scorching sun of divine justice, so that we sit under the shadow of his mediation with great delight.

And now if any other sun begins to scorch us we fly to our Lord. If domestic trouble, or business care, or Satanic temptation, or inward corruption oppresses us, we hasten to Jesus’ shadow, to hide under him,

and there “sit down” in the cool refreshment with great delight. The interposition of our blessed Lord is the cause of our inward quiet. The sun cannot scorch *me*, for it scorched *him*. My troubles need not trouble me, for he has taken my trouble, and I have left it in his hands. “I sat down under his shadow.”

Mark well these two things concerning the spouse. She knew what it was to be weary, and she knew what it was to be sunburnt; and just in proportion as you, also, know these two things, your valuation of Christ will rise. You who have never pined under the wrath of God have never prized the Savior. Water is of small value in this land of brooks and rivers, and so you commonly sprinkle the roads with it, but I warrant you that if you were making a day’s march over burning sand, a cup of cold water would be worth a king’s ransom; and so to thirsty souls Christ is precious, but to none beside.

Now, when the spouse was sitting down, restful and delighted, *she was overshadowed*. She says, “I sat down *under his shadow*.” I do not know a more delightful state of mind than to feel quite overshadowed by our beloved Lord. Here is my black sin, but there is his precious blood overshadowing my sin and hiding it for ever. Here is my condition by nature, an enemy to God; but he who reconciled me to God by his blood has overshadowed that also, so that I forget that I was once an enemy in the joy of being now a friend. I am very weak; but he is strong, and his strength overshadows my feebleness. I am very poor; but he hath all riches, and his riches overshadow my poverty. I am most unworthy; but he is so worthy that if I use his name I shall receive as much as if I were worthy: his worthiness doth overshadow my unworthiness. It is very precious to put the truth the other way, and say, — If there be anything good in me, it is not good when I compare myself with him, for his goodness quite eclipses and overshadows it. Can I say I love him? So I do, but I hardly dare call it love, for his love overshadows it. Did I suppose that I served him? So I would; but my poor service is not worth mentioning in comparison with what he has done for me. Did I think I had any degree of holiness? I must not deny what his Spirit works in me; but when I think of his immaculate life, and all his divine perfections, where am I? What am I? Have you not sometimes felt this? Have you not been so overshadowed and hidden under your Lord that you became as nothing? I know myself what it is to feel that if I die in a workhouse it does not matter so long as my Lord is glorified. Mortals may cast, out my name as evil, if they like; but what matters it

since his dear name shall one day be printed in stars athwart the sky? Let him overshadow me; I delight that it should be so.

The spouse tells us that when she became quite overshadowed, then *she felt great delight*. Great “*I*” never has great delight, for it cannot bear to own a greater than itself, but the humble believer finds his delight in being overshadowed by his Lord. In the shade of Jesus we have more delight than in any fancied light of our own. The spouse had *great* delight. I trust that you Christian people do have great delight, and if not you ought to ask yourselves whether you really are the people of God. I like to see a cheerful countenance; ay, and to hear of raptures in the hearts of those who are God’s saints. There are people who seem to think that religion and gloom are married, and must never be divorced. Pull down the blinds on Sunday, and darken the rooms; if you have a garden, or a rose in flower, try to forget that there are such beauties: are you not to serve God as dolorously as you can? Put your book under your arm, and crawl to your place of worship in as mournful a manner as if you were being marched to the whipping post. Act thus if you will; but give me that religion which cheers my heart, fires my soul, and fills me with enthusiasm and delight, — for that is likely to be the religion of heaven, and it agrees with the experience of the inspired Song.

Although I trust that we know what delight means, I question if we have enough of it to describe ourselves as *sitting down* in the enjoyment of it. Do you give yourselves enough time to sit at Jesus’ feet? There is the place of delight, do you abide in it? Sit down under his shadow. “I have no leisure,” cries one. Try and make a little. Steal it from your sleep if you cannot get it anyhow else. Grant leisure to your heart. It would be a great pity if a man never spent five minutes with his wife, but was forced to be always hard at work. Why, that is slavery, is it not? Shall we not then have time to commune with our best beloved? Surely, somehow or other, we can squeeze out a little season in which we shall have nothing else to do but to sit down under his shadow with great delight! When I take my Bible and want to feed on it for myself I generally get thinking about preaching upon the text and what I should say to you from it. This will not do; I must get away from that, and forget that there is a Tabernacle, that I may sit personally at Jesus’ feet. And, oh, there is an intense delight in being overshadowed by him! He is near you, and you know it. His dear *presence* is as certainly with you as if you could see him, for his influence surrounds you. Often have I felt as if Jesus leaned over me, as a friend might look

over my shoulder. Although no cool shade comes over your brow, yet you may as much feel his shadow as if it did, for your heart grows calm; and if you have been wearied with the family, or troubled with the church, or vexed with yourself, you come down from the chamber where you have seen your Lord, and you feel braced for the battle of life — ready for its troubles and its temptations, because you have seen the Lord. “I sat down,” said she, “under his shadow with *great delight*.” How great that delight was she could not tell, but she sat down as one overpowered with it, needing to sit still under the load of bliss. I do not like to talk much about the secret delights of Christians, because there are always some around us who do not understand our meaning; but I will venture to say this much — that if worldlings could but even guess what are the secret joys of believers, they would give their eyes to share with us. We have troubles, and we admit it, we expect to have them; but we have joys which are frequently excessive. We should not like that others should be witnesses of the delight which now and then tosses our soul into a very tempest of joy. You know what it means; do you not? When you have been quite alone with the heavenly Bridegroom, you wanted to tell the angels of the sweet love of Christ to you, a poor unworthy one. You even wished to teach the golden harps fresh music, for seraphs know not the heights and depths of grace as you know them.

The spouse had great delight, and we know that she had, for this one reason, that *she did not forget it*. This verse and the whole song is a remembrance of what she had enjoyed. She says, “I sat down under his shadow.” It may have been a month, it may have been years ago; but she had not forgotten it. The joys of fellowship with God are written in marble. “Engraved as in eternal brass” are memories of communion with Christ Jesus. “Above fourteen years ago,” says the apostle, “I knew a man.” Ah, it was worth remembering all those years. He had not told his delight, but he had kept it stored up. He says, “Above fourteen years ago I knew a man in Christ Jesus, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth,” so great had his delights been. When we look back we forget birthdays, holidays, and bonfire-nights which we have spent after the manner of men, but we readily recall our times of fellowship with the Well-beloved. We have known our Tabors, our times of transfiguration-fellowship, and like Peter we remember when we were “with him in the holy mount.” Our head has leaned upon the Master’s bosom, and we can

never forget the intense delight; nor will we fail to put on record for the good of others the joys with which we have been indulged.

Now, I leave this first part of the subject, only noticing how beautifully natural it is. There was a tree, and she sat down under the shadow: there was nothing strained, nothing formal. So ought true piety ever to be consistent with common sense, with that which seems most fitting, most comely, most wise, and most natural. There is Christ, we may enjoy him, let us not despise the privilege.

II. The second part of our subject is THE HEART'S REFRESHMENT IN CHRIST. "His fruit was sweet to my taste." Here I will not enlarge, but give you thoughts in brief which you can beat out afterwards. *She did not feast upon the fruit of the tree till first she was under the shadow of it.* There is no knowing the excellent things of Christ till you trust him. Not a single sweet apple shall fall to the lot of those who are outside the shadow. Come and trust. Christ, and then all that there is in Christ shall be enjoyed by you. Oh, unbelievers, what you miss! If you will but sit down under his shadow, you shall have all things, but if you will not, neither shall any good thing of Christ's be yours.

But as soon as ever she was under the shadow, then the fruit was all hers. "I sat down under his shadow," saith she, and then "his fruit was sweet to my taste." Dost thou believe in Jesus, friend? Then Jesus Christ himself is thine; and if thou dost own the tree, thou mayest well eat the fruit. Since he himself becomes thine altogether, then his redemption and the pardon that comes of it, his living power, his mighty intercession, the glories of his second advent, and all that belong to him are made over to thee for thy personal and present use and enjoyment. All things are yours since Christ is yours. Only mind you imitate the spouse: *when she found that the fruit was hers, she ate it.* Copy her closely in this. It is a great fault in many believers, that they do not appropriate the promises and feed on them. Do not err as they do. Under the shadow you have a right to eat the fruit. Deny not yourselves the sacred entertainment.

Now, it would appear, as we read the text, that *she obtained this fruit without effort.* The proverb says, "He who would gain the fruit must climb the tree." But she did not climb for she says, "I sat down under his shadow." I suppose the fruit dropped down to her. I know that it is so with us. We no longer spend our money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that, which satisfieth not; but we sit under our Lord's shadow,

and we eat that which is good, and our soul delights itself in sweetness. Come Christian, enter into the calm rest of faith, by sitting down beneath the cross, and thou shalt be fed even to the full.

The spouse rested while feasting: she sat and ate. So, O true believer, rest whilst thou art feeding upon Christ. The spouse says, "I sat, and I ate." Had she not told us in the former chapter that the King sat at his table? See how like the church is to her Lord, and the believer to his Savior! We sit down also, and we eat, even as the King doth. Right royally are we entertained. His joy is in us, and his peace keeps our hearts and minds.

Further, notice *that as the spouse fed upon this fruit she had a relish for it.* It is not every palate that likes every fruit. Never dispute with other people about tastes of any sort, for agreement is not possible. That dainty which to one person is the most delicious is to another nauseous; and if there were a competition as to which fruit is preferable to all the rest, there would probably be almost as many opinions as there are fruits. But blessed is he who hath a relish for Christ Jesus! Dear hearer, is he sweet to you? Then he is yours. There never was a heart that did relish Christ but what Christ belonged to that heart. If thou hast been feeding on him, and he is sweet to thee, go on feasting, for he who gave thee a relish gives thee himself to satisfy thine appetite.

What are the fruits which come from Christ? Are they not petite with God, renewal of heart, joy in the Holy Ghost, love to the brethren? Are they not regeneration, justification, sanctification, adoption, and all the blessings of the covenant of grace. And are they not each and all sweet to our taste? As we have fed upon them, have we not said, "Yes, these things are pleasant indeed. There is none like them. Let us live upon them evermore." Now, sit down, sit down and feed. It seems a strange thing that we should have to persuade people to do that, but in the spiritual world things are very different from what they are in the natural. In the case of most men, if you put a joint of meat before them and a knife and fork, they do not need many arguments to persuade them to fall to. But I will tell you when they will not do it, and that is when they are full: and I will also tell you when they will do it, and that is when they are hungry. Even so, if thy soul is weary after Christ the Savior, thou wilt feed on him; but if not, it is useless for me to preach to thee, or bid thee come. However, thou that art there, sitting under his shadow, thou mayest hear him utter these words: "Eat, O

friend: drink, yea, drink abundantly.” Thou canst not have too much of these good things: the more of Christ the better the Christian.

We know that the spouse feasted herself right heartily with this food from the tree of life, for *in after days she wanted more*. Will you kindly read on in the fourth verse. The verse which contains our text describes, as it were, her first love to her Lord, her country love, her rustic love. She went to the wood, and she found him there like an apple tree, and she enjoyed him as one relishes a ripe apple in the country. But she grew in grace, she learned more of her Lord, and she found that her best beloved was a King. I should not wonder but what she learned the doctrine of the second advent, for then she began to sing — “He brought me to the banqueting house.” As much as to say, — He did not merely let me know him out in the fields as the Christ in his humiliation, but he brought me into the royal palace; and, since he is a King, he brought forth a banner with his own brave escutcheon, and he waved it over me while I was sitting at the table, and the motto of that banneret was love.

She grew very full of this. It was such a grand thing to find a great Savior — a triumphant Savior, an exalted Savior! But it was too much for her, and she became sick of soul with the excessive glory of what she had learned; and do you see what her heart craves for? She longs for her first simple joys, those countrified delights. “Comfort me with apples,” she says. Nothing but the old joys will revive her. Did you ever feel like that? I have been satiated with delight in the love of Christ as a glorious, exalted Savior when I have seen him riding on his white horse, and going forth conquering and to conquer; I have been overwhelmed when I have beheld him in the midst of the throne, with all the brilliant assembly of angels and archangels adoring him, and my thought has gone forward to the day when he shall descend with all the pomp of God, and make all kings and princes shrink into nothingness before the infinite majesty of his glory. Then I have felt as though I must fall at his feet as dead at the sight of him; and I have wanted somebody to come and tell me over again the old, old story of how he died in order that I might be saved. His throne overpowers me, let me gather fruit from his cross. Bring me apples from “the tree” again. I am awe-struck while in the palace, let me get away to the woods again. Give me an apple plucked from the tree, such as I have given out to boys and girls in his family, such an apple as this — “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Or this: “This man receiveth sinners.” Give me a promise from the basket of the covenant. Give me the

simplicity of Christ, let me be a child and feast on apples again, if Jesus be the apple-tree. I would fain go back to Christ on the tree in my stead, Christ overshadowing me, Christ feeding me. This is the happiest state to live in. Lord, evermore give us these apples. You recollect the old story we told years ago of Jack the huckster who used to sing —

*“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.”*

Those who knew him were astonished at his constant composure. They had a world of doubts and fears, and so they asked him why he never doubted. “Well,” said he, “I can’t doubt but what I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all, for I know that, and feel it every day. And why should I doubt that Jesus Christ is my all in all? for he says he is.” “Oh,” said his questioner, “I have my ups and downs.” “I don’t.” says Jack; “I can never go up, for I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all; and I cannot go down, for Jesus Christ is my all in all.” He wanted to join the church, and they said he must tell his experience. He said, “All my experience is that I am a poor sinner and nothing at all, and Jesus Christ is my all in all.” “Well,” they said, “when you come before the church-meeting the minister may ask you questions.” “I can’t help it,” said Jack, “all I know I will tell you; and that is all I know—

*“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.”*

He was admitted into the church, and continued with the brethren, walking in holiness; but that was still all his experience, and you could not get him beyond it. “Why,” said one brother, “I sometimes feel so full of grace, I feel so advanced in sanctification, that I begin to be very happy.” “I never do,” said Jack; “I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all.” “But then,” said the other, “I go down again, and think I am not saved, because I am not as sanctified as I used to be.” “But I never doubt my salvation,” said Jack, “because Jesus Christ is my all in all, and he never alters.” That simple story is grandly instructive, for it sets forth a plain man’s faith in a plain salvation; it is the likeness of a soul under the apple-tree resting in the shade and feasting on the fruit.

Now, at this time I want you to think of Jesus, not as a prince, but as an apple-tree; and when this is done I pray you to *sit down under his shadow*. It is not much to do. Any child, when it is hot, can sit down in a shadow. I

want you next to feed on Jesus: any simpleton can eat apples when they are ripe upon the tree. Come and take Christ, then. You who never came before, come now. Come and welcome. You who have come often, and have entered into the palace, and are reclining at the banqueting table, you lords and peers of Christianity, come to the common wood and to the common apple-tree where poor saints are shaded and fed. You had better come under the apple tree like poor sinners such as I am, and be once more shaded with boughs and comforted with apples, for else you may faint beneath the palace glories. The best of saints are never better than when they eat their first fare and are comforted with the apples which were their first gospel feast.

The Lord himself bring forth his own sweet fruit to you. Amen.

THE MULE

“WHEN the word of God is truly written upon a man’s mind, and laid up in his heart, he will soon be declaring it and speaking of it to others. True grace seeks to diffuse and propagate itself. Naturalists observe that mules, and creatures that are of a mongrel race, do not procreate after their kind; even so false Christians are not for propagating and enlarging Christ’s interests. Such men are not warm, spiritual, and heavenly in their discourses, and aim not at increasing the number of believers. Andrew when acquainted with Christ calls Peter, and both call Nathanael, saying, ‘We have found the Messiah’ (John 1:41-45). John calls his disciples. As a hen when she hath found a worm, or a barleycorn, clucks for her chickens. that they may come and partake of it with her; so a man acquainted with Christ, who hath tasted that the Lord is gracious, cannot hold his peace, but must be calling his friends and relations to come and share with him of the same grace. The more men have of God the more will they use their spiritual riches for the benefit of others, and the more eager will they be to employ all opportunities for doing good.”

Reader, how does this brief paragraph bear upon you? It comes from the pen of an ancient master in Israel; let it lead you to self-examination. Especially inquire whether you are of the mulish breed, for a sterile life is not a spiritual life. He who is never troubled for the souls of others has great cause to be troubled for his own.

INTERVIEWS WITH THREE OF THE KING'S CAPTAINS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A CHRISTIAN man is the noblest work of God, especially a Christian man who has attained to fullness of stature, and has done eminent service for his Master. As in the presence of sublime scenery the renewed heart adores the Creator, and never dreams of worshipping nature itself, so in communion with a truly consecrated man the spiritual mind rises to a reverent acknowledgment of the Holy Spirit, whose workmanship is seen in all the saints, and the idea of hero-worship is banished from the mind. Within the last few days it has been our joyful privilege to meet with several of the excellent of the earth, and among them with three of "the King's mighties," worthy to be placed in the first rank.

First, we found a card upon our table bearing the name of J. HUDSON TAYLOR, and we were sorry to have been out, and so to have missed seeing him; but another opportunity occurred, and the last hour which this beloved brother spent at Mentone was consecrated by holy conference and earnest prayer for China in our pleasant parlor at Hotel de la Paix. Mr. Taylor is not a man of commanding presence or of striking modes of speech. He is not in outward appearance an individual who would be selected from among others as the leader of a gigantic enterprise; in fact, he is lame in gait, and little in stature: but the Lord seeth not as man seeth, his glance reareth to the heart. In his spiritual manhood Mr. Taylor is of noble proportions: his spirit is quiet and meek, yet strong and intense; there is not an atom of self-assertion about him, but a firm confidence in God and in the call which he has himself received to carry the gospel to China. He is hampered by no doubts as to the inspiration of the Scriptures, or the truth of Christianity, or the ultimate conquest of China for the Lord Jesus; his faith is that of a child-man, too conscious of consecration to the living God, and too certain of his presence and help to turn aside to answer the useless quibbles of the hour. Affectionate in manner, and gentile in tone, our brother has nevertheless about him a firmness which achieves its purpose without noise. Simple as a child in his spirit, he pursues his design with prudent perseverance and determination; he provokes no hostility, but he almost unconsciously arouses hearty sympathy, though he is evidently

independent of it, and would go on with his great work even if no one countenanced him in it.

Our conversation was confined to China, the work in China, and the workers in China. The word China, China, China is now ringing in our ears in that special, peculiar, musical, forcible, unique way in which Mr. Taylor utters it. He could not very readily be made to speak upon any other theme for long together; he would be sure to fly back to China. We believe that he dreams of chop-sticks, mandarins, and poor Chinese. We expressed our conviction that he was already growing a pigtail, and he did not deny the fact, but added further that he hoped soon to have on the Chinaman's silk petticoat, and he seemed quite pleased to tell us that he was so like a Chinaman when fully arrayed that he was often taken for a native. Dear, good brother, this is one reason of your success, you become a Chinaman to the Chinese, and you will gain the Chinese. Your concentration of thought upon your one grand object shall, under the divine blessing, be your strength.

How greatly has the Lord blest this man in his apostolic labors for China! We admire the great goodness of God therein, for what hope is there for that vast empire, unless it be laid upon the hearts of chosen servants of the Lord. Mr. Taylor has gathered round him men and women of the right order. Some of them would certainly have been refused by the missionary societies, as below their standard of education; but Mr. Taylor has seen in them precious qualifications which abundantly compensate for the absence of classical attainments. These, with holy daring, born of childlike faith in God, have penetrated the interior of China, and are planting churches as the Lord enables them. We like our friend's plans and ideas, and, without making invidious comparisons, we feel free to say that no other missionary enterprise is so completely to our mind as the China Inland Mission. It is a great honor to the Tabernacle that the missionaries connected with Mr. Taylor almost always come to our prayer-meeting for a valedictory service, and it is one of the choicest pleasures of our life that their beloved President is to us as a dear and familiar friend. He is on his road to China, may the Lord preserve him and prosper his way, and may the Christian churches at home provide all the means for this apostolic service without the necessity of the hencured leader's coming back to England for some time to come, for his presence on the actual scene of labor must be invaluable.

It has been a great means of grace to us in our exile not only to hear the venerable GEORGE MULLER, of Bristol, but to have three long interviews with him, besides uniting with him twice in the breaking of bread and in prayer. Mr. Muller has the look of personified order and simplicity: his appearance is equally removed from show and slovenliness. His face gleams with the quiet cheerfulness which comes of profound restfulness. He believes God with great reality, and practically takes him at his word, and hence his peace is as a river. His faith has wrought in him great strength of purpose, so far as man is concerned, and something more than submission to the will of the Lord, for he evidently delights himself therein, and, through divine grace, has been made to move in accordance with it. That which struck us most was his evident rejoicing in tribulations, for the only excitement which we noticed in him was at the mention of the trials of his early days, which gave such room for the display of the divine faithfulness. We do not mean that our friend desires trial, but we perceive that when it comes his heart is exceeding glad, and his glory rejoices, because the Lord is now about to reveal himself more fully, and to honor his divine name yet again. O that we could all learn this lesson and put it into practice.

Mr. Muller gives us more the idea of Enoch than any man we have ever met: he habitually walks with God. Hence his whole life is his religion, and his religion is his whole life. The delightful placidity of the pulpit is retained in the parlor, and the graciousness which is seen in the preacher is just as manifest in the friend. Some may, therefore, suppose that he has about him a somber air; far from it. He is as bright and happy as a dear, obedient child has a right to be when enjoying his Father's love. He is no monk and could not be made into a gloomy recluse; the domestic affections are strong within him, and so also is his love to the brethren, and his desire for the good of all mankind. Nothing cold, austere, or hard has any place with this "man greatly beloved." In our company he displayed to us a special affection, which we heartily reciprocate. We entertain for him a feeling of profound veneration; but in his intercourse with us his humility scarcely allowed him to perceive the fact, and there was an entire absence of anything like a sense of superiority, even of such as greater age and experience might naturally claim. Our communion was very sweet to the younger of the two; may the Lord grant to him a renewal of it. We were deeply humbled at the sight of our friend's beauty of character; not that he said a single word by way of self-praise, but the very reverse, for his total

absence of self-consciousness was a leading feature in his conversation. Again and again he said, “the Lord can do without poor George Muller”; but even this was drawn out of him, for with him George Muller is just nothing, and the Lord is all in all. We cannot picture this man of God, he is too bright for our pencil. A soft, subdued light shines upon his image as we try to recall it, a reflection of the moral glory of the Master whom he loves; but mild as is the radiance, it prevents our sketching the man to the life.

With no flash of oratory, or brilliance of poetry, or breadth of thought, or originality of mind, George Muller is enabled to be one of the most useful of living preachers by his simply testifying to facts by which he has for himself proved the love and truth of God. His preaching is the gospel and nothing else. Of flowers of speech he has none, and we hardly think he cares for them; but of the bread of heaven he has abundance. With speculations he does not intermeddle, but the eternal verities he handles with practical, homely, realizing faith.

No doubts disturb the Director of the Ashley Down Orphanage; how can there be when he sees the Lord daily feeding his 2,050 orphan children in answer to his prayers? Modern thought and the higher criticism never trouble this happy man. He soars aloft. While earth-bound souls are distracted and tormented by the discordant voices of error, he hears the voice of the great Father in heaven, and is deaf to all besides. In his old age, still hale and strong, he ministers the word with ceaseless diligence, journeying from place to place as the Lord opens the doors and prepares his way. Free from all anxiety, he enjoys life to the utmost, and if it were right to envy any man we should certainly envy George Muller; we are not, however, under any necessity of so doing, for the same grace worketh in all the saints, and we have but to yield ourselves thereto.

The third choice brother with whom we took sweet counsel was Pastor JOHN BOST, who is the founder and conductor of the Asylums of La Force. Concerning his institutions we hope to speak another time; just now our subject is the man himself. It would be very foolish to compare one servant of the Lord with another in order to set one above the other, for the church is like the heavens in this, that one star differeth from another star in glory. Each of these three brethren is of a distinct type: the same Spirit is in each of them, working out a different form of the one glory which Jesus has given to all his people. We delight in them all, and do not intend by a single sentence of ours to suggest a comparative estimate of their worth.

We do not know whether George Muller has any humor, but John Boat has about as much of it as C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. Bost is a man of considerable dimensions, and addressing us he said, "You will see that there is a *difference* between me and Mr. Muller. George Muller is a great man and John Bost is a large man." This was true, but not all the truth, for John Bost is great as well as large. Orphans, idiots, imbeciles, and epileptic persons are the objects of our friend's loving care. It touched our heart to hear him speak of the deaf and dumb, and blind and lame, but more especially of the poor epileptics, who are his special favorites, because they suffer so greatly and involve so much weary watching and painful care. He has eight institutions: *La Famille Evangelique* for orphan girls; *Bethesda* for incurables, blind, and idiot girls; *Ebenezer* for epileptic girls; *Siloam* and *Bethel* for epileptic boys; *Le Repos* for invalid governesses, etc.; *La Retraite* for invalid servants, and *La Misericorde* for idiots and epileptics. There are three hundred and sixty-six inmates in these eight abodes, and for all their wants John Bost is responsible. But we only mention these to introduce our brother himself. Here is a man after our own heart, with a lot of human nature in him, a large-hearted, tempest-tossed mortal, who has done business on the great waters, and would long ago have been wrecked had it not been for his simple reliance upon God. His is a soul like that of Martin Luther, full of emotion and of mental changes; borne aloft to heaven at one time and anon sinking in the deeps. Worn down with labor, he needs rest, but will not take it, perhaps cannot, for even at Mentone he was lecturing for his institutions, and melting us all by the story of his imbeciles and epileptics. We took the chair for him, and while we were offering prayer he was so moved that we feared he would not be able to restrain himself. We spent an evening with him, and found him full of zeal and devotion, and brimming over with godly experience, and at the same time abounding in mirth, racy remark, and mother wit. Comparing notes, we found Caesar and Pompey very much alike in joys and sorrows, high delights, and deep depressions. We could both admire and reverence the holy peace of our honored friend Muller, and we did not excuse our common infirmities, but we thought the author of the Book of Psalms was a better interpreter of our experience than our more equable and tranquil friend could ever be, and we concluded that it was a happy circumstance for us that our divine Lord was set before us as our exemplar, and not even the brightest and most heavenly-minded of his disciples.

How can John Bost be otherwise than troubled in spirit when he hears the cries of epileptics, and sees the horrible contortions into which they are thrown in their frequent fits? It cuts him to the heart to see the sufferings of the dear objects of his care, and many are his sleepless nights with such a charge around him. He is full of tender sympathies, and in consequence he has a great power over his poor patients, who love and revere him; but this costs him great wear and tear of heart, and often brings him very low. In temperament he is emotional, and loves intensely: we had all his heart very soon, and we shall retain it while we live, for ours is knit to him in brotherly affection. He is an original, and his plans of working and collecting money are not a feeble copy of another man's. Here many have erred, for they have been ambitious to be like some notable person, and have ended in being servile copyists, destitute of all the force and excellence of their hero, and without virtues of their own. Bost is not a second Muller, as we had been told — he is John Bost, and nobody else, and differs as much from Mr. Muller as a rose differs from a lily. Even in the exercise of his faith he is unlike our venerated father of Bristol, and not only prays for the money which he needs, but uses ingenious means to obtain it. We are sure that Mr. Muller's plan is best *for him*, perhaps in itself *the best* intrinsically; but Mr. Bost's methods are in the main most admirable in every way; are certainly the best which in his circumstances he could follow, and possibly in some aspects the best for the majority of workers. The two brethren love and esteem each other very highly, and Mr. Muller has been greatly pleased with a visit which he has lately paid to La Force, though the sight of the epileptics was too painful for him, as it well might be.

Which of these three mighties do we place first? The question may not be answered, for it is an improper one; and even if it were allowable we are not qualified to reply. Who are we that we should judge the King's servants, and especially such as these, whose feet we should feel it an honor to wash? We may, however, venture to say that if we had to apportion the precious stones to individuals, we would engrave the name of Hudson Taylor upon an emerald, pleasant and beautiful; that of George Muller upon a diamond of the first water, clear as crystal; and that of John Bost upon a ruby full of warmth and vividness. None can gather from this comparison which one we think of the highest value, since our researches among precious stones have enabled us to quote, if we had the space to spare, opinions of various jewelers in which each of these is adjudged to

bear the palm for beauty, and there are priedess specimens of each gem. Poor pieces of common clay are all these men by nature; their luster and excellence are entirely due to their common Lord, who counts them all his own blood-bought jewels. We delight in them as his workmanship, and feel it to be right to admire his grace in them. There has been too much of finding fault with God's servants while they live, and of idolizing them after death; we resolve to see the Father in the children, the Master in the disciples, the Holy Ghost in the temples of God, and to give them our loving word while they live. It is a small matter to them what we think of them, but they will not be grieved at our glorifying God in them. We have it on our heart to say, — if such be the beauty of the separate gems, even here, where they are not without flaw, what must be the glory of our great High Priest who wears all the precious stones upon his resplendent breastplate, each one faultless, and all set in harmonious order, so that the brilliance of every one is increased by that of its fellows? Let us glorify him who has wrought all our works in us, and is alone worthy of all praise.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

***SELECT POETRY FOR CHILDREN.* BY JOSEPH PAYNE. CROSBY, LOCKWOOD, AND CO., LUDGATE HILL.**

THIS is the twentieth edition of a very fair selection of poems for juveniles and others. Recent revisions and additions have improved the collection, which now includes pieces by Coleridge, Cowper, Longfellow, Southey, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, the present Poet Laureate, and other less celebrated rhymesters.

***DISCOURSES.* BY JOHN GUTHRIE, M.A., D.D., GLASGOW. HODDER & STOUGHTON.**

THESE sermons were printed by desire of those who heard them, and who wished for a memorial of their pastor while he was absent from them in search of health. The "Discourses" are divided into three parts, (1) six preached on special occasions, (2) five on difficult texts, and (3) seven miscellaneous. We are not at all surprised that the bearers of these sermons should have desired to possess them in this permanent form, for there is much in them to admire, especially those that are not controversial, and

even these will find many approving readers, although no one will expect us to endorse such sentiments as the following: — “The Evangelical Union, now inaugurated . . . presents the only consistent basis for the universal call; and to this, *unless the gospel is to be immolated on the stony altar of the Genevan creed*, all must come.” . . . “That . . . there is endless existence predestined for any without one glimpse of hope, with only the settled and stony paleness of absolute despair, is a dogma which I for one will never consent to be dragooned into.”

A man who knows how to separate the wheat from the chaff will find some good corn here, but the unstable and unlearned will be wise if they leave the book alone.

**TEMPERANCE HYMNS AND SONGS, FOR THE USE OF
METHODIST BANDS OF HOPE AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES
WITH TUNES. 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.**

THERE is nothing in this book to limit its use to Methodist Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies, except, perhaps, the suggested short service for the opening and closing of the meetings of these useful organizations. It is pointed out that the use of this service is entirely optional. In our humble opinion the use of it is decidedly objectionable, for various reasons. Just fancy a number of rosy-cheeked, healthy, happy, temperance folk, old or young, joining in a “general confession,” which includes the statement, “*There is no health in us*”! This surely is a libel on teetotalism. Apart from this little piece of liturgy the book has our heartiest commendation. If these hymns and songs are well and widely sung, it will be proved that Bacchus has by no means all the best of the tunes.

**ONCE UPON A TIME; OR, THE BOY’S BOOK OF
ADVENTURES. RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.**

ADVENTURES indeed, and plenty of them — lost on the Alps, captures by brigands, attacks of robbers, and perils of Indians, in a French prison, on a rock: — we have, in fact, such a choice of adventures that every youth’s heart should be more than satisfied. We scarcely know of a book more likely to be read by boys.

NOTES.

THE suggestion of several correspondents that the Notes should become a complete diary of our proceedings we do not feel able to comply with. We fear that there would not be enough of interest in such a record. At the same time, we shall in future note more points of personal interest, as they are evidently looked for by our friends.

THE PASTOR was heartily welcomed at the Tabernacle on April 13. The loving congratulations of his affectionate people render his return one of the happiest events of his life. He finds the church in a healthy state of earnest activity, and in all departments the strain of his long absence has been well sustained, a cheering proof that the work at the Tabernacle is of the Lord, and is not dependent upon the life of any one individual. Some few matters of income are in arrears, especially the fund of the Colportage: this is not the result of the Pastor's absence, nor of any failure of generosity on the part of friends at home, but of the general depression of trade throughout the country, which has diminished the sales of the colporteurs and also made it difficult for the local committees to keep up their guarantees. By the divine blessing everything will be in good sailing order before long. Thanks are rendered to many friends who urged a longer rest, but it could not be taken, for there was a real necessity for the Pastor's return, and he could not have been easy to be longer out of the way. At the same time, the Pastor is not able to take any work beyond that which is due at home, and it will be in vain to press him to do so.

On Wednesday evening, April 9, Mr. W. Jackson Wray, who had rendered us good service by preaching for us on two of the Sabbaths while we were away, again assisted us by delivering his popular lecture on "The Wisdom of AEsop," in the Tabernacle, in aid of the special evangelistic services fund. Our son Charles presided, and at the close of the lecture expressed the hearty thanks of all present for the happy evening they had spent. As Mr. Wray had intimated that his subject had no end to it, the chairman hoped that it would be "continued in our next." Here are two nuggets from Mr. Wray's mine. The first bears the inscription, "To the worshippers of that uncalendered and monstrous hypocrite called Saint Monday": —

*“Monday’s burden bravely borne,
 Tuesday’s labor’s easier done;
 Wednesday’s duties well fulfilled,
 Thursday’s trials are half killed;
 Friday’s griefs will be but small,
 Saturday’s wages then befall,
 And Sunday’s rest comes best of all.”*

The other is smaller, but equally valuable: —

*“If you your lips would keep from slips,
 Five things observe with care;
 Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.”*

COLPORTAGE. — In answer to many prayers, we have received for Colportage work about £160. Now, this is a small installment of £1,000 which is needed to put the work into a sound condition, but it has sufficed to keep the society from absolute bankruptcy for the time being, and to keep alive our faith and our expectation. We do not abate our assurance that God will send means for his own work. Will our friends kindly read the article upon Colportage in this number of the magazine?

COLLEGE. — During the past month Mr. J. S. Harrison has settled at Montague-street, Blackburn; Mr. H. Wood has sailed for New Zealand; Mr. E.G. Ince, for Australia; and Mr. N. Papengouth has been recognized as the pastor of the Chiesa Apostolica Cristiana, Naples. Mr. S. A. Comber, who has recently passed his second examination, leaves us to continue his studies at Edinburgh University as a medical missionary.

Mr. A. Greer has removed from Braunston, Northamptonshire, to Quorndon, Leicestershire; Mr. C. Chapman from Gamlingay, Cambridgeshire, to Maldon, Essex; Mr. I. Bridge from Rayleigh, Essex, to Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire; and Mr. G. Duncan from Frome to Oaks Lindley, Huddersfield.

Mr. A. F. Brown, of Fenny Stratford, has become co-pastor with the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. Mr. Robt. Spurgeon, of Sewry, India, has taken the place of the Rev. A. McKenna at Dacea; Mr. H. Bool, of River Hebert, Nova Scotia, has gone to Pugwash, Cumberland county; and Mr. W. Ostler of Fulton, Oswego county, has accepted an invitation to Morrisville, New York.

The annual Conference will commence its meetings on Monday, the 5th inst. How happy should we be if our loving friends would implore a blessing upon the week of meetings! Especially let all the churches whose pastors will be present offer special prayers that the gathering may be greatly profitable to them. Mr. Phillips' supper takes place on Wednesday, May 7.

ORPHANAGE. — Mr. Charlesworth has made a most successful tour with the Orphanage choir, and visited Witney, Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, Chipping Norton, Cambridge, and Waterbeach. To the zealous friends who in each town labored to make the services of song a success we are personally grateful. In some of these towns we have old allies, whose names are very dear to us, though we dare say their modesty would be shocked if we named them — we will try them for once and mention as a specimen Messrs. Abraham, Toller, and Apthorpe, — but indeed others have been equally earnest, and we bless God for such good friends.

During the first four months of this year the Orphanage choir and the headmaster have brought in £294 14s 3d. to our funds. The places visited, in addition to those mentioned above, have been Melton Mowbray, Leicester, Derby, Northampton, Highgate, Reading, Richmond, and Hitchin. In all cases the contributions have been very handsome. Reading, as usual, leads the way with £53 15s. 6d. This meeting grew out of the annual meeting of Mr. Hutt's class; it was a very hearty one, and Mr. Sutton was so good as to write off to Mentone the cheering news before the meeting was over. Our friends, Messrs. Marchant, of Hitchin, Crosier, of Melton, J. T. Brown, of Northampton, Bateman, of Leicester, and all the rest are most heartily thanked. Their expressions of sympathy, love, and esteem to us personally, when reported to us, went far to cheer us in our hours of depression. God bless all those who have helped at these happy gatherings, and all who mean to invite the boys at some future time.

All goes well at the Orphanage, and we are glad. Messrs. J. and J. King, of Saint Andrews, Norwich, have sent some marvelously beautiful banners for the Orphanage, and we hope that on June 19th, when the Pastor's 45th birthday and the Orphanage Fete will be celebrated, these decorations will be displayed.

EVANGELISTS. — AS we stated in our "Notes" last month, Mr. Clarke was too ill to accompany Mr. Smith to *Boston*, Lincolnshire, and his place was therefore taken by Mr. Gwillim, one of our elders. The choice of a

substitute was no easy matter, but the decision proved to be a thoroughly wise one. The services were commenced on Sunday, March 16th, in the Corn Exchange, where some five or six hundred persons assembled in the morning, and about fourteen hundred at night, while a local paper states that “the continuous stream of people sent away, unable to gain admittance, would have filled another building equally as large.” The week evening services had been announced to be held in our brother West’s chapel, but the success of the first day’s labors made it imperative that a larger meeting-house should be secured, and accordingly, application was made for the Primitive Methodist Chapel, West Street, which was readily lent, and quite crowded every night. On Sunday, the 23rd, about eight hundred persons were present at the Corn Exchange in the morning, and a very successful service for children was held at the Baptist Chapel in the afternoon. At night the service was conducted in the Corn Exchange, when, according to the authority before quoted, “it was thought that there could not have been far less than two thousand persons crammed into the building, and quite that number had to be refused admission. The marked attention of the people was ample proof that all enjoyed the service.” A collection was made in aid of the Evangelists’ Fund, and about one thousand of the congregation remained to the after meeting. The services were continued through the week in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, which was quite full each night, and were brought to a close on Friday, the 28th, by a tea and public meeting, at which twelve local ministers and one thousand people were present. Both evangelists were earnestly entreated to remain longer than the specified time, but Mr. Gwillim only was able to do so. “A working man,” who was unable to be present at the farewell meeting, sent 5s. to Mr. Smith as an expression of his gratitude to God for the blessings received through the services, and said that he hoped a hundred of God’s children would send the same amount to be forwarded to Mr. Spurgeon, to help to defray the expense of maintaining the evangelists. A reference to our list of contributions to the Evangelists’ Fund will show how far this good example was followed.

Mr. Clarke was sufficiently restored to commence work with Mr. Smith at Bacup, Lancashire, on April 12th, but his health again broke down after preaching a few times, and we fear he will be obliged to take a longer rest. About 800 Christian workers met together the first evening for prayer, the three Baptist choirs united in leading the singing, which seems to have quite charmed Mr. Smith; all the ministers gave up their week evening

services and assisted the evangelists at every meeting, and as a natural consequence the chapels and mission halls in which they met were all densely crowded, and overflow meetings had to be held on several occasions. Our brethren expect great results from the unity and earnestness displayed at Bacup, and hope this good example will be followed elsewhere.

This month and next Messrs. Clarke and Smith have engaged to visit various towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We fear, however, that we must find some other preacher to accompany Mr. Smith, for Mr. Clarke appears to be utterly disabled. Trouble about funds is heavy enough, but the sickness of our beloved friend is a heavier trial. Brethren, pray for us that in this, also, God may be glorified.

Mr. Burnham, our second evangelist, has discovered that a man who intends to “do the work of an evangelist,” as it ought to be done, must be prepared to have all his powers strained to their utmost. Towards the end of March, like Mr. Clarke, he was completely exhausted. His “labors abundant,” with extra anxiety and traveling, in consequence of his father’s death, necessitated a rest, for which arrangements had not been made, and compelled him to leave to local brethren the conclusion of what had been up to that time a most successful series of services at *Bures*, and *Sudbury*, in Suffolk. He was, however, sufficiently restored to give an evening of sacred song at Mill-street Chapel, *Bedford*, on March 31, and another at *Murkyate Street*, on April 1; and on Monday, the 7th ult., was able to commence a three weeks’ engagement in Cornwall. This brother works alone, and feels an urgent need for a companion in the service. Two and two is a Scriptural rule, but we cannot send out more men till friends take up the cause.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS’ ASSOCIATION. — This is the society which employs voluntary, or, as they are commonly called, *lay* agents. Mr. Elvin has sent us a copy of his half-yearly financial statement, the particulars of which are as follows: — Balance in hand, Sept., 1878, £2 0s. 10d.; donations from various friends, £97 9s.; contributions from two chapels visited, £2 10s.; collections at meetings, £6 4s. 9d.; sale of tracts, £2 16s. 9d.; profit on tea meeting, etc., £5 1s. 3d.; making the total receipts for the six months £116 2s. 7d. The expenditure for the same period has amounted to £96 0s. 3d. for rent of halls, gas, printing, postage, stationery, advertisements, traveling expenses of evangelists, etc. The balance in hand

at the end of March was £20 ls. 8d.; but as £11 14s. 6d. was due to the printer, and £24 was nearly due for rent, in addition to the regular expenses of carrying on the work of the Association, it is evident that additional contributions will be very acceptable just now. Mr. Elvin's address is 30, Surrey Square, Walworth. S.E.

A new mission station has been opened in Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars, through the liberality of Mr. Shand, the fire-engine maker, who has set apart a large room in his factory, and fitted it up for the use of the Association. We thank this gentleman right heartily, and trust his good example will be followed by many other employers in various parts of our great city. Since writing this, we learn that Mr. Ross, of the Old Kent-road, has done the same, and a great blessing has rested upon the meetings held in the room which he has fitted up.

TO YOUNG MEN IN LONDON. — A class for Christian workers of all denominations is held in the Glass Room of the Tabernacle every Saturday evening, from seven to nine, to assist in training the Lord's servants for more successful work. The brethren of the Country Mission and Evangelists' Association meet at this class, and it affords an opportunity to godly men to discover fields of usefulness, and prepare themselves for them. Our esteemed elder, Mr. George Goldston, is the president.

PERSONAL MATTERS. — Dr. Blaikie in a recent letter to us says of Dr. Livingstone, "I had in my hands the other day one of your sermons, *very yellow*, it lay embedded in one of his journals — had probably been all over Africa — and had in Livingstone's neat hand the simple words '*very good.*' Would you like it?" Our reply, as the reader will guess, was an urgent request that we might have the yellow relic.

The Religious Tract Society kindly favors us with the following extract from a letter from a member of the Servian Government, in reference to our sermon "Come and Welcome," which has been published in Servia. "Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, 'Come and Welcome,' continues to be much read and appreciated. The Dean of Thabatz writes to thank me that I have procured for Servian Christians such most valuable reading; and also adds that he has never read anything more edifying and more 'filling the soul.' A copy found its way to the State Prison of Posharevat, and I am informed has been there read with much enjoyment, even by some men who have been pronounced infidels. An old gentleman belonging to the highest rank of our society took the opportunity of an evening party in his

house to read the whole sermon to the ladies and gentlemen present. I am mentioning to you all these details, believing them to be hopeful signs of coming harvest, and feeling myself happy and thankful to our merciful Father that the first seed, which by the instrumentality of your committee has been thrown in the earth of Servia seems to bear with it God's blessing."

The Sheffield Telegraph charges us with having prayed the Lord to remove the Beaconsfield ministry from power. Not that it can report that we actually said as much, but, being able to read our heart, it is sure that it knows our honest meaning, and so it paraphrases the few harmless words which we employed. Be it so, Mr. Critic. Your imputation as to our *public* prayer was most unjustifiable, but you very correctly read the wish of our inmost soul. Our nation once regarded justice and humanity, but its present rulers care little for these things so long as they can annex and conquer. We once hoped that peace was the favorite policy of England, but now Britannia thrusts her fist into everybody's face, and recklessly provokes hostility. The present ministry has sent the nation back half a century as to its moral tone; and it has laid up in the records of divine justice a sad amount of retribution, which is even now, in a measure, being meted out to the land. Parties are of small consequence to us, but wholesale slaughter brought about by unrighteous plundering ought not to be passed over without remonstrance. A true patriot desires, above all things, to see his nation do justly and love mercy, for only in such a course of action can it expect the favor of heaven. Believing all this, it is our prayer that God may forgive the present belligerent ministers and either remove them from their offices or reverse their policy. *The Sheffield Telegraph* thinks that praying upon such matters is a very profane course of procedure, and favors us with a sage admonition, for which we render all the thanks which it deserves. We have long ago ceased to draw a boundary for our religion: we believe that it should enter into everything, and affect all our relationships. If we could not pray over our politics we should doubt their rightness.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle. — January 31st, seven; February 27th, twenty; March 13th, eleven; March 27th, twelve; April 3rd, thirteen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

JUNE, 1879.

WHAT IS ECCENTRICITY?

A LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DOUGHT I not to be very timid in speaking upon eccentric preachers when I am somewhat sarcastically requested by an anonymous letter writer to *look at home*? I do look at home, and I am glad that I have such a happy home to look at. Trembling has not seized upon me upon receiving my nameless friend's advice, for two reasons; first, because I am not horrified by being charged with eccentricity, and secondly, because I do not consider myself to be guilty of that virtue or vice, whichever it may be. Years ago I might have been convicted of a mild degree of the quality, but since so many have copied my style, and so considerable a number have borrowed my discourses, I submit that I am rather the orthodox example than the glaring exception. After having lived for a quarter of a century in this region, I am not now regarded in London as a phenomenon to be stared at, but as an old-fashioned kind of body, who is tolerated as an established part of the ecclesiastical life of this vast city. Having moved in one orbit year after year without coming into serious collision with my neighbors I have reason to believe that my pathway in the religious heavens is not eccentric, but is as regular as that of the other lights which twinkle in the same sky I have probably done my anonymous correspondent more honor than he deserves in taking so much notice of him; indeed, I only mention the man and his communication that I might bear witness against all anonymous letters. Never write a letter to which you are ashamed to put your name; as a rule only mean persons are guilty of such an action, though I hope my present correspondent is an exception to the rule. Be so eccentric as to be always able to speak the truth to a man face to face. And now to our subject.

It is not the most profitable business in the world to find fault with our fellows. It is a trade which is generally followed by those who would excuse themselves from self-examination by turning their censures upon

others. The beam in their own eye does not appear to be quite so large while they can discover motes in other men's optics, and hence they resort to the amusement of detraction. Ministers are the favorite prey of critics, and on Sundays, when they think it right to talk religion, they keep the rule to the letter, but violate its sense by most irreligiously overhauling the persons, characters, sayings and doings of God's servants. "Dinner is over. Bring the walnuts, and let us crack the reputations of a preacher or two. It is a pious exercise for the Sabbath." Then tongues move with abounding clatter; tales are told without number, and when the truth has been exhausted a few "inventions" are exhibited. One saw a preacher do what was never done, and another heard him say what was never said. Old fictions are brought up and declared to have happened a few days ago, though they never happened at all, and so the good people hallow the Sabbath with pious gossip and sanctimonious slander. There is a very serious side to this when we remember the fate of those who love and make a lie; but just now we will not dwell upon that solemn topic, lest we should be accused of *lecturing* our audience in more senses than one. So far as I am personally concerned, if the habit we are speaking of were not a sin, I do not know that I should care about it, for after having had more than my fair share of criticism and abuse, I am not one jot the worse for it in any respect; no bones are broken, my position is not injured, and my mind is not soured.

From the earliest period it has been found impossible for the messengers whom God has sent to suit their style of utterance to the tastes of all. In all generations useful preachers of the gospel have been objected to by a portion of the community. Mere chips in the porridge may escape censure, and mildly win the tolerance of indifference, but decided worth will be surrounded with warm friends and redhot foes. He who hopes to preach so as to please everybody must be newly come into the ministry; and he who aims at such an object would do well speedily to leave its ranks. Men must and will cavil and object; it is their nature to do so. John came neither eating nor drinking; he was at once a Baptist and an abstainer, and nothing could be alleged against his habits, which were far removed from the indulgences of luxury; but this excellence was made his fault, and they said, "He hath a devil." Jesus Christ came eating and drinking, living as a man among men; and this which they pretended to desire in John became an offense in Jesus, and they libeled him as "a drunken man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Neither the herald nor his Master suited

the wayward tastes of their contemporaries. Like children playing in the market-place, who would not agree about what the game should be, so were the sons of men in that generation. They rejected the messengers because they loved not the God who sent them, and they only pretended to object to the men because they dared not avow their enmity to their Master. Hence the objections were often inconsistent and contradictory, and always frivolous and vexatious.

Filled with the same spirit of contrariety, the men of this world still depreciate the ministers whom God sends them and profess that they would gladly listen if different preachers could be found. Nothing can please them, their cavils are dealt out with heedless universality. Cephas is too blunt, Apollos is too flowery, Paul is too argumentative, Timothy is too young, James is too severe, John is too gentle. Nevertheless, wisdom is justified of all her children. At this time, when God raises up a man of original mind who strikes out a course for himself and follows it with success, it is usual to charge him with being eccentric. If his honesty may not be suspected, nor his zeal questioned, nor his power denied, sneer at him and call him *eccentric*, and it may be the arrow will wound.

Let us now pay our attention to this dreadful word *eccentric*, and then see by what means it has been fixed upon certain preachers of the gospel, and those not the least in usefulness.

What is it to be eccentric? The short and easy method for determining the meaning of a word is to go to the dictionary. Dr. Samuel Johnson, what say you? The sage replies, "It signifies deviating from the center, or not having the same center as another circle." The gruff lexicographer proves his definition by quoting from an astronomer who charges the sun with eccentricity. "By reason of the sun's eccentricity to the earth and obliquity to the equator, it appears to us to move unequally." Eccentric preachers are evidently in brilliant society. Now I am free to admit that the word has come to mean singular, odd, whimsical, and so forth; but by going a little deeper into its etymology, we discover that it simply means that the circle in which an eccentric man moves is not quite coincident with that which is followed by the majority: he does not tread the regular ring, but deviates more or less as he sees fit. It would be easy to prove that a movement may be eccentric, and yet quite regular and effective. Every man who has to do with machinery knows what it is for one wheel to be eccentric to another, and he knows also that often this may be a needful and useful arrangement

for the purpose of the machine. It does not seem so very horrible after all that a man should be eccentric. I suppose the popular meaning is that a man is off the circle, or in more vulgar phrase “off the square.” But the point is, who is to tell us what the square is, and who is to decide which circle a man is bound to follow? True, this second circle is not concentric with the first, but it is not therefore more eccentric than the first, for each one is eccentric to the other. It may be that A is eccentric to B, but B is quite as much eccentric to A. A man called me a Dissenter the other day, and I admitted that I dissented from him, but I charged him with being a Dissenter, because he dissented from me. He replied that I was a Nonconformist, but I retorted that he also was a Nonconformist, for he did not conform to me. Such terms, if they are to be accurately employed, require a fixed standard; and in the case of the term “eccentricity” we need first to settle a center and a circumference, from which we may depart. This will be no easy task: indeed, those who attempt it will find it to be impossible in matters of taste and deportment, according to the old adage, “*de gustibus, etc.*” (concerning matters of taste it is idle to dispute) and the well-worn proverb, “every man to his taste.”

In morals conscience has fixed the center and struck the ring; and in religion revelation has used the compasses and given us a perfect sphere. God grant that we may not be eccentric towards God, either as to holiness or truth, for that were fatal: but when fashion and custom mark out ill-proportioned imitations of the circle of perfection, or even dare to impose curves of their own, it may be grandly right to be eccentric, for all the saints have trodden an eccentric path as they have tracked the narrow way in the teeth of the many who pursue the downward road.

From such consecrated eccentricity come martyrs, reformers, and the leaders of the advance guard of freedom and progress. Breaking loose from the shackles of evil customs, such men first stand alone and defy the world; but ere long the great heart of manhood discerns their excellence, and then men are so eager to fall at their feet that the idolatry of hero-worship is scarcely escaped. To us the men seem grander in their solitary adherence to the right and to the true than when they become the centers of admiration: their brave eccentricity is the brightest gem in their crown. The slavery of custom is as hard and crushing as any other form of human bondage, and blessed is he who for the truth’s sake disdains to wear the galling chain, preferring rather to be charged with singularity and held up to ridicule. It is clear, then, that eccentricity may in certain cases be a

virtue. When it touches the moral and the spiritual it may be worthy of all honor.

As to preachers and their mode of procedure, what is eccentricity? Who is to fix the center? I say to all those professed critics who tell us that certain preachers are eccentrics” Who is to fix the center for them?” Shall this important task devolve upon those gentlemen who buy lithographed sermons and preach them as their own? These men are in no danger of violating propriety in the excess of their zeal, for their discourses are cut and dried for them at wholesale establishments. Do you ask, “Is this true?” I answer, undoubtedly; for the other day, to test the matter, I sent my secretary to a certain bookseller’s, and he brought home to me specimens of these precious productions, lithographed or written by hand, at prices descending from a shilling to sixpence each: a choice variety, believe me. Some of these invaluable discourses are carefully marked in places to indicate the degree of emphasis to be used, and spaces or dotted lines are employed to indicate the pauses and their suggested length. No one calls the users of these pretty things eccentric; are we, therefore, to regard them as the model preachers to whom we are to be conformed? Are we all to purchase spiritual food for our flocks, at the liberal rate of half-a-guinea a quartet for thirteen sermons, to be exchanged at Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas? If these things be so, and this trade is to be continued and increased, I suppose that we who think out our own sermons, and deliver them fresh from our hearts, will be regarded as odd fellows, just as Mr. Wesley was stigmatized as eccentric because he wore his own hair when all the fashionable world rejoiced in wigs. Well, my brethren, if it should ever be the fashion to wear wooden legs, I shall be eccentric enough to keep to those which nature gave me, weak as they are, and I trust that the number of eccentric people will be sufficient to keep me in countenance.

Who is to fix the center of the circle? Shall we give the compasses into the hand of the high-flying brethren whose rhetoric towers into the clouds and is shrouded and lost in them? Certainly these do the business very grandly, dealing in the sublime and beautiful quite as freely as Burke himself. No common man understandeth or so much as dareth to attempt understanding these gentlemen of the altitudes and profundities. Their big words are by no means needful on account of the greatness of their matter, but seem to be chosen upon the principle that the less they have to say the more pompous must be their phrases. In their magniloquence they

*“Set wheels on wheels in motion — such a clatter —
 To force up one poor nipperkin of water!
 Broad ocean labors with tremendous roar
 To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.”*

Mr. Muchado is still engaged in whipping his creams into a froth of the consistency of half a nothing; and we may hear the Rev. Mr. Prettyman in many a pulpit exercising the art of spread-eagle to a coterie who do not suspect him of eccentricity, but consider him to be the model divine.

Not in words only are the high-fliers comparable to masses of floating cloud, but in doctrine they are equally beyond all comprehension. They are philosophical gentlemen, superior persons of special culture, though what has been cultivated in them, except an affectation of learning, it would be hard to say. They confuse those whom they ought to confirm, and stagger those whom they should establish. Bishop Blomfield tells us that a certain verger said to him, “Do you know I have been verger of this church fifty years, and though I have heard all the great sermons preached in this place I am still a Christian.” Now, are these dealers in words and dreams to fix the center? If so, we intend to be eccentric; and blessed be God we are not alone in that resolve, for there are others who join with us in the opinion that to be studying the prettinesses of elocution, and the fancies of philosophy, while men are perishing around us is the brutal eccentricity of a Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning, and sent his galleys to fetch sand from Alexandria while the populace died for want of bread. If the center is to be up in the clouds, let a few of us who care for something practical stop down below and be regarded as eccentric. It is an odd thing that some men prefer to speak upon topics of which they know nothing, and from which no benefit can possibly arise, while themes which might edify are disregarded. Timbs tells us of an eccentric “Walking Stewart,” who had perambulated half the world but would never talk of his travels, preferring to descant upon “The Polarity and Moral Truth,” whereon he spoke so wildly that no one could make head or tail of it. Like this departed worthy, certain men are most at home when they are all abroad, and most important when their subject is insignificant. We do not choose their center, for it is far more suitable for will-o’-the-wisps than ministers of the eternal word. When all souls are saved and all mourners comforted we may venture to discuss recondite theories, but not while graveyards are filling with those who know not God.

Where, then, is the center to be found? Am I directed to yonder vestry? I beg pardon — sacristy. If you open that door, you will perceive a considerable number of cupboards, presses, and recesses. Where are we? Is this a milliner's shop, or a laundry, or both? Those linen garments reflect great credit upon the washerwoman and ironer; but the establishment is not a laundry, for here hang black gowns and white gowns and raiment as fine as Joseph's coat. And what a variety? Here, young man, fetch the ecclesiastical dictionary! Here we have an alb and an amice, a cope for the parson, and a corporal for the bread and wine, and — well, there's no end of the concerns! We are not well instructed in the terminology of these drapery establishments, but we are informed that these things are not to be treated with levity, seeing that therein abideth much grace, which ministereth to the establishment of the saints. In truth, we have small care to linger among these resplendent rags, but assuredly if the center of gravity lies with gentlemen who thus bedizen their corporeal frames, we prefer to be eccentric, and dress as other mule humanities are wont to do. It has seemed to us to be needful to discard even the while necktie. While it was the ordinary dress of a gentleman, well and good; but as it has grown to denote a personage of the clerical sort, or, in other words, has become a priestly badge, it seems best to abjure it. This may be done the more readily because it is also the favorite decoration of undertakers and waiters at hotels, and one has no wish to be taken for either of these deserving functionaries. Some young preachers delight in cravats of extreme length, and others tie them with great precision, reminding us of Beau Brummel, who produced miraculous ties, because, as he said, he gave his whole mind to them. I was much aided in the summary dismissal of my tie by an incident which happened to me when I first came to London. I was crossing the river by a penny steamboat, when a rude fellow said to me, "How are you getting on at Hitchcock's?" I could not imagine what he meant; but he explained that he supposed I was in the drapery line, and was probably at that eminent firm. He tried hard to find out where I was serving, and when I gave him for answer that I knew none of the houses in the City, and was not in the drapery, "Then," said he, "you're a Methodist parson"; which was a better shot by far, and yet not quite a bull's-eye. Having no desire to be lifted into the clerical order, or to claim any distinction above my fellow *church-members*, I dress as they dress, and wear no special distinguishing mark. Let men of sense judge whether this is one-half so eccentric as arraying one's self so that it is hard for spectators to guess whether you are a man or a woman, and very easy to say that your

garnishing is not manly, but ostentatious, and oftentimes meretricious and absurd. The center is not here. They that wear soft raiment are in king's houses, but the King of kings cares nothing for the finery and foppery of *ecclesiastical* parade.

According to common talk, the center of the circle is fixed by the dullest of all the brotherhood, for to be eccentric means with many to have anything over half a grain of common sense, or the remotest flavoring of humor. Have anything like originality, anything like genius, anything like a sparkle of wit, anything like natural whole-souled action, and you will be called eccentric directly by those who are used to the gospel of Hum-drum. The concentric thing with many is to prose away with great propriety and drone with supreme decorum. Your regular man says nothing which can by any possibility offend anybody, and nothing which is likely to do anyone good. Devoid of faults, and destitute of excellencies, the proper preacher pursues his mechanical round, and shudders at the more erratic motions of real life. Far be it from us to depreciate the excellent brother, his way is doubtless the best for him, yet are there other modes which are quite as commendable though more likely to be censured. If you will be as dry as sawdust, as devoid of juice as the sole of an old shoe, and as correct as the multiplication table, you shall earn to yourself a high degree in the great university of Droneingen, but if you wake up your soul and adapt an energetic delivery, and a natural, manly, lively, forcible mode of utterance, all the great authorities of that gigantic institution will *say*, "Oh dear, it is a pity he is so eccentric." Common sense decidedly objects to have the center for an eagle fixed by an owl, or the circle for a waxwork figure forced upon a living man.

As to this supposed center of the circle, which we have tried in vain to settle, it may be as well to remark that it is not fixed, and never can be fixed; for climes and times and circumstances involve perpetual change. Some hundred or more years ago Mr. John Wesley stood on his father's grave to preach in Epworth churchyard, and he was thought very eccentric for proclaiming the gospel in the open air; as for Mr. Whitefield, he was considered to be demented, or he would never have taken to the fields. Our Lord and his apostles had long before preached under the open heavens, and, persecuted as they were, no one in those days called them eccentric because of that particular practice; and, to show how the ideas of men have changed again, no one is now considered to be eccentric for open-air preaching, at least, not in these regions. I might preach standing on a

gravestone tomorrow, and none would blame me. Yes, I forgot, it must not be in a national graveyard, or I should be liable to something dreadful. We must neither stand on an Episcopal tombstone nor be laid under one with our own funeral rites. Those orthodox worms which have fattened on correctly buried corpses so long, would be taken ill if they fed on bodies over which the regular chaplain has not asked a blessing. This care for the worms is to my mind rather eccentric, but let that pass, it will soon be numbered among the superstitions of a dark age. As times roll on, that which is eccentric in one era becomes general and even fashionable in another. The costume and general cut of a preacher of Queen Elizabeth's day would create a smile if it should be copied under the reign of Queen Victoria, and even the knee breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles, which I have myself seen upon my venerated grandfather, would create many a smile if they were to reappear at the next meeting of the Congregational Union. "The nasal twang learned at conventicle" was once regarded as the holy tone of piety, and yet the man who should use it now, if he were an Englishman, would be thought an odd being. Indeed, much of the oddity of the famous Matthew Wilks lay in that particular habit; he made you smile, even when speaking with all solemnity, by the strangeness of his voice, and yet I never heard that our Puritanic ancestors were otherwise than grave while listening to the same peculiar form or utterance. Time was when it was accounted one of the outrageous deeds of a certain Jack Hanway, that he actually walked down a street in London on a rainy day, carrying a new-fangled kind of round tent to keep off the wet; yet no one quotes this action now as a proof of extreme eccentricity, for umbrellas are as common as mushrooms.

The following incident, which happened to myself, will show the power of race and climate in producing the charge of eccentricity. A Dutchman, who from the very orderly style of his handwriting, and the precision of his phrases, should be a very exemplary individual once wrote me a sternly admonitory letter. From having read my printed discourses with much pleasure he had come to consider me as a godly minister; and, therefore, being in London, he had availed himself of the opportunity to hear me. This, however, he deeply regretted, as he had now lost the power to read my sermons with pleasure any more. What, think you, had I said or done to deprive me of the good opinion of so excellent a Hollander? I will relieve your mind by saying that he considered that I preached exceedingly well, and he did not charge me with any extravagances of action, but it was my

personal appearance which shocked him. I wore a beard, which was bad enough, but worse than this, he observed upon my lip *a moustache!* Now this guilty thing is really so insignificant an affair that he might have overlooked such an unobtrusive offender. But no, he said that I wore a moustache like a carnal, worldly-minded man! Think of that. Instead of being all shaven and shorn like the holy man whom he was accustomed to hear, and wearing a starched ruffed collar all round my neck, about a quarter of a yard deep, I was so depraved as to wear no ruff, and abjure the razor. His great guy of a minister, with ruff and bands and gown, and a woman's chin was *not* eccentric, but because I allowed my hair to grow as nature meant it should, I was eccentric and frivolous and carnal and worldly-minded, and all sorts of bad things. You see, what is eccentric in Holland is not eccentric in England, and *vice versa*. Much of the eccentric business is a matter of longitude and latitude, and to be quite correct one would need to take his bearings, and carry with him a book of costumes and customs, graduated according to the distance from the first meridian.

Moreover, we may not forget that as in religion there have been times of persecution, and times of toleration, so has it been with the pulpit. At one date propriety ruled supreme, and men were doomed to instant ostracism if they passed beyond the settled line; while at another date a sort of Eccentric Emancipation Act is passed, and every man does what is right in his own eyes. At the present moment great latitude is allowed; and several persons are now saying and doing very remarkable things, and yet are escaping the charge of eccentricity. It is well for them that some of us lived before them, and for far smaller liberties were set in the pillory. For myself, I venture to say that I have been severely criticized for anecdotes and illustrations of the very same kind which I meet with in the very excellent discourses of my friend, Mr. Moody, whom I appreciate probably more than anybody else. Many dear, good souls who have heard him with pleasure would not have done so twenty years ago, but would have regarded him as very eccentric. As to Mr. Sankey's singing, of which I equally approve, would not that have been unpardonable even ten years ago? Would Ned Wright and Joshua Poole, and brethren of that order, have been tolerated in 1858? According to the rules which judged Rowland Hill to be eccentric, I should say that these brethren, are quite as far gone, if not further, and yet one does not hear an outcry against them for eccentricity. No, the bonds are relaxed, and it is just possible that they are now rather too slack than too tight. It is, however, very curious to watch

the moods of the religious public and see how what is condemned today is admired tomorrow. Such an observation has a great tendency to make a man rise superior to the verdict of the period, and choose his own path. To promote a manly, courageous course of action in such matters is our main object in delivering this lecture.

Let us, if we are ministers, do that which we believe to be most likely to be useful, and pay little heed to the judgment of our contemporaries. If we act wisely we can afford to wait; our reward is in a higher approbation than that of men; but even if it were not, we can afford to wait. The sweeping censures of hurried critics will one day be blown away like the chaff of the threshing-floor, and the great heart of the church of God will beat true to her real champions, and clear their reputations from the tarnish of prejudice and slander. The eccentricity of one century is the heroism of another; and what is in one age cast out as folly may be in the next revered as a wisdom which lived before its time. Well said the apostle, "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self."

To return to our circle and *concentricity*: It would be a very great pity if the center of the circle could be fixed by a decree like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. If we could settle once for all what is concentric and what is eccentric it would be a very serious evil, for the differences of utterance and modes of address among God's ministers serve a very useful purpose. When Dr. John Owen said that he would give all his learning to be able to preach like the tinker, John Bunyan, he spake not wisely, unless he meant no more than to extol honest John; for Owen's discourses, profound, solid, weighty, and probably heavy, suited a class of persons who could not have received Bunyan's delightfully illustrated preaching of the plain gospel. No, Dr. Owen, you had better remain Dr. Owen, for we could by no means afford to lose that mine of theological wealth which you have bequeathed to us. You would have looked very awkward if you had tried to talk like the marvelous dreamer, and he would have played the fool if he had imitated you. It is pitiful to hear comparisons made between the different servants of the same Lord. They were made by their Master, the one as well as the other, and set in different spheres to answer his own designs, and the same wisdom is displayed in each. I heard the other day of a discussion which may have answered its design in educating youthful powers of debate, but intrinsically it was an idle theme; it was this — Does the world owe most to the printing-press or to the

steam engine? The machines are alike useful for the purposes intended, and both essential to the world's progress, why contrast them? Why not as well raise a controversy as to the relative values of needles and pins? Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, had a terse, vigorous, and somewhat homely style of preaching, and I heard it asserted that it was more effective than that of Robert Hall, by whom he was succeeded, who was grandly rhetorical and overwhelming. Who is to judge in such a matter? Who in his senses would even tolerate the question? We claim for Robert Hall a master's seat in the assembly of divines, nor would we place Robert Robinson below him, for each man suited the condition of the church. We admire every man in his own order, or even in his own disorder, so long as it is really his own. He has some end to serve in God's eternal purpose, let him answer that end without carping criticism from us. Who are we, that we should even condemn what seems to us odd and singular? How many souls were won to God by Mr. Rowland Hill's "eccentricities," as they called them, the judgment day alone will reveal. You have, doubtless, heard of the young man who was about to go to India, and a pious friend was very anxious that he should not leave the country in an unconverted state. He induced this young man to stay a week with him in London, and took him to hear a minister of much repute, a very able man — a man of sound argument and solid thought, in the hope that perhaps something which he said would lead to his friend's conversion. The youth listened to the sermon, pronounced it an excellent discourse, and there was an end of it. He was taken to hear another earnest preacher, but no result came of the service. When the last night came, the godly friend, in a sort of desperation, ventured with much trembling to lead his companion to Surrey Chapel, to hear Mr. Hill, praying earnestly that Mr. Hill might not say any funny things, that he might, in fact, preach a very solemn sermon, and not say anything whatever that might cause a titter. To his horror, Mr. Hill that night seemed to be more than ever lively, and he said many quaint things. Among the rest he said that he had seen a number of pigs following a butcher in the street, at which he marveled, inasmuch as swine have usually a will of their own, and that will is not often according to their driver's mind. Mr. Hill, upon inquiring, found that the aforesaid pigs followed the leader because he had peas in his pocket, and every now and then he dropped a few before them, thus overcoming their scruples and propensities. Even so, said Mr. Hill, does the devil lead ungodly men captives to his will, and conduct them into the slaughter-house of everlasting destruction, by indulging them in the pleasures of the world. The sober gentleman who had brought his friend to

the chapel was greatly shocked at such a groveling simile, and grieved to think of the mirth which his young friend would find in such a dreadful observation. They reached the door, and to his surprise the youth observed, "I shall never forget this service. That story about the pigs has deeply impressed me, for I fear it is my case." A happy conversion followed, and the critic could only retract his criticism in the silence of his own grateful heart. Well, then, let each servant of God tell his message in his own way. To his own Master he shall stand or fall.

If God moves a Rowland Hill to speak of pigs, it will be better than if he had descanted upon purling brooks, or blue-eyed seraphim. Taste may be shocked, but what of taste when men are to be aroused from the fatal slumbers of indifference! If you are living without Christ in the world, your state and condition are far more shocking in themselves than any arousing words can possibly be. It is sin which is vulgar and in bad taste; so they think who best can judge, — the purest of our race and the angels in heaven. It disgusts me to see a man whom God's word declares to be "condemned already" giving himself airs, and affecting to be too delicate to hear a homely sentence from one who desires to save him from eternal wrath, He is coarse enough to despise the altogether lovely One, brutal enough to reject the gospel of love, and base enough to rebel against his Creator and Preserver, and yet forsooth he is a connoisseur in religion, and picks over every word which is spoken to him for his good! This spiritual prudery is sickening to the last degree.

I have given the story of Mr. Hill because it is a type of many which are considered to be eccentric and coarse, but which are not so at all, except to shallow minds. There is nothing essentially vulgar in an allusion to pigs any more than to any other animals, for our Lord himself spoke of "casting pearls before swine," and the apostle Peter alluded to the sow that was washed wallowing in the mire. Nor is there anything essentially coarse in the simile of the hogs following the butcher; in fact, it is less coarse than Peter's metaphor which we have quoted, especially when coupled with the dog's returning to his vomit. No creature, truly represented, is common or unclean. It is only a sort of Phariseism of taste which makes it so. Real vulgarity lies in foul allusions and indelicate hints, and these are to be found among men of dainty speech, such as Lawrence Sterne, and not among holy and homely minds after the order of Rowland Hill. Tinge your stories or your figures with dirt, Mr. *Slopdash!* and we abandon you: nothing which is indelicate can be endured in the service of a holy God. Come

home to the heart in your own genial, homespun manner, and I, for one, will delight in *you*, Mr. *Slapdash!* and bid you God speed. So much difference is there between *slop* and *slap* that it might furnish a theme for a lecture, and yet there is only the change of a vowel in the words. So may disgusting vulgarity and homely force wear much the same aspect, and yet they differ as much as black and white. There is a charming poetry in many a simple figure which unsophisticated minds delight in. If a smile is raised it only shows that the soul is awake, and is pleased to be taught so plainly. Critics may take out their penknives to gore and gash, but honest hearts delight in the natural expressions, the instructive comparisons, and the heartfelt utterances of the earnest man whom the world sets down as

AN ECCENTRIC PREACHER.

THE SERPENT IN PARADISE: OR, GAMBLING AT MONTE CARLO

WE must apologize to our readers for introducing to their notice a subject which will neither minister to their edification nor increase their pleasure, a subject, moreover, in which the bulk of them. have no personal interest whatever. Our apology is the necessity of doing something towards ending an abomination which reeks before high heaven, and has been too long permitted to defile the earth; an abomination which has survived the removal of all others like it from among civilized men, as dangerous to society and ruinous to public morals; an abomination for which there is no excuse but the depraved appetite of the immoral public, and no remedy but its universal denunciation by all respectable men. Those who have set up the gaming tables of Monte Carlo have no conscience; it remains for the public to find them one, and this can never be till an enlightened public opinion is formed and expressed. We cannot tell where the following protest may make its way, we do, however, entreat all lovers of common decency, all lovers of their race, to use such influence as they have in assisting the effort to put down this bane of the Riviera, this pest-house of Europe, the gambling establishment of Monte Carlo.

Thousands every year resort to Nice, Mentone, Cannes, and other towns in the sunny south of France to escape the rugged winters of their own land. Many of these are invalids, but a considerable number are wealthy persons

who are accustomed to foreign travel, and are attracted by the exquisite scenery which they have the health and strength to enjoy. Numbers of well-to-do people come with their families, and the young folks make up pleasure excursions for the valleys and the mountains, and spend their time most agreeably, with undoubted benefit to their health. Who can blame them for resorting to such a Paradise, which seems indeed to have been specially prepared to give health to the sick, and pleasure to the active? Possessing a balmy air, a dry atmosphere, lovely landscapes, and a brilliant sun, the land is the garden of the world, an Eden which has survived the Fall. What more could be desired? Alas, there is a serious drawback to the enjoyment of the region, and this is of a most insidious and deadly sort. At Monte Carlo, which is generally confused with Monaco, of which it is a part, the insignificant Princelet has set up a public gaming establishment in the finest conceivable position, in the choicest spot in all this choicest of lands. The establishment is surrounded with magnificent gardens, which are free to all, and within there is a theater with the finest music in the world, with all its entertainments gratis, and superb rooms furnished with newspapers in all languages, and every convenience which luxury can desire — all for nothing.

This may seem a small matter at first sight, for no one is obliged to go near the spot, much less to enter the gaming rooms and lose his money; persons have only to keep clear of the nuisance, and there is an end of it. So it might appear, and yet on closer inspection the matter assumes a different aspect. Young men of respectable and even godly families go to Monte Carlo *just to see the place*; in fact, in many cases the parents take an early opportunity of going over to Monaco with their young people to enjoy the gardens and the delightful view. No harm is dreamed of; the most respectable persons go into the rooms *just to see* the game and the gamblers; they take no part in the proceedings, they look on and retire, and have no thought of doing wrong. In many instances, however, young men have gone again, have put down a five-franc piece or a Napoleon, and have acquired a taste for gambling. Gentlemen of fortune, merchants of position, and persons of moderate competence have found themselves penniless after a course of attendance at these rooms, and our young friends who commence with modest losses are learning the way to the same consummation. Moreover, while lingering at Monte Carlo and watching the wheel of fortune, young gentlemen become aware of other Charms which are placed around them, as a snare is set for a bird, and

connections are formed polluting to character and fatal to virtue. We know of cases where Monaco has been the moral death of hopeful youth. The way of destruction was smoothed even to the jaws of hell: first, there was a walk in the lovely gardens with mother and sisters; then the music in the hall was enjoyed in mixed society; next came a sly visit to the rooms and a trifling speculation, followed by frequent sittings at the table, diversified with wine and questionable company, and in the end brought to a climax by actual vice and ruin. Parents are afraid to bring their families to Nice and Mentone lest their children, drawn to Monte Carlo by simple curiosity, should succumb to its temptations, to their endless sorrow.

Their fear is not an idle one, for in numerous cases the dreaded evil has actually occurred. Ought such a man-trap to be tolerated? Should it be permitted that such a moral pestilence should desolate so many households that prudent fathers shun the spot as full of peril to their sons? What right has the Prince of Monaco to drive away persons of character from this region of health and beauty because he finds the wages of iniquity a convenient addition to his income? The Bishop of Gibraltar says, "All the Christian churches of the Riviera, from Marseilles Genoa, have condemned with one consentient voice this establishment at Monte Carlo, as a curse to the neighborhood, a scandal to our Christian religion, and a disgrace to the civilization and culture of the age." Why, then, does France allow it to continue, when it could in a moment put it down?

It is not only that Monte Carlo is a gaming house, but that it is so conspicuous. There are, no doubt, many secret haunts of gamblers, but this is public and ostentatious. What the Crystal Palace is to London this establishment is to the health resorts of the Riviera; and if our readers will only imagine the Crystal Palace transformed into what is called "a hell," with all its fascinating surroundings, they will have some idea of the prominence and perilous power which Monte Carlo possesses. In the month of February of this year 43,905 strangers visited the place, a tolerably large flock of pigeons for the devil to practice upon. These people did not all go to Monaco to gamble, but they were all subjected to a temptation which, over many persons, exercises a fascination from which they cannot escape. Of course, those who gamble are fools; but then fools are very numerous, and it is for fools that we must legislate. Let a man look around him before he stakes his money, and what will he see? A tiny territory free from duties, possessing public buildings of the most sumptuous character, and roads smooth as a billiard table; a casino, with

gardens, theater, music, all gratuitous because all paid for by the profits of the gambling table; a prince with a palace, army, and so forth, maintained in like fashion, and a clear gain of eight millions of francs, or £320,000 sterling, to the "*Societe Anonyme*," which manages the whole concern. Surely, if a man must gamble, he might find some way of doing it with out being quite so heavily weighted. Every thinking man must know that though an occasional visitor to the tables may possibly gain, yet if persons stay long enough it is as sure as death and doom's-day that all they have must be raked into the treasury. Even if the odds which make the commission were only one per cent. the bank must, as a matter of absolute fact, in the long run, suck up the capital in a hundred times of playing. The odds are, however, far greater, and yet the tables are crowded. Surely, in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird, but these fools of all nations are eager to be destroyed. The feathers are plucked from them, and they call it "play." Mr. Brock, the English chaplain at Mentone, in his earnest pamphlet gives several instances of crushing losses at Monte Carlo. Of course these are usually concealed, but they must amount to a great number in a year, and many of them are far worse than those which we now quote from our excellent friend.

"I was traveling last December," said a French friend to me, "with a young German returning home. He came to Nice for his health with seven thousand francs to bear his expenses. Soon after his arrival he was tempted to Monaco, where he lost all. Some kind people raised sufficient to pay his expenses home, whether to live or die they know not.

"A somewhat similar case recently happened. A nice young fellow went one day to the hell. His visits were repeated, became more frequent; a carriage was next, daily hired to drive to Monaco. His money went: his landlord was imperious. One, two, three, four weeks bills unpaid! 'You must *pay*, sir.' At last action was taken. The landlord detained what of property he had, bought him a through ticket home; and so the young man left, money and reputation gone.

"A German in England had made in business £15,000. He thrice came to Monaco, in the hope of retrieving his first loss of £5,000, and at the close of his last visit found himself minus the whole sum. He returned to London, committed forgery, and again tried his fortune at the *Tripot*. A Lord Mayor's warrant was put into the hands of a detective, who laid hold of the wretched man one night on his return to Nice. So ended his guilty course.

“A gentleman purchased a property on the Riviera, but leaving before the purchase was concluded lodged the amount (several thousand pounds), authorizing certain parties to draw, and pay the amount. They drew the money; but overcome by the tempting vicinity of Monaco squandered it all there.

“We do not expect to put down gambling: that will ever exist. But this gambling ‘made easy,’ at Monaco, we will do our best to suppress.

“‘I never played in my life, I have no taste for play whatever,’ said a Russian prince to his friends, who were dissuading him from his intention of settling at Monaco; however, in vain. And what was the consequence? Naturally, he used to lounge into the hall; naturally, this became a habit; naturally, he came to play; naturally, he lost all he had; naturally, he got into debt; and, as naturally, decamped, leaving creditors to look in vain for the thirty thousand francs he owed them.

“‘Come,’ said a companion to a poor invalid who had saved £70 for his winter expenses at Nice, ‘before you settle down in your room let us go over and hear the music at Monaco.’ They went. From the concert room they entered the gambling room, and before they left that place of infamy the poor invalid had lost his all.”

It will be seen from these incidents that losses at Monte Carlo are the root of other evils. Continually persons are brought before the police courts, who plead their losses at the gaming table as the reason of their departures from honesty. Frequently, also, the money which should be paid over to the hotel-keeper by his guest is lost at play, and the debtor absconds without paying his bill. There is no doubt, also, that a taste for gambling has been fostered, that many clandestine roulettes are in full action, and that at the clubs men play very high. It was said that by tolerating this one den all gambling would be confined to Monaco, and would there be under control: the contrary is the case, the whole region is polluted by it. Well did one of the magistrates of Nice exclaim, “This gaming is the plague of the country, and the plague is gangrened. The ravages of this vice extend every day.” Although the local press is charged with venal silence yet these matters come out in the courts of justice, and are made occasionally a public topic by the agitation of those who deplore the giant evil. A letter addressed to the French senators and deputies by certain inhabitants of Nice, Cannes, and Mentone contains such an indictment against Monte Carlo as should

secure its instant condemnation, especially as it is sustained and abundantly proved by a terrible array of facts, which are placed in an appendix.

That part of the appendix which has made the most impression upon our mind is the list of suicides of whom, in less than three years, twenty had been recorded in Monte Carlo and the region near at hand. Deaths by pistol shots, hanging, placing the head upon the railway, and casting one's-self from a rock make up the principal items of the ghastly list. A commercial traveler coming on business to Mentone went to Monaco. As usual, he just put down a five-franc piece. His own money soon went. That of his employer followed, and there he was! He could not bear the disgrace, and, therefore, putting a pistol to his head he rushed, at the early age of thirty, unbidden, into the presence of his Maker, a self-murderer. Another poor wretch, before taking his own life, wrote these words on a blank leaf — "*Monaco, thou wilt yet slay many others!*" A third, who destroyed himself with a pistol, wrote upon a photograph of the casino these words — "*House of perdition, fit only to be burned!*" In sight of the blood-stained halls of Monte Carlo we are constrained to join in the verdict of the unhappy victim. Those suicides which are mentioned as happening at Nice, Monaco, and the neighborhood cannot be the only ones; there are, doubtless, others who reach home as beggars and commit the same horrible deed with less publicity. We fear there is much truth in the assertion of the public procurator — "The ruined player can scarcely avoid one of two ends, dishonor or death. If he has a heart, he kills himself; and if he has none, he becomes a swindler and a thief." Such thieves every now and then turn up at the tables themselves, and are led to the borders of the little territory and dismissed with a kick; as for the corpse of the suicide, it is buried by stealth after sundown. In the case which happened on March 25, 1876, a gentleman had lost his all at roulette, and blew his brains out near the casino itself: the remarks made by certain frequenters of the rooms contained no pity for their wretched fellow-creature, but expressed the refinement of their manners — "Poor Y — showed a shocking want of taste in killing himself so near the salon. He might have gone a little further off." No sin hardens the heart like gambling. Inhumanity is only a natural result of it. The play burns the heart, and dries up the milk of human kindness. While it renders a man weary of ordinary labor, for he fancies he has found a swifter road to riches, it makes him fit for any villainy and vice. It arouses covetousness, creates a selfish excitement, unfits for duty, and

prepares for every iniquity. Need we say more against it? Can more be said?

Now, this hell-hall of Monte Carlo has its admirers and advocates, and we do not wonder at it, for unrenewed hearts are always ready to defend sin, but what we shall marvel at will be this — if Christian people who know the nature of the place are seen in connection with it. That they should go to hear “the finest band in Europe,” and to see gardens which are not to be surpassed for beauty is not at all surprising so long as they are unaware of the evil which they are thus patronizing, but if they continue to do this after due warning, it will be a great evil under the sun. The managers do not want all who visit Monte Carlo to play, they are wise enough to see that the ranks of the gamblers need to be recruited from among sober people, and wish for a fringe of play-hating people to shade off the company into sober respectability, and bring decent folk within range of the temptation. Few would come within their grip if all the assembly consisted of brazen-faced females and worthless sharpers, but there are many steps to the descending stairs, and right glad are the directors to see upon the upper rounds ladies and gentlemen who on Sunday will be conspicuous at church, and are known on other days as the cream of respectability. The presence of such persons makes the road to perdition a genteel promenade, and therefore it pays the promoters to give them music and flowers for nothing.

The Bishop of Gibraltar did well to address his clergy in words such as these: “At the opening of another season I hope that you will endeavor to deepen the impression which your words then produced, by again speaking on the subject whenever you may see a suitable opportunity. You will have in your congregations many fresh hearers, who will know little about Monaco and the ruin it is causing, and who, like their predecessors, might visit the place without a thought that they were dipping into danger or dabbling in sin, without a thought that they were frequenting haunts where no person of right principles should be seen, without a thought that they were giving respectability to the vice of gambling, adding to those wages of iniquity by which the establishment is supported, and decoying brothers and sisters to their ruin; but simply for the love of fun and amusement, for the pleasure of hearing good music and gazing at lovely scenery, for the fascination of witnessing for once a novel and strange sight. Many such persons, as I believe, only want a word of warning. Tell them of the remorse, shame, misery, and ruin which Monte Carlo is daily working; tell them of the separations which it causes in families between son and father,

between husband and wife; tell them of the deceit and other vices which gambling fosters; tell them of characters which at the start of life gave promise of a good and useful career, but now are wrecked beyond recovery; tell them how the plague spreads from place to place, how the excitement pursues and haunts its victim, how it draws together the very scum of society; tell them it is the respectable, who are the real supporters of Monte Carlo, and that without their patronage the establishment would become bankrupt; and, if they have ears to hear and hearts to understand, they will restrain their curiosity, practice a little self-denial, and in spite of the attractions which Monte Carlo offers, they will not only abstain from going themselves, but will endeavor by personal influence to prevent others from going. What is wanted of us all is that we should endeavor to form a healthy and righteous public opinion on the subject of gambling, draw away the veil which hides its guilt, and exhibit it to our congregations in its real deformity.”

As a humble contribution to the end proposed by the bishop we have inserted this article in our magazine, and we shall be glad if it should be copied into the newspapers, and should help to make a stir. Anyone is at perfect liberty to reprint the present article, and the more it is spread abroad the better shall we be pleased. Since writing as we have done we have been delighted to see *The Times* hurling its thunder-bolts against the evil, and we feel all the more the necessity of keeping the matter before the public mind. C.H.S.

A SERMON FOR SERMONIZERS.

WHILE Dr. Manton was minister at Covent Garden he was invited to preach before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, and the Companies of the City, upon a public occasion, at St. Paul's.

The doctor chose a very difficult subject, in which he had an opportunity of displaying his judgment and learning, and appearing to the best advantage.

He was heard with the admiration and applause of the more intelligent part of the audience; and was invited to dine with my Lord Mayor, and received public thanks for his performance. But upon his return in the evening to Covent Garden, a poor man following him, gently plucked him by the sleeve of his gown, and asked him if he were the gentleman who had

preached that day before the Lord Mayor. He replied, he was. "Sir," says he, "I came with an earnest desire after the word of God, and in hope of getting some good to my soul, but I was greatly disappointed, for I could not understand a great deal of what you said: you were quite above me." The doctor replied, with tears in his eyes, "Friend, if I did not give you a sermon, you have given me one; and, by the grace of God, I will never play the fool by preaching before my Lord Mayor in such a manner again."

NOTICES OF BOOKS

ANECDOTES OF THE WESLEYS: ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR CHARACTER AND PERSONAL HISTORY. BY THE REV. J. B. WAKELEY, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. J. M. CLINTOCK, D.D., LL.D. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

TENTH edition, and no wonder, for the stories are well selected and the book is gorgeously clad. The book has attractions for others besides Wesleyans; as it well may have, for the Wesley family were instinct with life, and begat notable incidents, as fat pastures bring forth king-cups and daisies. For a quiet leisure hour commend us to such a book, and, oh, for more sweet leisure to quaff from such a goblet: more rest would make toil more effectual, and the heart more fresh for holy labor.

SHAKSPEARE'S DEBT TO THE BIBLE: WITH MEMORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS. BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.

THE same matter, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, has been arranged by other hands in volumes well known to the public, but Mr. Bullock has even more fully Christianized it. We are glad to see how wisely our author deals with the theater, which we dare not hope can ever be redeemed from its alliance with vice. Shakespeare, with all his blemishes, is purity itself compared with most stage-writers, and the quantity of wholesome truth, and even Scriptural doctrine which he has worked into his plays is very remarkable. The book is worthy of a wide circulation.

NOTES.

CONFERENCE. — The Fifteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association was commenced on *Monday afternoon, May 5*, at three o'clock, by a well attended prayer-meeting at the College, at which Pastor W. Williams (Upton Chapel) presided. (Everything should begin with prayer.) At seven, the regular prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was made a season of special supplication for a blessing upon the engagements of the week is good for the church to pray for its ministers.) The vice-president was in the chair, several of the brethren prayed, and addresses were given by Pastor T. W. Medhurst. Landport; and Mr. Clarke, of Spezzia. Meanwhile, during the same afternoon, about two hundred of the pastors and students were entertained at tea at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, by invitation of Pastor J. O. Fellowes and his friends. At seven, the chattel was crowded for a public meeting, the president was in the chair, and a right good, warm-hearted meeting it was. Mr. Norris's (Bedminster) appeal for men to go to China, and Mr. Hamilton's account of the work in Cape Town, were memorable notes in a meeting where each of the addresses had a special charm. It was a glorious beginning of a happy week. At the suggestion of the chairman the collection, which amounted to £20, was given to Mr. Hamilton for his new chapel in Cape Town, for which he needs liberal help at this present.

On Tuesday morning, May 6, at the College, the first hour was spent in special thanksgiving and prayer. The president, whose entry was the signal for the "band of brothers" to sing the doxology, referred in his inaugural address to the fraternity existing amongst the members of the Conference, glanced at the general outlook, and then spoke with special reference "To the discouraged." These were counseled (1) not to be so discouraged as to feel satisfied without success, (2) to remember that others have their burdens, (3) not to judge themselves by others, (4) to take care of their own piety, (5) to be themselves happy in the Lord, (6) to be patient in labor, (7) to have a single eye to God's glory, and (8) to encourage others even when they were depressed themselves. The address, which lasted more than an hour and a half, was closed with the expression of the speaker's prayer that those who fell asleep with a great heaviness upon them might be encouraged through some such visions as were given to Abraham, Jacob, Ezekiel, Daniel, Zechariah, and Paul. After a short interval prayer was offered by Mr. W. P. Lockhart, of Liverpool; and the

Conference business was transacted, among which record was made of the falling asleep in Christ of our beloved brethren Ness, Wills, Burt, Gregory, and Mead. The names of thirty-six students were added to the Conference roll, and the officers were unanimously re-elected.

In the evening a *Soiree* was held at the Orphanage. Our sweet singers, Messrs. Mayers, Smith, Burnham, Chamberlain, and Parker, and the orphan boys sang us many of the songs of Zion. It was meet that we should praise the Lord for his goodness to us all through another year, and we all rejoiced with full hearts. Mr. Fergusson gave us a soul-searching address on the inquiry, "What is ministerial success?" Mr. Hamilton told us more about his wonderful work in Cape Town; Charles Davis, one of the orphans, recited, "The blind boy," as a prelude to Mr. Chamberlain's solo, "Shew me thy face"; Pastor J. Dodwell (Middleton Cheney) read his paper on "John the Baptist and ourselves," and a most enjoyable meeting was brought to a close by a few earnest words from Mr. Lockhart. It was a love feast indeed.

On Wednesday morning, May 7, after a season of devotion, the Vice-President spoke upon the words of the Lord Jesus to his disciples, "Henceforth I call you not servants; . . . but I have called you friends." It was indeed good to be there. We next had the privilege of listening to a delightful paper from our esteemed friend Pastor H. O. Mackey (Southampton) on "Inward qualifications for the ministry: how to develop and maintain them." We need not say more about the paper now, as we hope soon to present it to our readers in full. The morning session was solemnly but suitably closed by Mr. Gracey's trenchant essay on "Our present position with regard to the doctrine of future punishment." We separated, feeling that our hearts were the better for the instruction which we had received, and for the solemn truths which had been laid before us.

In the evening, the subscribers to the College partook of tea together, and afterwards assembled for the annual meeting, under the able presidency of T. A. Denny, Esq. Prayer was offered by Mr. G. T. Congreve, the annual report was presented by the President, addresses were delivered by the Chairman, our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers, Pastor W. Hamilton, Messrs. Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, Mr. Alderman McArthur, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Blake, M.P., and solos were sung by our evangelists, Smith, Burnham, and Parker. The company then adjourned to the lecture-hall under the Tabernacle, to partake of the supper once

more provided by Mr. Phillips, and before the proceedings closed more than £2,000 had been presented to the College funds. Praise ye the Lord.

Thursday morning, May 8, commenced with special thanksgiving for the mercies of the previous evening, and prayer for future blessings. Pastor S. Pilling (Black-pool read a paper on "Spiritual Stagnation: its cause and cure," and after a brief *discussion*, Pastor R. F. Jeffrey (Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn) read his paper on "The Pentecostal prayer meeting: its Place and Power in the Primitive Church." These important papers were followed by a number of short speeches upon the way to make prayer-meetings interesting, and it was agreed that one day in the year should be set apart by every member of the Conference for simultaneous prayer to God by the whole of our associated churches. We recommend the brethren to arrange for this year to have one meeting or more for special prayer on Monday, *June 23*, which is probably the most convenient day in the proximity of Midsummer. We shall immediately issue a paper upon this day of prayer, and we beg all the brethren to observe the day with great earnestness.

In the evening, as many friends as we could accommodate were present at tea, and afterwards we had the largest public meeting that we have ever had during our conferences. The President referred in detail to the work of the College, which continues to be most cheering and successful. Mr. Gracey presented to the President the College contribution to the Testimonial Fund — £414 8s. 9d. (This amount is included in the larger sum which was presented to us afterwards.) The gift of love was affectionately accepted for the Lord's work, to which it is to be all applied, while the words of praise that accompanied it were passed on to the noble band of co-workers without whom the work could never have grown to its present dimensions. Shortly afterwards Mr. Martell came on the platform to speak to us, and we gladly seized the opportunity of saying how much we owe to his thoughtful and untiring help in almost every department of our vast enterprise. In his reply he very earnestly thanked the contributors to the weekly offering, which last year realized £1,878, and asked them still to continue in that way to show their love to the College. "Remember," said our friend, "when the money comes in week by week, we are able to pay our way just at the right time. There is nothing like the weekly offering, so mind you keep it up." (Blessed be God for this brother's zeal for the weekly offering which is right in principle and noble in practice.) Addresses were delivered by Pastors W. Hamilton:, C. A. Davis,

(Bradford), W. Usher (Dacre Park), and G. Samuel (Penge); and the evangelists again led the singing. The ministers and students were then once more feasted on the good things prepared by Mr. Phillips, who was heartily thanked by the President in the name of the whole assembly. A right royal day had this been all along.

Friday, May 9, the last and best day of the feast, began with a sweet season of prayer; after which the President read and expounded Philippians ii., and then our dear old Father Rogers spoke to us for more than an hour from the words of the apostle Paul: "I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It was one of the raciest, wisest, and most faithful addresses to which we have ever listened. Our venerable friend will soon retire from his regular College work, but he will be with us in heart and soul as long as he lives. He certainly gives us his best things last. Having listened to the oldest member of our College family we were very pleased next to have an address from Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, the last admitted student. His subject was part of Mark 6:1: "His disciples follow him." All felt that the Master himself spoke to us by his youthful servant and our hearts were touched with holy emotion. Then followed the communion, and the closing psalm was sung as usual by all present, who stood with hands linked in token of the union existing between them. At the dinner table it was reported that the students and their churches had contributed over £433 during the year to the College funds, in addition to the amount added to the Testimonial. Thanks were given with hearty cheers to many of our generous helpers, and especially to Mrs. Spurgeon for the books with which so many poor preachers' libraries have been enriched. Here ended another of the Feasts of Tabernacles, and every man went unto his own home strengthened and made glad.

On Monday, May 12, the prayer-meeting was turned in the direction of foreign missions, and our hearts were cheered by a letter from a missionary in China who had been one of the Tabernacle Sunday-school teachers, and from another missionary who had gone from the *College Evening Classes*. It was a young man's night, and it was refreshing to observe how the missionary feeling is kindled in the church and the College, and promising brethren are yielding themselves to the divine call.

THE TESTIMONIAL PRESENTATION. — The services held in commemoration of the completion of the twenty-fifth year of our pastorate were continued from *Sunday, May 18th, to Tuesday, the 20th*. On the Sunday we preached

in the morning from Habakkuk 3: 2, and in the evening from Psalm 65:11. Both the sermons will be published, together with the papers read, speeches delivered, and hymns sung at the meetings held in connection with the presentation of the Pastoral Silver Wedding Testimonial. We shall, therefore, give here only a brief outline of the proceedings. The meeting on Monday evening was set apart exclusively for praise and thanksgiving. It was preceded by a tea in the school-room, to the poorer members of the church, as it was the pastor's especial wish that if any persons should have more joy than others at the various gatherings, it should be the poor of the flock, who are dear to the Lord. The meeting in the Tabernacle was beyond all former experience joyful. The prayers, or rather praises, were offered as far as possible by representatives of the various sections of the church. The pastor and co-pastor expressed the gratitude of the whole membership as well as their own: Mr. William Olney gave thanks in the name of the deacons, Mr. Perkins in the name of the elders, Mr. Allison for the members and Colportage workers, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon for the young Christians, Mr. Pearce for the Sun-day-school, Mr. Charlesworth for the Orphanage, and Mr. E. J. Parker for the College. The pastor then delivered his address of thanksgiving, which is printed in full in the report of the proceedings, to which we would direct our readers. All the while hymns and psalms varied the strain, and the whole assembly made a joyful noise unto the Lord who dwelleth in Zion.

The following evening, as many of the contributors to the testimonial fund and bazaar as could be accommodated in the lecture hall and schools met for tea, and afterwards adjourned to the Tabernacle, which was soon crowded to its utmost capacity in every part, not alone by members of the church, but by loving friends from all parts of England. Joyful hymns were sung while the congregation was gathering, and when every inch of space was full, prayer was offered by the pastor, and Mr. Stott (St. John's Wood). Mr. B. W. Carr, one of our deacons, then read a very valuable paper on "The Church during the Ministry of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon," Pastor J. T. Wigner and Mr. W. Higgs presented a letter of congratulation from the Committee of the London Baptist Association, and Mr. Wigher also expressed his delight at being permitted to convey such a communication on such an occasion. Our brother and beloved co-pastor followed in a brief expression of his gratitude to God and his love to us, and then came Dr. Stanford with a wonderful paper on "The Baptist Churches twenty-five years ago and now." All this was interspersed with

gladsome song. At length came deacon Wm. Olney, who made the presentation in the name of the treasurers and contributors of the fund. Most appropriately he commenced by giving to the Lord the whole of the glory for all the success which had been achieved during the past twenty-five years, and then in affectionate terms he declared to us the love of the brethren, and made formal presentation of the magnificent sum of £6,233 10s. 5d. Our brother presented the bronze clock and ornaments which it was decided should be placed in our study as a memorial of the deed of love thus consummated. The reception given to us when we rose to express our thanks for this crowning act of twenty-five years of kindness, sympathy, union, and help cannot be described. What we said was quite unworthy of the occasion, but it was hard to speak at all. We have no doubt many of our readers will be pleased to possess the little memorial volume which will be to the present and future generations a record of the abounding mercy and grace of the Lord to one of his churches, and at the same time an encouragement to all those who determine to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

COLLEGE. — During the past month the following students have accepted pastorates: — Mr. E.G. Evans, at Regent-street, Belfast; Mr. W. Goacher, at Hather-leigh, Devon; Mr. J. Rankin, at Guild-ford; Mr. J. W. Nichol, at Horncastle; and Mr. M. Mather, at Holbeach, Lincolnshire. Mr. A. V. Papengouth has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society as a missionary to Hayti, West Indies; and Mr. Kendon proposes to sail for Jamaica. Mr. H. Cocks will remove from Ballymena to Canada to labor there.

Friends who are likely to visit Worthing this summer may be pleased to learn that a Baptist church was formed in that town last month with very encouraging prospects. Mr. W. F. Stead, the pastor, will be glad to see as many visitors as possible at the services in the Montague Hall.

ORPHANAGE. — Thanks are heartily given to generous friends at St. Albans, Leighton Buzzard, Chelsea, and John Street, Edgware Road, for so kindly assisting the Orphan Choir in their services of song. We are personally grateful to friends whom we will not mention by name, but whose names are on our heart. Please to take notice that *the Annual Fete of the Orphanage will be held at the Stockwell Orphanage on the Pastor's Birthday, June 19*. We shall be glad to see country friends.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. — We have received from the founders of the Stockwell Orphanage £50 towards A GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, to which we have added another £50, and Mr. Galpin £50, besides two promises of £25 each. *At the fete on June 19 there will be a sale of goods on behalf of the Girls' Orphanage* There will be no pressing of this matter, for we have a firm belief that it will grow of itself till we shall have sufficient funds to be able to move in it.

EVANGELISTS. — The fear we mentioned in last month's magazine with respect to Mr. Clarke was only too well founded, for in the midst of the work at *Bacup* he had to be sent home invalided, and we had to find a substitute. In sending Mr. Fullerton, of our Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, we felt that we could with confidence say that he was a brother like-minded, who would naturally care for the souls of the people. We should scarcely like to publish all we hear concerning the labors of our beloved brethren the evangelists, and if we did publish it, many would not believe it. It seems to us that every place visited gets a larger blessing than those where our friends have previously been, and if we ever had any doubts as to the employment of this form of service the abundant tokens of the Lord's approval would long ago have removed them. Services were held in no less than ten different places in *Bacup*, but none of them were large enough to hold the people who flocked to them. Although our brethren and their hearers had to contend against heavy snow-storms, more than once they had 2,000 people at the principal service, and 1,000 more at an overflow meeting. Messrs. Smith and Fullerton addressed both audiences in turn, and one Sunday evening conversed with more than one hundred inquirers. The full result of the mission will be a grand accession to the churches in the town. Our heartiest thanks are due to the local ministers, committee, and choir for the admirable arrangements made by them, and the help rendered by them, nor must we forget to mention our excellent colporteur, Mr. Allen, who assisted in no small degree in securing the success of the services.

Our evangelists were all with us at the Conference, and greatly cheered us with the tidings of what the Lord had done by them wherever they had gone. The following Sunday, May 11, Mr. Smith commenced a series of services in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and on Wednesday, the 14th, he was joined by Mr. Fullerton. *Gildersome* was the first place visited, and the only regret seems to have been that the evangelists' stay was too short to secure the greatest amount of good. On the Sunday the crowd was so great

that many of the regular congregation at the Baptist chapel were obliged to go to the parish church, as their usual seats were occupied by others. The clergyman was so surprised at the unusual addition to his audience that he sent to ask Mr. Smith to preach on his green. The offer was gladly accepted, on condition that the vicar would take part in the service. We have not heard whether the bargain was closed. The evangelists held one rather unusual open air service, the pulpit being a very old cart, and the musical accompaniments including a sharp shower, an east wind, cornet, trombone, bombardo, clarionet, and the shrill voices of numberless urchins. These, combined with an earnest address, drew a large number of outsiders into the chapel, which was quite crowded. During one of the dinner hours a short but sweet service was held at St. Bernard's Mill, at which all the work-people were present. Much good appears to have been done by this and all the other meetings of the week. On Friday, May 16, the evangelists were to be at Farsley, and from thence they were to go on to *York*.

COLPORTAGE. — The Secretary writes, We beg to call special attention to the approaching Annual Meeting of the Colportage Association, which will be held at the Tabernacle on *Monday Evening, June 9th*. Through the liberality of several friends the committee have been enabled to invite thirty of the colporteurs to meet in conference for a day or two at the Tabernacle. This opportunity for prayer, and the interchange of experience in the work, has always proved a great stimulus to the men, and has been accompanied by much spiritual blessing.

Rev. J. Jackson Wray has promised to address the meeting, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon will preside, and several colporteurs will tell of their interesting labors. As the association is in special need of increased pecuniary help just now, it is earnestly requested that friends will come to the annual meeting in larger numbers than heretofore, and by their contributions enable the society to continue its present staff and open up new districts. The annual report will be printed and ready for the meeting. We thankfully acknowledge further subscriptions to the General Fund, received since the last published list in *The Sword and the Trowel*, to the amount of £214 5s., and trust that other friends will be moved to contribute until we have the additional £1,000 for the necessary working capital. Mr. Spurgeon has promised £100 from his testimonial, and looks forward with confidence to the making up of the capital required.

PERSONAL MATTERS. — Mr. Broomhall, who is conducting the home affairs of Mr. Hudson Taylor's mission, brought us the other day a copy of our sermon on "The Divine Call for Missionaries," No. 1351. It was scored and underlined, and had been carried about in his pocket by a brother who is now a missionary; the sermon having constrained him to devote himself to that work for the Lord. We prized the discourse more than if the princes of the land had covered it with jewels. To God be all the glory.

A nobleman of Alsace visited us at Mentone, and gave us copies of two of our sermons, which he has translated into French, and lithographed in running hand, to be read in congregations. We found our friend almost as well acquainted with our work as if he had attended the Tabernacle all his life. He came a long way for a short interview, bringing his wife and his son, and by this visit he greatly refreshed our spirit.

A minister, living at Wisbech, authenticates the following singular case of conversion through our sermon on "The Portion of the Ungodly," No. 444. The writer says in a recent letter to us, "Seventeen years ago it pleased the Lord to permit me to dream that the end of the world was come, and in my dream I saw the saints rising with the Lord Jesus to glory. I was left, and near me, upon a large quantity of stubble stood an acquaintance who addressed me thus: — 'They used to say in the other world that we should be in fire, but it is not so.' In a moment flames burst out, and in my fright I awoke. A few days after my dream my friend and I heard you preach at the Tabernacle. Judge how great was our surprise when you announced for your text, Isaiah 47:14, 'Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame: there shall not be a coal to warm at, nor fire to sit before it.'" In August, 1876, a severe affliction, the dream, and our sermon resulted in our friend's conversion.

One of our students writes to tell us about the conversion of one whom he has recently baptized, who thus refers to the channel through which the blessing reached her: — "Before I was brought to Christ I had a desire to hear Mr. Spurgeon; accordingly, I went to Exeter Hall, and afterwards to the Tabernacle, but still remained in my state of unregeneracy. One day I was entering the drawing-room, and looking upon the table my eye fell at once upon a printed sermon. Taking it into my hand I read the text, Psalm 51:4. I read a little of the sermon, was interested, and read on until I was

not only interested in it, but in Christ — this was the means of my conversion.” It was our sermon, No. 86, on “Unimpeachable Justice.”

A Christian sea captain writes to tell us about the joyful reception of our sermons at St. Kitts, one of the West Indian islands. He says, “All my sermons that I had in the monthly parts I separated, for the people were, so eager for them they came from every quarter to ask for them. We gave some to the master of a little vessel that trades to different islands, and we saw several of the laboring men gather round him as he read the sermons to them. The natives seemed to drink their contents down with as much pleasure as a thirsty ox does water on a summer’s day.” The mate of our friend’s vessel went down among the very poor who do not go anywhere, and had two meetings among them, which the people very much enjoyed. They wanted another visit, but before the next Sabbath the vessel had sailed.

NOTES

England’s Royal Home: the Home Life of the Prince Consort; Memorials of the Princess Alice; with other Papers Illustrative of Royal Incidents. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

A RIGHT royal book from one who is at home with such subjects. We rejoice in all the good which can be said of the royal family, and it is not a little; though rumor continually babbles of one at least whose life casts a dark shade over the glory of the royal house. Whether those rumors speak truth or not we cannot tell; but if they do — shame on the profligate! Happy is the land which has virtue on its throne; but woe to the nation whose princes can justly be charged with licentious folly! May such a calamity never overshadow our beloved country.

Long live the Queen, and may all her sons be like their father, whose memory is still sweet and blossoms from the dust. In times when other nations are darkened with the smoke of smouldering discontent, it is well done for our good author to foster loyalty, and say the best that can be said of a beloved queen and her royal issue.

NOTES

THE testimonial which celebrated our twenty five years of pastoral work was presented on Tuesday, May 20, and there and then dedicated to the Lord. On the following Thursday evening we commenced a new period in our church history, and it is a singularly pleasing coincidence that at the church meeting held on that evening no less than thirty-seven candidates came before the church and confessed their faith in Christ, — the largest number that we have ever received at one church meeting. This was the more remarkable as it happened entirely without arrangement on the part of the pastor or anyone else. We regard it as “a token for good,” and look for greater things than these.

On *Friday evening, May 30*, the first annual meeting of Mrs. Allison’s Bible-class was held in the College. First came tea, and then a public meeting, over which Mr. Allison presided. Mrs. Allison presented to Mr. Spurgeon £16 18s. 6d. as a special thankoffering from the class for his restoration to health. She explained that this was quite distinct from the contribution of the class to the testimonial, and also in addition to their subscription for the colporteur at Crawley; but as the colportage work needed funds the class wished to relieve their beloved pastor of this care as far as they could by this extra gift. Mr. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledged this thoughtful deed of love, and then left for the Country Mission Meeting. Miss Henry then spoke on “Woman’s Influence”; Mr. Bellamy, the colporteur, supported by the class, gave an account of his work. Short addresses followed; and then Mrs. Gwillim, in the name of the class, presented a beautiful album to Mrs. Allison. This class is greatly refreshed with the divine blessing. Its generous thoughtfulness for the pastor in his many cares is worthy of all praise.

On *the same evening*, the tenth annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION was held in the Lecture Hall of the Tabernacle, — Mr. Spurgeon in the chair. It was a good, lively, earnest meeting; but instead of giving the details we refer our readers to the article upon the subject in this month’s magazine. Here is an agency exactly to our mind, which deserves the prayers and good wishes of all Christian people.

On *Monday evening, June 2*, our prayer-meeting was made unusually interesting by short reports of foreign missions presented by our students. Mr. Maplesden gave us a very cheering account of Mr. Blackie’s work at

Calcutta, Mr. Churcher described open-air services at Delhi, Mr. Billington told us of the wonderful blessing that has rested upon the Teloo-goo mission, and we reported the tidings received from Miss Long, who is engaged in Zenana work at Surat. This; is the way to make prayer-meetings interesting. We get seven or eight prayers, three or four short speeches and hymns between, and the people are refreshed.

COLLEGE. — During the past month Mr. G. J. Moore has accepted the pastorate and settled at Grafton-street, Northampton.

Mr. J. J. Kendon has sailed for Jamaica to take charge of two small churches near Spanish Town, and Mr. A. J. Clarke is about to sail for Australia to become the pastor of the church at West Melbourne. May the Lord be with both our brethren. (See EVANGELISTS.)

Mr. John Collins, late of John-street, Bedford-row, is removing to Lymington, Hants; Mr. W. Sumner is going from Brantford to the church at South-street, Hull; and Mr. H. C. Field, of Burslem, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Cross Leech-street, Staleybridge.

The work of Messrs. Blackaby and Blocksidge, at *New Brompton*, Kent, has resulted in the formation of a church which gives good promise of soon becoming self-supporting. Will our friends in that region encourage the young church all they can?

Monday, June 23, was observed as a day of prayer by the churches associated with the College Conference. "The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us." Telegrams and letters received from several pastors show that the day has been owned of God for reviving the prayerfulness of many.

The College summer vacation commenced on June 26, and will terminate on Aug. 11, when we expect to welcome a large number of new students. We have spent several days in the difficult and responsible work of trying to select the most suitable men out of the host of applicants for admission. Will our friends pray that we may be at all times guided in our choice, and that the admission of those who are selected may be wholly for the glory of God and the good of our fellow men?

EVANGELISTS. — During the past month a complete change has been made with respect to our esteemed evangelist, Mr. A. J. Clarke. We felt that the failure of his health indicated that for the present the Lord did not intend

him longer to endure the excitement of evangelistic work. While we were waiting for guidance as to what the Lord would have him to do, an invitation came from the church at West Melbourne, and after due consideration Mr. Clarke accepted the pastorate. He will soon be on his way to his sphere of labor. We pray that in Australia this dear servant of the Lord may be the means of winning even more souls for Christ than he has won in the United Kingdom. Australian friends, please receive him heartily, and esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake, for a better man never visited your shores.

Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have just completed their series of services in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Pastor T. E. Cozens Cooke sends us the following account of the work in *York*: —

“My dear Mr. Spurgeon, — We have lately been favored with the presence of your two excellent evangelists, ‘Smith and Fullerton.’ The moral atmosphere of an old cathedral city is anything but favorable to these special efforts, and we were not surprised that some of our ‘cultured’ friends manifested their opposition by a warm newspaper correspondence. This, however, did us no harm, but almost daily advertised our services free of charge. Mr. Smith’s attractive singing, and his colleague’s heart-stirring addresses, were much appreciated, and the interest evidently increased. The meetings were largely attended every night, and considerably over one thousand copies of the hymn book were sold at the doors. Several persons professed to receive good, and we are trying to follow up the work. ‘We parted with our dear brethren with much regret, some of our friends gathering at the railway station, and singing their ‘Farewell’ as the train glided away. Their affectionate, genial society, and above all, their unwearying devotion to the Master’s work quite won our hearts, and we shall hope ere long to welcome them again. Our local expenses were heavy, but we are so glad to be able to send you (through Mr. Hillman’) £10 for your ‘Society of Evangelists,’ with the earnest prayer that the richest blessing may continue to rest upon this and every other agency associated with your noble work at the Tabernacle.”

Leeds was the next place visited, from June 7 to 25, and a great stir has been made and good results are sure to follow. We have just received most glowing accounts, but these we must reserve for next month.

Mr. Burnham was engaged at *Wootton*, Beds, from June 1 to 6, but the meetings were so successful that they were continued a few evenings

longer. There were large congregations every night, and on the Sunday the chapel was crowded in every part, and almost all who were present remained to the prayer meetings, which were held after each service. Our brethren McAllister (Cranfield) and Williams (Bedlord), and Messrs. Burr and Gammon spoke at some of the meetings. Many have been led to the Savior, and the minister's family has been specially blessed. Mrs. Readman, the wife of the pastor, mentioned one evening after the service that the promise "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord" had been much on her heart all day. This enabled the evangelist to speak with special power to a daughter, who soon entered into gospel liberty. At the family altar thanksgivings for the salvation of one were mingled with prayer for the rest of the family, and by-and-by an answer came. One after another the members of the household were called to the room where a son was in terrible distress about his soul. Prayers and promises seemed all of no avail, and even the sweet experience of his newly converted sister brought no peace to the troubled heart. All through the night and part of the morning the conflict raged, but after a while Jesus conquered, peace was proclaimed, and the whole family sang Mr. Burnham's hymn:

*"Tell it with joy! tell it with joy!
Oh the sweet rapture of pardon!"*

Mr. Burnham has engagements for services as follows: — July 6 to 13, Newport, Mon.; Sept. 5 to 26, among the hop-pickers at Goudhurst, Kent; Sept. 29 to Oct. 5, Naunton, Cheltenham; Oct. 13 to 19, Leamington; Oct. 20 to 26, Murkyate Street, Herts; Oct. 27 to Nov. 2, Bedford; Nov. 10 to 16, Thetford, Norfolk; Nov. 17 to 30, Burton-on-Trent, etc.: Jan. 19, 1880, to Feb. 1, Driffield and Cranswick, Yorkshire; Feb. 2 to 8, Sheepshed, Leicestershire. Applications for any of the vacant dates, except those needed for rest, may be made to Mr. Spurgeon. Will all friends who are likely to be corresponding with Mr. Burnham note that he has removed to 11, Dundas Road, St. Mary's Road, Queen's Road, Peckham. S.E.

COLPORTAGE. — About thirty of the Colporteurs came to London to meet the Committee and friends for prayer and conference on Sunday and Monday, *June 8 and 9*. They were addressed by Mr. Spurgeon on the Monday afternoon, and their visit was brought to a close by the annual meeting at night in the Tabernacle. We were glad to see a much larger number of friends present than we have had at this meeting in previous years, and we hope that this is an indication that the Colportage work is at

last gaining its rightful place in the esteem of our friends and the public generally. After prayer by the pastor, co-pastor, and Mr. F. A. Jones (the late hon. sec. of the society), Mr. W. Corden Jones, the secretary, read some extracts from the twelfth annual report, copies of which he will be happy to forward to any friends who wish for them and will send a stamp for postage addressed to him at the Tabernacle. The progress of the work will be seen on a perusal of the following statistics: —

During the year 1878 the ninety-four Colporteurs employed sold about 927,000 publications of various kinds, for which they received £8,276 0s. 4d., that being an increase of £1,325 2s. 21/2d. upon the previous year. They also distributed upwards of 162,000 tracts, and visited 926,290 families. The subscriptions for the year have amounted to £4,148 15s. 53/4d., of which £3,052 4s. 101/2d. has been given for districts, and £212 10s. towards the Capital Fund. (That is up to Dec. 31, 1878).

The Capital Fund, of which we have often spoken, is much needed, but it is not yet forthcoming. We reckon that we have now received nearly £600 of it, and we wait for the rest of the £1,000. Without sufficient capital the working of this society cannot go on pleasantly. We have not run aground yet, but the sailing will not be clear till the capital reaches the sum we have asked for.

Subscriptions to the General Fund are still urgently needed, both to meet the necessary working expenses, and to supplement the deficiencies continually arising in most of the districts. Everybody ought to help this work, because the publications sold are entirely unsectarian, while the works of no evangelical denomination are excluded when ordered through the Colporteur. The Colporteurs themselves are members of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches, and the several branches of the Methodist families. The preaching services which the Colporteurs conduct are not confined to any, but extend to all, branches of Christ's Church willing to utilize Colportage in the extension of the Kingdom of God.

ORPHANAGE. — The annual meeting was held on *Thursday, June 19*, the President's forty-fifth birthday. Through the kind providence of God the weather was beautifully fine, and the whole *fete* was a great success. More than four thousand persons entered the grounds during the afternoon and evening, and though everybody seemed to be full of joy, the President and his beloved wife feel sure that no one could have been quite so happy as

they were. It is a subject for the most grateful thanksgiving to God that the sick one, who has been so long confined to the chamber of suffering, was once more permitted to mingle with loving friends, who have for so many years rallied round us and helped us in the Lord's work. To his blessed name be all the praise.

At half-past three o'clock Mr. John Macgregor (Rob Roy) gave an interesting account of some of his "strange adventures." At its close the audience dispersed over the grounds, or gathered in the refreshment tents, and in the Bazaar, which was held for the Girls' Orphanage. The total receipts at the stalls amounted to more than £150. Dr. Barnardo's band was stationed in the grounds, and performed at intervals, in a most creditable manner.

In the evening, the crowd was so great that we were obliged to hold two public meetings simultaneously. Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, presided at one meeting, and our brother, J. A. Spurgeon, at the other. Some of the speakers kindly did double duty, and they therefore deserve our double thanks. We are heartily grateful to all the kind friends who thus ably assisted us to make known the needs and claims of the institution. The following is a list of those who took part in one or the other of the meetings: the Vice-President, Messrs. C. and T. Spurgeon, Dr. Macewan, E. Maclean, Burman Cassin, M.A., John Collins, and Dr. Barnardo. The announcement that we are enabled to go on with the GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, under our present trust-deed, was received with hearty applause, which was repeated when we announced that we had already made a beginning by purchasing for £4,000 the adjacent house and grounds, called "Hawthorns." Towards this amount we had received up to the 20th June, in addition to the profit of Bazaar, £309 16s. 2d., together with £200 towards a house to be called the Deacons' House. We have also promises of £25 from one friend, £50 from another, £500 for one of the houses for girls, from a friend, £500 from a firm for another house, and £25 worth of painting and glazing work when it is needed. We shall be glad if the Lord inclines his stewards to send the rest of the £4000 before the purchase-money has to be paid, which must be done on July 15; but in any case we leave the matter in his hands, knowing that all will be well. With not more than £550 specifically given or promised for this object, it is rather daring to hope for the rest in a fortnight, but our Provider is a God of great resources.

The amount presented to Mr. Spurgeon in birthday gifts for the Boys' Orphanage was £126 3s 9d., while collectors and subscribers paid in about £200 during the day. The *fete* was appropriately closed by the music of Mr. Courtenay's and Mr. Frisby's choirs, and the usual illumination of the grounds.

COLLECTING BOXES AND BOOKS. — An anonymous donor asks how collecting boxes for the Orphanage can be obtained. Collecting boxes or books can be procured either from Mr. Blackshaw, at the Tabernacle, or Mr. Charlesworth, at the Orphanage.

PERSONAL NOTES. — In *The Preachers' Annual* of 1877, page 544, in an article by the Rev. G. T. Dowling on "Candidating," we enhanced to read as follows: — "Charles Spurgeon was not even seriously thought of as a prospective pastor the first time he preached in London. Months passed by before he was again invited to spend a Sabbath, and when even a call was extended it was by no means unanimous. Some families even left the church because 'that boy' was called."

This is given as a proof that successful preachers frequently produce a poor impression as candidates. This may be a general fact, but it was a pity to fabricate an instance. The truth is exactly the contrary. The moment after our first sermon was preached we were invited by the principal deacon to supply for six months, for he felt sure that at a church meeting, which would at once be held, such a resolution would be passed. We declined his offer, for we thought it too hasty, but promised to preach alternate Sabbaths during the next month, and this was done and followed up immediately by a further invitation. No one person left the church to our knowledge, and the resolution inviting us was as nearly unanimous as possible, one man and four women voting to the contrary, all of these becoming in after time most friendly to us. We only mention the incident as a specimen of the manner in which advocates of a theory too often manufacture their instances, and as a warning to our friends to be slow in believing anything which they may hear or read about public persons.

Our friend and former student. Mr. C. Dallaston, of Christchurch, New Zealand, writes to tell us that he has frequently met with persons who have been converted through reading our sermons, and he mentions one instance which had recently come under his notice. He was called in to see a woman who was at the point of death, and she told him that when living away on the plains, where attending a place of worship was out of the question

because of the distance, her husband read to her one of our sermons every Sunday, and God used the words thus read to bring her out of the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the Son. Mr. Dallaston adds: — “In many of our upcountry churches your sermons are read every Sunday.”

ARMY DISCIPLINE AND REGULATION BILL

FROM the House of Commons we received the other day a printed memorandum, prepared for the information of the members, as to the offenses which according to military law are punishable with death. It struck us that the various items were eminently suggestive, and we therefore made them the heads of a sermon to the good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We hope to print the whole discourse for the use of soldiers, and meanwhile we give the Bill, and a few comments upon it, just as hints to our brethren as to its use for instruction. The private Christian may profitably trace the analogies for himself, and to the ministers of the gospel the items must be abundantly rich in symbolic teaching. We give the whole memorandum, though we did not find it possible to introduce the whole into our sermon, and it is not all equally suggestive. In these days, when so little beyond useless talk comes from the House of Commons, it is a mercy to snatch even one floating fragment from the general wreck.

A Person subject to Military Law, when on Active Service, is punishable with Death, if he commits any of the following offenses: —

1 Shamefully abandons or delivers up any garrison, place, post, or guard, or uses any means to compel or induce any governor, commanding officer, or other person shamefully to abandon or deliver up any garrison, place, post, or guard, which it was the duty of such governor, officer, or other person to defend.

It is disgraceful to give up any truth of doctrine, precept, or ordinance, all of which we are bound to maintain even to the death. Those who would have their ministers tone down any of the teachings of Scripture, or leave their posts because of persecution or slander, are guilty of this offense. Even to desert the Sunday-school class, or the little village station, will bring us under this censure. He who would leave the smallest post assigned him would surely surrender the greatest if it were in his power.

2. Shamefully casts away his arms, ammunition, or tools in the

presence of the enemy.

We are exhorted in Holy Scripture not to cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. It would be a proof that we were not true Christians if we forsook the faith, or cast off the fear of God, or threw down the truth, and fled out of selfish fear. We are to stand bravely before the foe in full armor, bearing our shield, and wielding the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. We may never lay down our tools till we lay down our bodies. We must either work or suffer till we die.

3. Treacherously holds correspondence with or gives intelligence to the enemy, or treacherously or through cowardice sends a flag of truce to the enemy.

Worldly conformity amounts to this, for it leads us to be friends to the world, and then we are the enemies of God. Thousands are trying to unite the church and the world, and for this purpose they encourage the enemy by finding fault with religion, and making out that God's people are in no great degree different from other men; and at the same time they try to establish the truth of their own words by seducing Christians from the narrow way into worldly amusements and habits. Many professors not only send a flag of truce to the devil, but they are in covenant with him — you shall not hurt me and I will not hurt you. I will praise the theater and you shall call me "liberal." Come halfway and be decent, and we will go the other half, and we will be "hail fellow well met." This is fatal.

4. Assists the enemy with arms, ammunition, or supplies, or knowingly harbors or protects an enemy, not being a prisoner.

We supply the enemy with weapons against the Lord when we live inconsistent lives; they take up a reproach against the good cause and injure it greatly. We do the like when we report the failures and weaknesses of good men, and cause the adversary to blaspheme. If we indulge any known sin and harbor it in our bosoms we also greatly grieve our Captain. Sin will enter our doors, but it must be driven out by main force of grace; to make provision for it is to play the traitor.

5. Having been made a prisoner of war, voluntarily serves with or voluntarily aids the enemy.

We may be surrounded by ungodly men in our daily life, and they may try to force us to evil, but we must resist, even unto blood, striving against sin.

Children under ungodly parents, and wives with wicked husbands, are like prisoners of war, but they must take care to maintain their integrity, and never yield under pressure, however great. Even if we are surprised by temptation and so fall into the power of sin, our will must not consent to abide therein, but we must strive to escape from bondage. A Christian marching with the enemy against his Lord is a very Judas.

6. Knowingly does when on active service any act calculated to imperil the success of Her Majesty's forces, or any part thereof

This is very sweeping. We are to avoid any act which would of itself imperil the good cause. Even though the cause is safe, yet if there be an evil tendency in the act we are guilty. Non-profession of our faith, cowardice, slackness in prayer, absence from prayer-meetings, indolence, worldliness, carnal indulgence, and many other forms of evil may be censured under this head. Think what would become of the cause if all did as you do, and by this you may measure your conduct.

7. Misbehaves or induces others to misbehave before the enemy.

We are always before the enemy. The eagle eye of the world is upon us. "See that ye walk circumspectly," for ye always walk before a cloud of witnesses. Cowardice, rashness, greediness, quarreling, pride, folly, etc., are forms of misbehavior in the soldiers of Christ.

8. Leaves his commanding officer to go in search of plunder.

This Demas did when he forsook the Lord, having loved this present evil world. To gain a good situation, a fair damsel, or a handsome profit many professors forsake the colors to their eternal shame.

9. Without orders from his superior officer, leaves his guard, picquet, patrol, or post.

Some plead distance, business, or age; others leave their work because of petty jealousies, discouragements, or self-denials. Christ's soldiers should be ashamed to do this. Stand to your post so long as health and life will permit. See your successor, or see the post ready for a better man who is likely to come, before you leave it.

10. Forces a safeguard.

Whatsoever the Lord forbids we must carefully forego, what he reserves we must respect, and what he enjoins we must obey. Those who broke through the bounds of Sinai died; let us always keep the bounds of our Lord Jesus. We may not rush into a church or hurry out of it contrary to the laws of Christ, neither may we trifle with his ordinances lest we incur judgment.

11. Forces or strikes a sentry.

To oppose a man of God who stands for the defense of the truth is no mean sin. Many a time has this been done in ignorance, and the faithful have suffered thereby. Despise not the honest warnings of God's ministers, and above all do not make them your enemies for telling you the truth.

12. Impedes the provost marshal, or any officer legally exercising authority under or on behalf of the provost marshal, or, when called on, refuses to assist in the execution of his duty, the provost marshal, or any such officer.

Order must be maintained in the church, and he who is set to exercise discipline should have the hearty support of all true Christians. The duty is often painful and irksome, and church officers should never be hindered in their efforts by unkind remarks and unseemly oppositions. A certain crew will have neither officers nor order, but we have not so learned Christ. Flocks without shepherds and armies without officers are in a poor plight. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Christians who imitate Corinthian anarchy soon fall into Corinthian laxity and division.

13. Does violence to any person bringing provisions or supplies to the force; or commits any offense against the property or person of any inhabitant of, or resident in, the country in which he is serving.

We are to do good and not evil to those around us. The church often suffers from the world, but the world must never suffer from the church. We are to fight for our Lord but not for ourselves. Those who come to us are to be welcomed and not despoiled. Pastors who bring us food are not to be abused.

14. Breaks into any house or other place in search of plunder.

Our great, Captain will provide for us, and it would be most unseemly for us to do any disobedient act by way of finding our own rations. Some

break into other churches and destroy and steal, but we are not of the order of Plundering Brethren.

15. By discharging firearms, drawing swords, beating drums, making signals, using words, or by any means whatever intentionally occasions false alarms in actions, on the march, in the field, or elsewhere.

This may be done by scaring the brethren by the discoveries of science, or the doting dreams of learned men; it may also be accomplished by pretended explanations of prophecy of an alarming kind. Anything which distresses and dispirits without cause is exceedingly evil. To bring up scandalous reports, and to declare that the church is unloving, prayerless, dead, etc., as some do, is a wretched form of this offense. It is the little ones who suffer much from these false alarms, and therefore the sin is all the greater.

16. Treacherously makes known the parole or watchword to any person not entitled to receive it; or, without good and sufficient cause, gives a parole or watchword different from what he received.

We cannot too often repeat our parole, for we are to preach the gospel to every creature, but woe be to us if we falsify the word. "The blood of Jesus" is the watchword of the Salvation Army, and we must not substitute for it any other form of parole.

17. Irregularly detains or appropriates to his own corps or detachment any provisions or supplies proceeding to the forces, contrary to any orders issued in that respect.

We must beware of hoarding up comfort for ourselves and leaving others to perish forlack of knowledge. To forage only for our own denomination to the injury of other brethren is also contrary to the mind of him who hath called us to be his soldiers.

18. Being a sentinel, commits any of the following offenses (that is to say): —

- (a) Sleeps or is drunk at his post; or,
- (b) Leaves his post before he is regularly relieved.

We know who hath said, "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." Watching and sobriety go together. He who is drunken with wine, or pride, or worldliness, or error ceases to watch. We have each a post assigned us, and to sleep or to be drunken there is to betray our Lord. Leaving our post altogether is utterly un-soldierly. Jonah did so, and was saved by special miracle. If we imitate him we cannot be sure that a whale will be provided for us.

19. Causes or conspires with any other persons to cause any mutiny or sedition in any forces belonging to Her Majesty's regular, reserve, or auxiliary forces, or Navy. (Clauses 20, 21, 22 are of like effect.)

Troublers in Israel are many and busy. Quiet and happy churches are disturbed and even rent in twain by these ill-disposed professors, who seem to live for nothing else but to create or ferment discord. These go from house to house to spread ill reports, and to blow up jealousies and suspicions, and nothing pleases them better than to set good men by the ears. We would abolish the eat in the army, but a slight taste of it in church circles, in a spiritual or metaphorical sense, might be a salutary warning. We have so much to do in combating the enemy that it is a shame to waste a moment in internal contentions; yet some are always creating mutiny and fomenting discontent. We cannot drum these people out of the regiment, but by keeping up a constant warmth of love we may make the place too hot to hold them. We cannot pitch the mutineer overboard, but we can give him a wide berth. If no one will join the maker of quarrels he will be powerless, and will either drop the habit, or remove to more congenial quarters.

23. Strikes or uses or offers any violence to his superior officer, being in the execution of his office.

Against elders we are not to receive an accusation without much deliberation, far less then may we speak ill of them without cause. Church officers are to be censured when they overstep their authority, but to resist their authority when they are carrying out their Master's rule is more blameworthy than many think. The Scripture saith, "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you."

24. Disobeys any lawful command given by his superior officer, being in the execution of his office.

Our great superior officer is the Lord Jesus. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Are all of us scrupulously obeying the words of our great Leader? The spirit which neglects a little command is not a little evil, for it is essentially rebellious. If the command be so small, why not keep it?

25. Deserts or attempts to desert Her Majesty's Service.

Alas, that any should do this! Yet this is the test of distinction between real grace and its counterfeit. Many declare that they will follow their Lord whithersoever he goeth, and yet in a short time they leave his standard, and consult their own interests by finding another leader. Backslider, are you a deserter? A deserter is a son of perdition, and belongs to the breed of Judas.

26. Persuades, endeavors to persuade, procures, or attempts to procure, any person subject to military law to desert from Her Majesty's Service.

When some men forsake religion they grow venomous, and fill others with their poison, never resting till they lead them into a like apostasy. It might surely suffice them to go to hell alone; but no, they must entice others thither. Lord, have mercy upon such.

These rules admit of a wider range of interpretation than our notes may indicate, but if they suggest holy caution, and lead our brethren to meditate in that direction, it is not in vain that we have placed them here.

C.H. SPURGEON.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY. VOL. I. THE APOSTOLIC AGE.

BY E. D. PRESENCE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

The course of thought in the present day has compelled Christian men to study the historical proofs of the truth of Christianity. Next to the life of Jesus Christ, the history of the early Christian Church is of paramount

importance, and in this volume, which treats of the apostolic age, we have a charming description of its progress and internal history. The author's literary genius, scholarly research, fascinating style, and deep piety are all here used to make his subject plain. The volume is a fitting and worthy sequel to Presence's "Life of Christ." Most emphatically do we commend this first installment of a great work, and we shall eagerly await the remaining volumes.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK (WITH PRAYERS AND HYMNS).
BY A. L. M. Hatchards.

A few short addresses, printed in clear, bold type, and selected specially for the sick. Some of the hymns are very beautiful and tender, but the prayers — but there — we are no judge of forms of prayer, and the less we say on that subject the better. The book is, on the whole, a praiseworthy attempt to minister to the suffering and afflicted.

NOTES

On Tuesday evening, July 1, about three hundred of the Teachers of the Tabernacle and branch Sunday-schools met for tea in the College buildings by invitation of the pastor. After tea, a profitable evening was spent in prayer, exhortation, and conference on Sunday-school work. We believe it will do us all good if we can have similar meetings every quarter; at all events we hope to repeat the experiment, as we understood one teacher who was present offered to defray the cost of the next gathering. That teacher was Mr. Andrew Dunn, candidate for the parliamentary representation of Southwark, who for years has conducted a senior class at the Stockwell Orphanage.

On the same evening, the annual meeting of the SPURGEON'S SERMON TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall. Mr. William Olney presided, and he was supported by Messrs. W. C. Murrell, C. F. Allison, J. T. Dunn, and T. Lardner, while the Orphanage choir sang suitable pieces between the speeches. The object of this society is to make known the way of salvation by means of the circulation of our sermons, which are issued as loan tracts. During the past nine years about 100,000 sermons have been thus circulated with gracious signs of divine approval. The expenditure for the year amounted to £74 14s. 11d., while the balance

in hand at the annual meeting was £3 2s. 10d. The Hon. Sec. of the Society is Mr. C. Cornell, 60, Hamilton Square, King-street, Borough, S.E., who will be happy to receive subscriptions or to give information concerning the work to persons who would like to form districts, and lend out the sermons around their own places of abode. This is an inexpensive way of doing good, and one which bears much fruit unto God.

On *Monday evening, July 7*, the annual meeting of the HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall.

During the year 1,512 ready-made garments have been sent out to ministers' families, in addition to 585 yards of material for dresses, while 258 pastors' or colporteurs' children have been suitably clothed. The expenditure for the past twelve months has been £84 13s. 31/2d., the value of materials and clothing received £158 15s. 11/2d., and the estimated value of the parcels sent out £247 ls. 6d. A balance of £3 2s. 9d. was due to the treasurer at the end of May. The report of the society was largely written by Mrs. Spurgeon; and this intimation will, we hope, induce many friends to send a stamp for a copy, and afterwards incline them to forward substantial help to this most deserving work. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Missionary Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

COLLEGE. — The only student who has become a pastor since our last notice is our son Charles, who has accepted the unanimous invitation of the London Baptist Association Sub-Committee and the Committee of South-street Chapel, Greenwich, to become the minister of that place. A new church has been formed, the chapel is filled, and the prospects are most hopeful. If our kind friends will pray for our son as they have done for us, we may expect to see the work of the Lord in Greenwich greatly revived, a vigorous church gathered, and a young minister enabled to commence his work under the happiest auspices. To friends who have aided the Greenwich church in its distress great praise is due. May they have their reward in the future history of the place.

Dr. Hillier has removed from Princes Risborough to Wingrave, Bucks: Mr. A. Macdougall from Aberchirder to Oban, N.B.; Mr. H. A. Fletcher from Alford, Lincolnshire, to Appledore, Devon: and Mr. G. W. Pope has left Thorpe, Essex, to become assistant to Mr. E. J. Silverton, of Nottingham.

During the past month we have had quite a succession of farewell meetings at the Tabernacle. Mr. A. V. Papengouth has left us for work in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society in Hayti. Mr. A. J. Clarke has gone to become pastor of the church at West Melbourne; Mr. H. H. Garrett, late of Merstham, Surrey, has sailed with him for Australia; and Mr. W. Hamilton has returned to his bishopric at Cape Town. The mention of these matters at the prayer-meeting has greatly tended to keep these meetings real and lively. There is reason for prayer visible to the people's eyes, and they do pray.

Mr. John Stubbs, of Eythorne, has accepted an invitation from the church at Allahabad to become their pastor; and Mr. D. Lyall, of Odiham, has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for mission work: at the Cameroons, Africa.

Our new *College tent* has been consecrated by the presence and blessing of the Lord in the services held by our brethren Mather, Maplesden, and Gwillim at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, which have been altogether a success.

Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire in Spain. — A letter recently received by Mrs. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland, from her daughter, Mrs. Wigstone, shows that our good brethren in Spain are still exposed to persecution of a most violent character. Returning from a very happy service in a village they were attacked in broad daylight by three different parties of Romanists under the command of priests, one of whom fired a gun at them from behind a tree, while the mob pelted them with stones. For a mile and a half our brethren had to run for their lives to get to the coach which was waiting on the high road to take them home. Through the protecting hand of God, Mr. Blamire was preserved from all harm, Mr. Wigstone's arm was hurt by one of the stones, and a friend in the village, who had gone out to see what had happened to them, received a severe blow on the head. This is a specimen of Rome's work where she has the power.

Messrs. Johnson and Richardson in Africa. — We have news from our colored friends down to the middle of May. When they wrote they had been for some time settled at their new station, Bakundu, Victoria, Cameroons, where they had commenced work under the auspices of the chief of the village, which contains about 1,000 people. This worthy was very ill in April, and thinking he was going to die, made his will. In one of the clauses he commended his youngest son to the care of the missionaries, and in another commanded his subjects to obey and protect the preachers

and their wives. He seems to have been still living when our friends wrote, and through his influence all the boys in the village had been sent to the mission school. On Sundays services are held in the hut which serves as a temporary schoolroom, and by this time Messrs. Johnson and Richardson are probably able to preach to the people in their own language, although at first they needed an interpreter. The people appear to be very favorably inclined to the missionaries, and ask them many questions about the gospel they bring.

The rainy season had commenced when the last letter was written, and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Richardson were still suffering from the fever, from which their husbands had recovered. They send very kind messages for all Tabernacle and other friends, and ask our prayers that they may be sustained and blessed in their work. If any friends wish to help them they need not send money, as that is of no use where they are, but they require clothes for the naked population, cloth, prints, buttons, cottons, thread, medicines, etc., for barter and use, and books, slates, pencils, etc., for their school of one hundred and six boys.

EVANGELISTS. — In another part of the magazine we have given Mr. Hill's report of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at *Leeds*. This month, from the 9th to the 25th, they are to be at *Blackpool*.

Sir. Burnham was at *Newport*, Monmouthshire, from the 6th to the 13th ult., and at *Blaenavon* from the 14th to the 20th. At Newport the services were so successful that the friends there were induced to continue them with local help for another week, and Mr. Burnham, on his return from Blaenavon, on the 21st, conducted a meeting for praise and testimony. The following report of the services has been sent to us, and the donation (£5 5s.) to the Evangelists' Society mentioned in the letter has come to hand, though too late to be included in our monthly list: —

“STOWHILL BAPTIST CHURCH,

“Newport (MON.),

“July 14th, 1879.

“Dear Mr. Spurgeon, — We have during the past ten days been favored with the assistance of your very efficient and attractive evangelist, Mr. Burnham. The week previous to his coming we had meetings for prayer every evening that a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit might accompany our brother's efforts. We record to

the glory of God that the large blessings which we had solicited, and expected to receive, have been bestowed. At most of the week-evening services five hundred persons were present. On Sabbath afternoons Mr. Burnham held services at which over one thousand pupils connected with the Sabbath schools of the Baptist churches of the town were present, accompanied by their parents, teachers, and other friends. On Sabbath evenings our chapel, which seats about one thousand, was well filled. Forty, chiefly young persons, have decided for Jesus. Our church-members, and ninny of the Lord's people in connection with other Protestant denominations, have had the Divine life in their souls greatly intersifted by means of our brother's visit.

“Our treasurer will in a few days remit to your Evangelist's Fund a donation, as an expression of the gratitude of this church and Sabbath-School for your kindness in sending us so amiable and efficient a brother. We regret we cannot do more. The local expenses have been considerable, and our town being on the confines of Wales, our members share in the terrible depression of trade which is so disastrous to the principality.

“My earnest prayer, and also that of the Church over which the Lord has placed me, is that your valuable life may be long spared and your health confirmed, so that you may win many more victories for Jesus.

“Respectfully yours,
“JOHN DOUGLAS, *Pastor.*”

ORPHANAGE. — OUR good friend, Pastor G. D. Cox, sends us a very glowing account of the service of song by the Orphanage choir at Sittingbourne. The net profit to the funds of the institution amounted to £22 2s., and for that result we are deeply grateful to all who assisted in any measure. Messrs. Wills and Packham have made us more than ever their debtors by their kindness to the boys and their liberal help to the work at Stockwell. One result of the orphans' visit is the promise of a freight of bricks for the Girls' Orphanage from Messrs. Smeed, Dean & Co.

Special Notice to Collectors — We shall be glad to have all collecting boxes and books brought in regularly every quarter, especially as we expect soon to have girls to provide for in addition to our two hundred and

forty boys. The next meeting of collectors and friends will be held at the Orphanage on *Wednesday, October 1st*. We will try to prepare an attractive program for the occasion, and shall hope to see a large company present, as we expect then publicly to inaugurate the Girls' Orphanage.

GIRLS' ORPHANAGE. — Up to the moment of writing we have received towards the purchase of the "Hawthorns" £2,206 8s. 6d. In addition to this we have promises of £50 and £25 for the same purpose, and a notice has been sent to us that a poor widow who recently died had bequeathed nineteen guineas to the Girls' Orphanage, and a similar amount to the Boys'. This will make a total of £2,301 7s. 6d. towards the £4,000 required for the house and grounds. We have also the promise of *six houses* when we are ready to build, a freight of bricks from Sittingbourne, and some gas fittings from Cheltenham. After we have paid for the ground we hope to take some girls into the house, and this will involve the furnishing of it, for which we have no means as yet. After this is done the funds for Boys and Girls will be one in all respects, *except the expenses of the new buildings*, and donors sending either for Boys or Girls will please to notice that their contributions will go into the same fund, for the Institution will be one concern.

We have been delighted with many of the letters which have brought us contributions for this latest development of our work, but we have not space to mention more than one or two. "A poor gardener with seven children" sends 10s., which he obtained for four pecks of gooseberries which he devoted to the Girls' Orphanage. He *says*, "I have no doubt so many will be anxious to share in the honor of assisting you in this matter that you will have to cry, 'Hold, enough!'" We have not yet come to that stage of the work. "A Friend of the Orphans," at Middlesbrough, sent us what he could afford, promised a monthly contribution, and wrote to a local paper to ask for subscriptions to be sent to us. We are much obliged to our unknown friend. A brother in the ministry asks us to send him some collecting cards in order that he may get various friends to collect a sovereign each, and adds, "If the brethren in the ministry will do likewise the amount will soon be raised."

Several amounts have reached us since the list of contributions was made up, including Mrs. T., £200; and "A Miracle of Mercy," £100. We have also received the following articles of jewelry for sale: — from C. P., a

watch, chain, locket, and ring; from "A Sermon Reader," a brooch; from A. P., Reading, a ring.

COLPORTAGE — It becomes increasingly evident that the objects and value of the Colportage Association are not known as they should be, beyond a very limited circle of friends who have watched its operations, and appreciated its value in spreading evangelical truth among the people. Hence it is very important that the testimony of those who have experienced the worth of Colportage should be made widely known. The following extract from the recently published Report of the Southern Baptist Association is full of interest and encouragement, and it is hoped will stimulate other local associations to adopt the Colportage agency. The report proceeds —

"The principal part of home mission work done by the association is that which takes the form of colportage. This has been carried on with unabated energy, and with results not less satisfactory than previous years. As the details of the work have been fully given in the reports of the last few years, it is scarcely necessary to repeat them now. A summary of this part of our work will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient. There are six colporteurs employed in connection with this association. Their work is mainly to visit villages, hamlets, and isolated houses, in order to sell copies of God's word, and books and periodicals of a healthy moral character. The returns which have been received for the past year show the following results: of the Word of God, either the entire Bible, the New Testament, or in Scripture portions, there have been sold 1,472 copies; of books and periodicals, 22,474; of smaller publications, 3,072; and these sales have realized the sum of £539 17s. 2d. These returns are not complete, however; they include none at all from one of the six districts; and in another, owing to the recent appointment of a new agent, they represent only three months' sales, Nor do these sales represent the entire work done. In one district 45 services have been held, in another 46, and in another 101. Thousands of Tracts have been distributed, two colporteurs alone report 13,965 visits made, whilst the Scriptures are read and prayers offered as opportunity is given. The pulpits, also, of some of our village chapels and stations are frequently occupied by our agents, and with great acceptableness, whilst work in the Sunday-school and in the week-night Bible class is also done. In connection with these manifold labors, it may not be uninteresting to note the following incidents: — One colporteur says that he 'was never so well received as now, and the books are

welcomed by all classes. In some cases clergymen are good customers, and several have inquired for Spurgeon's works.' Another reports that he is able to make sure sale at almost every house at which he calls, and he also speaks of happy results arising from his visits to the sick. Another tells of the manifest blessing of God attendant upon his preaching at one of our village chapels during the past nine months, leading two persons to unite themselves with the church of Christ, and awakening in others a desire for such union. From a fourth district it is reported that the sales skew an increase of nearly fifty per cent on last year's report; and this, too, in spite of interruptions to the work of your agent — one of which was owing to seven weeks' severe illness, brought on by overwork; and another through injuries received in an attack made upon him by three drunken men, and by whom he was left unconscious on the road during one of the most severe nights in the past winter. From the same district the superintendent speaks of having received from a poor woman 'a halfcrown as a thankoffering to God' for the spiritual light she had obtained from reading a book supplied by the colporteur. Another agent reports the hopeful conversion of an old man, to whom he had paid several visits.

"Regarding these as fairly indicating the results arising from this part of our Home Mission Work, your Committee are more than ever confident, that *it was a wise step taken when it was adopted by you, and that it will be evidence of progressive wisdom if you put it into the power of their successors to increase the number of your Colporteurs, and so widen the range within which the good influences of this agency shall be felt.*"

The italics are ours, and we call the attention of all thoughtful readers to the suggestions which they emphasize, but specially commend them to the secretaries and committees of local associations of Christian churches, believing that with great advantage they may "go and do likewise." The colporteurs in many districts are feeling the depression of trade severely, while in others the sales continue very good. There are also inquiries from several new districts, which we hope will lead to the appointment of additional agents. As the friends in some localities are finding it difficult to obtain the necessary local subscriptions, it is to be hoped that they will not allow the colporteur to be withdrawn without making the most strenuous efforts to retain him, as we can only maintain a man as long as the local guarantee is kept up. We trust also that our friends will remember the General Fund, which has not yet reached the necessary amount to relieve the association of anxiety in its working, much less to continue the advance

of the work into new quarters. Annual subscriptions are much needed, and will be gladly received.

PERSONAL NOTES. — The following letter comes to us from Dundee, Natal, dated May 26th, 1879: —

“My dear brother in Christ, — I cannot resist the temptation of spending a few minutes of my halting time on my way to join our soldiers on the Zulu border, to tell you of a little circumstance that will perhaps be cheering. In a small wayside hotel in a wild, lonely part of this colony

I found some copies of your sermons, and *The Sword and the Trowel* lying on a side table. I asked the old landlady how they managed to reach that out-of-the-way place. ‘Oh,’ she said, ‘Sir, I get them every month, and they are my best friends in the world.’ I had a good talk with the old lady, and found her a bright, happy Christian, and, although she *never* attends a public means of grace, and very seldom gets anyone with whom she can talk on things concerning her Savior, yet she maintains a quiet, settled peace, and it would have done you good to have heard her say, ‘The good I get out of those sermons is more than I can tell, and, although I have never seen dear Mr. Spurgeon, yet he preaches to me every Sunday, and I love him very very much.’ She also told me that she forwards your sermons after perusal to a Christian brother in some lonely place, and he, every Lord’s Day, gets his friends and neighbors together, and holds a service, and regularly reads your sermons to them, with the happy result of some three or four souls being soundly converted.

“I am in the Wesleyan ministry myself, but always take in your sermons and periodical. I have had the pleasure of distributing many of them to the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Pietermaritzburg, and am taking some to the front, where I am going to try and do what little good I can to our soldiers.

“It is time now to ‘inspan,’ and I will conclude.”

A lady sends us the following extract from a letter recently received by her from a Presbyterian sergeant in the 92nd Highlanders in Afghanistan: —

“Thanks for sending us five of Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons. I have hardly had time to read them myself; the men are all so anxious to have them, and not only the Christian brethren, but others of the men were glad to get them to read, and you may know how glad I was to let them have them. The

sermons really set me a heart-searching: they went home to my heart with living power.”

A friend from the country who was at the Orphanage *fete* on June 19th writes thus: — “While waiting and hoping to have an opportunity of speaking to you, a respectable young sailor came up to me to ask if I could point out Mr. Spurgeon to him, adding, ‘I am all alone here, but I do so want to look upon Mr. Spurgeon. I have just come home from sea, after having been away from England for thirteen months. Our steward was a true Christian, and he prevailed on nine of our crew to meet him to hear Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons read, and seven of the nine have now decided for Christ, and I do so want to look at the man whose sermons have led me to Jesus. When I left England, thirteen months since, I scorned the Tabernacle and religion.’ I was delighted with the young man’s earnest and intelligent conversation about the gospel, and was sorry that I lost him in the crowd.”

A friend, who sends us £1 for the Girls’ Orphanage as a thank-offering from his niece, says: — “She wishes me to inform you of the great spiritual good she has received from reading your sermon, ‘Eyes Opened.’ (No. 681.) Her case has been very remarkable: she has been very ill for more than twelve months in a decline, wasted to a mere skeleton, and not able to taste a bit of bread for a long time. She had long been very thoughtful and anxious about her soul, but could not obtain peace and satisfaction until reading the sermon the Holy Spirit illuminated her mind, and enabled her to see and embrace Christ as her Savior. From that time she began to improve in health, and is now, to the astonishment of all her friends, able to take daily walks for a considerable distance. When she had found peace she said, ‘I must now do something for Mr. Spurgeon.’ She heard of the Flower Mission, and has sent some flowers two or three times, and also wishes to send some money. I herewith send £1, and wish I could send a hundred.”

Distribution of Gospel portions in Russia. — Our readers will be well acquainted with the political troubles of the Russian Empire, and with the fact that thousands of persons are punished by banishment to Siberia. It is little that we can do for those who suffer this dreadful fate, but it is possible to give the distressed people the Word of God. We are informed that a Russian nobleman who takes a deep interest in the circulation of the Scriptures has telegraphed from St. Petersburg. “Now is the time to distribute the Scriptures. What sum will you authorize me to expend?” In

answer to this telegram Mr. Hawke sent £75, but £500 would not have been too much.

Every donor of £4 places 1,000 gospels in the hands of as many people. Contributions may be sent to Mr. William Hawke, the Bible Stand, Crystal Palace.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

TIMELY CAUTIONS.

**AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE TABERNACLE
PRAYER MEETING, BY C. H. SPURGEON.**

WE have great reason to bless God for the rich mercies we have enjoyed as a church and people for many years, in the unity of the brotherhood, the zeal of the workers, the number of conversions, the success of all our enterprises, and the growth of the whole body. It is on my heart to say a word upon another subject — a subject which presses heavily upon my heart. I beseech you, by the mercies of God, and by the love of Christ Jesus, your Lord, that as members of this church you do nothing which would grieve the Spirit of God, and cause him to depart from among us. Remember how Israel suffered defeat because of Achan. One man only, and one family only, had broken rite divine rule, but that sufficed to trouble the whole camp. Achan had taken of the accursed thing and hid it in his tent, and all Israel had to suffer defeat because thereof; how much more may a people suffer if sin become general among them and is allowed to walk abroad unrebuked. At this time I am greatly mistaken if the church of God is not suffering grievously from the sin of its own members, sin in its own midst.

As I look abroad I am grieved and have great heaviness of spirit at what I see among professing Christians, not here and there, but almost everywhere. Many Christians nowadays do not order their families with godly discipline as becometh saints. I am thunderstruck to hear of Christian men who allow their sons to drink, to keep late hours, and even to swear, while their daughters are dressed as gaudily as the gayest of the gay. It grieves me that some professors have no family prayer, and have no command over their children whatever, but seem as if they thought that the duty of a father was to let his children have their own way in all things, and make him their slave. We have too many of the race of Eli, who perhaps

say, "Do not so," but exercise no authority, and put no real check upon the sins of their sons. This is a great source of evil. The Lord said, "I know Abraham that he will command his children and his household after him," and where households are not ordered aright we cannot expect that the Lord will show special favor to the parents. A husband is the king of his household, and if he allows everything to be in a state of anarchy he must blame himself in some measure. A husband cannot always govern his wife, for here and there a Jezebel is to be met with, but there are certain things which he should never permit in her if he be a Christian man, and if he fails in his duty of preventing and forbidding sin God will certainly visit him for it. In ourselves, and in our partners, children, or servants, evils are not to be winked at, but put down with a strong hand. May God grant us wisdom and strength of mind to discharge our duty at home! To show piety at home is to show real piety. Time was when there was not a professing family without family prayer, but now there are scores in which it is never offered. You can some of you remember that, if your father was absent on business, your mother carried on the daily sacrifice; and when mother was sick there was found a boy or girl who would read the Scriptures and pray, so that the holy fire was not allowed to go out. If there be no gathering together for prayer in the morning how can we expect to be prospered in the duties of the day? If there be no meeting for prayer at night how can we expect the Lord to guard the tents of Jacob through the night watches? If prayer be neglected in our families, how can we hope to see its spirit pervading our churches?

Another very serious matter concerns the amusements of professing Christians. I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theater, that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into the great sewer to improve its aroma. If the church is to imitate the world, in order to raise its tone, things have strangely altered since the day when our Lord said, "Come ye out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing." Is heaven to descend to the infernal lake to raise its tone? Such has been the moral condition of the theater for many a year that it has become too bad for mending, and even if it were mended it would corrupt again. Pass by it with averted gaze, the house of the strange woman is there. It has not been my lot ever to enter a theater during the performance of a play, but I have seen enough when I have come home from distant journeys at night, while

riding past the play-houses, to make me pray that our sons and daughters may never go within the doors. It must be a strange school for virtue which attracts the harlot and the debauches. It is no place for a Christian, for it is best appreciated by the irreligious and worldly. If our church members fall into the habit of frequenting the theater, we shall soon have them going much further in the direction of vice, and they will lose all relish for the ways of God. Theater-going if it become general among professing Christians will soon prove the death of piety. One finds the taste for such things increasing on all hands, insomuch that we cannot enter places of entertainment once dedicated to science and art without finding ourselves before long in the presence of something like a theatrical performance. I do not doubt that these things, which may be in themselves harmless enough, have tended to create and foster the taste which leads ultimately to the theater and its surroundings. Who can suppose amusements surrounded with the seductions of vice to be fit recreation for a pure mind? Who could draw near to God after sitting to admire the performances of a wanton woman, and I am told that some who have dazzled London society are such. When manners are growing every day more lax and licentious, shall the Nonconformists of England cease from their godly protests and lower the standard of their lives? If they do so their spiritual power is departed, and their reason for existence is gone. If there ever could be a time when Christians might relax their rigidity, it surely is not now when the very air is tainted with pollution and our streets ring with the newsboys' cries vending filthy papers and abominable prints. It is sad to hear how people talk about acts of sin nowadays; how young men and women without blushing talk of deeds which deprave and destroy, as though they were trifles, or themes for jests. It is a thousand pities that the ends of justice should require the publishing of unsavory details. I suppose there are grave objections to certain cases being heard more privately, otherwise it would assuredly be better for public morals. As for those who not only commit lewdness, but take pleasure in those who do it, — "Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret." My heart often cries, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." It will, indeed, be ill for the church of God if her members should become impure. In these days we must be doubly strict, lest any looseness of conduct should come in among us. Actual sin must be repressed with a strong hand, but even the appearance of evil must be avoided.

My dear brethren and sisters, be ye pure; whatever you are not, be pure in heart, and lip, and life. Never indulge an evil imagination, much less speak that which is unclean: let it not once be named among you as becometh saints. A lascivious glance, a doubtful word, a questionable act must be earnestly avoided; anything and everything that verges upon the unchaste must be eschewed. Only the pure in heart shall see God. We are all subject to human passions, and this wretched flesh of ours is all too easily fascinated by those who would minister to its indulgences, and before we know where we are the soul is led into captivity. Watch unto prayer; watch especially in these evil days. Cry, "Lead us not into temptation," and if the prayer be sincere you will keep far from doubtful haunts. Make a covenant with your eyes that you will not look upon that which pollutes, and stop your ears from hearing of licentiousness. Pray God to keep your heart pure and holy. Watch your lips lest they spread corruption when speaking of sin. I do not fear so much your going into gross open sin as your doing that which will take you a little way upon the road to it. I think it is Augustine who tells a story of a young friend of his who had the greatest horror of everything connected with the Roman amphitheater. A heathen friend tried to persuade him to enter the Colosseum, and as he was very hard pressed and was under some obligation to that friend he determined to go just once, but to keep his eyes and ears closed all the time. It would seem to be a very small risk to sit there as one who was blind and deaf, but in the middle of the sports the people so loudly applauded a certain gladiator who had pleased them that he opened his eyes and ears to discover what it was all about. From that moment he was spell-bound; he looked on, and enjoyed the sight, and though before he could not bear the very mention of it, he came at last to be a regular frequenter of the cruel sports, and a defender of them, and after a short time he abandoned his profession of Christianity. Beware of the leaven of worldly pleasure, for its working is silent but sure, and a little of it will leaven the whole lump.

Keep up the distinction between a Christian and an unbeliever and make it clearer every day. Have you never heard of the minister who complained of the devil for running off with one of his church-members? The fiend replied, "I found him on my premises, and therefore I claimed him." I, also, may say, "Stop!" to the arch-deceiver, but it will be of no use if he finds you in his domains. Every fowler claims the bird which he finds in his own net. This is the argument, "I caught him in my net, and therefore he is

mine.” We shall in vain try to dispute this right of property with the arch-enemy, for possession is nine points of the law.

Avoid the appearance of evil. “But we must not be too rigid,” says one. There is no fear of that in these days. You will never go too far in holiness, nor become too like your Lord Jesus. If anybody accuses you of being too strict and precise do not grieve, but try to deserve the charge. I cannot suppose that at the last great day our Lord Jesus Christ will say to anyone, “You were not worldly enough. You were too jealous over your conduct, and did not sufficiently conform to the world.” No, my brethren, such a wrong is impossible. He who said “Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,” has set before you a standard beyond which you can never go.

“Well, but,” says one, “are we to have no enjoyments?” My dear friend, the enjoyments which are prepared for Christians are many and great, but they are not such as savor of sin and folly. Do you call vice and folly amusements? Then I do not grudge your mirth. When I go down into the country I see the farmer’s men carrying out great big pails of hog’s-wash for the swine, and I never grudge them their dainty meal. I never protest against their having a full trough twice over. But do I partake with them? Not I. Not I! I have no taste that way. Do I therefore deny myself? Certainly not! It never struck me that there was anything desirable in their rich mixture. I have no doubt that it has a fine flavor to the creatures for whom it is prepared; at least, it is very sensational, and seems to be highly appreciated. So, when persons can enjoy the pleasures of the world and sin, let them have them: poor souls, they have nothing else to enjoy, they have no paradise for their hereafter, they have no Jesu’s bosom to lean their heads upon for the present, let them have that which makes them happy while they can be so. But when I am talking to the children of God I adopt another tone, since for you these things have no charms if you have, indeed, tasted the high delights of fellowship with God.

“But,” say you, “I should greatly enjoy a little of the pleasures of sin.” Judge yourselves, then, to be falsely called children of God. “He that is born of God doth not commit sin,” by which is not meant that he does not fall into sins of infirmity, but that it is not his delight to commit sin, it is not the way of him, he is a new creature, and he finds his joy and pleasure in living as near to God as possible.

“How far may we go in conformity to the world?” is a question that is frequently asked in men’s hearts, if not in so many words. Have you never heard the story of a lady who wanted a coachman? Two or three called to see her about the situation, and, in answer to her inquiries, the first applicant said, “Yes, madam, you could not have a better coachman than myself.” She replied, “How near do you think you could drive to danger without an accident?” “Madam, I could go within a yard of it, and yet you would be perfectly safe.” “Very well,” she said, “you will not suit me.” The second one had heard the question upon which the other had been rejected, and therefore he was ready with his answer, “Danger! madam, why I could drive within a hair’s breadth, and yet be perfectly safe.” “Then you will not suit me at all.” When number three came in, he was asked, “Are you a good driver?” “Well,” he replied, “I am careful and have never met with an accident.” “But how near do you think you could drive to danger?” “Madam,” he said, “that is a thing I never tried, I always drive as far away from danger as ever I can.” The lady at once replied, “You are the kind of coachman I want, and I will engage you at once.” Get such a coachman as that yourself, to guide your own heart, and lead your own character. Do not see how near you can go to sin, but see how far you can keep away from it. If you do not take that advice, and if the Spirit of God does not work in you purity of life, by-and-by the church will have to hold up its hands and say, “Who would have thought it? These were the nice young people of whom so much was expected; these were the good people who used to say, ‘You must not be too strict,’ and where are they now?” To avoid the worst keep clear of the bad.

As for your Lord’s work, be bound to the altar of Christ and be united for ever to him, and I am sure if such be the case you will not find that you are losers by giving up worldly pleasures. The Lord’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. There is a safe and sweet pleasantness in holy living, and the pleasantness lies very much in the fact that an abounding peace springs from it. God grant us grace to keep in these peaceful paths, even though others should call us Puritans and ridicule our holy fear of sin. Amen.

NOTICE ON BOOKS

“WITHIN THE PALACE GATES”: A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK. 1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.

A KING’S daughter has gone from us, a woman altogether consecrated, and having much to consecrate. All the church mourns the silencing of this sweet poet’s song, second to none among the tuneful sisterhood. Mr. Bullock has done well to cast an *immortelle* upon the grave where an immortal spirit has left its clay till the resurrection morn. Her hymns, which were all for Jesus, shall be sung wherever the gospel is preached, “for a memorial of her.”

THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY: A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. VOL. IV. BY E. DE PRESSENSE, D.D. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

THE four volumes of this work are a splendid addition to our stores of church history. We might not in all points agree with our author in his views, but we are greatly indebted to him for his facts; and we so highly appreciate the book that we place it among those which every student should possess. It fires the soul to read of great deeds set forth in such stirring words: it is a special means of grace to come under the influence of such an author when he is handling such a theme. The volumes in the cheap edition are 7s. 6d. each, and this is a very moderate price for a production which has cost so much time and labor. Miss Harwood-Holmden, so far as we can judge, has admirably executed the translation. We suggest that every minister should have these four volumes presented to him by some wealthy hearer.

THE CLASSIC PREACHERS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN EDWARD KEMPE, M.A. JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

ALTHOUGH our author looks upon preachers from a standpoint very different from our own, we have been right glad to know his views of the classic preachers of the English church, and to find ourselves, in general,

agreeing with him. The sketch of Donne is admirably drawn. With Wilson, that true bishop of an extinct order, we were greatly pleased. Andrewes, too, in the second volume, is most excellent. In fact, for ministers the two volumes are the best known to us upon their special subject, and we feel refreshed by having read them.

NOTES

ON *Sunday evening, Aug. 10*, the regular hearers at the Tabernacle once more vacated their seats to allow strangers to occupy them. If the building had been twice as large as it is it would have been none too spacious for the crowds that sought admittance. As it was, we packed in as many as we possibly could, and preached to them with all the power that the Lord gave us. The sermon is published (No. 1,489. *The Plague of the Heart*), and may be still more widely blessed if Christians will circulate it where it is likely to be useful.

This special effort was preceded by earnest supplications at the regular prayer-meetings, by the pleadings of a meeting of chosen soul-winners held in the afternoon, and by the united prayers of the pastor and deacons in their private vestry. It was delightful to observe the discipline voluntarily kept up by the Tabernacle friends; for none of them wore present, nor thought of being so. There are generally a few crooked folks who will never fall into rank, or agree to anything which approves itself to others, but we saw no specimens of these irregulars, and we are under the impression that we have no such individuals at the Tabernacle. The idea of giving outsiders an opportunity of hearing their pastor commends itself to the universal conscience of the people, and therefore all carry it out cheerfully. The pastor appreciates this loving unanimity, and takes this opportunity of rendering his hearty thanks to one and all. Few ministers have to thank their hearers for stopping away, but we do so most heartily, accepting the action as one of the surest tokens of intense unity of heart in the Lord's work.

The visitors for that evening were a remarkable mixture, comprising the workman in his usual garb, the west-end gentleman in the height of fashion, the sober Friend and the solid man of business, and all other kinds of people. The higher and lower ranks were equally well represented; men were, as usual, much in the majority, the clergy were in force, soldiers

blazed in red here and there, and the usual church-going middle-class element filled in the picture. It was a great crush, and the atmosphere was dense and drowsy, but the attention was unbroken and the feeling deep. At the close our spiritual sharp-shooters gathered up each one his share of those wounded by the word. Results, however, are better seen after an interval than immediately after the service. So it has ever been with our ministry. The converts do not rush excitedly into an inquiry room, but they think over what they have heard, and where the arrows have entered the soul the convinced ones come forward in due time.

COLLEGE. — The following students have accepted pastorates since the last notice. Mr. J. Rankin settles at Guildford, Surrey; and Mr. J. C. Brett will endeavor to resuscitate the Baptist church at Welling-ton, Salop; we bespeak for him the aid of our good friends in that region. Mr. T. Napoleon Smith takes charge of the churches at Monks Kirby and Pailton, Warwickshire; Mr. E. S. Hadlet succeeds Mr. Pope at Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex; Mr. W. Clatworthy goes to co-operate with our esteemed friend, J. Hannington, Esq., at Fishersgate, Sussex; and Mr. J. Taylor begins work at Campden, Gloucestershire.

Mr. Timothy Harley, who has been for some years pastor at Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A., has returned from America, where he was tried by the yellow fever, and has accepted an invitation from the church at John-street, Bedford-row. Mr. D. Asquith has removed from Brixton to Clarence-street, Landport; Mr. W. A. Davis from South Shields to Melton Mowbray; and Mr. John Clark from Dartmouth to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Mr. W. Miller has fallen asleep during the past month. He was a good brother, though he lacked firmness of mind. After leaving the Baptist denomination to become for a while a Free Methodist he returned to his first principles, and was restored to the College Conference a month or two before life ebbed out. His tender, gentle, holy spirit is now free from the troubles which were too many for his heart to bear.

We have lately received quite a batch of foreign letters from various ministers connected with our College Conference, and the tone of most, if not of all of them is very cheering. Mr. White writes from *Japan* to tell us that he has opened his new preaching station. It is only a room, but as soon as it is filled the movable front is removed, and the people in the street hear the preacher's message. He mentions that he had just received the good news that a thousand persons in one of the inland provinces were asking to

be baptized. He hopes soon to translate some of our sermons into Japanese.

From *Calcutta* we have an earnest appeal for more Christian workers in India. Mr. Blackie is doing what he can, for beside his pastorate at the Lall Bazar he has been teaching native boys and girls in the mission schools, he is secretary and treasurer of the Benevolent Institution, and secretary of the Baptist Indian Mission, and the Calcutta Temperance League. He is hoping soon to be able to labor entirely amongst the natives.

Mr. Dyke sends us a long and interesting account of the work of our brethren in *Canada*. He specially mentions the help they have rendered in connection with the new Home Mission and Systematic Beneficence schemes. He sends us tidings of Messrs. Grant, Forth, Lennie, Willis, Holmes, and Cook, all of whom seem to be doing thoroughly well. Our beloved brother, J. A. Spurgeon, hopes to see all these brethren during the months of September and October, and we hope his presence will inspire them and all the Canadian friends. Particulars of his trip we hope to give in our magazine.

Mr. Kendon has arrived safely in *Jamaica* after a very pleasant voyage, and has now settled down to work at Old Harbour. Mr. Berry expected to baptize twenty-five persons this month, making seventy-five for the year.

Mr. Downing, of *Brisbane*, and several of our brethren in *America*, have also written us very encouragingly of their progress and prospects. Let the name of the Lord be praised.

The students re-assembled August 12th, and are now in full work. We have a larger number of men than ever before, and yet we have refused a host of applicants. Our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers, having retired through age, his place is for the time occupied by Dr. Davis and Mr. Wrench. Our young men are throwing their hearts into their studies, and several of the older men are men of special promise. Of more than thirty new men whom we have admitted we shall write with more confidence after a few months' trial. The readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* have not, we hope, forgotten that we have more than one hundred men to support. The income just now is very small. The donations received this month are old promises made at Mr. Phillips' supper, and donations given at the Weekly Offering: apart from this nothing has come in, or next to nothing, for the friends have been thinking of the Girls' Orphanage. This, however, does not stop our

expense of some £140 per week for this College work alone. God's blessing on the work will be seen by our latest tablet of results — .

Ministers who have been educated in the College, 470; New Churches formed, 132; persons baptized, 36,123; Students in the College, 110; Students in the Evening Classes, 200.

For carrying on this great work we have no resource but God, and he will not fail us, but will issue commands to his good stewards to see that this work never flags for want of the silver and gold.

EVANGELISTS. — During the time set apart for their holiday, Messrs. Smith and Fullerton conducted special services at *Paisley* and *Dumfries*, and in both places much good appears to have been done. On the 9th ult. they commenced at *Blackpool*, where they were to remain until the 25th. The hot weather seems to have prevented them from having such large congregations as usual indoors, but in the open-air great numbers gathered to listen to them. It takes time to arouse a town fully, and we hope that by this time even the blackest pool in Blackpool has been stirred. These brethren, it seems, find it a holiday to go on preaching, and we are glad they find it so; but we should feel all the easier about them if they would pull up and rest hard at vacation times: it would be true economy.

This month, from the 7th to the 21st, they are to be at *Burnley*. We hope that all believers in that town will unite to seek of the Lord a revival by their means. The sole aim of our evangelists is to win souls, and they are by no means of an exclusive spirit; all may help them and feel safe in so doing.

We wish to remind all friends who desire the services of our two brethren during the year commencing March, 1880, that applications must be sent to the Committee, Society of Evangelists, Metropolitan Tabernacle, not later than the first week in the present month.

Concerning our other evangelist, Mr. Burnham, who works single-handed, Mr. Tidman, the pastor of King Street Baptist Church, Blaenavon, writes as follows: — “A week of special prayer prepared the way for Mr. Burham's coming. Arrangements were made so that every house should be visited, and that a personal invitation to the meetings should be given. A lively interest was maintained throughout the week, the attendances were good, the power of God was manifested in each meeting, and anxious inquirers were conversed with at the close of each service. We hope to send you a thank-offering to help your Evangelists' Fund.”

This is the way to profit by an evangelist: to prepare for his coming by prayer, maintain him while present by prayer, and follow up his work by prayer.

Mr. Bairnham has been resting during the past few weeks, and this month, from the 5th to the 26th, he is to be among the hop-pickers at *Goudhurst*, in Kent. Our regular readers will remember the interesting report that; he wrote for us after his visit to the hop-gardens last year.

ORPHANAGE. — We beg to repeat the special notice we gave to collectors last month. We shall be glad to receive all collecting boxes and books, on or *before Wednesday, October 1st*, when the next quarterly meeting will be held at the Orphanage. We hope to give a lecture on “Incidents connected with Hymns,” which our good friends, Mr. Duncan S. Miller, and the Royal Poland Street Handbell Ringers, have kindly offered to illustrate with their bells. A meeting will probably be held at the “Hawthorns” in the afternoon, but full particulars will be announced as soon as we can make definite arrangements. We hope to make of the meeting *an opening fete for the Girls’ Orphanage*, and our country friends will not be disappointed if they come up and rejoice with us. Proceedings will commence at three.

The Boys’ Orphanage is so full that the trustees can issue no more application forms till next March. Will friends also note that the boys continue to send up their plates for more, and also to wear their trousers out at the knees, and we should therefore be glad if the subscriptions would come in more freely. We are glad that so many help us to build for the girls, but please don’t starve the boys. To rob Peter to pay Paul is very bad, and to starve John to feed Mary is quite as bad.

GIRLS’ ORPHANAGE. — Once more we have to adore the lovingkindness of our faithful and blessed God for having marvelously supplied the wants of the work to which he has called us. Our friends know that we bought a house and grounds called the “Hawthorns” for £4,000. This we needed the means to pay for. For various reasons the payment of the purchase-money for the “Hawthorns” was delayed until July 30th, and *on that very morning* we received a letter telling us that a gentleman had died and left £1,500 for the Girls’ Orphanage, thus bringing up our total to within a very small sum of the amount required. The whole £4,000 is now all secured, including this legacy, and the property is our own, and in the hands of the whitewashers and painters. Heartily do we endorse the expression of the friend who sent us the good news, “The Lord has wonderful ways of using

people to get together means for his work.” The story of that legacy and of other gifts is a very remarkable one, and may some of these days be told. It illustrates the wisdom and faithfulness of the Lord, and tends greatly to strengthen our faith.

Now that the house and grounds are our own we shall at once make a beginning, and as soon as the furnishing is completed shall be prepared to take about fifty girls. Applicants and their friends are particularly requested *not to write to Mr. Spurgeon, or any of the trustees*, but to direct all applications to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, S.W. None but fatherless girls, who are really destitute, and between six and ten years of age, will have any chance of admission. Further information will be sent upon application to the secretary.

We have now the promise of *seven houses* when we are ready to commence the new buildings. What hath God wrought! Schoolrooms must be built and an infirmary, so that there is still an opportunity for large donors to take a portion of the work and finish it outright. We have given as a frontispiece a picture of the “Hawthorns,” but it may so happen that we shall not long use the house itself for an Orphanage. We purchased it for the sake of its grounds, and when we have built on the garden it may be thought wise to let the house or to dispose of it advantageously. Possibly also we may have to exchange our site for another, if the owner of the plot of land which intervenes between the Orphanage and the “Hawthorns” does not allow us to purchase upon reasonable terms. Of this our “Notes” will inform our readers from time to time.

We shall need donations to furnish the house with, and then we shall want increased help to feed all the boys and girls. Our special friends could help us much if they would let us send them collecting books. We want to get a little band of helpers who would correspond with us personally, and help us regularly by collecting in different towns and villages. among their friends.

COLPORTAGE. — Will all our readers examine carefully the annual report of this society, and give it all the help they can? No more needful or efficient agency exists, and yet we have to live from hand to mouth in reference to it from lack of capital and shortness of funds. Even in this, however, the good Lord does not leave the work actually to fail, but finds us just enough in the hour of emergency to prevent the machinery from

actually standing still. Surely if some of his stewards were to consider this good work and its needs we should soon cease to be in fear of straits.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND. — Our clear invalid continues her good work of supplying poor ministers with books. The demands are as numerous as ever, and the gratitude felt by the receivers is exceeding great. Those who have taken part in this gracious work would be indeed gladdened if they knew the good accomplished by helping poor pastors to feed their own minds.

Mr. Bartlett wishes us to say that he has a number left of his mother's memoir, which he will be glad to sell. Those who remember that eminently useful lady, and would be pleased to see what her son says of her, may order the little volume of our publishers, Passmore and Alabaster. The price of the book is 2s. 6d.

PERSONAL NOTES. — A brother minister, who signs himself "A daily petitioner at the throne of grace on your behalf," sends us the following note: "About September, 1869, I attended the Tabernacle in company with my wife on a Thursday evening. Your text was, 'And Lot . . . pitched his tent toward Sodom.' As I listened to your earnest appeals, especially to Christians, my soul was stirred to its depths, and I could not but bedew the seat in the gallery with my tears. I felt a new baptism of love for souls, and returning home we both dedicated ourselves afresh to God, to spend and to be spent for those who know not the Savior. I can truthfully say I have a measure of that power with me up to the present time, and since that memorable occasion I trust I have been enabled, both in the open-air and in chapels, to win many souls for my Master, some of whom are gone home, and others are on the journey. To him be all the praise!"

A friend in Jersey, in sending us a donation for the Girls' Orphanage, writes: "I have been a reader of your sermons these seventeen years or more, having had sent to me monthly the Australian papers in which they appear weekly. God has been graciously pleased to bless them to the salvation of my soul. I had almost begun to think my Savior had forgotten me. I knew I had long ignored him. I have lately found out the way to procure them in any number, and have gladly availed myself of it. I think I have now near six hundred of them. I lend them out in books of fifty. I prize them above every other means of grace save *the* Book. As you so frequently want money for the good works in which you are always engaged, I thought you would not despise my trifle. I wish it were fifty

times as much Receive my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the unspeakable good your sermons have afforded and still afford me.”

A friend in Glasgow, who signs himself, “Your loving son in Jesus,” gives us the following particulars of blessing received from one of our sermons: — “About two years ago a sermon of yours entitled ‘The Search Warrant’ appeared in the *Christian Herald*. I had been anxious long before, but the Wednesday evening that this sermon came I went away into the country to read it. Oh! I was in earnest that night. When I was sure I was alone I stood and cried to God in prayer. In this prayer I was led to ask but one thing, viz., that Spurgeon’s sermon might be the means of saving my soul that night. I opened the paper, and read it with great attention. The Spirit was with me, and when I got half-way through brought home to me the words, ‘the very simplicity of faith makes the difficulty.’ I had always been searching for some dark, mysterious, hidden thing. Back I went to the beginning, with a firm resolve to read it simply. Then I saw how one thing after another was cast down, and Faith herself was made a standing-ground on which to place the only thing that I could see left in the whole sermon, the beautiful, glorious, ‘altogether lovely’ form of our wounded Emmanuel. Christ was everywhere, and even myself had vanished, for I was a new creature Thank God for a Spurgeon to preach ‘The Search Warrant’ !”

A friend writes from *Manchester* to tell us that her father, who has been a great drunkard for many years, has become a believer in the Lord Jesus, and has recently joined a Christian church. She says, “It is all through reading your ‘Seven Wonders of Grace.’”

The following is an extract from a letter of one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission: — “We stayed over the Sabbath at Tsong-ko-bu In the evening, after reading Mr. Spurgeon’s sermon on ‘The Hiding of Moses by Faith’ (No. 1,421), I gave the substance of it in Chinese to our native pastor and the preacher at the above place, and then with deep-felt earnestness I prayed God to spare dear Mr. Spurgeon to the church of Christ, and to the world, for many years to come. The Chinese cannot pronounce ‘Spurgeon’ correctly, so we call Mr. Spurgeon in this quarter ‘Sze Pah-jing,’ *i.e.*, ‘The Successor or Continuator of a Hundred Virtues’ — the word ‘hundred’ in Chinese stands for an indefinite number.”

From Natal we have received a cheering letter, which contains the following references to our sermons: — “In 1860 I emigrated to South

Africa, and on board the ship 'John Masterman 'I received the first of your sermons I ever saw, and during our voyage they were read every Sabbath for divine service for the Presbyterian part of the passengers. I so loved your sermons that if I only got a spare leaf of one I treasured it, and put it away. I have a wife and eight children. I live on a small farm twelve miles away from my place of worship, and I have established a school on the farm, and with my own family, the schoolmaster, and some of the children, we muster a small band of from fifteen to twenty-two on the Lord's-day evening to read one of your loved and highly appreciated sermons, and we seem to be as familiar with your name as if we met every Sabbath at the Tabernacle. I write this to let you know that even in this far away place you have hearers that you knew not of. At the same time I take the opportunity of sending you the small sum of £5, which you can appropriate wherever it is most needed.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle-May 1st, nineteen; May 26th, twenty-four; May 29th, seventeen; June 23rd, sixteen; June 26th, sixteen; July 3rd, nineteen; July 28th, ten; July 31st, fourteen.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

OCTOBER, 1879.

“PRECIOUS FAITH.”

2 Peter 1:1

A SERMON BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

SIMON PETER, above all other servants and apostles of Jesus Christ, was aware of the value of faith. We often learn to value things by lacking them as well as by possessing them, and Peter, had been thus instructed, for on several occasions he had to regret its absence. Once he walked the waters with his Master for a while, “but when he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid,” and though the outstretched hand of Jesus prevented him from sinking he had to suffer the kind reproof, “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?” How precious would that grace have been that could have kept him walking in spite of winds and waves! And when in Pilate’s hall the tauntings of a servant-maid provoked his hasty tongue to oaths and curses, was not his faith at fault? If he had trusted once he would not have denied twice. As soon as he ceased relying he began denying. Had his eye of faith been “looking unto Jesus” no after-glance from Christ would have filled his eyes with tears. But Peter was not always deficient of this grace; he knew its worth by having and by exercising it; for instance, he could not well forget how in the obedience of faith he did, at Christ’s command, let down the net, although exhausted and discouraged by a night of unrewarded toil. How precious was the faith that filled the ship with fishes, and resulted in that miraculous draught which was to Peter the beginning of yet greater things, for then Christ said — “Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.”

Not only from such experiences as these, but also from the direct teaching of his Master, did Peter learn to value faith. “Simon, Simon,” said his loving Lord, “Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” What other conclusion could Peter come to than that a gift specially prayed for by his

Savior — a grace which evidently could foil the devil if it did not fail — was, indeed, worth the having? There is little cause for wonder, then, that when the sifting was over, and he was converted and stablished, he should endeavor to strengthen the brethren who had obtained “like precious faith.” Thus had the apostle learned to hold in honor — for such is the true meaning of his words — the faith for which his Master prayed. It shall be my endeavor to give some reasons why this grace was counted so worthy of esteem by Peter, and why we who have obtained a faith equally honorable should value it as much as he. Its worth, I trust, will increase to us as we consider, first, its divine origin; secondly, the precious objects to which it is directed; and thirdly, the rich blessings it procures.

I. FAITH IS PRECIOUS AS TO ITS ORIGIN.

Every good and perfect gift cometh from above, but in an especial sense “faith is the gift of God.” When the King of kings unlocks his treasures he gives no choicer gift than this. From his *Providence* proceeds a train of blessings, and men are everywhere enriched with bounty from his generous hand. He is ever giving. In the morning he scatters seeds of kindness, and at eventide he does not withhold his hand. With unerring wisdom he throws the shuttle of our daily life, and adds by every throw another thread of mercy to the fabric, framed and fashioned by his favor. To his people he is specially gracious. He is as the dew unto Israel, and shines with love on every drop; but these are a portion only of his ways, his *Treasury of Grace* is stored with blessings richer far than ever Providence can offer. When Jesus rose triumphant o’er the grave, he sat at his Father’s side “to receive gifts for men,” and faith must reckon first within the catalogue. It is the joint present of a mighty God and a merciful Savior. We obtain it from God, the gracious donor, by way of the nail prints of the Mediator, and back it flies as soon as it is ours to the same wounds by which it came, and thus to God who gave it. So heavenly a gift cannot, be too highly estimated. This is the choicest of “the precious things of heaven” allotted to sinful men by a sovereign God. Certain it is that we could not attain it; it could never be ours to prize did we not obtain it as the gift of God. The Father and the Son are thus the sources of this heaven-born stream. While it is the Father who gives this good gift unto his children, it is the Son who prays for its preservation in his disciples. The faith that enables me to say, “Lord, I believe,” has come from God; and now to Christ I pray, “Lord, help my unbelief.”

Nor must we forget the Holy Spirit here. Was he not sent “to convince the world of sin because,” said Christ, “they believe not on me”? Is it not he, “the Spirit of Truth,” who shall guide us into all truth, and thus to faith in Jesus who is “*the Truth*.” Remember, also, that after “ye heard the word of truth, and after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance.” “By his Spirit God garnished the heavens,” and by the same divine energy he has kindled in our hearts the faith which, alas, too often flickers like the twinkling stars, but which shall at length outshine them. We look upon God as the giver, to Jesus as the author and finisher, and to the Spirit as the sealer of our faith. What wonder, then, that we call it precious!

We have sometimes seen a picture painted by two or more artists. One skilled in landscape produces rolling clouds or flashing sunlight, waving fields and a rippling stream. Another pencil drives the cattle to slake their thirst at the crystal brook, while yet a third enlivens all the scene with a ruddy peasant boy or a smiling village girl. Now, if each artist is a master of his own peculiar branch of art, the product of their united efforts will indeed be valuable — the signatures of three distinguished men enhance its worth. What if I say that Jehovah — three in one — has in some such sense worked with his Son and Spirit to perfect in us this grace. Great artist, finish thou thy work! Nor lay thy palette down till faith is lost in sight! O Trinity of love and power, we covet earnestly this best gift! It has a triple value from its threefold source.

II. CONSIDER, SECONDLY, THE PRECIOUSNESS OF FAITH AS TO THE OBJECTS BELIEVED IN.

The value of any article depends considerably upon circumstances surrounding it. A house, however substantial or ornamental, is valueless if its situation be unpleasant; and an anchor, be it never so strong, is useless if sunk in shifting sand. There is a hope that is not real, and faith which is not worth the name. Many earthly confidences are beautiful, but beauty is not value. They are ingeniously devised, cunningly constructed, but being of the earth, earthy, they prove “like a spider’s web.” Ours is a precious faith, in that we trust to things imperishable. Our hope shall never shame us, for we “have faith in God.” “O Lord God of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.” To us who believe, Christ is precious, and hence the faith itself is priceless. That man is most valued by his employers who brings to light from ocean’s depth the choicest pearls, and our faith, like such a

diver, has found a pearl, to us the goodliest of all and of great price, and, while the prize is precious, the faith that grasped it is held in honor too. How can we ever prize enough the confidence which made us open a long-closed door, and let our Savior enter? Unbelief had kept him waiting, and we loathe it: faith raised the latch, perchance with trembling fingers, and we love it.

Oh, to have a confidence so honorable that it relies on nothing else but Jesus, and, like Noah's dove, finds rest alone within the ark! Dear Lord, my faith would keep her hand on that dear head of thine. Thou blessed Scapegoat, thou hast borne my sins away, and ever must I prize the faith by which I laid my sins on Jesus. Is not this confidence most precious, too, from its connection with "the precious blood of Christ"? For ever honored be the look by which I saw his wounds, and found they bled for me. Many a time before he had bidden me "look and live," but my eyes were holden till "precious faith" removed the veil, and made me know "it was the Lord." What a view it was as first it burst upon my midnight gloom! Then did I behold "the King in his beauty." The King thorn-crowned was beautiful with blood; he had within his hands and on his side the price of pardon, and I perceived 'twas all for me. Precious is the blood that cleanses us, and precious, too, the hyssop-branch wherewith it is applied. O for grace to trust this precious blood still more and more, till, like the feasting Israelites within their blood-stained doors, we fear no sword of vengeance, and only wait complete deliverance from the land of death and darkness. The blood is precious that provides so sweet a passover, but the faith that trusts the blood is priceless too.

Think, also, of "those exceeding great and precious promises which are given unto us," and which are inherited by faith. Like ships of merchandise, our hopes go forth ballasted with expectation, but soon return with riches from afar. We send the reapers forth in faith, and, behold, they return at eventide, "bringing their sheaves with them." But for the vessels the treasure could not be ours, but for the reapers the harvest would be unappropriated, and hence the value of the agents which make the gold of Ophir, or the golden grain, or these golden promises, our very own.

In the old days of falconry the hunter prized that bird the most which seized the choicest prey. So train your faith that it can grasp the promises, and it will grow in value daily. Fain would I keep thee, O my faith, upon my finger's end, not chained and hooded, as the falcons were, but waiting

and watching, ready any time to fly in search of spoil. Go, grasp that promise; far distant as it seems, and hardly meant for me, my faith shall bring it near. Secure that prize, and make that pleasure mine. O for a falcon faith to go a-hunting for us! How precious it would be!

We love the faith by which we learn to love the best Beloved, to trust his blood, and to inherit the promises. Faith is thus to us a brooch of gold which clasps a sinless Savior in the center — the pearl of great price. About him and above are rubies rich and rare, — “his precious blood”; and diamonds sparkle round, — the greatest and most precious of his promises, all glittering with blest anticipation, flashing with the light of coming joy.

III. Let me remind you, lastly, of THE BLESSINGS FAITH PROCURES. They are numberless and all of wondrous worth. O how sweet the faith that makes them ours! The key is valuable, although it be not one of gold, which yet unlocks the treasury; and the thread is greatly prized, however common, which penetrates the labyrinth, and leads to wealth and joy.

Faith is as precious as the air we breathe, for “the just shall live by faith.” By faith we take our infant steps as babes in grace, and growing stronger every day it leaves us not in death, but lights the face with heavenly glory, and inspires a longing” to be with Christ, which is far better.” May it be said of us, “These all died in faith.” Meanwhile, “we believe to the saving of the soul,” and “are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus,” and “shall receive an inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith.” Here are salvation, adoption, purification, and coming glory — all through faith.

Fellow soldiers of Christ, “By faith ye stand.” “Fight the good fight of faith,” “putting on the breastplate of faith and love,” “above all taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked,” and “this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” See here a complete armory for the Christian warrior, and what is best of all, his victory too.

O blessed harness that thus ensures a triumph! I would be always clad in armor such as this. O precious panoply that promises I shall prevail! My helmet is my crown, my breastplate is my chain of gold, my sword becomes my sign of victory.

‘Faith is the spring-tide sunshine that sets our hearts a-singing — “believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” It is the porch of the Palace of Peace, for “we which have believed do enter into rest.” It is the crook in the great Shepherd’s hand that keeps us near himself, for “we are kept by the power of God *through faith* unto salvation.” Faith is the vestibule of the baptistery, for “if thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.” It is the cord of unity which binds all faithful Christians to one another and to their Lord, as of old “the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one mind” It is the Master’s “peace, be still,” that ends our toiling and stops our tossing, for “being justified by faith, we have peace with God.”

Think what faith has done for others and may do for us. It opens the mouth to show forth God’s praise, as saith the Psalmist, “I believed, and therefore have I spoken.” It also stops the “mouths of lions.” When creation was blotted by man’s sin, faith kindled Abel’s acceptable offering, and faith is still “the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.” It took Enoch up to walk with God on golden pavements. It built the ark at God’s command and sheltered righteous Noah. The father of the faithful obediently prepared to slay his son — his faith in God stood even so severe a test. Faith benefits the young and old — it kept a guardian watch on baby Moses in his bulrush ark, and by it; “the elders obtained a good report.” Faith is a test of the preciousness or otherwise of earthly things — a balance in which even the reproach of Christ is found to outweigh the treasures of Egypt.

Faith blows the rams’ horns round the walls of Jericho until it brings them down; but while it thus destroys strongholds it does itself become the shelter and protection of a sinful Rahab. Many an one has faith helped in dying — it has brought some back to life. This grace is suited to all conditions and equal to all occasions, The strong find here their greatest power, and the weakest saint by its magic influence; “laughs at impossibilities, and cries ‘it shall be done.’ It pleases God and perplexes the devil. It honors Christ and humbles Satan. It enables man to do everything — it prevents Satan doing anything. It helps in sorrow — it blesses in joy. No heart should be without it.

The *troubled heart* most have it. It turns bitter into sweet, and makes the mourner sing: —

*“What though a cloud o’ershade my sight,
Big with affliction’s tear,
My faith, amid the drops that fall,
Discerns a rainbow there.”*

The *anxious heart* should have it, for nothing soothes so well. Faith like an unsuspecting child, serenely resting on its mother’s arm, reposing every care upon her God, sleeps on his bosom and expects no harm; receives with joy the promises he makes, nor questions to his purpose or his power. She does not doubting ask “Can this be so?” The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

The *glad heart* needs it. When all goes merry as the marriage bell “have faith in God.” Trust not these transient joys, for that same bell which peals thy pleasure now may toll thy trouble on the morrow. Keep us, O Lord, in joy or sorrow, “faithful unto death.” Let not “the subtle chain that binds us to the infinite” be ever snapped or even weakened.

Sinful heart, thou needest faith although the want be never felt. Or, if thou dost acknowledge that this one thing is lacking, seek it straight from God. It must ever be his gift. Howsoever foul or sick thou *art* thy faith shall make thee whole. *Only* trust him. Trust *him only* Question not the possibility of such a change: “All things are possible to him that believeth.” Thy inbred sins shall be plucked up by the roots, yea, the mountain of thine iniquities shall be removed into the sea. Hear what thy Master saith who waits to heal thee: “Believest thou that I am able to do this?” If thou canst not say at once, “Lord. I believe,” present the hearty prayer, “Lord, help mine unbelief.” “To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.” O what a sweet and simple way of salvation, yet how secure — “trusting Jesus, that is all!”

*“Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him whate’er befall,
Trusting Jesus — that is all.”*

Thank God, we have learned that that is quite enough. Our faith is now so precious that we wish we had a thousand times as much, — “Lord, increase our faith.” Amen.

THE BEST CONDUCT TOWARDS UNBROTHERLY BRETHREN.

WE are bound to own as brethren all those whom God owns as children, and we may not fall into the anti-christian humor in which some abide who un-church, if they do not unchristianize, all who do not gather to their assembly. It is true we have among us a peevish, contentious sect, who in the name of unity denounce all but their own clique, but we may not refuse to love even these. If they will not unite with us we cannot help it; our only care must be to make sure that the disunity is all on their side. Inasmuch as they revile our church-order, and foolishly ridicule it as "system," we must show that it is part of our system to bear patiently the hard speeches of weak-minded brethren. Even if they disclaim *us* it will be our duty to call *them* brethren, notwithstanding their disclaimer. Their conduct is now so well known that none will believe them when they claim to be the pattern community, and it will be the more sure of speedy condemnation if we, each one of us, live to unite all believers, the exclusive ones included, and so by a contrary behavior judge and condemn their schism. The worst harm that uncharitable brethren can do us is to render us as uncharitable as themselves. Remember that though they exclude others they may not themselves be excluded from our Christian love, for the most bigoted brethren are brethren still.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THIS is a very silly business: stopping the plough and wasting the time of a man and a boy and four horses to catch a mouse. The reader smiles at the picture, but we have often felt ready to cry when we have seen the thing done in real life.

A number of Christian gentlemen on a committee, with business to do for the Lord which concerns thousands of souls, will wrangle over a point of order, or a matter of detail of the most minute importance, delaying great movements upon a subject not worth so much as one poor mouse. A whole denomination of Christians will debate and dispute over merely personal differences which only in the smallest degree affect the grand enterprise in which heaven and earth are concerned. A body of Christians will split into

pieces over a petty quarrel, a personal feud, or an infinitesimal point of opinion, while all around them the masses are perishing for want of the gospel. Thus a miserable little mouse, which no eat would ever hunt after, takes them off from their Lord's work. Good men will spend months of time and heaps of money in inventing and publishing mere speculations, while the great field of the world lies un-ploughed and the hemlock of vice is running to seed all over it. In other matters a little common sense is allowed to rule, but in the weightiest matters foolishness is sadly conspicuous. O that love to God and a concern for the salvation of men would lead good men to use their brains and their hearts, and leave little things alone while eternal matters call for their attention.

Reader, as for you and me, let us kill a mouse when it nibbles our bread, but let us not spend our lives over it. Let us give our chief attention to the chief things, the glory of God, the winning of souls for Jesus, and our own growth in grace. There are fools enough in the world, and there can be no need that Christian men should swell the number.

NOTES.

ON *Friday evening, August 29*, the annual meeting of the workers connected with GREEN WALK MISSION, Bermondsey, was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. We hope next month to insert an article on this work, and therefore for the present we simply say that all goes well with the regiment under the leadership of our dear friend, Mr. William Olney, jun., and that we wish them every blessing upon their loving labors. Few churches have for their whole array such a valiant host as this which works the GreenWalk Mission, and yet this is only one detachment of the Tabernacle army. The Lord be praised! People must work for Jesus to be strong in the faith, and joyful in the Lord, as these brethren are.

ON *Friday evening, September 12*, the annual meeting of Miss IVIMEY'S MOTHERS' MEETING was held in the College Lecture-hall. Through the kindness of the esteemed sister who supports Miss Ivimey, and enables her to carry on this excellent work, two hundred poor mothers were entertained at tea, and we had the pleasure of providing for one hundred more of our Tabernacle neighbors. After tea we had a lively meeting, and amid the lifting up of the infant voices — music sweet to mothers' hearts — we gave our guests the best advice we could. Having to leave to attend

a second meeting, we left the chair to Mr. Charlesworth, who is more at home amid the blue-eyed cherubs. What with kind speeches and sweet singing the evening was filled up in a manner which will, we hope, be fraught with permanent blessing to many who were present. To get working people together, and prove our hearty sympathy with them, is a work of which the churches must do more and more. London and other great cities writ drift into absolute heathenism unless the church seeks out the indifferent and gathers in the poor. We must bring the people to ourselves if we would bring them to Jesus. We cannot save them by keeping them at arm's length.

At the same time, the annual meeting of MR. PERKINS'S BIBLE CLASS was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. On his arrival from the other meeting the Pastor presided, and delivered an address on the necessary qualifications of soul-winners, if they are to be successful. These he summed up under seven heads: holiness of character, spiritual life, deep humility, living faith, thorough earnestness, simplicity of aim, and complete surrender to the direction of the Lord. Several of the young brethren gave addresses, and in the name of the class Mr. Perkins presented to the Pastor £14 for the College, which was gratefully accepted with the remark, that as the class supplied several of the students it was appropriate that it should help in supporting them — thus finding both men and means. Young men in London who are at liberty on Sunday afternoons will do well to connect themselves with this or one of the other Bible-classes which meet at the Tabernacle, or elsewhere. It is well for all young people, away from home, in large towns, to form holy, helpful associations for themselves, by joining with such bands of Christian people. We must all have some society, and this sort of society is a blessed preservative from the many temptations of the world, and is often a means of comfort in times of trial. When young people come to London their parents should direct them to some minister or Bible-class leader, and at the same time write to these good people to request them to look after their sons. Many would thus be saved from the evil influences of London life.

On *Wednesday evening, September 17*, our dear friend, Pastor F. H. White, delighted a large audience at the Tabernacle by delivering his lecture on "Sermons in Trees." It was a pleasure to us to take the chair, and to listen to the gracious words in which the lecturer explained the spiritual lessons from the natural objects represented by his beautiful dissolving views. If ministers give lectures let them be in the same line as

their sermons. God's servants have no right to become mere entertainers of the public pouring out a number of stale jokes and idle tales without a practical point. We are distressed at the entertainments now allowed in connection with places of worship, and aided, abetted, and assisted in by ministers. When the Lord comes to purge his temple, the scourge of small cords will be greatly needed in some places that we know of. To make religious teaching interesting is one thing, but to make silly mirth, without aim or purpose is quite another.

Those who wish for truly spiritual, gracious, profitable lectures should engage Mr. White. His lantern illustrations are in the best style of art.

COLLEGE. — Lecture *by Jon B. Gough*. We would call immediate attention to the lecture which is to be given in the Tabernacle on *Friday evening, Oct. 3*, on "Eloquence and Orators," by the eloquent orator, John B. Gough. This esteemed brother, after spending an evening at our house, most generously offered to give a lecture in aid of any one of our institutions, and as the College expenditure is specially heavy just now, we have most gladly accepted his kind offer on behalf of that work. Seldom have we had a greater joy than in making the acquaintance of John Gough. He is a deeply experienced man of God, and our communion with him was exceedingly sweet. We are greatly enriched by having won his heart as he has won ours. God speed him as a temperance man, for with him true religion leads the van.

Since our last notice Mr. W. F. Harris has settled as pastor of the church at Chesterfield, Derbyshire; and Mr. R. W. Ayres has returned to his mission work at Matching Tye, Essex. Mr. W. J. Tomkins has removed from Barking, Essex, to Ridgmount, Beds; and Mr. T. E. Rawlings from Wellington-road, Stoke Newington, to Boxmoor, Herts.

On *Monday evening, Sept. 15*, we had an unusually large number of friends at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. Many were, no doubt, attracted by the announcement that three of our brethren would be present to say farewell before they left us for the foreign mission field. These brethren are Mr. R. Maplesden, who has now sailed for Madras, to become pastor of the English Baptist church there; Mr. Jno. Stubbs (late pastor at Eythorne) who will be leaving this month to take charge of the church in Allahabad; and Mr. D. Lyall (late pastor at Ocliham) who is about to sail for the Cameroons, Africa. Each of the missionaries gave a short address. Mr. Sampson, of Folkestone, spoke a few kind words, but most of the time was

spent in prayer, and real prayer it was, too, each pleader seeming to lay hold of the Angel of the Covenant, determined not to let him go until a blessing was received.

Before these lines reach our readers we shall have had another triple farewell, for on *Monday, Sept. 29*, we expect to say “*Good-bye*” to our son Thomas, and the two ministers who are going with him to Australia, Mr. R. McCulloch, from the College, and Mr. J. S. Harrison, who left the College a few months ago and settled at Blackburn. Mr. Gibson, a generous Christian gentleman of Tasmania, pays the passage of these two brethren that they may labor in that island. It is a severe trial thus to be separated from a loving and beloved son, but the will of the Lord be done. We commend our son again to the loving care of those Australian friends who so generously received him on his first visit. He will need rest, but after a while, we trust, he will resume his preaching, go through the Australian colonies, visit New Zealand, and then settle down somewhere in the southern world. Such is the program which our imagination has mapped out, but how little we know of the future! His parents surrender him to the Lord’s work abroad, hoping one day again to see him in the flesh, and firmly believing that he will do good service for the Lord in the colonies. Beloved by the church at the Tabernacle and by all at home, we fondly hoped that our son would have had a useful career in England; but infinite wisdom cannot err.

We have received the good news of the safe arrival in *New Zealand* of our esteemed student, Mr. H. Wood. He had a splendid voyage, which seems to have materially benefited his health. Though very ill at first he was able to preach on the third Sabbath, and from that time conducted a service on board every Lord’s-day until he landed, and the word was blessed to the conversion of at least one of the passengers. As soon as he reached Auckland he received an invitation to preach at Willoughby Street, Thames, with a view to the pastorate, and we hope by this time he is hard at work in his new sphere. Thus does the Lord call forth our young brethren to all parts of the world, and our heart is glad, because we know that wherever they go they will preach Christ crucified.

Our colored friends, Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, report that they are laboring on in *Africa*, “teaching and building,” but they are rather unsettled on account of threats of war from neighboring tribes, who seem jealous because the missionaries settled at Bakundu. While writing, we are

informed that Mrs. Johnson has died of fever. We trust the news will not be confirmed, but our heart aches for our brother at the very idea of such a crushing blow. They were a happy pair, and the survivor will keenly feel the separation.

Mr. N. Papengouth, of *Naples*, writes: "We are going on steadily in spite of all the difficulties that arise from the ignorance, superstition, and corruption of the people. We are now seriously thinking about starting night and day schools — the young are the hope of Italy." He reports the arrival of his brother, Alexander, at *Hayti*, and says of him: "He seems to be in good spirits, and humbly trusts in God's help." May the Baptist Mission find in Alexander a valuable missionary!

From *Rio de Janeiro* Mr. J. M. G. dos Santos sends us an account of the mischief wrought by the Plymouth Brethren in the church gathered by the disinterested labors of Dr. Kalley. How sad that in the presence of Romanists Christian men should overthrow a good work by their unpractical peculiarities! O that their grace were but equal to their knowledge! As they cannot agree among themselves we cannot wonder that they agree with nobody else.

Mr. Hamilton writes to tell us that he is back again at *Cape Town*, after a fine, quick voyage, and sweet season of rest. He had a most hearty reception, and found that during his absence the work had been well maintained by Mr. Batts, about twenty persons having joined the church while he was in England. He hopes to begin building his new chapel at once.

Mr. Batts sends us word that his health has improved, and that he expects shortly to go to *Port Elizabeth* to relieve Mr. Stokes, who is returning to England for a time in order to gain fresh strength for his work in Africa.

J. A. SPURGEON. — A card has reached us from our brother in New York, stating that he has arrived safely. He has arranged to meet all our Canada men in Toronto on September 26. All our brethren in Canada seem to be doing well and enjoying the divine blessing.

EVANGELISTS. — Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been at *Burnley*, Lancashire, during the greater part of the past month. The services have been very largely attended from the commencement. Our brethren estimated that 20,000 people were reached during the first week. In one of Mr. Smith's letters he says — "We are touching just the class we cater for,

the rough men who go nowhere. We have nightly in our meetings the men who twelve months ago were rioting on strike, and they give us no trouble, but sit as still as Mr. Murrell's coalies." On two of the Sunday afternoons, when the meetings were especially for men, one of Spurgeon's sermons was given to each person through the kindness of our friend and deacon, Mr. Murrell. As the time for closing the services drew near the evangelists were entreated to remain longer, and this they have consented to do. It is too early to calculate the spiritual *results*, but we anticipate that Burnley will retain the remembrance of our brethren's visit for many a day to come. A local paper says — "Throughout the week large crowds have filled the Mechanics' Hall every evening, many having been unable to obtain admission. On Wednesday evening the crowd was so great that an overflow meeting had again to be arranged in Salem School-room, and the earnest spirit of the people was very apparent, for whether addressed by the evangelists themselves, or as in the case of the overflow meeting, by local ministers, the same evident interest and attention were shown. Besides this, a noon prayer meeting has been held in the Mechanics' Hall every day, and considering the time and object of the gathering, it has been remarkably well attended — increasing as the days go on. All the meetings are of a most interesting and useful character. A cheerful spirit always prevails, but this is never allowed to degenerate into mere trifling, and indeed there is often a deep solemnity in the midst of some earnest appeal from the preacher or some touching song from the singer."

This month, from the 5th to the 19th, the evangelists are to visit *Stafford*, and in November they will once more hold special services in the Tabernacle.

Mr. Burnham, our other evangelist, has been, for the past three or four weeks, in Kent, amongst the hop-pickers. The wet weather has caused the picking operations to be later and lighter than usual, and consequently the evangelists have at present had fewer opportunities of reaching the people who are usually found in the hop-gardens at this time of the year. Still, from his head-quarters at Goudhurst, Mr. Burnham, accompanied by Mr. Kendon, the pastor of the church in that village, and Mr. Kipling, of the London City Mission, has made several holy raids into the surrounding districts, and we trust that in this way some of the devil's slaves will be converted into good soldiers of Jesus Christ. For the present month Mr. Burnham's engagements are as follows: — October 5 to 12, Chepstow; 13 to 19, Leamington; 20 to 26, Markyate Street; 27 to Nov. 2, Bedford.

ORPHANAGE. — The friends and supporters of the Stockwell Orphanage will rejoice with us that another of “our boys” is studying with a view to the Christian ministry. This will be number three. The letter conveying the good news says, “His name is T. H. Williams. He left the Orphanage about seven years ago, and has just proved a successful candidate for admission to the Baptist College, Haverford-west. He stood third amongst the eleven who passed the examination.”

The following letter will answer the double purpose of proving the benefit of the Boys’ Orphanage, and the need for a similar institution for Girls: —

“August 21, 1879. “Rev. Sir, — Permit me once more to offer my very sincere thanks for the great care and kindness bestowed on my son Alfred at your Orphanage. I feel I cannot be too thankful, nor speak too highly of the interest taken in my boy. I do not know what I should have done but for the care and kindness which provided for him in your happy home. The greatest comfort to my mind is that their spiritual welfare is so much thought of, for if there is one thing more than another that I claim for my children it is that they may be good and useful in the world and in the church. I do believe that only the day of judgment will reveal the good done by your Orphanage alone. *I only wish I had such a home for one of my little girls.* I was left with six, one of whom was born a week after my husband’s death. I buried the eldest last year, and have still three depending entirely on my own exertions. Some months last year my rooms were unoccupied, which will take me a long time to recover, but the Lord will provide, my trust is in him.

“Pardon me, sir, for again troubling you with my poor thanks, and may God spare you, and make you a still greater blessing in every department of your Christian work, is the earnest prayer and wish of, yours very respectfully,

“Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.” “ — — —

“Our quarterly collectors’ meeting being held on *October* 1, we must postpone an account of the proceedings until next month. But we hope on that day to take full possession of the ground intervening between the Hawthorns and the Orphanage, and thus the square piece of land will be in our possession for perfecting the institution.

GIRLS’ ORPHANAGE. — We are glad to be informed that our ever-faithful friends, Messrs. Wills and Packham, Sittingbourne, have decided to follow

the good example of Messrs. Smeed, Dean, and Co., and present a freight of bricks for the Girls' Orphanage. We heartily thank Messrs. Smeed and Dean; may they prosper!

Mr. G. E. Arnold, the pastor of Conduit-road Church, Plumstead, also promises us £25 worth of timber if we can use it in the new buildings, or if not, he will find another way of helping us. Friends who give us the option of using their gifts in this manner render us a double service, and we are all the more grateful to them.

COLPORTAGE. — The secretary (Mr. W. Corden Jones) writes Sept. 12: — “It is with great regret that the Committee have been compelled to suspend operations in seven out of the ten districts occupied around Birmingham, but they trust that a revival of trade in that district will encourage local friends to subscribe the required amount of £40 a year for each man to resume operations. It is a pity that such a good work should be crippled in that locality. Last year the ten colporteurs stationed in the suburbs of Birmingham sold 31,253 publications to the value of £550 17s. 3d., visited 172,637 families, and conducted 137 services, besides visiting 493 sick and dying persons in out-of-the-way places. We are quite prepared to resume work in as many districts as will guarantee £40 a year. During the last month applications have been received for the appointment of colporteurs in Andover and Kettering, while inquiries of a hopeful nature have been received from others. A good work is progressing in many of the districts in the conversion of souls. A copy of the Annual Report will be sent to any address on receipt of a postage stamp.”

We have made many earnest appeals as to this Colportage work, which seems to us to be one of the most important departments of Christian service; but we have not succeeded in convincing many, or, at least, in leading them to give their aid. We must, therefore, we fear, abandon one sphere after another, and lessen the number of laborers. This will cost us many a pang, but it cannot be helped. We can only use the amount entrusted to us, and when this is diminished we certainly shall not spend money in pressing advertisements, but shall take it as a sign that we must slacken sail. The responsibility of this will not, however, rest with us, but with those who come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. It is a painful subject, and we care not to enlarge. The Lord is good, and whether his stewards are faithful or not, he abides for ever true to those who trust in him.

PERSONAL NOTES. — We rejoice to hear that our sermon on “The Divine Call for Missionaries” (No. 1351), has been the means of leading another young man, beside the one mentioned in our “Notes” for June, to consecrate himself to the work of foreign missions. Mr. Broomhall, of the China Inland Mission, sends us the following extract from the papers of an accepted candidate: — “What is your motive for wishing to become a missionary?” “The glory of God in the salvation of the heathen.” “What has led you to think of doing so?” “A sermon by Mr. Spurgeon on ‘The Divine Call for Missionaries.’”

One of the bandsmen of the 73d Regiment writes from India to say that he receives our sermon every week by post, and that on a Sunday evening the soldiers will read “Spurgeon’s Sermons” when they will read nothing else of a religious character. He states that after a sermon has gone the round of fifty or sixty men, it is returned to him all black and fringed through the wear and tear.

Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, says concerning the sermons — “In my professional calling I have had abundant opportunity of knowing the good they do. Space would not allow me to dwell on this point, but I mention the illstance of one of my own servants several years since. When he was waiting for me every day at the hospital gate I observed that he sat down on the step of the carriage and began to read. I asked him what he was reading and he said it was a tract his mistress gave him, and that it was the nicest thing he ever read, as he could understand every word of it, and he wished that every minister would preach like that. I looked at it and found it was one of Spurgeon’s sermons.”

Mr. Wilhelm Haupt, missionary to the Edinburgh Ladies’ Auxiliary to the German Baptist Mission, in his last quarterly report, writes as follows: — “My own son, Willy, now seventeen years of age, came from Barmen, where he is at school, to spend his Easter holidays with us. Shortly before, I had received some of Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons from Dr. B., amongst which was one entitled ‘The Seven Sneezes ‘ (No. 1461), from the text 2 Kings 4:35, ‘And the child sneezed seven times.’ Having read this sermon, and believing that it was well suited to his case, I asked my boy to translate it into German for me. During the work of translation I could plainly see that what I had hoped was taking place, the Lord was touching his heart and showing him his position. When he had finished the translation I asked him whether he too felt any signs of life, and he acknowledged he desired

from his whole heart to become a Christian. He has not yet full assurance of faith, but the Lord has begun his work of grace, and I have every reason to believe he will complete it. I am very grateful for the gift of these splendid sermons, from which I have derived much blessing.”

A Scotch friend, in sending us a contribution for one of our works, explains that it is a thankoffering for the enjoyment and profit derived by him and his late wife from reading our sermons. He tells us that he is so deaf that he cannot hear his own minister’s voice in the service of the sanctuary, and his wife was too ill to go to church for two years before she died, so they were both very grateful to get every Saturday the sermon, which supplied them with spiritual food for the Lord’s-day. The writer further says, “Since my wife’s death I have, after reading your sermon, given it to a friend, whose wife is also in very weak health, and has not been able to go to church for nearly two years. They enjoy the sermon very much, and after reading it pass it on to a neighbor, who also enjoys it. I think you might take occasion to drop the hint that *each reader might seek out some invalid person* who is not able to go to church, and *make a present of the sermon* instead of allowing it to lie idle on the shelf, The sick friend above mentioned was visited by the late Rev. James Robertson a few days before his decease. She told him that her own minister called to see her so seldom that she might now say that she had no church connection; but she greatly enjoyed the reading of Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons. ‘Oh, then,’ replied Mr. Robertson, ‘you will just consider you are one of Mr. Spurgeon’s people.’”

One of our church-members, in thanking us for our recent sermon on Psalm 57:4, “My soul is among lions,” writes: “You may be sure when I had the beerhouse in — that my soul was among lions. You may not remember that your preaching was the means of my closing that house on the Sunday in spite of great opposition, persecution, and personal loss. I kept it closed on the Sunday with one exception, when the devil tempted me to open it, but Christ gained the victory, and enabled me to close ever afterwards on the Sunday. I closed on the same Sunday as you opened the Tabernacle. If every minister could be the means of closing one public house on the Sunday the victory would be won. The sermon on Zechariah 14:20 (‘A Peal of Bells,’ No. 399) decided me to join the church.”

A brother Baptist minister, in sending us a contribution for the Girls’ Orphanage, says, “During nearly twenty years’ ministry I have been often

helped and encouraged by your sermons, which I regularly read and lend to others. May the Lord long spare you to his church!"

We were amused when we were informed of a notice that recently appeared in a shop window in Newcastle. Underneath a lithographic likeness, or what professed to be such, was the announcement, "SPURGEON REDUCED TO SIXPENCE." The kind friend who sent us the intelligence expressed the hope that we were not quite so poor as the notice implied.

This leads us to remark that we shall be compelled to leave England in November and December to escape the fogs. At this time, or a little later, we have been ill for several successive years, and we are advised to go away before the illness comes, in the hope of getting strength to go through the rest of the winter. This we mean to do. Our only difficulty is that during our absence funds fall off, and therefore it would be a very great relief if the stores were well replenished before we went from home. This would make our holiday doubly restful.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: — August 28th, fifteen; September 4th, twenty-three.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

NOVEMBER, 1879.

WHAT IS IT TO WIN A SOUL?

A COLLEGE LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I PURPOSE, if God shall enable me, to give you a short course of lectures under the general head of "THE SOUL WINNER." Soul-winning is the chief business of the Christian minister, indeed, it should be the main pursuit of every true believer. We should each say with Simon Peter, "I go fishing," and with Paul our aim should be, "If by any means I may save some."

We shall commence our discourses upon this subject by considering the question — "*What is it to win a soul?*"

This may be instructively answered by describing what it is not. We do not regard it to be soul-winning to steal members out of churches already established, and train them to utter our peculiar shibboleth: we aim rather at bringing souls to Christ than at making converts to our synagogue. There are sheep-stealers abroad concerning whom I will say nothing except that they are not "*brethren,*" or, at least, do not act in a brotherly fashion. To their own Master they must stand or fall. We count it utter meanness to build up our own house with the ruins of our neighbors' mansions; we infinitely prefer to quarry for ourselves. I hope we all sympathize in the large-hearted spirit of Dr. Chalmers, who, when it was said that such and such an effort would not be beneficial to the special interests of the Free Church of Scotland, although it might promote the general religion of the land, said, "What is the Free Church compared with the Christian good of the people of Scotland?" What, indeed, is any church, or what are all the churches put together as mere organizations if they stand in conflict with the moral and spiritual advantage of the nation, or if they impede the kingdom of Christ? It is because God blesses men through the churches that we desire to see them prosper, and not merely for the sake of the churches themselves. There is such a thing as selfishness in our eagerness for the aggrandizement of our own party, and from this evil spirit may

grace deliver us. The increase of the kingdom is more to be desired than the growth of a clan. We would do a great deal to make a Paedobaptist brother into a Baptist, for we value our Lord's ordinances; we would labor earnestly to raise a believer in salvation by free will into a believer in salvation by grace, for we long to see all religious teaching built upon the solid rock of truth and not upon the sand of imagination; but at the same time our grand object, is not the revision of opinions but the regeneration of natures. We would bring men *to Christ*, and not to our own peculiar views of Christianity. Our first care must be that the sheep should be gathered to the great Shepherd; there will be time enough afterwards to secure them for our various folds. To make proselytes is a suitable labor for Pharisees; to beget men unto God is the honorable aim of ministers of Christ.

In the next place, we do not consider soul-winning to be accomplished by hurriedly inscribing more names upon our church roll, in order to show a good increase at the end of the year. This is easily done, and there are brethren who use great pains, not to say arts, to effect it, but if it be regarded as the Alpha and Omega of a minister's efforts the result will be deplorable. By all means let us bring true converts into the church, for it is a part of our work to teach them to observe all things whatsoever Christ has commanded them, but still this is to be done to disciples, and not to mere professors; and if care be not used we may do more harm than good at this point. To introduce unconverted persons to the church is to weaken and degrade it, and therefore an apparent gain may be a real loss. I am not among those who decry statistics, nor do I consider that they are productive of all manner of evil; for they may do much good if they are accurate, and if a man use them lawfully. It is a good thing for men to see the nakedness of the land through statistics of decrease, that they may be driven on their knees before the Lord to seek prosperity; and, on the other hand, it is by no means an evil thing for workers to be encouraged by having some account of results set before them. I should be very sorry if the practice of adding up, and deducting, and giving in the net result were to be abandoned, for it must be right to know our numerical condition. It has been noticed that those who object to the process are often brethren whose unsatisfactory reports should somewhat humiliate them: this not always so, but it is suspiciously frequent. I heard of the report of a church the other day in which the minister, who was well known to have reduced his congregation to nothing, somewhat cleverly wrote, "Our church is

looking up.” When he was questioned with regard to this statement, he replied, “Everybody knows that the church is on its back, and it cannot do anything else but look up.” When churches are looking up in that way their pastors generally say that statistics are very delusive things, and that you cannot tabulate the work of the Spirit, and calculate the prosperity of a church by figures. The fact is, you *can* reckon very correctly if the figures are honest, and if all circumstances are taken into consideration: if there is no increase you may calculate with considerable accuracy that there is not much being done, and if there is a clear decrease among a growing population you may reckon that the prayers of the people and the preaching of the minister are not of the most powerful kind. But, still, all hurry to get members into the church is most mischievous, both to the church and to the supposed converts. I remember very well several young men, who were of good moral character and religiously hopeful, but instead of searching their hearts, and aiming at their real conversion, the pastor never gave them any rest till he had persuaded them to make a profession. He thought that they would be under more bonds to holy things if they professed religion, and he felt quite safe in pressing them, for “they were so hopeful.” He imagined that to discourage them by vigilant examination might drive them away, and so to secure them he made them hypocrites. Those young men are at the present time much further off from the church of God than they would have been if they had been affronted by being kept in their proper places, and warned that they were not converted to God. It is a serious injury to a person to receive him into the number of the faithful unless there is good reason to believe that he is really regenerate. I am sure it is so, for I speak after careful observation. Some of the most glaring sinners known to me were once members of a church, and were, as I believe, led to make a profession by undue pressure, well meant but ill-judged. Do not, therefore, consider that soul-winning is or can be secured by the multiplication of baptisms, and the swelling of the size of your church. What mean these despatches from the battle field? “Last night fourteen souls were under conviction, fifteen were justified, and eight received full sanctification.” I am weary of this public bragging, this counting of unhatched chickens, this exhibition of doubtful spoils. Lay aside such numberings of the people, such idle pretense of certifying in half a minute that which will need the testing of a lifetime. Hope for the best, but in your highest excitements be reasonable. Enquiry-rooms are all very well, but if they lead to idle boastings they will grieve the Holy Spirit and work abounding evil.

Nor is it, dear friends, soul-winning merely to create excitement. Excitement will accompany every great movement. We might justly question whether the movement was earnest and powerful if it was quite as serene as a drawing-room Bible-reading. You cannot very well blast great rocks without the sound of explosions, nor fight a battle and keep everybody as quiet as a mouse. On a dry day a carriage is not moving much along the road unless there is some noise and dust; friction and stir are the natural result of force in motion. So when the Spirit of God is abroad, and men's minds are stirred, there must and will be certain visible signs of the movement, although these must never be confounded with the movement itself. If people imagined that to make a dust is the object aimed at by the rolling of a carriage, they can take a broom and very soon raise as much dust as fifty coaches, but they will be committing a nuisance rather than conferring a benefit. Excitement is as incidental as the dust, but it is not for one moment to be aimed at. When the woman swept her house she did it to find her money and not for the sake of raising a cloud.

Do not aim at sensation and "effect." Flowing tears and streaming eyes, sobs and outcries, and crowded after-meetings and all kinds of confusions may occur, and may be borne with as concomitants of genuine feeling, but pray do not plan their production.

It very often happens that the converts that are born in excitement die when the excitement is over. They are like certain insects which are the product of an exceedingly warm day, and die when the sun goes down. Certain converts live like salamanders, in the fire, but they expire at a reasonable temperature. I delight not in the religion which needs or creates a hot head. Give me the godliness which flourishes upon Calvary rather than upon Vesuvius. The utmost zeal for Christ is consistent with common sense and reason; raving, ranting, and fanaticism are products of another zeal which is not according to knowledge. We would prepare men for the chamber of communion and not for the padded room at Bedlam. No one is more sorry than I that such a caution as this should be needful; but in the presence of certain wild revivalists, I cannot say less, and might say a great deal more.

What is the real winning of a soul for God? So far as this is done by instrumentality, what are the processes by which a soul is led to God and to salvation? I take it that one of its main operations consists *in instructing a man that he may know the truth of God*. Instruction by the gospel is the

commencement of all real work upon men's minds. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to, observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Teaching begins the work and crowns it too.

The gospel, according to Isaiah is, "Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live." It is ours, then, to give men something worth their hearing; in fact, to instruct them. We are sent to evangelize, or to preach the gospel to every creature, and that is not done unless we teach them the great truths of revelation. The gospel is good news. To listen to some preachers you would imagine that the gospel was a pinch of sacred snuff to make them wake up, or a bottle of ardent spirits to excite their brains. It is nothing of the kind; it is news, there is information in it, there is instruction in it concerning matters which men need to know, and statements in it calculated to bless those who hear it. It is not a magical incantation, or a charm, whose force consists in a collection of sounds; it is a revelation of facts and truths which require knowledge and belief. The gospel is a reasonable system, and it appeals to men's understanding; it is a matter for thought and consideration, and it appeals to the conscience and the reflecting powers. Hence, if we do not teach men something, we may shout, "Believe! *Believe! Believe!*" but what are they to believe? Each exhortation requires a corresponding instruction, or it will mean nothing. "*Escape!*" From what? This requires for its answer the doctrine of the punishment of sin. "*Fly!*" But whither? Then must you preach Christ and his wounds, yea, and the clear doctrine of atonement or sacrifice. "*Repent!*" Of what? Here you must answer such questions as, What is sin? What is the evil of sin? What are the consequences of sin? "*Be converted!*" But what is it to be converted? By what power can we be converted? What from? What to? The field of instruction is wide if men are to be made to know the truth which saves. "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good," and it is ours as the Lord's instruments to make men so to know the truth that they may believe it, and feel its power. We are not to try and save men in the dark, but in the power of the Holy Ghost we are to turn them from darkness to light.

And, do not believe, dear friends, that when you go into revival meetings, or special evangelistic services, you are to leave out the doctrines of the gospel; for then you ought to proclaim the doctrines of grace rather more than less. Teach gospel doctrines clearly, affectionately, simply, and plainly,

and especially those truths which have a present and practical bearing upon man's condition and God's grace. Some enthusiasts would seem to have imbibed the notion that as soon as a minister addresses the unconverted he should deliberately contradict his usual doctrinal discourses, because it is supposed that there will be no conversions if he preaches the whole counsel of God. It just comes to this, brethren, — it is supposed that we are to conceal truth, and utter a half falsehood in order to save souls. We are to speak the truth to God's people because they will not hear anything else, but we are to wheedle sinners into faith by exaggerating one part of truth and hiding the rest until a more convenient season. This is a strange theory, and yet many endorse it. According to them, we may preach the redemption of a chosen number to God's people, but universal redemption must be our doctrine when we speak with the outside world: we are to tell believers that salvation is all of grace, but sinners are to be spoken with as if they were to save themselves: we are to inform Christians that God the Holy Spirit alone can convert, but when we talk with the unsaved the Holy Ghost is scarcely to be named. We have not so learned Christ. Thus others have done; let them be our beacons and not our examples. He who sent us to win souls neither permits us to invent falsehoods, nor to suppress truth. His work can be done without such suspicious methods.

Perhaps some of you will reply, "But, still, God has blessed half statements and wild assertions." Be not quite so sure. I venture to assert that God does not bless falsehood; he may bless the truth which is mixed up with error; but much more of blessing would have come if the preaching had been more in accordance with his own word. I cannot admit that the Lord blesses evangelistic Jesuitism, and the suppression of truth is not too harshly named when I so describe it. The withholding of the doctrine of the total depravity of man has wrought serious mischief to many who have listened to a certain kind of preaching. These people do not get a true healing because they do not know the disease under which they are suffering; they are never truly clothed because nothing is done towards stripping them. In many ministries there is not enough of probing the heart and arousing the conscience by the revelation of man's alienation from God, and by the declaration of the selfishness and the wickedness of such a state. Men need to be told that except divine grace shall bring them out of their enmity to God they must eternally perish; and they must be reminded of the sovereignty of God, that he is not obliged to bring them out of this state that he would be right and just if he left them in such a condition, that

they have no merit to plead before him, and no claims upon him, but that if they are to be saved it must be by grace, and by grace alone. The preacher's work is to throw sinners down in helplessness that they may be compelled to look up to him who alone can help them.

To try to win a soul for Christ by keeping that soul in ignorance of any truth is contrary to the mind of the Spirit, and to endeavor to save men by mere claptrap, or excitement, or oratorical display is as foolish as to hope to hold an angel with bird-lime, or lure a star with music. The best attraction is the gospel in its purity. The weapon with which the Lord conquers men is the truth as it is in Jesus. The gospel will be found equal to every emergency: an arrow which can pierce the hardest heart, a balm which will heal the deadliest wound. Preach it, and preach nothing else. Rely implicitly upon the old, old gospel. You need no other nets when you fish for men; those your Master has given you are strong enough for the great fishes, and have meshes fine enough to hold the little ones. Spread these nets and no others, and you need not fear the fulfillment of his word, "I will make you fishers of men."

Secondly, to win a soul it is necessary, not only to instruct our hearer and make him know the truth, but *to impress him so that he may feel it*. A purely didactic ministry, which should always appeal to the understanding and should leave the emotions untouched, would certainly be a limping ministry. "The legs of the lame are not equal," says Solomon, and the unequal legs of some ministries cripple them. We have seen such an one limping about with a long doctrinal leg, but a very short emotional leg. It is a horrible thing for a man to be so doctrinal that he can speak coolly of the doom of the wicked, so that if he does not actually praise God for it, it costs him no anguish of heart to think of the ruin of millions of our race. This is horrible! I hate to hear the terrors of the Lord proclaimed by men whose hard visages, harsh tones, and unfeeling spirit betray a sort of doctrinal desiccation: all the milk of human kindness is dried out of them. Having no feeling himself, such a preacher creates none, and the people sit and listen while he keeps to dry, lifeless statements, until they come to value him for being "sound," and they themselves come to be sound too, and I need not add sound asleep also, or what life they have is spent in sniffing out heresy, and making earnest men offenders for a word. Into this spirit may we never be baptized. Whatever I believe, or do not believe, the command to love my neighbor as myself still retains its claim upon me, and God forbid that any views or opinions should so contract my soul and

harden my heart as to make me forget this law of love. The love of God is first, but this by no means lessens the obligation of love to man; in fact, the first command includes the second. We are to seek our neighbor's conversion because we love him, and we are to speak to him in loving terms God's loving gospel, because our heart desires his eternal good.

A sinner has a heart as well as a head; a sinner has emotions as well as thoughts; and we must appeal to both. A sinner will never be converted until his emotions are stirred. Unless he feels sorrow for sin, and unless he has some measure of joy in the reception of the word, you cannot have much hope of him. The truth must soak into the soul, and dye it with its own color. The word must be like a strong wind sweeping through the whole heart, and swaying the whole man, even as a field of ripening corn waves in the summer breeze. Religion without emotion is religion without life. But, still, we must mind how these emotions are caused. Do not play upon the mind by exciting feelings which are not spiritual. Some preachers are very fond of introducing funerals and dying children into their discourses, and they make the people weep through sheer natural affection. This may lead up to something better, but in itself what is its value? What is the good of opening up a mother's griefs or a widow's sorrows? I do not believe that our merciful Lord has sent us to make men weep over their departed relatives by digging anew their graves and rehearsing past scenes of bereavement and woe. Why should he? It is granted that you may profitably employ the death-bed of a departing Christian or of a dying sinner for proof of the rest of faith in the one case and the terror of conscience in the other, but it is out of the fact proved and not out of the illustration itself that the good must arise. Natural grief is of no service in itself; indeed, we look upon it as a distraction from higher thoughts, and as a price too great to exact from tender hearts, unless we can repay them by engrafting lasting spiritual impressions upon the stock of natural affection. "It was a very splendid oration, full of pathos," says one who heard it. Yes, but what is the practical outcome of this pathos? A young preacher once remarked, "Were you not greatly struck to see so large a congregation weeping?" "Yes," said his judicious friend, "but I was more struck with the reflection that *they* would probably have wept more at a play." Exactly so: and the weeping in both cases may be equally valueless. I saw a girl on board a steamboat reading a book and crying as if her heart would break, but when I glanced at the volume I saw that it was only one of those silly yellow-covered novels which load our railway bookstalls. Her tears were a

sheer waste of moisture, and so are those which are produced by mere pulpit tale-telling and death-bed painting.

If our hearers will weep over their sins, and after Jesus, let their sorrows flow in rivers, but if the object of their tears is merely natural and not at all spiritual, what good is done by setting them weeping? There might be some virtue in making people joyful, for there is sorrow enough in the world, and the more we can promote cheerfulness the better, but what is the use of creating needless misery? What right have you to go through the world pricking everybody with your lancet just to show your skill in surgery? A true physician only makes incisions in order to effect cures, and a wise minister only excites painful emotions in men's minds with the distinct object of blessing their souls. You and I must continue to drive at men's hearts till they are broken; and then we must keep on preaching Christ crucified till their hearts are bound up, and when this is accomplished we must continue to proclaim the gospel till their whole nature is brought into subjection to the gospel of Christ. Even in these preliminaries you will be made to feel the need of the Holy Ghost to work with you and by you; but this need will be still more evident when we advance a step further and speak of the new birth itself in which the Holy Spirit works in a style and manner most divine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTES

WE have had so many meetings at the Tabernacle during the past month that we can only write a few lines concerning each of the gatherings of our various tribes, blessing the Lord concerning each one of them that his hand is with it for good. In our brother's absence we have had to work double tides, and we feel glad that he will be home before this magazine is published, and we shall be soon able to take our needed rest. He has had a grand tune in Canada and the States, but we hope he will tell his own tale in another number of the magazine.

On *Friday evening, September 26*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE VOLUNTEER EVANGELISTS was held. Here is the report of one year's work: — 1,767 week-night services, and 1,008 Sunday services have been held by the 94 members in chapels and mission

halls in London belonging to almost all denominations. The total cost of the work has been £191 11s. 61/2d., most of which is for rent, gas, printing, postage, and traveling expenses. Donations, collections, etc., have realized £70, and we have had to find the remaining £121. Thanks to the kindness of friends who have left sums at our disposal, this has not been a burden. This is a fine investment of money for downright gospel preaching at less than eighteen-pence a sermon. Great praise is due to Mr. Elvin, who so admirably manages this self-denying band of unpaid evangelists.

On *Monday Evening, September 29*, the Tabernacle was grandly filled for the fare-well meeting for our beloved son Thomas and his companions, Messrs. McCullough and Harrison. Their many friends could not accompany them to the ship, but they very heartily commended them to God, and to the word of his grace. For our own part we are now able, together with his dear mother, to look upon our son's departure to Australia with joy, because we feel that it is for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom that he should go. Endowed as he is with such a wealth of affectionate prayers he must prosper. The following Thursday the three young men joined the good ship *SobraGu* at Plymouth, and by this time we trust they are a long way on toward their desired haven. We cannot expect to have news of the party till next February; but since our son's leaving we have had several candidates for church-fellowship who ascribe their conversion to his ministry, and this yields better cheer than letters could afford.

On *Friday Evening, October 3*, our beloved friend John B. Gough, gave his lecture on "Eloquence and Orators" at the Tabernacle, in aid of the College. It was a noble lecture, splendidly delivered, and given in so generous a manner to our work that we thank God at every remembrance of so brotherly an act. Dr. Parker and Mr. Varley admirably moved and seconded the vote of thanks, and assuredly it was no mere form. Wherever John B. Gough goes may the blessing of the Lord attend him!

October 8. — SERMON IN GLASGOW. We believe that the meetings of the Baptist Union in Glasgow were a very happy gatherings, and that the result must be gracious. No hospitality could excel that of the North. It was by the wish of Glasgow friends that the collection at our sermon at St. Andrew's Hall was for the Girls' Orphanage. This was a kindly, generous deed, and it fills us with deep gratitude. We have not heard what *net amount* will come to the institution after paying for the hall, advertising,

tickets, and so forth, but the gross sum of £273 was reported as the collection. This is princely.

On *Monday evening, October 13*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in connection with the prayer-meeting. Mr. F. Wood, the secretary, presented the report, which stated that the object of the society was to make known the way of salvation by lending from week to week the Pastor's sermons. During the past year 20,000 of these have been lent, and 4,300 families have been visited every week; and, best of all, twenty persons profess to have been converted through the agency of the eighty-six distributors. The total cost of the work has been a little over £50 for the year, almost all of which is for the purchase of the sermons. The society is doing a most valuable work in a quiet manner. We trust it will speedily enlarge its bounds.

On *Tuesday evening, October 14*, the ANNUAL BUTCHERS' FESTIVAL was held at the Tabernacle. About 300 of the master butchers and their wives partook of tea in the College, and then went down to the rooms under the Tabernacle to assist in feeding the multitude of journeymen butchers, 2,200 of whom were provided with a substantial evening meal. Mr. Murrell's arrangements for the feast were as perfect as anything could be, and everything passed off most satisfactorily, though the affair is nothing less than gigantic. The quantity of provision consumed on these occasions seems almost incredible, but, large as it is, Mr. Varley and the Butchers' Committee are only too pleased to bear the cost, in the hope that some, at least, of the men may be permanently blessed by what they hear after their temporal wants are supplied. We believe that this great gathering cannot be held in vain. The men listen with great attention, and surely it cannot be that kindly reasoning with them upon temperance, kindness, and the fear of the Lord will all be lost. It was a thought from above which led our friend Mr. Varley to commence this festival.

On *Friday evening, October 17*, all the Teachers of the Sunday Schools connected with the Tabernacle were invited by Mr. Andrew Dunn to take tea together in the schoolroom. About four hundred were present, and a happy social hour was spent. After tea, others arrived for the meeting in the Lecture Hall, at which the pastor presided, and delivered an address on Sunday School work. He was followed by the host of the evening, Mr. Dunn, and several of the superintendents, who related their experience, and

gave useful suggestions for the guidance of their fellow-helpers. We must confess that we were agreeably surprised to find that we have nineteen Sunday Schools connected with the Tabernacle, with a total of 500 teachers and 5,853 scholars. These figures do not include a numerous band of teachers who are engaged in schools connected with other churches. There are several such schools in which nearly every teacher is a member with us, but the credit of them goes to other churches, and we are glad that it should be so. O for a blessing on this regiment of children! Why should it not be increased to ten thousand?

On *Sunday morning, October 19*, we preached from Numbers 21:9. The sermon is entitled "Number 1,500, or Lifting up the Brazen Serpent": but our special reason for mentioning it is that it is No. 1,500 of our published sermons. Thanks be to God that for so long a time we have been able to print a discourse week by week! Many other "pulpits" have had their rising and setting within that period, but hitherto the "Tabernacle Pulpit" has shone on. We know where the oil has come from, and we bless the unseen hand which has trimmed the lamp. The sermon will be issued separately in a book form at a penny, and we hope that thousands of it may be distributed, for it is an exceedingly plain declaration of the gospel.

On *Monday evening, Oct. 20*, the annual meeting of the LADIES' MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall previous to the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle. About two hundred poor women have been helped by this society in their hour of need: we wish that this work of mercy could be carried on more largely, for there is great distress around us. Works of charity must keep pace with the preaching of faith, or the church will not be perfect in its development.

The same evening the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle was specially on behalf of Sunday-schools. Mr. Fullerton told us of the Lord's presence in the services at Stafford, Mr. J. M. Smith made us weep over touching stories of child-conversion, the pastor delivered an address specially to professors who are not working for Christ, and after this many prayers were offered for a blessing on the work amongst the young. The pastor said, "If you are a member of a church you can, and you *must* do something for the Lord. You are certainly good for something, or — "That sentence was never finished.

COLLEGE. — We shall have so few men leaving at Christmas that all expected vacancies are already filled by accepted candidates. The number

of applicants is still very large, and it may save some of them from disappointment if we tell them that we have already selected as many as we expect to be able to receive *next August*. There is no lack of the right sort of men, and the Lord's stewards will see that there is no lack of means.

Mr. R. E. Gammon has returned to mission work at San Domingo; Mr. A. E. Johnson has removed from Sutton, Nottinghamshire, to Hanley, Staffordshire; Mr. J. W. Thomason, from New Town, Mont., to Manchester; and Mr. J. J. Dalton, from Bradford, to Lock's-lane, Frome.

Oct. 22. Mr. John Olney laid the memorial stone of the new chapel at Catford Bridge for our friend, Mr. Greenwood, jun. We go to press too soon to give particulars, but we commend the undertaking to the liberal help of our friends.

Another member of our Conference has been called to his reward. Mr. H. A. James, of Stratford-on-Avon, has fallen asleep at the comparatively early age of thirty-six. He was a reliable, solid, gracious minister, respected by all who knew him. May the Lord comfort the widow and bless the fatherless! Over our departed brother we may well sorrow, but at the same time we are bound to rejoice that he fell in the battle with his shield upon his arm, "faithful unto death."

Mr. Cuff asks us to mention that the Shoreditch Tabernacle will be opened on Nov. 11. We hope to be away from this land of fogs before that date, but we heartily congratulate our brother on the completion of his great building, and wish him much success in it for many years to come. He is one of a thousand, a man in his right place. He ought to be helped through with his work till not a farthing of debt shall remain upon his great meeting-house. The Lord anoint him with fresh oil.

Two or three college men have written about building a college house in the Girls' Orphanage, and the present students are eager for it, but we do not wish to ask such a thing while many of our brethren are so oppressed by the hardness of the times. If however the proposal should be taken up and done spontaneously, it will be another instance of the overflowing love of the brotherhood.

Writing from Tai-yuen-Fu, Shansi, *China*, our former student, Mr. J. J. Turner, asks our prayers, and says of the province in which he is stationed, "It is a glorious field for labor. It is a new field: only within the last two years have any Protestant missionaries attempted to live here. As yet we

can tell of no souls saved, but I need not tell you that we *long* to see some tokens of the Lord's presence. It has been our privilege to rescue many from starvation We engaged in the relief work because we believed that God would bless our efforts not only to the salvation of many thousands of lives, as he has done, but because we believed that he would make the relief a blessing to the souls of the people whom we could hardly hope to reach at all in the ordinary way. *He has helped us so far.*"

Just as we go to press a friend sends us the news of the arrival of the ship in which Mr. Clarke and Mr. Garrett sailed for Melbourne.

EVANGELISTS. — The visit of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton to *Burnley* marks the commencement of a new era in our evangelistic efforts. Hitherto our great anxiety has been how we were to find support for these brethren and others who are preparing for similar work. Burnley has, we trust, solved the difficulty for us. It was resolved that boxes should be placed at the doors for *thankofferings at every service*, the result being that after paying all local expenses there remained £100 for our funds. We can hardly hope that all other places will thus pay their own expenses, but if some of them do so our burden will be greatly lightened. Moreover, we are persuaded that the bait of "No collections" is needless and demoralizing. To teach men to give of their substance for the spread of the gospel is a part of the gospel, and tends greatly for their own benefit. That the spiritual re-suits did not suffer is quite certain; the facts all look the other way. The following extracts from letters received recently prove that great good was done: — "Many of the churches in the town are reaping the results of our recent special services Our friends at Angle-street have baptized twenty, I have baptized seven, and have others to propose. At AEnon they have fourteen to eighteen inquirers, at Sion eight or nine." "We added two more last Sabbath, making twenty-seven; another at Haggate for next Sabbath, making a grand total of twenty-eight." "Two to three hundred applications for membership have been made to the churches in the town through your visit." Another note refers to the fact that the Methodist and Congregational churches, as well as those of our own denomination, are being increased through the evangelists' labors.

Our brethren were at *Stafford* from October 5 to 19, and there also the Lord was with them. The Wesleyan minister has kindly sent us the following testimony:-

“My Dear Sir, — It will encourage you to hear from an independent source that your evangelists, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, are visibly owned by God in Stafford. Everything here is comparatively small, and consequently our friends cannot report the crowds they have had in larger towns. But on Sunday night 1500 listened to them, and I have just come from a house where both husband and wife were then led to decide for Christ, and are seeking admission to our church. I might name other similar instances.

“We are supporting our brethren by earnest prayer, and I doubt not that the remainder of the week will witness very much greater visible results.

“You will excuse the intrusion of this letter. It seemed to me right that you should hear of the usefulness of men sent out under your direction.

“May God long spare our dear brethren to labor successfully in the path they have chosen. Wishing you every good, and praying that your past works for Christ may be surpassed by greater usefulness in the future,

“I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

Jos. AGAR BEET.”

The later services were even more successful, and many professed themselves to be won for Jesus. We can only record what men and women declare: the Lord alone can read the heart. The list of engagements of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton for the ensuing twelve months is as follows:-

November 2 to November 16, Scarborough; November 23 to December 31, Metropolitan Tabernacle; January 4 to January 18, Shoreditch Tabernacle; February 1 to February 15, Cambridge; February 29 to March 14, Bradford; March 15 and March 16, Farsley; March 21 to April 4, Northampton;

May 9 to May 16, Smethwick; May 23 to May 29, Smallheath; May 30 to June 5, Leamington; June 13 to June 27, Paisley; July 11 to July 25, Greenock; August 1 to August 15, Dumfries; August 22 to August 29, Annan; September 5 to September 12, Galashiels., September 19 to September 26, Wick; October and November, North-East Lancashire; December 5 to December 19, Leeds.

Mr. Burnham has again been working with Mr. Kendon, of Goudhurst, among the hop-pickers. Since his return from Kent he has visited Chepstow, Leamington, Markyate Street, and Bedford. Pastor W. L. Mayo

sends us a long and cheering report of the services at *Chepstow*. The church in that town had prepared the way for the evangelist by special prayer, and as the natural consequence many were awakened. Several most pleasing cases of conversion are mentioned. Prayer was offered for the husband of a woman who had found the Savior at one of the meetings, and on his return from Bristol, where he had been at work, it was discovered that he also had believed and been saved through the preaching of Mr. Gange.

Mr. Burnham's engagements for the present month are — November 10 to 16, Thetford; 17 to 30, Burton-on-Trent and neighborhood.

ORPHANAGE. — The quarterly meeting of the Collectors and friends was held on *Wednesday, October 1*, and was a great success. In the afternoon the new Girls' Orphanage was publicly inaugurated by a devotional service in the boys' play-hall, and afterwards by the holding of prayer-meetings, conducted by our evangelists, Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, in the grounds of the "Hawthorns" and in every room of the house. We had prepared a lecture on "Hymns and Hymn Writers" for the evening; but the crowd was so great that both our halls were filled, and we had to go from one meeting to the other, push our way to the platform, and give each of the audiences a taste of what we would have said if they had come in smaller numbers. Our good friends, Mr. Duncan S. Miller and the Royal Poland Street Hand-bell Ringers, are entitled to our warmest thanks for their kindness in giving us their valuable services without fee or reward; and still more for their generous offer to come again on *February 4*, 1880, when we hope to deliver the lecture in the Tabernacle.

Some collectors did not send us their cards or boxes on October 1. Will they kindly do so at once that they may be exchanged for new ones? The next quarterly collectors' meeting is fixed for *Friday, January 9*, 1880. Boxes and cards can be obtained of the Secretary, Stock-well Orphanage, Clapham Road. Now that we are commencing with girls this help will be doubly valuable.

Mr. Charlesworth asks us to say that he and the Orphanage Choir have promised to visit Southend, Luton, Dunstable, Woburn, Canterbury, Dover, Folkestone, and Portsmouth; and that they will be glad of other engagements. Applications should be made to Mr. Charlesworth at the Orphanage.

In a special supplement we have described the present position and plans of the Girls' Orphanage.

COLPORTAGE. — Concerning Colportage we must still write with a measure of discouragement. It is a good agency, all agree to that, but it has never had enough support. It will be remembered that we asked for a second £1,000 to furnish stock for more men. According to our reckoning we had received £600, and, finding that the trade management could keep on, we felt content; but, on consulting the secretary, we are aroused from our happy dream. He says that the money given for stock was to a large extent so much taken out of subscriptions. These subscriptions are needed to pay working expenses, and it is no gain to the society, and no real increase to stock, if monies are merely transferred from one to the other. The friends in a district give £40 towards the colporteur, and our society finds stock, and also makes up the man's salary, and does the working of the business. The profits help in some degree, and would help more if sales were larger, but in these bad times sales decrease, and there is more needed to make up deficiencies. We ask our friends to consider the following report from the secretary which was prepared for our private information, but we judge it best to give it entire. We also add two letters, and our friends have the case before them. We say no more.

“Dear Mr. Spurgeon, — Since seeing you I have compared receipts of subscriptions to the General Fund for this year to present date with the same period last year, 1878, and find that, including amounts for capital in both cases, the total increase for 1879 is £251 16s. 6d. Leaving capital account out of the question each year, the total increase in the subscriptions to the General Fund to October 20, 1879, over the same period, 1878, is £368 6s. 6d. This latter sum, of course, indicates the exact increase to the good for the working of the society, and, in response to the appeal made for capital. I have given these details that you may judge what to say in relation to funds. October *general* subscriptions only amount to £44 9s. 4d., compared with £111 19s. 3d. for September. Appointments have been made for new districts at Kettering, Andover, and Hereford. In the former two cases a trial of the agency in other districts appears to have recommended its extension. I wish our friends could read all the cases of good which are continually reported by our colporteurs, and I am sure that you would not have to appeal for funds with such a limited response. Here a tract has been left with a prayer, and on the return of the colporteur it is handed back soiled and worn by use, the agent remarking, ‘thus, through

reading that tract, the woman found peace with God, and has joined the church.' Yonder, a youth reads a book purchased by his mother, which not only leads to his conversion, but that of his grandfather, eighty-five years of age. Another colporteur calls upon a poor blind woman and talks to her at the washing tub, and is the means of restoring a poor backslider from the fold of Christ; while many speak of conversions through the simple gospel truths which they have plainly, but earnestly, uttered from the village pulpit. In addition to this, when the daily news papers are prominently pointing out the widespread evils of an insidious and impure literature, who can estimate the quiet, unseen, but powerful influence for good resulting from the sale of £600 or £700 worth of bibles and good books every month? The need for the work was never greater, its results were never more encouraging, and while 'the harvest truly is plenteous, the laborers are few.' I trust that, now trade appears to be reviving, friends who in some districts suspended operations because of commercial depression will soon be able to recommence the work with new vigor. Will friends remember the work afresh in prayer? One colporteur, in a very trying district, writes: — 'One thing always cheers me, and that is, *I know* you do not forget us in your prayers at the Tabernacle.'"

O.B. writes: "Very dear Sir — I am sure that your memorandum note in *The Sword and the Trowel*, p. 495, in reference to your Colportage agency must have pained many who look at it as one of your *prime* and most important organizations. In fact, your 'personal notes' on p. 496, carry the most conclusive evidence of the value and need of such an agency. I would fain hope under God that 'slackening' sail may be out of question, and that spreading 'more canvas' will be rather the case."

H. M. writes: "Dear Sir — I have read with much concern your remarks in *The Sword and the Trowel* in reference to the Colportage Association. Should the following proposal meet with your approval, and it be possible for you to give it a little publicity, I trust, with God's blessing, the retrograde steps may be reversed ere you leave for your well-earned and much-needed holiday.

"My offer is as follows: — In order that the stations given up may be *all* again supplied, or new ones started where a *change* is desirable, I will find one-fifth of the needed amount, if it does not exceed £500, or if more than £500, I will subscribe £100, the *sine qua non* being that the remainder shall be raised by the 1st December.

“Few of us but have felt the effects of the depression in trade, but it behoves us the more to do our best to offer the ‘bread of life’ to those who probably are more open to its blessed influence now than when God again grants temporal prosperity to the land.”

MRS. SPURGEON’S BOOK FUND. — The needful work of supplying ministers with books proceeds with great regularity, and considerable numbers of curates and poor ministers in the Church of England, together with pastors of all denominations, apply for “The Treasury of David,” and other works. Could our readers see the letters of thanks they would know how sharp is the book-hunger which gnaws the soul of many a preacher of the Word. We have said very little of late about this work which is carried on by our beloved. Only a few friends have thought of the Fund of late, and yet hitherto there has been no lack: the Fund personified might almost say, “I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.” Note the following fact, and let the Lord be glorified by the rehearsal of it. A friend of ours, who is always a princely giver, told us on the night of Mr. Gough’s lecture that he should call at Nightingale Lane next day. Knowing his great business and our own, we half declined the offer, though we are always glad to see him: but he said he should come, and come he did. His errand was to give £100 to the Book Fund. Now, reader, mark this. Mrs. Spurgeon’s quarter’s bill for books came in on that very Saturday evening, and had not that friend insisted on coming down and bringing his £100, our dear one would have been £60 in debt. She would have been almost heart-broken had this been the case, for she had prayed for help and expected it. The Lord would not let her have the trial, but sent his steward at the very hour, though he knew nothing of the need. We were both filled with adoring thankfulness for this memorable interposition. It was not the first time in which we have together adored the Lord in an amazement of gratitude, nor will it be the last. Thus by one and another the Lord has filled up the reservoir which supplies so many of his poor ministers with refreshment: and he will fill it yet again.

PERSONAL NOTES. — Mr. F. H. Newt, in, of the German Baptist Mission, writes: — “I have just returned from a visit to several of our German churches, and especially of those in Russia. I feel sure you will be interested to learn that your printed words (in German) have always free admission into Russia, which is saying a great deal, the only exception being in the case of your sermon on “Baptismal Regeneration” (No. 573), which one of our brethren translated into Russian and submitted to the

editor of the press, who, however, refused to sanction it, as he considered it an attack upon the Greek church. The brother still hopes to be permitted to print it.”

From the State of Virginia comes the following pleasing testimony: —
“Some years ago, when in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, without God and without hope in the world, I was persuaded by a friend to read a volume of your sermons, and now, my dear sir, let me tell you that if ever I felt the love of God shed abroad in my heart, or knew the truth as it is in Jesus, I owe it to the perusal of your sermons, and I am sure you were the means and instrument in the hands of God of my conversion.”

Should the reader think these notes too long, he may well excuse them, for he is not likely to be wearied by their length in the two following months. We have, however, kept back numbers of personal notes, that this department may not be quite bare. It is at the urgent desire of our best helpers that they are written, and when they cease to interest they shall be dropped, for we have no personal desire to publish anything, except so far as others may be encouraged and the good work may be helped thereby.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: — October 2nd, twenty-seven.

THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL

DECEMBER, 1879.

WHAT IS IT TO WIN A SOUL?

A COLLEGE LECTURE, BY C.H. SPURGEON.

I HAVE already insisted upon instruction and impression as most needful to soul-winning, but these are not all — they are indeed only means to the desired end. A far greater work must be done before a man is saved. A wonder of divine grace must be wrought upon the soul far transcending anything which can be accomplished by the power of man. Of all whom we would fain win for Jesus it is true, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” *The Holy Ghost must work regeneration in the objects of our love*, or they never can become possessors of eternal happiness. They must be quickened into a new life, and they must become new creatures in Christ Jesus. The same energy which accomplishes resurrection and creation must put forth all its power upon them; nothing short of this can meet the case. They must be born again from above. This might seem at first sight to put human instrumentality altogether out of the field; but on turning to the Scriptures we find nothing to justify such an inference and much of quite an opposite tendency. There we certainly find the Lord to be all in all, but we find no hint that the use of means must therefore be dispensed with. The Lord’s supreme majesty and power are seen all the more gloriously because he works by means. He is so great that he is not afraid to put honor upon the instruments he employs, by speaking of them in high terms, and imputing to them great influence. It is sadly possible to say too little of the Holy Spirit; indeed, I fear this is one of the crying sins of the age; but yet that infallible word, which always rightly balances truth, while it magnifies the Holy Ghost, does not speak lightly of the men by whom he works. God does not think his own honor to be so questionable that it can only be maintained by decrying the human agent. There are two passages in the epistles which, when put together, have often amazed me. Paul compares himself both to a father and to a mother in the matter of the new birth: he says of one convert, “Whom I have

begotten in my bonds,” and of a whole church he says, “My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.” This is going very far; indeed, much further than modern orthodoxy would permit the most useful minister to venture, and yet it is language sanctioned, yea, dictated, by the Spirit of God himself, and therefore it is not to be criticized. Such mysterious power doth God infuse into the instrumentality which he ordains that we are called, “laborers together with God;” and this is at once the source of our responsibility and the ground of our hope.

Regeneration, or the new birth, works a change in the whole nature of man, and, so far as we can judge, its essence lies in the implantation and creation of a new principle within the man. The Holy Ghost creates in us a new, heavenly, and immortal nature, which is known in Scripture as “the spirit,” by way of distinction from the soul. Our theory of regeneration is that man in his fallen nature consists only of body and soul, and that when he is regenerated there is created in him a new and higher nature — “the spirit,” which is a spark from the everlasting fire of God’s life and love; this falls into the heart and abides there and makes its receiver “a partaker of the divine nature.” Thenceforward the man consists of three parts, body, soul, and spirit, and the spirit is the reigning power of the three. You will all remember that memorable chapter upon the resurrection, 1 Corinthians 15., where the distinction is well brought out in the original, and may even be perceived in our version. The passage rendered, “It is sown a natural body,” etc., might be read, “It is sown a soulish body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a soulish body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living *soul*; the last Adam was made a quickening *spirit*. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is soulish; and afterward that which is spiritual.” We are first in the natural or soulish stage of being, like the first Adam, and then in regeneration we enter into a new condition, and we become possessors of the life-giving “spirit.” Without this spirit no man can see or enter the kingdom of heaven. It must therefore be our intense desire that the Holy Spirit should visit our hearers and create them anew, — that he would come down upon these dry bones, and breathe eternal life into the dead in sin. Till this is done they can never receive the truth, “For the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” “The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.” A new and heavenly mind must be created by

Omnipotence, or the man must abide in death. You see, then, that we have before us a mighty work, for which we are of ourselves totally incapable. No minister living can save a soul, nor can all of us together, nor all the saints on earth or in heaven, work regeneration in a single person. The whole business on our part is the height of absurdity unless we regard ourselves as used by the Holy Ghost, and filled with his power. On the other hand, the marvels of regeneration which attend our ministry are the best seals and witnesses of our commission. Whereas the apostles could appeal to the miracles of Christ, and to those which they wrought in his name, we appeal to the miracles of the Holy Ghost, which are as divine and as real as those of our Lord himself. These miracles are the creation of a new life in the human bosom, and the total change of the whole being of those upon whom the Spirit descends.

As this God-begotten spiritual life in men is a mystery, we shall speak to more practical effect if we dwell upon the signs following and accompanying it, for these are the things we must aim at. First, regeneration will be shown in *conviction of sin*. This we believe to be an indispensable mark of the Spirit's work; the new life as it enters the heart causes intense inward pain as one of its first effects. Though nowadays we hear of persons being healed before they have been wounded, and brought into a certainty of justification without ever having lamented their condemnation, we are very dubious as to the value of such healings and justifying. This style of things is not according to the truth. God never clothes men until he has first stripped them, nor does he quicken them by the gospel till first they are slain by the law. When you meet with persons in whom there is no trace of conviction of sin, you may be quite sure that they have not been wrought upon by the Holy Spirit; for "when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." When the Spirit of the Lord breathes on us he withers all the glory of man, which is but as the flower of grass, and then he reveals a higher and abiding glory. Do not be astonished if you find this conviction of sin to be very acute and alarming; but, on the other hand, do not condemn those in whom it is less intense, for so long as sin is mourned over, confessed, forsaken, and abhorred, you have an evident fruit of the Spirit. Much of the horror and unbelief which goes with conviction is not of the Spirit of God, but comes of Satan or corrupt nature: yet there must be true and deep conviction of sin, and this- the preacher must labor to produce, for where this is not felt the new birth has not taken place.

Equally certain is it that true conversion may be known by the exhibition of *a simple faith in Jesus Christ*. You need not that I speak unto you of that, for you yourselves are fully persuaded of it. The production of faith is the very center of the target at which you aim. The proof to you that you have won the man's soul for Jesus is never before you till he has done with himself and his own merits, and has closed in with Christ. Great care must be taken that this faith is exercised upon Christ for a complete salvation, and not for a part of it. Numbers of persons think that the Lord Jesus is available for the pardon of past sin, but they cannot trust him for their preservation in the future. They trust for years past but not for years to come, whereas no such subdivision of salvation is ever spoken of in Scripture as the work of Christ. Either he bore all our sin, or none; and he either saves us once for all, or not at all. His death can never be repeated, and it must have made expiation for the future sin of believers, or they are lost, since no further atonement can be supposed, and future sin is certain to be committed. Blessed be his name, "by him all that believe are justified from all things." Salvation by grace is eternal salvation. Sinners must commit their souls to the keeping of Christ to all eternity; how else are they saved men? Alas, according to the teaching of some, believers are only saved in part, and for the rest must depend upon their future endeavors. Is this the gospel? I trow not. Genuine faith trusts a whole Christ for the whole of salvation. Is it any wonder that many converts fall away, when, in fact, they were never taught to exercise faith in Jesus for eternal salvation, but only for temporary conversion? A faulty exhibition of Christ begets a faulty faith, and when this pines away in its own imbecility, who is to blame for it? According to their faith so is it unto them: the preacher and possessor of a partial faith must unitedly bear the blame of the failure when their poor mutilated trust comes to a break-down. I would the more earnestly insist upon this because a semi-legal way of believing is so common. We must urge the trembling sinner to trust wholly and alone upon the Lord Jesus for ever, or we shall have him inferring that he is to begin in the spirit and be made perfect by the flesh: he will surely walk by faith as to the past, and then by works as to the future, and this will be fatal. True faith in Jesus receives *eternal* life, and sees perfect salvation in him, whose one sacrifice hath sanctified the people of God once for all. The sense of being saved, completely saved in Christ Jesus, is not, as some suppose, the source of carnal security and the enemy of holy zeal, but the very reverse. Delivered from the fear which makes the salvation of self a more immediate object than salvation *from* self, and inspired by holy

gratitude to his Redeemer, the regenerated man becomes capable of virtue and is filled with an enthusiasm for God's glory. While trembling under a sense of insecurity a man gives his chief thought to his own interests; but planted firmly on the Rock of ages he has time and heart to utter the new song which the Lord has put into his mouth, and then is his moral salvation complete, for self is no longer the lord of his being. Rest not content till you see clear evidence in your converts of a simple, sincere, and decided faith in the Lord Jesus.

Together with undivided faith in Jesus Christ there must also be *unfeigned repentance of sin*. Repentance is an old-fashioned word, not much used by modern revivalists. "Oh," said a minister to me one day, "it only means a change of mind." This was thought to be a profound observation. "Only a change of mind"; but what a change! A change of mind with regard to everything! Instead of saying it is "only a change of mind," it seems to me more truthful to say it is a great and deep change — even a change of the mind itself. But whatever the literal Greek word may mean, repentance is no trifle. You will not find a better definition of it than the one given in the children's hymn: —

*“Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.”*

True conversion is in all men attended by a sense of sin, which we have spoken of under the head of conviction; by a sorrow for sin or holy grief at having committed it; by a hatred of sin, which proves that its dominion is ended; and by a practical turning from sin, which shows that the life within the soul is operating upon the life without. True belief and true repentance are twins: it would be idle to attempt to say which is born first. All the spokes of a wheel move at once when the wheel moves, and so all the graces commence action when regeneration is wrought by the Holy Ghost. Repentance, however, there must be. No sinner looks to the Savior with a dry eye or a hard heart. Aim, therefore, at heart-breaking, at bringing home condemnation to the conscience, and weaning the mind from sin, and be not content till the whole mind is deeply and vitally changed in reference to sin.

Another proof of the conquest of a soul for Christ will be found in *a real change of life*. If the man does not live differently from what he did before,

both at home and abroad, his repentance needs to be repented of, and his conversion is a fiction. Not only action and language, but spirit and temper must be changed. "But," says some one, "grace is often grafted on a crab-stock." I know it is, but what is the fruit of the grafting? The fruit will be like the grafting, and not after the nature of the original stem. "But," says another, "I have an awful temper, and all of a sudden it overcomes me. My anger is soon over, and I feel very penitent. Though I cannot control myself, I am quite sure I am a Christian." Not so fast, my friend, or I may answer that I am quite as sure the other way. What is the use of your soon cooling if in two or three moments you scald all around you? If a man stabs me in a fury it will not heal my wound to see him grieving over his madness. Hasty temper must be conquered, and the whole man must be renewed, or conversion will be questionable. We are not to hold up a modified holiness before our people, and say, You will be all right if you reach that standard. The Scripture says, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." Abiding under the power of any known sin is a mark of our being the servants of sin, for "his servants ye are to whom ye obey." Idle are the boasts of a man who harbors within himself the love of any transgression. He may feel what he likes, and believe what he likes, he is still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity while a single sin rules his heart and life. True regeneration implants a hatred of all evil, and where one sin is delighted in, the evidence is fatal to a sound hope. A man need not take a dozen poisons to destroy his life, one is quite sufficient.

There must be a harmony between the life and the profession. A Christian professes to renounce sin, and if he does not do so, his very name is an imposture. A drunken man came up to Rowland Hill one day, and said, "I am one of your converts, Mr. Hill." "I dare say you are," replied that shrewd and sensible preacher, "but you are none of the Lord's, or you would not be drunk." To this practical test we must bring all our work.

In our converts we must also see *true prayer*, which is the vital breath of godliness. If there is no prayer you may be quite sure the soul is dead. We are not to urge men to pray as though it were the great gospel duty, and the one prescribed way of salvation; for our chief message is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." It is easy to put prayer into its wrong place, and make it out to be a kind of work by which men are to live; but this you will, I trust, most carefully avoid. Faith is the great gospel grace; but still we cannot forget that true faith always prays, and when a man professes faith in the Lord Jesus and yet does not cry to the Lord daily, we dare not

believe in his faith or his conversion. The Holy Ghost's evidence by which he convinced Ananias of Paul's conversion was not, "Behold, he talks loudly of his joys and feelings," but, "Behold, he prayeth"; and that prayer was secret, heart-broken confession and supplication. Oh, to see this sure evidence in all who profess to be our converts!

There must also be *a willingness to obey the Lord in all his commandments*. It is a shameful thing for a man to profess discipleship and yet refuse to learn his Lord's will upon certain points, or even dare to decline obedience when that will is known. How can a man be a disciple of Christ when he openly declines to obey him?

If the professed convert distinctly and deliberately declares that he knows his Lord's will but does not mean to attend to it, you are not to pamper his presumption, but it is your duty to assure him that he is not saved. Has not the Lord said, "He that taketh not up his cross, and cometh after me, cannot be my disciple"? Mistakes as to what the Lord's will may be are to be tenderly corrected, but anything like willful disobedience is fatal; to tolerate it would be treason to him that sent us. Jesus must be received as King as well as Priest, and where there is any hesitancy about this, the foundation of godliness is not yet laid.

***"Faith must obey her Maker's will
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness."***

Thus you see, my brethren, the signs which prove that a soul is won are by no means trifling, and the work to be done ere those signs can exist is not to be lightly spoken of. A soul-winner can do nothing without God. He must cast himself on the Invisible, or be a laughingstock to the devil, who regards with utter disdain all who think to subdue human nature with mere words and arguments. To all who hope to succeed in such a labor by their own strength, we would address the words of the Lord to Job, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more. Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?" Dependence upon God is our strength, and our joy: in that dependence go forth and win souls.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED

WORK for Jesus, when it is done as it ought to be, makes great demands upon the mind and heart. Mere jog-trot routine can keep on by the year together without much wear and tear, and without much result; but when a passion for souls is felt, and the entire being strains its utmost powers in pleading with men, the case is altered. A sermon or an address which sensibly moves the audience makes a large demand upon the heart's blood of the soul: as a rule, it not only costs an ardent preparation, and a vehement rush of emotion during delivery, but it tells upon the whole system when it is over, and drains from it much of its force. An express train may put on the continuous brake, and pull up in a short space, but a heart in tremendous action cannot stay itself. For hours, and even for days, the whole man feels the momentum of a thrilling appeal, his soul continues to rise with the theme when his voice is silenced, and when this ceases there is sure to be a reaction, which frequently takes the form of a sinking equal to the previous rise. If not well watched, despondency will grow out of this, and the best workers for God will find themselves weak, weary, and tempted to shun the service. This is to be dreaded, and every means must be used to prevent it. Brethren, one who knows by experience what is meant by a downcast spirit, produced by ardent service, would warn you against bringing it upon yourselves. There is need of vehement service, and there must needs be a great draught upon the strength of truly useful men and women, but there is no necessity for our running down too low — in fact, we must not do so, or our usefulness will be marred. We must be careful to guard against monotony of thought, for this eats as doth a canker. We must not dwell so exclusively upon our work and its responsibilities, nor even upon the souls of men and their danger: we must remember more distinctly our Lord and his grace and power to save us and our hearers. We must remember the victories of the cross as well as the ruin of the fall. Even our Lord Jesus did not always reflect upon the destruction of Jerusalem, or he would have stood weeping over it all his life, and have accomplished nothing for mankind. Let us give the mind a wider sweep, and consider the glories of grace as well as the sorrows of sin. Great joy will help to repair the damage of great work, and with a due measure of rest between, we may hope to go on cheerfully from year to year, till our great Master shall call us home. C.H.S.

NOTES

ON *Monday evening, Oct. 27*, a large number of the members and friends of the London Open Air Mission attended the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. Although suffering from considerable pain at the time, we gave an address, which we hope will be useful to those for whom it was specially intended. It was a great pleasure to meet our admirable friend, Mr. John Macgregor of the *Rob Roy*, and to see that he and Mr. Kirk and Mr. Kirkham have around them some manly brethren who are not likely to let the gospel sound cease from London's streets and parks. Thousands of men and women will never hear of Jesus unless it be through open-air preaching. They are strangers to our places of worship, and perhaps if they were to enter them they would not feel at home; and therefore the Savior must find them in the highways and hedges, or they will perish for lack of knowledge. Alas, that ever this should be in the land of Bibles and of churches! Could not more young men preach in the square of the city, or in the roadway of the town, or on the village green? This thing will not soon be overdone. Of this there need be no fear. Even in the winter there are days when it is safe to preach outside, and not a day should be lost.

On *Friday evening, Oct. 31*, the Annual Meeting of MR. BARTLETT'S CLASS was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of the pastor. Addresses were given by Messrs. H. Varley, W. Williams, T. Lardner, and the Chairman; and Mr. Bartlett presented to the pastor £56 12s. 1d. as a year's contributions from the class for the College. He explained that this was only a portion of the contributions of the members, as they had also raised for the Testimonial Fund £117 13s. 3d.; for the Girls' Orphanage £29 11s. 3d.; and for the afflicted and necessitous £16 5s. 9d. Add these together, and they show what a women's class can do. These are not rich ladies, but humble Christian women, and they do this in addition to their regular subscriptions as seat-holders and church-members. It is noble of them. Such is the general spirit and liberality of the Christians at the Tabernacle, and the result is an abundant blessing. We are sure that among our generous people the promise is fulfilled: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing." The blessing comes both in temporals and in spirituals. Our friends, as a rule, are more prosperous than any other set of people of the same rank in life; and we have noticed that,

speaking broadly, we have felt far less of the pressure of the times than any other people. There is much suffering at present — more than we ever knew before — but yet all along the Lord has in temporal things fulfilled his own promise that the liberal soul shall be made fat. Mr. Bartlett's class is not so numerous as in the palmy days of his venerated mother, but it still remains a great power for good; and connected with it are most useful agencies, which are far more developed than they were in the earlier days of the class. More is done by the class, even if the numbers are less. Yet there is room for zealous efforts to enlarge.

On *Monday evening, Nov. 3*, the Annual Meeting of the RICHMOND STREET MISSION was held in conjunction with the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. A large number of workers and friends of the Mission had previously taken tea in the schoolroom, at the close of which the pastor presented to Mr. Dunn a very handsome clock and pair of vases as a token of love and esteem from his co-workers at Richmond Street. Never was a testimonial better deserved. In a previous number of the magazine we inserted a paper describing the Richmond Street work, and therefore we will not enlarge here; but it would have done any minister's eyes good to see the staff of workers connected with this mission, quite enough in number and strength to manage a large church, and all full of the holy, loving, practical spirit with which the Lord has anointed our brethren. It was well done of them to show their love to their leader; envy and fault-finding make enterprises weak, but in hearty love is our strength.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION. — *Monday Evening, Nov. 10*, being the occasion of the meetings for United Prayer and Communion of the Associated Churches, there was a goodly gathering of the pastors and many of the members of neighboring churches at the Tabernacle. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and Pastors Chettleborough, J. A. Brown, Knee, Williams, Millard, Cope, and T. C. Page offered prayer during the service. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave an address upon the presence of Christ with his people founded upon the Lord's words — "With desire I have desired to eat this passover *with you*," and, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be *with me*." The address, though brief, was full of teaching, comfort, and power, and was manifestly guided of the Spirit of God to prepare the hearts of God's people for the opening up of the truths concerning the supper itself by our beloved brother, Dr. Stanford, who spoke, as he only can, from "What mean ye by this feast?" Sweetly did he discourse upon the passover and its teachings. Our correspondent adds that

the only word he could find in which to express the feelings of the believers present were, —

*“How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors.”*

COLLEGE. — Mr. H. T. Peach has accepted the pastorate of the church at Rugby; and Mr. Ince, who sailed some months since for Australia, has become pastor of the church at Echuca.

Mr. S. A. Comber, one of our Medical Missionary Students, informs us that he obtained half the “Coldstream” scholarship at the Edinburgh Medical Mission. We have three brethren now studying at Edinburgh, and one at the Charing Cross Hospital, London, and we devoutly hope that these will all become medical missionaries of the best order. We shall be greatly disappointed if one of them should fail to go abroad.

Mr. W. H. J. Page, of Calne, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Lower Sloane-street, Chelsea: Mr. M. Morris, of Spennymoor, is removing to Monkwearmouth; Mr. C. L. Gordon, of Nailsworth, to Longhope, Gloucestershire; Mr. W. F. Edgerton, of Beccles, has gone to Gamlingay; Mr. J. Hutchison, of Shipston-on-Stour, to Swan-wick and Riddings, Derbyshire; and Mr. A. E. Spicer, of Hayle, to Shelfanger, Norfolk. It is painfully within our knowledge that many ministers must remove because their people cannot find them with bread to eat and raiment to put on. Farming has been so bad that some of our country churches will have to be dependent on lay-preaching, and yet they greatly need pastors if they are to survive the antagonistic influences brought to bear upon them by the Establishment. At this moment we are daily meeting with heart-rending cases of poverty: worthy men doing a good work have to leave their spheres through absolute starvation. Rich Christians ought not to permit this. Mrs. Spurgeon could tell them where many a ten-pound note could be used with grand effect.

Mr. W. Stokes, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, whose health has suffered through hard work and bereavement, has returned to England for awhile, and Mr. Batts has gone to take charge of his church during his absence. Mr. Hamilton’s friends at Cape Town treated Mr. Batts most handsomely when he left them for his new temporary sphere of labor, sending him off with their hearty esteem and with tokens of their Christian liberality. We are gratified with everything which this Cape Town church does.

EVANGELISTS. — At one of our recent prayer-meetings at the Tabernacle, Mr. Fullerton gave an account of the work of Mr. Smith and himself at Stafford. He said before they went there they had several letters telling them what a hard place it was to reach, but they did not take much notice of them, for the same thing was said of every other place. They were told that Blackpool was a hard place because it was a seaside town, that Blackburn was a hard place because the inhabitants were principally mill-people, that Stafford was a hard place because the people were all in the shoe trade, and now they were assured that Scarborough was a hard place because it was such a fashionable town. However, the Lord had been with them at Blackpool, Blackburn, and Stafford, and they felt certain he would accompany them to Scarborough also.

The faith of the Evangelists in their Master, their message, and the means he has taught them to use, was well founded, for the day after they commenced at *Scarborough* we received from Mr. Mesquitta and Mr. Adey, the ministers of the town, the following telegram: — “Glorious time yesterday. Chapels full. Albert Hall overflowing. Three thousand at circus.” A week later the report from one of the ministers was — “We expect today to have to shift our quarters to more commodious premises for the noon meetings, at which we have had every day 500 of the best Christians in Scarborough, drawn from the ranks of the Society of Friends, and the Evangelical churches, as well as from our Nonconformist places. We have had to alter our advertisements, to burn our handbills, to run short of books, to cover our posters, and, finally, to engage the large circus for nearly all our meetings, with the certainty of its being vastly too small for us God has given us a very rich blessing. The thing is growing. An excellent spirit pervades the town just now. The season is over: people are more at liberty, and everything seems to fit in a providential manner. We love the men very much, and are the joyful witnesses of their faithful testimony. Fullerton fastens with an iron grasp on primary truths, and makes them fall like axes at the roots of the trees. There is great variety in his subjects, as well as methods. A sermon of his on ‘Regeneration,’ delivered apparently without over-strained effort, could hardly have been excelled by Jonathan Edwards for the awful sense of solemn need produced in the first half of the discourse, or for the sweet relief which came to us when he led us to the serpent uplifted in the latter part of his most textual exposition. I am wearying you, but I must in justice to Mr. Smith say that his pathos and simplicity, together with his gifts of music

and song, seem to complete the equipment — well, of this apostolic pair of preachers. I begin to wish that we all went in twos, for these preachers preach to each other. They are not eremites like us, but brethren. — Yours most truly, WM. THOS. ADEY.”

It is exceeding cheering to find that Mr. BURNHAM’S visit to aristocratic *Leamington* was owned of God in a similar manner, though on a smaller scale. Each evening there were some inquirers, “young men and maidens, old men and children,” many of whom entered into liberty. Pastor Williams writes: “There were, we trust, some cases of genuine conversion of those who had hitherto been quite indifferent to the claims of religion, while others in whom the good work had been begun have been brought to decision, and the members of the church have rejoiced in the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.”

From *Leamington* Mr. Burnham went to *Markygate Street*, of which not much can be said, as little or no preparation had been made for the services. *Bedford* was much better prepared, and consequently more blessing was received. The help of several neighboring brethren had been secured, which was very providential, for Mr. Burrtham had caught such a violent cold that he could hardly sing at all. Many inquirers were seen, some went away rejoicing, and in three distinct cases the evangelist was cheered by hearing of conversions resulting from his previous visits to *Wootton* and *Ridgmount*. During November Mr. Burnham has held services for a week at *Thetford*, and a fortnight at *Burton-on-Trent* and neighborhood; and this month he has engagements at *Naunton*, near *Cheltenham*; and *Meliford*, *Suffolk*.

ORPHANGE. — Several successful services of song have been given by the Orphanage Choir recently, but our “Notes” have to be made up before full reports can reach us. We are, however, deeply grateful to all friends who have thus helped to care for the fatherless and the widow. Last month we asked for £1,000 to pay for the paddock for Girls’ Orphanage, and at the time we left we had received nearly £250. Will the rest be sent in soon? No news could be more cheering to us during our retirement.

Christmas at the Orphanage. — Will our kind helpers bear in mind the fact that although the President is obliged to be away at Christmas-time, the orphans will look for their plum-pudding and roast beef all the same? As there will, for the first time, be orphan *girls* as well as boys to share the festivities at *Stockwell*, we hope that the usual gifts will be supplemented

by additional contributions that there may be no lack of good things. Donations should be sent to C. Spurgeon, junior, Nightingale Lane, Balham; and provisions, etc., for the children to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road. Throwing off the “we” of the editor, I, C. H. Spurgeon, now an exile for my health’s sake, very earnestly ask that the dear children may not suffer through me. Send in your generous gifts as usual, pay off the amount still needed for the Girls’ Orphanage ground, and let the Stockwell house of mercy make merry and be glad. If so, I shall have a telegram, and keep merry Christmas too.

We must again remind our readers that the next quarterly meeting of the collectors for the Orphanage will be held on Friday, Jan. 9th, 1880, when Mr. J. J. Headington has kindly promised to give one of his first-class dissolving view lectures. All the collecting cards should be sent in on that occasion. We wish we could increase the number of friends who collect for us; it would do them good to undertake the work, and we should be personally obliged to them for their help.

COLPORTAGE. — The generous offer of H. M. has not yet met with any response. The secretary reports that here and there district committees are intimating that they cannot find the amount for their agents after this year. We believe that if some Christian lady or gentleman in such districts would personally take the matter up, in almost every case the £40 would be collected.

When the districts send us the £40 we have still a considerable amount to make up to complete the men’s salaries, and for working expenses. Times are dull, and we suppose we must be content to let the sail-furling go on, though we had a hope that our friend H. H.’s offer, for which we are very grateful, would have led to something practical. Meanwhile, boys are learning to read, and in many parts of the country they will be supplied with nothing but injurious literature, because the colporteur does not come round; many sick folk will be unvisited, and certain poor congregations will be uncared for, because the man with the books is discharged. We do not survey the prospect with pleasure, but having done our best to stir up our fellow-servants we now leave the matter in the great Master’s hands. Any information desired can be had of the Secretary for Colportage, Mr. W. C. Jones, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION. — Mr. Bowker sends us the half-yearly balance-sheet of this most useful work, which was fully

described in a recent number of the magazine. The treasurer commenced with a balance of 7s. 11d. in hand, and he has received from donations £59 11s. 3d., subscriptions £13 18s. 6d., collections at mission stations, annual meeting, etc., £18 10s. 2d., making a total of £92 7s. 11d. The expenses of the half-year have amounted to £91 16s. 3d., so that immediate help is wanted if the mission is to be preserved from breaking its excellent rule, "never to be in debt." We can vouch for it that no money can be spent more economically, and it all goes for direct preaching of the Word, which is the one thing needful for these evil times.

BOOK FUND. — Mrs. Spurgeon has for some time been largely occupied with supplying books to clergymen of the Church of England whose stipends are too small to allow them to purchase them. The amount of kindly feeling which has been expressed is very pleasing, and we regard this opportunity of spreading evangelical truth as a peculiarly valuable one, which should be largely used. Keeping watch at home all alone, our beloved finds great solace in the kindly words of friends who send her help for her chosen life-work. Its present interesting phase should command the prayers and sympathies of all our friends.

PERSONAL NOTES. — A friend in Scotland sends us the following note, with a contribution to the Orphanage which had been entrusted to him by "a widow": "She is a constant reader of your sermons. She was under deep conviction for some years, and it was through the reading of your sermons that light shone in upon her soul and she now rejoices in the liberty of Jesus Christ her Lord. She has peace, joy, and hope through him. She received a small legacy through the death of a friend, and she desires to give a part of it to some of the institutions under your care as a token of gratitude for the benefit she has received from your sermons."

Mr. Cuff sends us some notes which he picked up in a lonely part of Galloway after the Baptist Union meetings. He rode from Glasgow to Lockerbie with an old man who had traveled ninety miles to hear our sermon in St. Andrew's Hall. With tears in his eyes he said, "I got a shake o' his han'; God bless him." Explaining his enthusiasm he said, "A hae read aw his sermons, and a hae them aw bun in *half-calf*." Mr. Cuff tells us he cannot give us the Scotch. but it was simply beautiful. The sermons had been untold blessings to him in his lonely village.

Mr. Cuff called to see an old man nearly ninety years of age. He is still able to read, so a friend had lent him a volume of our sermons. On calling to

exchange it for another he found him reading it through a second time, giving as his reason, "A gude story is nae th' waur o' bein' twice told.": This aged saint finds great joy in reading the sermons not only to himself, but to his daughter and grandchildren.

Mr. Brown, of Twickenham, has also been in the far north, distributing some of our sermons which have been translated into Gaelic. He says, "It would have done your heart good to have seen the pleasure with which they were received; and in many cases the glad surprise of the good folk to be able to read your sermons in their own mother tongue." He suggests the translation of more sermons into Gaelic, and of a small number into the Irish. We should like to have it done. Our hands are full; some brother worker might take the matter up, and, we should rejoice.

A reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*, together with other cheering news, relates that a nephew of hers was anxious about his soul's salvation. He was in Wales at the time, but a fellow-workman sent him *from Australia* a newspaper containing one of our sermons, which was the means of his conversion. The title of the sermon was "The Wicked Man's Life, Funeral, and Epitaph." (No. 200.) This is another remarkable instance of the sermon going round by Australia in order to reach a man in our own land.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have published a little eight-paged tract by Mr. Cheyne Brady, entitled, "The Fox-Hunter." It describes a man who had gone far into sin, but whose conscience had been aroused by seeing upon a windowpane these words, "Prepare to meet thy God." Convinced of his sin, he cried for mercy, but for awhile he sought it in vain. Mr. Brady thus relates what followed: —

"Several days passed thus, when his eye caught a notice, that in a certain village, sixteen miles off, Spurgeon was to preach that evening. He said to himself, 'I'll go and hear that man.' He ordered his horse, and rode sixteen miles in order to hear something which might perchance give his wounded spirit relief. The text was, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Doubtless,' said Spurgeon, 'there are some young men before me who are weighed down with sin and misery, and wanting rest (at the same time pointing here and there). Have you tried the Blood, brother? Have you tried the Blood? The blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth us from *all sin*.' The conscience-stricken sinner was melted under this appeal; he was convinced of his state as a sinner, and that as such eternal death was his doom. But God by his Holy Spirit enabled

him to see that Jesus Christ died for his sins and shed His blood in his stead. He saw the remedy for sin and uncleanness — the precious Blood of Christ. He believed in the Lord Jesus and was saved, and left the chapel born again, — a new man in Christ.”

The following note speaks for itself: “Dear Mr. Spurgeon, — Having found peace and joy after reading one of your sermons in the *Christian Herald* on ‘The Approachableness of Jesus,’ after having had many years of darkness and doubt, please to accept the enclosed for the Orphanage as a thankoffering to the Lord for deliverance. With more to follow, from a lover of Jesus.”

Publishers are rather too much in the habit of quoting the remarks made in our Review Department as if they must necessarily be every one the personal production of the editor. Now, we beg to give notice that to quote as from *The Sword and the Trowel* is fair and right, but to begin with “Mr. Spurgeon says” is not always truthful. We do write the major part of these notices, and we are responsible for them all, but we could not *in propria persona* get through so many books, and therefore many of the reviews are by other hands. Especially must we confess that the heaps of tale-books are not personally perused by us; we would sooner break stones. As folks will have these religious fictions we do our best to let them know which of them are well-intentioned, but we do not advise the reading of them to any great extent. A little pastry may be all very well (our slow digestion suggests that the less the better), but to live upon it would be to generate dyspepsia and all sorts of ills; even so, an interesting story now-and-again may be a relief and a pleasure, but a constant course of such reading must injure both mind and heart. From the quantity of fiction which we have lately received we should think that its perusal needs no encouraging, and little repression might be healthy.

Subscribers to our various works will please to observe that this month’s accounts are only made up to Nov. 14, and therefore if their donations are omitted it will be because they arrived after that date, and they will be sure to find them acknowledged in the January number. Our leaving England made it necessary to shorten the account, so that we might complete the magazine before leaving.

The following is the list of preachers at the Tabernacle during our absence:

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Sunday, Nov. 16, C. Spurgeon, jun.; 23, J. Jackson Wray; 30, W. P. Lockhart. Dec. 7, morning, A. G. Brown; evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 14, J. Jackson Wray; 21, E.G. Gange; 28, E. Herber Evans. Jan. 4, morning, J. Jackson Wray; evening, J. A. Spurgeon.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT.

C.H. SPURGEON.

TREASURER.

ED BOUSTEAD, ESQ.

COMMITTEE

MR. C. P. CARPENTER.	MR. S. R. PEARCE.
MR. F. CARPENTER.	MR. W. PAYNE.
MR. G. GOLDSTON.	MR. J. PASSMORE, JUNR.
MR. LLEWELLYN.	MR. C. WATERS.
MR. W. J. MILLS.	MR. WOOLLARD.
MR. C. F. CARPENTER.	MR. C. MURRELL.
MR. T. MILLS.	

HON. FINANCE SEC.

MR. G. GREGORY.

SEC.

REV. W. CORDEN JONES.

THE object of this Association is the increased circulation of *religious and healthy literature* among all classes, in order to counteract the evil of the vicious publications which abound, and lead to much immorality, crime, and neglect of religion.

This object is carried out in a twofold manner: —

1st. — By means of Christian Colporteurs, who are paid a fixed salary, and devote all their time to the work, visiting every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services, such as visitation of the sick and dying, and

conducting meetings and open air services as opportunities occur. This is the most important method, enabling the Colporteur to visit every part of the district regularly.

The average total cost of a Colporteur is from £75 to £80; but the Committee will appoint a man to any district for which £40 a year is subscribed, if the funds of the Association will permit.

2nd. — By means of Book Agents who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal percentage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

The second method is admirably adapted to the requirements of districts where the guaranteed subscription for a Colporteur cannot be obtained. Shopkeepers or other persons willing to become Book Agents may communicate with the Secretary.

The Association is unsectarian in its operations, "doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere."

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank; and Post Office Orders made payable to W. C. JONES, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand All communications should be addressed to the REV. W. CORDEN JONES, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, London, S.E.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

IN presenting their Twelfth Annual Report, the Committee of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association acknowledge afresh the great goodness of God in permitting them to continue this valuable evangelistic effort during another year, with so many tokens of the divine blessing continually attending the labors of the Colporteurs.

But, although there has been much to cheer in the results of the work itself, considerable anxiety has been experienced in providing the necessary funds for its prosecution. This difficulty arose partly from the general commercial

depression which has affected the subscriptions of nearly every philanthropic effort alike, partly from a smaller amount of sales than might ordinarily have been realized by the addition of thirty new Colporteurs to the staff, and in a great degree from the absorption of capital in furnishing a supply of stock to each of these new agents. The President of the Association, the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, in an earnest appeal on this subject recently issued, writes: —

“Some time ago, when we had fifty Colporteurs, and little or no capital to work with, we made an appeal and funds were given. Now there are eighty-two Colporteurs, and the stock is too low to go on with, paying cash. Any other way of acting is difficult and unsound in principle, and therefore we need another £1,000 capital. Moreover, as the sum paid by each district is not sufficient to support the man and pay the working expenses, we have to depend in part upon sales of books; but owing to the general depression, the sales are greatly diminished, and so each district is worked at a heavier loss. This demands larger amounts in the form of subscriptions, or we shall run dry. Of late donations have been very few, and our exchequer is at the lowest ebb. A great work is done by the Colporteurs both in gospel preaching, temperance lecturing, tract distributing, and sick visiting, no less than 75,000 families being visited monthly. This is the Lord’s work, and we are now in a real difficulty. Here is room for faith, and our faith looks up to God for immediate help. We cannot think that it is His will for us to stay this work, which He is greatly blessing. The silver and the gold are the Lord’s, and He can move a single donor to send us £1,000 if He pleases, or He can raise up many friends to make up the amount. *If any donors to the Orphanage or the College have adjudged the Colportage to be of secondary importance, we assure them it is not so. It is doing a grand work for the Lord in benighted districts, and we love it by no means less than any other of our institutions.*”

The Committee call special attention to the fact that Mr. SPURGEON assures all “*that he regards the work of this Association as second to none of the important agencies connected with the Tabernacle,*” and they trust that Mr. SPURGEON’S urgent appeal for funds, now so much needed, will be promptly and liberally responded to.

It is a hopeful sign of the success which has attended the efforts of this Association, and others now engaged in the same work, that public attention is increasingly directed both to Colportage itself and to the

glaring evils resulting from the reading of low sensational and debasing literature now so prevalent, and which it seeks to supersede by circulating good and interesting moral and religious books and periodicals. From the lips of Judges on the Bench, in the daily newspapers, and by great and good men whose words should carry weight with them, testimony is continually borne to the terrible evil of bad literature and the need of some suitable agency to deal with it.

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY, at a recent meeting of the Religious Tract Society, said: — “Look at the state of popular literature; look at the immense efforts that are made in various quarters and by various parties for the dissemination of literature, the most insidious, the most attractive, the most foul in principle and design, and yet the most deceptive that ever was composed by the hand of man, or that ever issued from man’s foul heart. I have long been acquainted with it.” After directing attention to the artful manner in which foul and wicked ideas are thus conveyed, the Earl continues: — “They are written with so much astuteness, so much care, that I defy any lawyer that ever was, or any lawyer that is, and I defy, moreover, any lawyer that ever shall be, to be able to draw up a clause in an Act of Parliament which could put down such literature as that. There are no means of putting it down by law or force. It must be put down by public opinion; it must be put down by example; put down by exhortation; put down by bodies like the Religious Tract Society.”

To meet this evil the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association was commenced nearly thirteen years ago, and although at first the Agency was very little known, and the funds at the disposal of the Association only enabled it to employ a few men, yet even the efforts of these few earnest laborers were crowned with such blessing that they became the pioneers of a little army of workers now increased to over eighty in number. Associations of Christian churches and of Christian men of various denominations, Town Missionary Societies, and even Sunday Schools have their Colporteurs, and bear willing testimony to the good resulting from their labors. The Bible and good healthy literature are scattered broadcast. the homes of all who are accessible are visited for the sale of books, while the sick and dying are specially cared for, and in addition to this the gospel of salvation through the cross of Christ is proclaimed in a simple way in the cottage, in the village chapel, and on the village green. With regard to the actual working of the past year, it has been with considerable difficulty that the Association has been continued on the extended scale reached by the

liberal aid given by two friends last year, to start thirty additional Agents, so that the net number of Agents at present at work shows no actual increase on that of the preceding year, owing mainly to the difficulty in getting local subscriptions for the purpose.

The Committee take this opportunity to express their regret that Rev. F. A. JONES has found it necessary to relinquish the position of Hon. Secretary. and to record their high appreciation of the value of the services which he rendered to this Association so long and so faithfully.

A perusal of the brief, but very interesting, facts, culled from the Agents' letters and journals, in the following pages will give the best idea of the nature and success of their work.

But attention is also called to the following figures which represent a vast amount of diligent and self-denying labor: — Tracts distributed gratuitously, 162,000; total amount of sales effected, £8,276 0s. 4d. in about 927,000 separate publications; number of visits paid, 926,290. This amount of sales, though smaller than it might have been in more prosperous times, is £1,325 2s. 21/2d. in excess of the previous year.

The subscriptions for the year have amounted to £4,148 15s. 53/4d., including £212 10s. to the Capital Fund, and £3,052 4s. 101/2d. for Districts.

Subscriptions to the General Fund are still urgently needed, both to meet the necessary working expenses, and to supplement the deficiencies continually arising in most of the Districts.

It is desirable again to remind friends that the works of no evangelical denomination are excluded when ordered through the Colporteur, and the Colporteurs themselves are members of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist Churches. The preaching services which the Colporteurs conduct are not confined to any, but extend to all branches of Christ's Church willing to utilize Colportage in the extension of the Kingdom of God.

From the generally acknowledged efficiency and economy of this work, from the great need which exists for it in a reading age like the present, and from the large spiritual blessings resulting from Colportage, it is much to be desired that greater interest should be manifested, and that, its admirable

agency should be adopted and supported by the Church to a much larger extent than hitherto.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COLPORTEURS' JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

The unsectarian character of the work may be plainly seen in the following Report, which affords a sample of the way in which the Colporteur aids various branches of the Church. After describing his survey of the District, he says: —

“I saw a great need for some one among them, and I set myself to work to try to get people to an almost empty chapel, and by the help of God I have been successful in getting the place almost full, and over thirty have professed to find the Lord; I have not confined my labors exclusively to them. I have preached for the Wesleyan Methodists several times and spoken on their platforms at about all their public meetings. I am engaged in visiting and trying to sell my books every day, and I have meetings every night after I get home; Monday, Mission Service, 7 till 8; Bible Class, 8 till 9; Tuesday night, Prayer Meeting; Wednesday night, Mission Service; Thursday night, Preaching; Friday night, Prayer Meeting; Sundays, preach for Baptist friends (every alternate); I am also on the Wesleyan Methodist plan for this quarter; in fact, I am willing to labor and do with all.”

The following extracts are left to speak for themselves.

BLESSING ON THE BOOKS READ: —

“Sold a poor woman ‘Seven Wonders of Grace.’ She had lately lost her daughter by death. Was informed on a former occasion that she had got great good from reading Mr. Spurgeon’s Sermons, especially from one entitled ‘The Soul’s Anchor.’ She was also very fond of the Tracts I used to leave at her house.”

OPEN AIR MEETINGS.

“First visit. — Went round to the cottages, gave notice of a meeting to be held on the green in the evening. People were very busy haymaking, but at 7 o’clock I took my stand on the green, opened my pack before me and

commenced singing one of Sankey's hymns. The children soon came round, and a good number of people followed. I told them my business, that I carried the Word of God from village to village, that I had some Bibles, Testaments, and good books with me, and if any wished to buy they could do so at the close of the service. Sold four Bibles, five Testaments, besides Sankey's Hymn Books, picture books, &c. Was asked to go again; have been three times, each time holding an open-air meeting. The last time took as much as 17s. 4d. for Bibles, etc. I trust the good work is being blessed to many."

TEMPORAL DEPRESSION AND SPIRITUAL REVIVAL.

"I am happy to say that although things seem at present to bear rather a saddening aspect with regard to trade, etc., in the district, yet there is quite a stir among the people, and the religion of Christ is now being inquired about and sought after with more diligence and earnestness than I have witnessed before, since I have been here. The places for worship in almost all the villages are attended well, and in some places we cannot find room to seat them, so that several are obliged to stand. I spend a good deal of time as I have opportunity in encouraging every good desire, and also warning the unthinking as I call with my books. I often feel very tired when I reach home after I have been holding a service some miles from where I reside, but my heart feels light as I know that I have been trying to do my Master's work, especially as I see that he is blessing the humble effort to many weary hearts. One old lady who has recently lost her husband, told me when I called yesterday that my last visit was the means of blessing to her soul. I am often encouraged by hearing this or something similar in the district. To God be all the glory."

The following cases of conversion show that the Agents are much used in their simple preaching of Christ: —

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

"Leave home this morning for S— M— , calling at one home I am addressed in this manner, 'I am so glad to see you, it does me so much good when you call, and reading those nice books, which I have bought of you, has enlightened my mind and led me to see that in Christ is my only hope.' After some conversation, I sell to her, 'The Wonderful Works of Christ' and 'The Bible and Newspaper.' Then proceed.

“To day here I sold but few books, yet found many anxious about their souls. One woman addressed me in this manner, ‘You told us pretty plainly last Sunday night what we were,’ to which I answered, it is no use me telling you that you will go to Heaven in an unconverted state, for you will not, she then exclaimed, ‘Oh if I were to die as I am, where should I go to?’ I said, to *Hell*, for ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.’ After further conversation, I leave here and go on, calling from house to house, until night comes on. Then have service in the Chapel. After service, a girl of about fifteen years, came forward expressing a desire to speak to me; she said, ‘I want to tell you that I have found Christ.’ I asked ‘When?’ ‘Whilst you have been preaching.’ I said, then you can make the words of the text yours, ‘will trust, and not be afraid.’ ‘I can’ she replied, with a beaming countenance.

“My sales are small; discouraged by this, I am almost faint, until I call at one house, and am met with, ‘I did so want to see you.’ I inquired, what for? ‘Oh,’ said the speaker, who was a woman, ‘I can see my way clear.’ I had no reason to inquire where to, for the expression of her countenance told as plainly as words could. I said, ‘Then you can realize your sins forgiven, and Christ to be your Savior.’ ‘Yes,’ she emphatically replied, ‘and it’s all through you.’ After more questioning, selling her a book, and commending her to God, I got up to leave; she said again, ‘I am so happy, and it’s all through you.’ Telling her to give God the glory, I left.

“Other cases of a like character have come under my notice. The people generally are more ready to receive me, and many doors, which for a long time were shut, are now opened.”

The Agent who reports the following has been very useful among the afflicted.

“It is with much gratitude to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that I have been spared through this another quarter. It has been the most trying I have had, temporally, but I am glad to say it has been the most encouraging, spiritually, for many have given me the opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus, which trust will prove a blessing to them. I visited a poor man very ill, early in December, who has been a drunkard for years; his home was the picture of misery; his six children had never been to a school; his wife could not read a word; and it was one of the most wretched places I have ever seen. I went to the house to ask the poor woman to let me see her husband; she did so, and finding him very ill I read the Word of God, and

spoke a few words to him, but he was too ill to say anything. I then prayed for the Spirit to give life to His own Word. I gave the woman a shilling, told her I would come again the next day. I did so, read and prayed with him again; he then got a little better and lingered on, but God has blessed His own Word to the salvation of his soul. It was very hard work to get him to listen to God's Word, but God has blessed the labor. Many have helped him in his illness through a word I have spoken for him. One lady has done a good deal for him, and the home is a changed place altogether, and the poor man is a happy believer in Jesus Christ.

“Another man, a farmer, about fifty years of age, was brought to Jesus by a prayer meeting I held with a few others, and his wife told me it was through my prayer. I went to see him the next day, had a long talk with him, he wept much, and is now a happy man. He comes to all the means of grace he can, and seems much blessed, which before he would not come to, and for this I bless God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and take courage, and go on my way rejoicing, praising the Lord for His goodness unto the children of men. Five others have signed the temperance pledge, and thus I feel good is being done, though my sales are not so good as I would like, yet I believe better days are coming for the spread of the truth, when they will take a greater interest in reading; it is very dark yet, and much to be done for the souls of the people and the glory of God.”

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

“Work of January. Families visited, 1015. Total number of Books and Mags., 730. During the month there has been, and not without cause, much complaining of poverty and hardship, and hundreds saying, ‘We can hardly get money for bread, leave alone books,’ and I have then endeavored to impress many a one with the blessed fact that though *money* may be and is undoubtedly scarce yet mercy is abundant; for the Lord is plenteous in mercy and His mercy endureth for ever. Times too have been somewhat hard for Colporteurs. Often of late have I had, through the coldness of the weather, to think of, ‘Who can stand before His cold?’ and four limes especially have I had as it were forced upon my memory this passage, — ‘The wicked stand in slippery places ‘as I have fallen heavily enough to knock the breath out of me almost, but thank the Lord my bones kept whole. We have learned of some Colporteurs that they have been in peril from robbers; happily I have not been so attacked, but I have been in perils of a ‘dawg’ (dog), which I am thankful to say hurt my person less than he

hurt my coat, for he tore the tail of my overcoat completely off. And thus we were obliged to consider, 'Beware of dogs.' But for all this we will not care if we may but be the means of rescuing souls from the dogs of hell."

USE OF A TRACT.

"I have great reason to believe that God is still blessing my feeble efforts. A few days ago I called at a house, and asked if I could sell them a book. The wife said 'Yes, we want a Bible for the little girl, for she is going to the Sunday School. I have five children, but have never sent them to chapel, neither to a Sunday School, but you gave me a tract some time ago and it told me of my duty as a parent to my children. I have brought them up without ever thinking about their precious souls. I felt so condemned, and I resolved to send them to the Sunday School. There are three old enough to go, so I will buy a Bible every month till they have one each.' I trust that by the grace of God she will also be awoke to a sense of her true state as a sinner."

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

"My labors are still being blessed by the Lord. One old man bore testimony with his dying breath to the blessings he had received through my visits. When I first visited him he seemed in utter darkness and I could not get him to say much; but after visiting him several times he became very anxious about his soul. One day he asked me if those who had not been members of any church below could enter the one above. I then referred him to the thief on the cross, and showed it was by faith, not by works, and I told him to get hold of Christ and He would save him. Next time I called he was dead and buried. His wife told me that he blessed me with his latest breath. He said he saw it all clear and light, and that he had hold of Christ and did not mean to let Him go."

PREACHING SERVICES.

"My labor in pulpit has also been much blessed. I have now started meetings once a fortnight at a village where they never had week-night services before. Here I get a large congregation, and have got several young men to write essays and read them; then I pass a few remarks upon them and give them a few words of encouragement, and then hold a service. At another place they would not have more than one service in

three months if it were not for the services I hold there, their own pastor being very ill, and too poor to get supplies. I have preached for three different denominations within twenty-four hours. One young man told me his father (who had been a professor of Christianity, but had not been to a meeting for years) was coming to hear me preach next time I was there. At another place where I had been preaching in the afternoon and evening I had to go into a house for my overcoat and leggings, as it was raining and I had to walk six miles to town. The old gentleman took me by the hand and said that he was glad that I preached with such earnestness and plainness, and he hoped what I had said would prove a blessing and warning, and then he made me a present of half-a-sovereign. Several people have told me there have been people to hear me preach who never go to the services at any other time. There are some people who come three or four miles to my week-night services. At another place one man met me at the foot of the pulpit stair, took my hand in his, and told me of the blessing he had received from my sermon.”

VISIT TO INFIRMARY.

“If I happen to have a Sunday without any appointment I visit the patients in the infirmary. One young woman there told me that she was very much blessed by my words, and thanked me very much. She also said that if it was not for me, weeks would pass without them hearing a prayer or the Scriptures read.”

BACKSLIDER RESTORED THROUGH A TRACT.

“The most encouraging fact I can relate in respect to my work here, at this time, is about a woman with whom I had some conversation the other day. About twelve months ago I mentioned to you about calling at a house in my district, when I gave the woman a tract, which she took, and bought a Bible. It was rather singular the heading of the tract was a text of Scripture, and that the text of Scripture was the means of her conversion some years ago, but through marrying an unconverted man she gradually left her chapel and became a very wicked character. She lived in this state for nearly eight years. Through my visit she went to chapel; she has attended regularly ever since; she has influenced her husband to attend as regularly as herself, who had not been for years. She told me the other day he has become quite a changed man, for he never gets drunk, neither does

he swear at her as he used to do. I have every reason to believe that she has been brought back to the Lord, and the husband is seeking the Savior.”

PERSEVERANCE IN VISITATION REWARDED.

“There is a farm in my district at which I have called from the first, but could never gain admission. As I hate anything bordering on slander, I never mentioned it to anyone. There were two dogs, one each side of the entrance gate, large fierce animals, so that it was impossible to enter near the door. One of the family would come to the gate, and with a rebuff and a sneer refuse to take a tract or hear what I had to say. I called thus for about ten months, at last was determined to give it up as useless, when about Christmas I heard that a gentleman of position in the neighborhood, who is doing much for the cause of Christ, had determined to place one of Spurgeon’s Sermons in each house in the neighborhood, but on going to this farm, however, he was repulsed and insulted. Nothing daunted, however, he went to the house of one of the laborers at this farm, and asked him to bring it over next day. The man did, but the sermon was thrown back, and he was nearly discharged for bringing it over. Had not my informant added the following, I should not think anything about the place any more, save in my prayers, but when I heard that the father had died about a twelvemonth ago, with all the terrors, of a lost soul, saying that he would not, could not die, he dared not face the Judge after sinning against him all his life, etc. This made me determined that if the remainder of the house should be lost it would be no fault of mine. So, after a prayer, I selected a suitable tract, went to the house, passing between the dogs, defending myself as best I could with my pack, went to the door, where I was met by one of the family who had often repulsed me, but she did not do so this time, but took with a faint nervous smile the tract I offered her, taking it, however, with such trembling hands, and with such agitated frame, as if she was taking her death warrant to read. I thought it would not be wise for me to say much on that occasion, so I soon left, thanking God that the house which had been closed against all servants of Christ so long had for once, however, been opened to one of the humblest of them, and I pray that God may not only cause the door of the house to be opened to receive His servants, but that the hearts of its occupants may be opened to receive Himself, and save them with an everlasting salvation, and make them His own children for His name’s sake. Amen.”

LOCAL REPORTS BY FRIENDS IN THE DISTRICTS.

STOW-ON-THE-WOLD AND ASTON BLANK DISTRICT.

“The progress of the work during the past year encourages your Committee to lay before the subscribers and the public a brief statement of what has been done by the earnest and persevering efforts of the Colporteur. He has been able to hold 123 religious services, either in the open air, in cottages, or other places of worship: pay 300 visits to the sick and aged, and gratuitously distribute 2000 tracts; 200 Bibles and Testaments have been sold, and 340 monthly subscribers obtained for Magazines, such as Sunday at Home, Leisure Hour, and British Workman. The total amount realized by sales, £130 Isaiah 6d.

“The circulation of so large an amount of highly moral and religious literature is pleasing evidence of the growing intelligence of the people in the villages of the district where it is chiefly circulated, and the large attendances at the services held show that the cottagers are not indifferent to the preaching of the gospel.

“The Colporteur’s Journal furnishes abundant proof that the conversations by the wayside and addresses in the Cottage Meetings are producing a lasting impression on the minds of many of the persons with whom the Colporteur comes in contact.”

COATE AND LEAFIELD COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

“Perhaps there is no agency so calculated to reach the masses of the people as this. Much has been done, but more remains to be done to direct sinners to the Savior. It is more needed now than at any former period to counteract Romanism, Ritualism, Rationalism, and the pernicious literature so cheaply and widely circulated in the present day. The work is carried on in an unsectarian spirit among all Evangelical denominations, in promoting the sale of books and periodicals of a healthy character, and performing the useful offices of a Missionary, in going from house to house and village to village, and visiting the sick and dying, as well as conducting religious services of a simple kind.

“The sales during the year have been 80 Bibles and 80 Testaments, Bound Books. (various) 1,380, Magazines, 1,660. Visits to homes, 10,630; Tracts distributed, 11,800; Services and Addresses, 123; Amount received for Books, £103 18s. 6d.”

HOME MISSION REPORT OF WILTS ASSOCIATION.

“In accordance with the resolutions passed at our last Annual Meeting the chief work of the Mission this year has been in the direction of Colportage, and the reports received from the various brethren employed in this work abundantly confirm the wisdom of this course. A very much larger portion of the districts included within the bounds of the Association has been worked, and that in a more efficient manner than would have been possible in any other way with the limited funds at our disposal. This will be seen from the fact that 116 villages have been visited regularly, and others occasionally, by the brethren in the four Colportage districts. Nearly 400 preaching services have been held by these brethren, besides many other meetings of various kinds; sales have been effected amounting in value to nearly £500; large quantities of tracts have been distributed; and much good work has been done in the way of house visitation, and personal conversation with the people.”

“This year the amount devoted to Colportage has been £100, and the statements already made, and the extracts from the reports which follow, not only justify this expenditure, but excite regret that more funds are not available for the extension of the work. Mr. King’s labors have been remarkably prosperous throughout, and the last year has been one of the best. He has visited about 30 villages every month; has sold books and magazines to the value of over £181 — a larger sum than in any year; has preached the gospel about 200 times, delivered 19 Sunday School addresses, conducted 18 Communion services, and taken part in 23 tea meetings.”

Four Colporteurs are laboring in connection with the Wilts Association. Space forbids a separate notice of each.

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

TRUSTEES.

C. H. SPURGEON, PRESIDENT.

J. A. SPURGEON, VICE-PRESIDENT.

MRS. A. HILLYARD.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

WILLIAM OLNEY.

WILLIAM C. MURRELL.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS.

WILLIAM MILLS.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

B. WILDON CARR.

HON. CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.

HENRY GERVIS, ESQ., M.D.

HON. CONSULTING SURGEON

J. COOPER FORSTER, Esq., F.R.C.S.

HON. CONSULTING OPHTHALMIC SURGEON.

J. C. WORDSWORTH, Esq., F.R.C.S.E.

HON. DENTIST.

W. O. HINCHLIFFE, Esq.

MEDICAL OFFICER

WILLIAM SORER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

SOLICITOR.

Mr. THOMAS C. PAGE.

HEAD MASTER.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH

SECRETARY.

CHARLES BLACKSHAW.

TENTH REPORT, 1878-9.**(TWELFTH YEAR.)**

THIS Orphanage, originally founded by the self-sacrifice of Mrs. A. HILLYARD — an esteemed sister in the Lord — is conducted by C. H. SPURGEON, assisted by his brother, and a body of Trustees, and is purely undenominational in its character. Destitute Fatherless Boys, between the ages of six and ten, are selected by the Committee, thus avoiding the evils of the voting system. They are located in separate houses under the care of matrons, and are not distinguished by a uniform dress, which, in so many cases, becomes a grading badge of poverty.

The great object is to train the boys in the fear of the Lord, and at the same time to provide them with an education which shall fit them to take good positions in the world.

I. — STATISTICAL.

The growth of the Institution will be seen in the following table of figures:—

Report	Date	Annual Admissions	Total Admissions	Annual Removals	Total Removals	In Residence
1	From Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	148
2	From April, 1870, to March, 1871	42	196	7	13	183
3	From April, 1871, to March, 1872	38	234	9	22	212
4	From April,	21	255	15	37	218

	1872, to March, 1873					
5	From April, 1873, to March, 1874	36	291	38	75	216
6	From April, 1874, to March, 1875	63	354	42	117	237
7	From April, 1875, to March, 1876	28	382	29	146	236
8	From April, 1876, to March, 1877	46	428	52	198	230
9	From April, 1877, to March, 1878	51	479	47	245	234
10	From April, 1878, to March, 1879	48	527	38	283	244

Of the 38 boys who left during the year, 25 were sent to situations: 4 were returned to their friends; 7 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers, and 2 were removed by death. ^{F12}

The following tables show the wide area from which the boys have been received: —

LONDON			
Balham	5	Kensington	2
Barnsbury	2	Kentish Town	6
Battersea	4	Kilbum	6
Bayswater	5	Kingsland	2

Bermondsey	45	Lambeth	47
Bethnal Green	2	Lewisham	2
Bloomsbury	2	Limehouse	3
Borough	6	Marylebone	12
Bow	11	Mile End	4
Brixton	16	Newington	9
Camberwell	18	New Cross	3
Camden Town	2	Norwood	3
Chelsea	4	Notting Hill	4
Clapham	3	Peckham	12
Clapton	1	Pentonville	2
Clerkenwell	5	Pimlico	2
Dalston	1	Poplar	3
Deptford	3	Shoreditch	2
Dulwich	1	Soho	1
Finsbury	1	Southwark	15
Hackney	10	Spitalfields	1
Haggerston	1	Stepney	5
Hamtnersmith	1	Strand	2
Hampstead	2	Streatham	1
Holborn	5	Stockwell	2
Holloway	5	Stoke Newington	1
Homerton	2	St. Luke's	2
Hornsey	1	St. Pancras	3

Horselydown	4	Walworth	28
Hoxton	5	Wandsworth	10
Islington	12	Westminster	6
Kennington	3	Whitechapel	3
TOTAL	392		

Of the 392 boys received from London-Lambeth, Bermondsey, Walworth, and Southwark furnish a contingent of one-third, the remaining 60 parishes sending the rest.

COUNTRY			
<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	1	<i>Devonshire</i> , Bedford	1
<i>Berkshire</i> , Reading	4	<i>Devonshire</i> , Devonport	2
<i>Berkshire</i> , Slough	1	<i>Devonshire</i> , Exeter	1
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> , Winslow	2	<i>Durham</i> , Stockton	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> , Cambridge	1	<i>Essex</i> , Barking	1
<i>Cheshire</i> , Chester	1	<i>Essex</i> , Boxted	1
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Derby	1	<i>Essex</i> , Braintree	1
<i>Essex</i> Colchester	2	<i>Middlesex</i> , Arlington	1
<i>Essex</i> Dunmow	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Barnet	1
<i>Essex</i> Coggeshall	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Ealing	1
<i>Essex</i> Ilford	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Finchley	1
<i>Essex</i> Leyton	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Hampton-Wick	1
<i>Essex</i> Leytonstone	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Harrow	1
<i>Essex</i> North Woolwich	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Hendon	1

<i>Essex</i> Paglesham	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Hounslow	1
<i>Essex</i> Walthamstow	1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Whetstone	1
<i>Essex</i> Witham	2	<i>Norfolk</i> , Holt	1
<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	3	<i>Northamptonshire</i> , Northampton	1
<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Gloucester	1	<i>Northamptonshire</i> , Brackley	1
<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Painswick	1	<i>Northamptonshire</i> , Oundle	1
<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Stroud	2	<i>Northamptonshire</i> , Thrapstone	1
<i>Hampshire</i> , Lymington	1	<i>Nottingham</i> , Retford	1
<i>Hampshire</i> , Christchurch	1	<i>Nottingham</i> , Sutton	1
<i>Hampshire</i> , Romsey	1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> Banbury	1
<i>Hampshire</i> , Winchester	1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> Chipping Norton	1
<i>Herefordshire</i> , Ledbury	1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> Kidlington	1
<i>Hertfordshire</i> , Redbourne	1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> Witney	1
<i>Hertfordshire</i> , St. Alban's	1	<i>Rutlandshire</i> , Uppingham	1
<i>Kent</i> , Charlton	2	<i>Somersetshire</i> , Bath	2
<i>Kent</i> , Chatham	2	<i>Somersetshire</i> , Taunton	2
<i>Kent</i> , Deal	1	<i>Suffolk</i> , Aldboroug	1
<i>Kent</i> , Eynsford	1	<i>Suffolk</i> , Ipswich	2
<i>Kent</i> , Gravesend	3	<i>Suffolk</i> , Southwold	1
<i>Kent</i> , Greenwich	8	<i>Surrey</i> , Addlestone	1
<i>Kent</i> , Maidstone	2	<i>Surrey</i> , Bletchingley	1
<i>Kent</i> , Margate	4	<i>Surrey</i> , Croydon	4

<i>Kent</i> , Northfleet	2	<i>Surrey</i> , East Moulsey	1
<i>Kent</i> , Ramsgate	1	<i>Surrey</i> , Kingston	2
<i>Kent</i> , Sittingbourne	1	<i>Surrey</i> , Sutton	1
<i>Kent</i> , Woolwich	2	<i>Sussex</i> , Bournemouth	1
<i>Lancashire</i> , Ashton-under-Lyne	1	<i>Sussex</i> , Brighton	1
<i>Lancashire</i> , Birkenhead	1	<i>Sussex</i> , Hastings	2
<i>Lancashire</i> , Bolton	1	<i>Warwickshire</i> , Coventry	1
<i>Lancashire</i> , Liverpool	2	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Chippenham	1
<i>Lancashire</i> , Morecambe	1	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Warminster	1
<i>Lincolnshire</i> , Boston	1	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Wroughton	1
TOTAL	128		

WALES			
<i>Wales</i> , Blaenavon	1	<i>Wales</i> , Hay	1
<i>Wales</i> , Llanelly	1	<i>Wales</i> , Swansea	1
<i>Wales</i> , Haverfordwest	1	TOTAL	5

SUMMARY	
London	392
Country	128
Wales	5
Ireland	2
TOTAL	527

Ninety-two provincial towns, representing 29 counties, have participated in the benefits of the Institution by sending 128 boys.

We subjoin a denominational analysis showing the catholicity of the Institution: —

Church of England	166
Baptist	121
Congregational	64
Wesleyan	58
Presbyterian	13
Roman Catholic	2
Brethren	2
Moravian	1
Bible Christian	1
Not Specified	99
TOTAL	527

The following letter from the mother of one of the boys is a sample of many, and by which we are cheered and encouraged: —

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON,

My dear Sir, — For more than six years you and Mr. Charlesworth have, as far as it has been possible, occupied a father's place towards my boys Charlie and Willie. They have had in the Orphanage the advantage of a home; their matron has been a mother to them, and Mr. Charlesworth has, I feel sure, sought in every way to study their welfare with all the interest of a father; while it is your genial and affectionate spirit which has inspired all who have had them in their charge. There are very many indeed who thank God with me for raising you up to be a father to the fatherless, and when we think that this is only one part of your good work, we join in earnest prayer that you may long be spared to make manifest the Spirit of Christ in your abundant labors of love.

When my boys first went to the Orphanage I felt an objection to their going, but the spirit of true love which moves you quite prevents anything being so much as thought, I believe, much less said or done, that can make any mother object to have her children under your care. Charlie has just left to take a situation you have obtained for him, and I take this opportunity of writing my thanks to you. He has been well taught and made self-reliant, and, so to speak, he has been kept like himself; the boys, I mean, are not made all alike. His writing is excellent, and his arithmetic he does better than many boys of his age. You have even, Sir, made a traveled gentleman of him, and so fitted him I believe to make a good position for himself. I have every reason to hope that he will give full satisfaction to his employers, and am satisfied that he will himself always look back to his school days at the Orphanage with pleasure and gratitude. I send enclosed a P.O. Order for £1. This is only a trifle to what I would give if it were possible.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours respectfully and sincerely,

II. — DOMESTIC.

Each year deepens our conviction that the system of the cottage is superior to that of the barrack, and we are glad to find that it is growing in favor on all hands. We take the following extract from a report, made by order of the House of Commons, on the "Home and Cottage System of Training and Educating the Children of the Poor," by F. J. Mouat, Esq., M.D., Local Government Board Inspector, and the late Captain J. D. Bowly, R.E. It is peculiarly valuable as coming from each a source, and it will, we trust, encourage our subscribers: —

"The Stockwell Orphanage. — The Stockwell Orphanage, founded by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, is an institution of a higher order than the reformatories and pauper schools, and is not an industrial school properly so called. It is devoted to the education and training of fatherless boys, and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions in money or kind. The feature which caused us to visit it with reference to the present inquiry is that it is based on the family system, there being eight separate houses, in each of which resides a group of about thirty boys under the special charge of a matron. Each house contains dormitories for the boys, and apartments for the matron, also a lavatory, and the usual offices; but the meals are taken in a general dining hall, and cooked in a general kitchen; an arrangement which doubtless conduces to economy, but which is to some extent a departure from the ideal family system.

"The boys' houses are arranged in a continuous terrace, each house being separate from the next by a party wall as in an ordinary street, the schoolrooms are on a third floor over a portion of the terrace, and are commodious and airy. The standard of education is high, as one of the avowed purposes of the institution is to get the boys 'to take good positions in the world.' There is a general play-hall and swimming bath, and it was stated to us that nearly every boy was able to swim.

"The standard of health is high; there is no general contagious disease in the school, and infectious fevers, when they occur, are easily prevented from spreading by early isolation, in the convenient detached infirmary standing at the south-east end of the playground.

"The institution has been ten years at work, and the boys placed out in situations during that time have, as a rule, turned out well

“In many respects, this excellent school affords no ground of comparison with pauper institutions; but the point to be specially noted is that the family system, even in the modified form here adopted, is stated to have been productive of undoubtedly good effects, not only as regards the formation of individual character, but also as conducing to a high standard of bodily health.”

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals, by the Head Master and his assistants, the service being taken occasionally by the President, or a member of the Committee, or a visitor to the Institution who may happen to be present. The Word of God is read and expounded, hymns sung, and prayer offered, and the whole of the boys repeat a text selected for the day. A service is conducted for the elder boys every Wednesday evening, when addresses are given by ministers and other friends.

On the Lord's-day morning the elder boys attend the service at the Tabernacle; a second detachment is accommodated at the Wynne Road Chapel; and a suitable service is conducted for the rest at the Orphanage, by Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. Mr. W. J. Evans still superintends the Sunday School in the afternoon, assisted by a large staff of earnest teachers, and Mr. C. Carpenter presides over the Evening Service. All these good friends, who labor with commendable zeal to win the children to Christ, have been connected with the Institution from its commencement. By these arrangements the members of the staff, who are with the boys all the week, find a welcome relief, while the influence of our earnest voluntary' helpers is of the most salutary kind. At the recent Scripture Examination of Sunday Scholars, our boys gained two prizes, also nine first-class and eight second-class certificates. Those boys who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a “Young Christians' Band,” and meet twice a month. At the present time there are fifty in full membership, one hundred having been enrolled since the commencement.

During their term of residence in the Institution all the boys are total abstainers, no alcoholic liquors being allowed except by order of the doctor, but 152 are pledged abstainers at the present time, with the approval of their friends, and form a Band of Hope.

The annual meeting, under the presidency of Geo. Palmer, Esq., M.P., was held in June to celebrate the President's birthday, and the annual excursion

took place in August, when all the boys and the staff were taken to Brighton for the day.

During the Midsummer holidays friends were found to entertain several of the boys, who but for such generous kindness would not have been able to leave the Institution for a change. Will not others do the same this year? The holidays commence August 1st.

The Christmas season was a joyous time, friends from all parts of the country kindly sending, as usual, all sorts of good things for the boys. Mr. William Harrison sustained the precedent of former years by sending a box of figs for each boy, and was again the medium for conveying 240 new shillings, fresh from the Mint, from a friend who chooses to be known only by his initials, "J. D." It was a cause of deep regret that the President was unable to be present, but he was worthily represented by his honored sons, Messrs. Charles and Thomas Spurgeon. The old boys mustered in good force, and were the heroes of the day. Through the kindness of the President each of the members of the staff received a useful present, and "Christmas at the Orphanage" will always be a precious memory to all who participated in its festivities. An Old Boys' Association has been formed, and meetings are held every month. In this way the bond of union is maintained, and the young men become mutually helpful to each other.

It is a joy to us to know that many of our old boys are members of churches, and that a goodly number are engaged in Christian work. Mr. R. S. Latimer, the first of our boys admitted to the College, and now Pastor of the Church at Willingham, reports the progress of the good work under his care. Mr. C. W. Townsend is studying for the ministry at the present time, and gives promise of future usefulness. These facts inspire our grateful songs. Will the reader pray that we may yet see greater things?

III. — EDUCATION.

In the system which we pursue we aim rather to give a useful than an ornamental education, and the results achieved justify the methods adopted and the subjects selected. Several large and well-known firms have taken a number of our boys, and report favorably of their ability, conduct, and progress. The head of one firm, who built the "Merchant's House," addressed the following letter to the President: —

May 25th, 1879.

My Dear MR. SPURGEON,

Many thanks for enclosing in your letter the tract about little Dicky. I have read the account with much interest and with a thankful heart that I have been blessed with means to erect the "Merchant's House," and that it should have given shelter to such a "Lamb of Christ's Flock." I am equally thankful for the heart to have done it, as for the means.

I notice the cost of maintaining the thirty orphans which the house shelters, and feel that I should like in future to provide for one, so long as enabled to do so. I enclose cheque £25 for one year, and your secretary will please remind me yearly should I forget to send it.

I think our firm has had quite a dozen of your orphan lads in our counting house, and I am very pleased to testify that we have never had better behaved, nor better trained lads, nor better educated lads for commercial purposes. I am not aware of a single one of them turning out badly, but on the contrary quite satisfactory. I thought you might be gratified to have this testimony.

With kind regards, I am Yours truly,

MERCHANT.

The Schools have been efficiently maintained during the past year, and the progress of the boys in the subjects of an ordinary English education is alike creditable both to teachers and pupils. The *extra* subjects are French, Drawing, and Music. Two French classes are conducted gratuitously by Madame Blim, an accomplished French lady, who devotes two afternoons a week to her classes, and one is presided over by Mr. Goodchild. Mr. F. G. Ladds, formerly a boy in the Orphanage, and now one of the teachers, continues the instruction in vocal music, and we have been able to turn the musical abilities of the boys to good account in giving Services of Song in behalf of the Institution. During the year, under the direction of the Head Master, meetings were held in the following places and the net sum of £466 19s. 7d. realized: — Bradford, Bedford, Camberwell, Cambridge, Chipping Norton, Derby, Evesham, Hitchin, Highgate, Lee, Lewisham, Luton, Leicester, Middlesborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, Newport, I.W., Northampton, Newcastle, Portsmouth, Reigate, Ryde,

Richmond, Reading, Surbiton, Stockton, Southampton, Stratford-on-Avon, Witney, Waterbeach, Woburn, and West Cowes. Our thanks are tendered to all the good friends who have made the necessary arrangements for the meetings and so hospitably entertained the little singers. We trust these examples will be copied by others, so that the claims of the Institution may be brought before the people in all the large towns. As the meetings are of an evangelistic character, the friends in every instance have spoken of themselves as debtors for the services rendered. It is a pleasant way of helping and advertising the Orphanage, and, at the same time, it is beneficial to the places visited. About 100, holding music certificates, furnished a contingent of the Tonic Sol-fa and Band of Hope Choirs at the Crystal Palace Festivals.

In March last we presented 178 boys for Examination in Freehand, Geometrical and Model Drawing, in connection with the Science and Art Department, but the returns have not yet come to hand.

IV. — SANITARY.

During the year the general health of the boys has been excellent. When it is understood that many of the boys are the children of parents who have died from hereditary disease, we think it speaks well for the sanitary condition of the Institution that we have not to record a larger number of deaths, and that, in many instances, children who were exceedingly delicate on entering have become comparatively strong and robust. We owe a debt of gratitude to our medical staff and to the matron of the Infirmary for their skillful exertion in behalf of all who are placed under their care, but above all would we bless the Lord, "Who healeth all our diseases" and whose name is "Jehovah-Rophi" — the Lord, the Healer!

V. — MODE OF ADMISSION.

Applications for the admission of children should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars given. If the case appear eligible, a form of application is sent, the questions on which must be answered by the applicant, and the form returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the immediate rejection of the case. After the case is entered on the list of candidates, the Trustees, as soon as convenient, appoint a visitor to make personal inquiries into it. Should these be satisfactory, the child appears before the committee and the

doctor, and, if duly elected, enters the Institution as soon as there is room. As the number of most necessitous candidates is largely in excess of our accommodation, the Trustees issue forms of application very sparingly, as they consider it unwise to encourage hopes which are not likely to be realized. Friends, who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested, must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees, if it is proved by them to be less necessitous than others. The election of children not being determined by subscribers' votes, the Trustees endeavor to maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need has the loudest voice with them.

In every case the following certificates are required: (A) of the marriage of the parents, (B) of the death of the father, and (C) of the birth of the child, *but they must not be sent until they are applied for*. The cases of illegitimate children are not within the scope of the Institution, and friends are requested not to write pleading letters, for the admittance of such children is not permitted by the trust deed.

Applicants are requested not to call upon the Trustees privately, as they are bound not to attend to them otherwise than officially. Cases are considered on their own merits, and derive no advantage from personal solicitation. Mr. SPURGEON *cannot personally see any applicants, and should not be written to*. All letters on this business should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. CHARLES BLACKSHAW, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

The Orphanage is open for the inspection of the public on the afternoons of Tuesday and Thursday in each week. At other times an order is necessary, which can be obtained of Mr. SPURGEON, or any of the Trustees. The Visiting Day for the friends of the inmates is the First Wednesday in every month, between the hours of 2 and 5.

VI. — FUNDS.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the presents sent by generous friends, but they have been duly acknowledged every month in the *Sword and the Trowel*. They are all received with gratitude, and we take this opportunity of repeating our thanks. It is a cause of grief to us when friends do not receive a prompt acknowledgment of their gifts. but in almost all instances where this has occurred the donor has failed to send *name and address with the parcel*. We are too grateful for any help,

however small, to risk giving pain or offense to those who remember us, and we respectfully request to be informed of the transmission of presents *at the time*, and their receipt shall be duly acknowledged.

The principals of a ladies' boarding school and their pupils keep up their admirable custom of making shirts for the boys. If their generous contributions are supplemented by working associations and private friends, the supply will always be equal to the demand. We commend this example to young ladies, for besides doing good service to the orphans, they will themselves profit by acquiring the art of shirt making.

The Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach produces more than the average yield of flour and potatoes, under the skillful farming of our friend, Mr. Toller. Another farmer, in Kent, has sent us a portion of his potato crop, and several millers have forwarded a sack of flour occasionally. Puddings and potatoes form such important articles of diet that we shall be glad if other Christian farmers will remember our 250 hungry boys from time to time. A good friend at Reading has dedicated a pear tree to the Orphanage, and proposes to send either the fruit or the money realized by its sale.

The work of caring for the widow and the fatherless is specially mentioned by the Holy Spirit as one of the most acceptable modes of giving outward expression to pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, and therefore the Lord's people will not question that they should help in carrying it out. Will it need much pleading? If so, we cannot use it, as we shrink from marring the willingness which is the charm of such a service. No collector shall ever draw a commission from us for dogging unwilling subscribers, nor will we press and squeeze niggard gifts from reluctant hands. The work is carried on in dependence upon God, and as His blessing evidently rests upon it, we are confident the means will be forthcoming as the need arises. While commending the work to our heavenly Father in prayer, we deem it right to lay before the stewards of His bounty the necessities and claims of the Institution.

The sum of TWELVE POUNDS per day is required, in addition to the revenue of the Capital Fund.

All moneys should be sent direct to C. H. SPURGEON, Nightingale Lane, Balham, S.W., other presents to VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, Head Master, The Orphanage, Stockwell, London, S.W.

N.B. — All letters requiring an answer must contain a stamped and directed envelope.

A PLEA FOR THE ORPHAN

AND SPECIALLY FOR THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHAT more blessed work than to make the widow's heart to sing for joy? Even the world's poet blessed the man who had "a tomb of orphans' tears wept over him" — what nobler memorial could he have? To snatch poor boys from the depths of poverty, and often from the defiling influences of the streets, to supply their needs, and train them for the Lord Jesus, is one of the noblest of Christian labors — who would not wish to share in it? Money spent in superfluities can never yield a thousandth part of the pleasure which flows into a Christian heart from acts of benevolence.

Too often do we forget the need which is in the world because it does not come under our own eye, and so we miss the joy of aiding to alleviate it. There is crushing distress in a thousand homes: the bread-winner lies cold in the grave, the bread is scant on the table and hardly earned, the widow is sickening under toil beyond her strength, and the children are pining for lack of bare necessities, though before their father's death they never knew a want. Bitter is her woe, and the world's heart is cold, to whom shall the widow turn? Where shall the fatherless find a helper? Where but with God, and those who love Him? Jesus would clasp the little ones in his arms if he were here, and bid the widow weep no more; his disciples should do in his behalf what he would personally do if he were still among us in person.

Some call adopt an orphan child, and be all the happier for having done so; if they have no family of their own they may by so doing win a domestic joy of whose sweetness they little dream. Others can give personal aid to the poor hard-working mother, and many more can assist in maintaining institutions which provide for the little "fatherless bairns."

We plead now for nothing which can strengthen a party, or promote our own personal comfort; no sectarian aspiration or political ambition mingles with this purely philanthropic work, and therefore our earnestness is

unchecked by the suspicion that a sinister motive can be imputed to us. Ours it is without fee or reward to care for these little ones, for Christ's sake, and in so doing to add a happy burden to our life, which is a busy one at all times. We feel, therefore, that we may speak boldly.

The objects of our care are not far to seek; there they are at our gates — widows worn down with labor, often pale, emaciated, delicate, and even consumptive — boys half-famished, growing up neglected, surrounded with temptation! Can you look at them without pity? We cannot. We will work for them, through our Orphanage, as long as our brain can think, and our pen can write, and our heart can love; neither sickness nor weariness shall tempt us to flag in this sacred enterprise. Our brethren in the trusteeship will watch the expenditure, and plan to use all our funds economically; and our master and teachers, and matrons and friends, will hold on in loving zeal to bless our poor lads; but a few cannot do all, we must have a host of helpers, they must be *partners with Simon*, sharers in the pleasurable exercise of benevolence. Ought we ever to have an anxiety about funds? If our management be approved by Christian people should we ever have to spend a moment in raising money?' The work is of the Lord, and therefore the Lord's people should take their share in it. Shall we have to ask in vain for loving co-operation? No, there are many who will give, or collect for the work. The rich will contribute of their abundance and the poor will give of their little store. Active ladies collect for us, and children in Sabbath-schools send their pence, and one way or another the large family suffers no lack. God will see to his own work, and though we do not follow the plan of sitting still and waiting without action, but rather stir up the minds of the Lord's stewards by way of remembrance, yet we are sure that he who feeds the ravens will give his children bread.

Friends wishing to leave money to the Institution are particularly requested to employ the exact terms of the following

FORM OF BEQUEST: —

I Give and Bequeath the sum of..... pounds sterling to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this

legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the Orphanage.

THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN our Address at the presentation of the late Testimonial, we disclaimed all personal credit for the existence of any one of the enterprises over which we preside, because each one of them has been forced upon us. "I could not help undertaking them," was our honest and just confession. This is literally true, and another illustration of this fact is now to come before the Christian public. Several of us have long cherished the idea that the time would come in which we should have an Orphanage for Girls as well as for Boys. It would be hard to conceive why this should *not* be. It seems ungallant, not to say unrighteous, to provide for children of one sex only, for are not all needy little ones dear to Christ, with whom there is neither male nor female? We do not like to do such things by halves, and it is but half doing the thing to leave the girls out in the cold. We have all along wished to launch out in the new direction, but we had quite enough on hand for the time being, and were obliged to wait. The matter has been thought of, and talked about, and more than half promised, but nothing has come of it till this present, and now, as we believe at the exact moment the hour has struck, and the voice of God in providence says, "Go forward." The fund for the Girls' Orphanage has commenced, and there are about a dozen names upon the roll at the moment of our writing. The work will be carried on with vigor as the Lord shall be pleased to send the means, but it will not be unduly pushed upon any one so as to be regarded as a new burden, for we want none but cheerful helpers who will count it a privilege to have a share in the good work. We shall employ no collector to make a percentage by dunning the unwilling, and shall make no private appeals to individuals. There is the case; if it be a good one and you are able to help it please do so, but if you have no wish in that direction our Lord's work does not require us to go a begging, like a pauper, and we do not intend to do so.

The reason for commencing the Girls' Orphanage just now is twofold: first, that the esteemed founder of the Boys' Orphanage has at this time sent us

£50, as a first stone for the new institution. Considering the hardness of the times and the great efforts which our friends have lately made in other directions we thought it well to let the £50 lie still, but at the presentation of the testimonial we could not help adding £50 to it. This gave the project a measure of publicity, and a friend on the same occasion handed us a cheque of £50, and since then two other donors of the like sum have spontaneously come to the front and sent in their cash. A generous deacon has also added £100, and another friend £10. Could we refuse it? Who would wish us to return the money and tell the donors that we could not undertake the work? We have now therefore £366 6s. in hand, and beside that we have the promise of £500 from an esteemed brother, who wishes his name to be unknown, and £25 from another friend. Here then we have the nest eggs, and we feel sure that they will not long lie alone.

At the very same time at which we began to move in this matter it pleased God it, his providence to put within our reach the house and grounds known as the Hawthorns, at which we had looked wistfully some years past. A few years ago this house was to be sold, and the trustees of the Boys' Orphanage attempted to purchase it at the auction, but the price was run up to several hundred pounds beyond its value. On June 6th this house was again to be sold, and we bought it for the exact sum which we had proposed to give on the former occasion. There is only one paddock between its garden and the Orphanage grounds, and by the goodness of God and the kindness of its owner we hope that this meadow also may one day become ours, its owner and his lady' being among the first five donors of £50. Should that field ever become ours we should be able to make the Orphanage into a complete square by erecting similar buildings to those which are there already. This must be a work of time, but it is something to have a place whereon to put our fulcrum and apply our lever. We believe that the Lord has led us forth by a right way, that we might go to a city of habitation. We have purchased the house and grounds for the Girls' Orphanage, but, as we have already said we have only about £360 in hand with which to pay for it; and we are specially desirous that when the time shall come for the absolute payment of the entire sum we may be able to count out the whole £4,000. That time will be here in a few days, but time is not an object with the Possessor of heaven and earth. We have never been in debt yet, nor have we had a mortgage upon any of our buildings, nor have we even borrowed money for a time, but we have always been able to pay as we have gone on. Our prayer is that we may never have to

come down to a lower platform and commence borrowing. If this land had not been put up to auction there and then we should have waited until we had received the purchase price from our great Master's stewards, but as the site was so extremely desirable, and as the purchase had to be made at once or not at all, we thought it wise to secure it at once. We cannot think that we erred in this. None of our beloved counselors and fellow-helpers think so, but one and all advised the step. The money for the payment must come from somewhere, and the questions now to be answered are — Where is the money? Who has charge of it at present? Who feels called upon to send it? The silver and the gold are the Lord's, and he has but to incline his servants to apportion some of their Lord's money to this particular work and the thing will be done. If they can do better with their substance by all means let them do so, but if they count us faithful we are prepared to accept this further trust and do our best with it.

It has often happened that we have been unable to assist widows in necessitous circumstances with large families, because there did not happen to be *a boy* of the special age required by the rules of our Boys' Orphanage. There were several girls, but then we could not take girls, and however deserving the case, we have been unable to render any assistance to very deserving widows, simply because their children were not boys. This is one reason why we need a girls' orphanage.

Everywhere also there is an outcry about the scarcity of good servants, honest servants, industrious servants, well-trained servants. We know where to find the sisters who will try to produce such workers out of the little ones who will come under their care.

We have succeeded by God's grace and the diligent care of our masters and matrons in training the lads so that they have become valuable to business men; why should not the same divine help direct us with the lasses, so that domestics, and governesses, should go forth from us as well as clerks and artisans? We believe that there are many friends who will take a special interest in the girls, and that there are some whose trades would more readily enable them to give articles suitable for girls than those which are useful to boys.

Here is a grand opportunity for Christian people with means to take their places among the first founders of this new institution, and if they judge that such a work will be good and useful, we hope that they will without fail, *and without delay*, come to our assistance in this fresh branch of

service. We cannot afford to lose a single penny from the funds for the boys, but this work for the girls' must be something extra and above. You helped Willy and Tommy; will you not help Mary and Maggie?

It is very needful to add that foolish persons often say, — Mr. Spurgeon can get plenty of money and needs no help. If all were to talk in this fashion where would our many works drift to? Mr. Spurgeon does get large sums, but not a penny more than the various works require, and he gets it because God moves his people to give it, as he hopes, good reader, he may move you. We have no personal end to serve, we do not directly or indirectly gain a single penny by the Orphanage, College, or any other societies over which we preside; neither have we any wealthy persons around us who are at a loss to dispose of their property; but our hard-working church keeps continually consecrating its offerings, and our friends far and near think upon us. Our treasury is the bounty of God, our motto is, *THE LORD WILL PROVIDE*. Past mercy forbids a doubt as to the future, and so in the name of God we set up our banners.

One word more, we shall from this date be daily wearied with applications for matrons' situations, and with requests to take orphan girls at once. To one and all we must say — *WAIT*. We will let you know when you may apply. Our notice will be public enough. Do not cause us needless labor. Wait till the good friends have started us, and then we will attend to you. We pray for

SUCCESS TO THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE AT STOCKWELL!

FOOTNOTES

- ^{Ft1} We do not often trouble our readers with articles about ourselves, but we take so much pleasure in the Society of Friends that we cannot refrain from reprinting the kindly notice given us in their paper.
- ^{ft2} Since this article was in type a correspondent asks us to draw attention to No. 1,317 of the printed sermons. It was preached six weeks ago, in view of the danger of a European war, on the words, “Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good,” and is an admirable plea for the cultivation and exercise of the Christ-like spirit that overcomes evil with good. We rejoice to hear the address is having a wide circulation, as well as that which succeeded it and is its companion — on “Lord, increase our faith.” Did space permit, there is much in both addresses we should like to transfer to these columns.
- ^{ft3} We trust our readers will forgive our occupying so many pages with this address. As it is upon many themes we hope that they will regard it as several articles in one.
- ^{ft4} Price 6d., Bemrose and Sons.
- ^{Ft5} Extracted from the second series of “Lectures to my Students,” by C. H. Spurgeon, now in the printers’ hands.
- ^{Ft6} *Chironomia; or, a Treatise on Rhetorical Delivery: comprehending; many precepts, both ancient and modern, for the proper regulation of the Voice the Countenance, and Gesture, and a new method for the notation thereof; illustrated by many figures. By the Reverend Gilbert Austin, A. M. London. [1806 Quarto.]*
- ^{ft7} *A System Of Christian Rhetoric for the Use of Preachers and other Speakers. By George Winfred Hervey, M.A. Houlston and Sons, 1873.*
- ^{Ft8} This is the report of an address which would never have seen the light if n abstract of it had not been inserted in so many f the newspapers. It was never intended for the public eye, but was spoken in homely confidence to the beloved circle of praying people whom we esteem as our best friends and nearest kindred. A brief abstract, though executed by the most friendly hand, can never be satisfactory, and therefore we fell bound to give our own version — a revision of our friend Mr. Harrald’s shorthand notes.

- ^{Ft9} Slightly altered from “Fables in Song.” By Robert Lord Lytton. William Blackwood and Sons. 1874. 2 volumes.
- ^{Ft10} Writing this on November 12, we calculate that we need £750 more to meet present liabilities. A legacy of £1,500 is not yet actually paid, but it is included in our estimate. We hope the £750 will come in before the New Year.
- ^{Ft11} This is the report of an address which would never have seen the light if n abstract of it had not been inserted in so many f the newspapers. It was never intended for the public eye, but was spoken in homely confidence to the beloved circle of praying people whom we esteem as our best friends and nearest kindred. A brief abstract, though executed by the most friendly hand, can never be satisfactory, and therefore we fell bound to give our own version — a revision of our friend Mr. Harrald’s shorthand notes.
- ^{Ft12} The story of these is told by the Head Master in “The Stockwell Orphanage Tracts.” Which are admirably adapted for enclosing in letters, and which may be had of Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster at the rate of 3s. per 100.
- No. 1. “Love Jesus and live for heaven.”
- No. 3. “Little Dicky.”
- Friends would greatly help the Institution by making them widely known.