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The Revival of the Spirit of Spurgeon in the Theology and Life of To-day.

SPURGEON has been termed "The Last of the Puritans." It is a misnomer, since the thinkers and preachers who share his faith and outlook are throughout all the Churches. Their number grows daily. There was a quality in his presentation of the Evangel which can never be lost. It may seem to die out of one generation, only to return in force with a later. His sons in the faith are not only those who have been the recipients of a specific theological discipline forwarded in a given area through his vision: they belong to a variety of schools; men who never came within the walls are associated with his name. The number who share his pristine quality of vision and faith cannot be numbered. They do so because they must; it is a compulsion of light, of soul. Though Spurgeon delighted to say "My Gospel," it did not mean that it was one held by caprice, a view of things he could take up or lay down as he chose. He was a spirit under strict command. He thought as he was compelled to think; and his thinking became an awed worship. Like Isaiah, he had entered into a temple, and the Lord of it did with him as He chose. It was his Gospel, therefore, because it had made him, as it did Saul of Tarsus, a slave for ever. The slave of Jesus Christ is not a normal slave—he is one in thought as well as in flesh, in love, and in daring expression.

It is not a mere literary coincidence, therefore, that Marshall, Morgan and Scott have recently published *The Treasury of the New Testament,* the Second Covenant of God opened up in a series of Spurgeon's matchless sermons. There has been a great demand for these volumes, and the reason lies bare: the Christian heart needs to go back and up to this presentation of the truth as it is in Christ. Some years in the North has made clear to the present writer how strong a grip Spurgeon still has upon some of the finest scholars in communions other than our own; not a few of them owe their standing in God because in early years these sermons came home week by week. In these four volumes the preacher has an incomparable library of exposition, devotion and intercession. A few moments spent even upon the index pages will reveal the daring and reverent adventures of

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this man in the realms of God and Christ and the soul. It was this blend of awe and daring faith that made Spurgeon the incomparable thinker and preacher he was. Our present ministry might well go back to learn their craft from this master workman.

The deeper theology of to-day, the theology with iron in its blood, creative of a thrill that draws one back to renewed prayer and thought and preaching, on all sides is calling the Church back to the unfathomable reaches of God's revelation. Its biggest, deepest note, that finds us as nothing else, is but a renewed emphasis on what Spurgeon held as fundamentally true. On the Continent, in America, as well as at home, especially in the North perhaps, there is a steady drive back to puritan faith.

For our present purpose, three phases might be touched upon:

I. A Graver Conception of Sin.

II. The severe inadequacy of modern man to grapple with his need.

III. The Sovereign Grace of God.

I. A Graver Conception of Sin.

The modern man, perhaps, in general, is not concerned with his *sin,* because in many quarters another term, "God," is elbowed out of court. When there is no holy God against whom man sins, the term "sin" almost loses its meaning, if not quite. Some other term, though, has to denote the malady of his soul. The curious fact is, however, that there is really no other word that bears its inevitable connotation; all other terms have less. Thus, "vice" is the offence against our presumably higher life; "wrong" is that against our fellow-man; and "crime" is against society and its expression in law; but "sin," though any or all of these, is more and other—it is against God. When a man comes there he enters a more awful world, sometimes unbearable; indeed, it can only be borne one way: The awakened soul cries out, as under sheer compulsion, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned." It is there the soul becomes aware of the *graver* conception of sin. Out of that hour, either a pessimistic philosophy comes to birth, or a passionate theology; either is an inevitable reaction, though only one is of grace.

What the modern man feels, however much he may change his vocabulary, is that there is a terrible tragedy in his personal world: a moral madness; a malady that borders on despair; a moral disquiet that not all his poets—a frequent refuge—can resolve. It is "The Slough of Despond" in modern annotation.

Awakening to his own condition, he becomes aware that this inner malady is as universal as it is personal to himself;

it is as deep as his own soul, as universal as the race. It runs back into history as far as research can go, and presumably beyond. It fronts all the future man can vision. As a result, it is not in this generation the easy, readily understood thing it was to the earlier.

The disguises of this malady are as many and as fertile as the mind can frame: but all bespeak collapse, a dire hurt, and an insoluble problem. "Repression" is one of the most familiar in our day, the thrusting below the level of the consciousness what cannot be borne in peace within consciousness. It has been found that psycho-therapy can resolve the dissonance caused by shock, or accident, or sorrow, or a burden that cannot be carried, with the result that peace comes back once inner harmony has been achieved. A graver repression, far beyond any of these mentioned, is that of sin. It may be repressed, but now, often to our horror, we find that it is alive with a range of expression inconceivable in the early periods of psychology. It is sin wilfully forgotten but not forgiven; and forgotten sin is not forgiven sin—neither by God nor *man*.

Two effects may be noted in passing. One is neurasthenia. As is well known, this may be caused by any of the above factors, and it is part of our task to understand these distressed people, and to aid them by all means in our power, often by sending them for diagnosis to those who are competent to lay bare the inner strata of life. Once the diagnosis is made, the minister of Jesus Christ who knows himself and his Lord should be of incalculable service.

The other effect is a terrific sense of fear. The world, personal and otherwise, is out of joint. It undermines even the most disciplined mind and body. One recalls an athlete, trained to a hair, who was robbed of a coveted prize that lay within his grasp because of a sudden inrush of fear from unconscious levels.

Now, if shock or sorrow can cause such trouble—and the day has gone when it was a debatable issue—how much more does sin. This is a shock not only to the mind, but to the moral constitution of the soul; deeper than any other, this effect reverberates within the foundations of life. Here is the fundamental disquiet, and only God in Christ is available for the sin-sick soul. The comparative rose-water of average therapy is inadequate. This is an hour when only the man of God has a chance of healing. There are the Macbeths of life: is there a Gospel even for them? That is a therapy worthy of God!

In this connection, though I may be wrong, it seems to me that there is definitely in theology a return in *principle* to what Spurgeon stressed as the essential differences in sin, viz., Original and Personal. We become sinners by consent, though in a world

that is itself lost. There is a common lostness that affects every one born into it. Denied in many theological quarters, camouflaged earlier by such terms as "A Fall Upward," it is yet coming back in two modern quarters, viz., in psycho-analytical centres and Continental theology, e.g., in Heim and Barth and Brunner.

Freud and his quondam disciple, Jung, are not exactly the type of thinker to forward our thesis, yet, differing greatly in their respective spheres, they both underscore the malady of the race. Jung lays down as the basic principle of his system that there is a "collective unconscious," a reservoir, as it were, of knowledge and ability acquired by the race through the centuries, and which forms part of the inheritance of individuals. He is careful to state that in his judgment this is not instinct—as others would have it—nor is it a case of racial habit in action and thought. It is the body of concepts, of ideas, of decisions consciously acquired by our forefathers and handed down to us, their descendants, as part of our unconscious psychic equipment. Mark the distinction he draws between our personal unconscious and collective unconscious. It is the latter which is common property, binding all races, ages and histories together. In his own words: "I am so profoundly convinced of this homogeneity of the human psyche that I have actually embraced it in the concept of the collective unconscious, as a universal and homogeneous substratum whose homogeneity extends even into a world-wide identity or similarity of myths and fairy tales, so that a negro of the Southern States of America dreams in the motives of Grecian mythology, and a Swiss grocer's apprentice repeats in his psychosis the vision of an Egyptian gnostic."

A famous preacher recently spoke about Freud's "nastiness," and truly there is an appalling amount of nastiness in his writings, but—and this is the point—it is our own nastiness that forms the stuff out of which he spins his theories and working principles. Whatever account we, as preachers, may make concerning him, the fact that Christian and non-Christian psychologists admit that he is a true pioneer, in the main, in the realm of man's inner life, must give us pause before we repudiate his main findings. His frankly pagan nastiness is our sin. If he is correct in his dictum that in the unconscious there is no feeling of right and wrong, that it is a-moral, then he is but repeating in his own words what the New Testament lays down in nobler, viz., that our world is one divorced from God, and must therefore be reconciled on a cosmic and a personal scale. In many lives, undoubtedly, he must have found—as his books attest—that the unconscious when hauled up to light underscores his twin principle:

1. Is mainly concerned with sexual matters;
2. Has only to do with "wishing," and works along the pleasure-principle. That is, a lost world, lost to God and higher reaches.

Jung, therefore, differs greatly in his concept of the unconscious from that of Freud: he is wider in holding to two phases, the racial and the personal, the former being the background of all experience, the latter containing only what we have repressed ourselves.

Surely it is not without pertinence that in days when the pulpit has greatly slackened in its diagnosis and prognosis of sin (due perhaps to modern philosophy, from which it is difficult to break away once you have had a heady draught or two), the scientific psychologist has been compelled to affirm in other terms its dread reality, and to look around, often wistfully, as with Jung, for a remedy. So real is this quest for soul-synthesis that Jung is even prepared to consider religion as an ally, though he is unable to admit its objective validity. In his book, for example, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul,* he stresses strongly the need of religion if analysis is to be complete, though he is nonplussed where to find the religion he himself can accept.

Were Spurgeon alive would he not say, with trumpet tones, as of old: "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him"? All too long, under humanistic optimism, now practically exploded, we have all sought to tone down man's tragedy, itself an affront to the sufferer "sick-unto-death" (to quote Barth). It seems as though God, tired somewhat with His Church, as earlier with Israel, is raising up even antagonists of the Church in order to drive us back upon graver conceptions and graver tasks than we have envisaged for years.

Is not this the reason for the movement within our own borders of faith—the deeper note now being sounded within the major theology of our time? The easy note has gone, or is going; it is the tragic note, both in philosophy and theology, that is now sounding in our ears. The specialist of the soul is again at his task, though not before the time. To quote but one example: (Brunner, *Mediator,* p. 443): "We only conceive our life as a whole when we see it in this dark shadow of guilt. Thus the sense of guilt means that our eyes have been opened to the utmost seriousness of life." The section from which this excerpt is taken deals profoundly with the whole situation in which we now find ourselves, a situation that throws up for us the need of a graver conception of sin. In almost every case, correct diagnosis means life or death for the patient. Have we, as preachers, always the sense of responsibility common to the medical calling?

II. THE SEVERE INADEQUACY OF MODERN MAN TO GRAPPLE WITH HIS VITAL NEED.

We have two main disciplines, apart from theology, that bear on this matter, viz., Philosophy and Science.

The failure of philosophy seems written large over all its attempts to meet the moral need of man. It is its dark hour. Not now, as yesterday, is it of optimistic mood. Its standard, long since, has fallen in the dust, and so far as one can see there is no hand capable of lifting it to the proud position it had years ago. The philosopher, even more than the theologian, is not listened to with a tithe of the respect that men pay to the presentments of the scientist. Philosophy, perhaps for the good of its soul, is in the wilderness—we trust, with God. Caird of Glasgow used to say that the function of philosophy was "thinking things together." Far from doing that, philosophy is almost wringing its abstract hands together as the needs of to-day thrust themselves upon it. Yesterday, in poetic mood, it loved to quote Browning's lines:

> "Evil is null, is naught,
> Is silence implying sound."

Not so to-day. A terrific storm from all quarters of its former cosmos is blowing wildly about all the philosophic chairs, and the main task of the moment is to anchor them to some bed-rock lest they be driven helplessly before implacable gales.

Two phases might engage our attention here—ethics and humanism. Ethics, in which so much earlier seemed to be permanent, is definitely under the weather. The Kantian, "I ought, therefore I can," has broken loose from its moorings, and drifts before the moral gale it is unable to control. In this respect, as with so many others, man's peril was never so momentous as now.

The main reason for this debacle, perhaps, lies at the door of science, the discipline to which philosophy looked for confirmation of its theses. It is the scientific gift of "Relativity" that has launched this gale. Now, more than morals are adrift—the modern soul itself goes out, it knows not whither. In a relativity-ordered (or disordered) world, ethics has only expediency with which to account for its life. Man has always been able to put up a stout fight for his ideals when he has felt ethical rock beneath his feet; but now—all is shifting sand, plus a swirling whirlpool of passion and caprice. It is a fell day.

Humanism, the cult of the self as its own ideal, is as hopelessly discredited as its ethical relation. It goes steadily over to discredit the more clearly the fact is seen that it has no objective validity. It is a web of man-spun dream and theory.

Plato held that the soul feeds on Truth, Goodness and Beauty; that is, upon the Eternal to which or whom we all consciously or unconsciously aspire. Humanism holds no such "values," and loses grip-hold daily. Its treatment of humanity as self-centred, self-contained and sufficient, as framing and capable of maintaining its own ideal, and therefore as adequate for every emergency, has gone down in the storm. For without objectivity, with no reliance upon a God above and beyond our ambiguous and fragmentary experience, it has no gripping power—it is "built upon the sand."

Science registers the same inadequacy to deal with this malady of the soul. Hence the reason, possibly, why it makes strenuous endeavours to wipe out the word "sin."

Though it can engirdle the world within a few seconds with its wireless, it cannot bring upon the soul one tithe of like power. It has given to this generation powers that baffle imagination, alike for creation and destruction, yet, on the lips of its most eminent exponents, it confesses an inability to increase the moral and spiritual force with which to guide these new powers aright. It seems to stand within its own shadow. Of an "Alpha" and an "Omega" it has no word; it has only an interim report of tangibilities. It has much to say about the earth; of the heavens it is necessarily silent; it has no revelation, save by inference from a source other than its own.

This is as true of its therapy as of all its other branches. By way of its special technique, the inner sickness of the soul is laid bare, upon which it has one special command: "Pull yourself together; your sin is a bugbear, a creature of your own fashioning. Treat it as negligible, and live above it." Effective as this often is for shock or accident, in the case of sin it is equivalent to asking a man to lift himself up above his height by his shoelaces: he tugs with might, and the laces snap! The tragedies that all too often star our bill-boards are but snapped minds.

Let us look at reality with eyes as widely flung open as we dare. Here is the patent fact: In man's proudest hour of research and garnered wisdom he is sensing an utter inadequacy to command inner peace with moral power. Is it because God is being forgotten? History suggests that there has ever been a dread nemesis in all such forgetting. That nemesis is—the unanchored mind! There comes back to mind "The Tramp" in David Grayson's *Adventures in Contentment*. The man had drifted into his knowledge, and he was trying to serve his temporal need with the hope that he might do something more towards helping him to find his moral feet again. Here is the bit that lingers in memory: "In reality, I am no tramp. I began

as well as anyone . . . *I am afraid before life.* It makes me dizzy with thought . . . If I am a tramp at all, I am a mental tramp. *I have an unanchored mind.*" (Italics our own.)

And yet it is science that has shattered materialism as a philosophy, at least in its latest thinkers, only, however, to pulverise ethics, and leave man lonelier than ever under the stars. Formerly he walked with God, with a puritan heart; now that August Companion is dead! Man is therefore unanchored!

Here partly we have the reason why Jung and other eminent psycho-therapists endeavour to pay some respect to religion. They are aware that they must find a religious-equivalent in order to carry through their programme of inner reconstruction; and this despite the fact that they have no faith in religious-objectivity. It may be a species of natural pride, or of frank inability to hear the call of faith that can win the citadel of mind and heart. In either case, Jung only thinks of religion as an avenue to sublimation, and is only prepared to accept it on that basis. He ignores the fact that the validity of religion rests on its ultimate, not pragmatic, truth. To treat religion with private reserve is an impossibility. Religion refuses to be a Cinderella of the mental laboratory.

Nevertheless, it is of no mean significance that he and others of his calibre feel the need of the calculus that only religion can provide. It is the quest for inner power. The lines of Drinkwater are apposite:

> "Knowledge we ask not, for knowledge Thou hast lent;
> But, Lord, the will, there lies our bitter need—
> To build above the brave intent
> The deed, the deed."

A return to Spurgeon's conception of the sovereignty of God is the vital need of this scientific day. It may be that not a little of our present disquiet is the judgment of the hidden God to bring this generation back to Him—on its knees.

III. The Sovereign Grace of God.

Grace as a vital term of religion is not much in use to-day, certainly not in the front rank of thought as was the case in other generations. Still, there is no other term that can express just what it connotes. There is an intensity and an amplitude in it that no other word can even approach. Theologians and preachers will have to come back to it, and in doing so forward its teaching in book and pulpit once again. We have already lost much by losing the word. There were many points of difference between Spurgeon and Forsyth, but both men rested their soul on the grace of God. In all probability, had Forsyth won for himself the limpid clarity of the greater preacher, Barth

would not have been so much of a surprise to British readers as he is now.

There is that in sovereign grace that awes and holds a man as no other presentation of truth can. It speaks more adequately than any other term of the love that stooped from heaven to climb Calvary. Sovereign grace connotes a fulness to meet every need of non-sovereign man; a saving principle and quality able to avert doom, to cancel guilt, to cleanse the stained, to reconcile this wandered world to the holy God.

Whether we use the word freely or not, we must recapture its immensity, its range and wonder. It is that in Christ which throws open eternal gates to lost man, brings him back from every far country into which he has flung himself, that annuls his transgression and re-makes him a son of God. It speaks of a redemption adequate to the crack of doom. "Though you have raked in the kennels of hell," cried Spurgeon, "the grace of God can save your soul." It calls forth gratitude from a man that makes him ransack mind and heart for appropriate expression. "I was common clay," said one, "until roses were planted in me." Now it is this order of transcendent experience to which philosophy and science seem to be such strangers. These men and women of grace walk as citizens of another world. "We look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen." Henry Drummond's emendation is very suggestive: "We look through the things that are seen," a characteristic of all who are captured by the grace of God.

This grace is manifold in its nature and operation. For brevity's sake we can only draw attention to three phases:

I. *There is the Grace of the Written Word.*—The present generation does not seem to have the reverence for the Bible that our forebears had. It is a sacred book, it is true, but is it to them the Word of the Living God? One of the chief tasks to-day is to win back our people's reverence for it. Perhaps our critical faculties in dealing with it have cost us the greater faculty of wonder. That Transcendent Book! what we lose when it becomes one of many books to us! when we come to it at our caprice, and open it with a casual mind and an unstirred soul.

We must re-emphasise its sovereign uniqueness. Like Jesus Himself, it has no fellow. It has no need to suggest a cancelling of other literatures of the soul: like Kant's Categorical Imperative, it shines by its own light. To read it sensitively is to awake to a wonder unseen, unfelt elsewhere. This Word is so unlike all others because it is alive with the Spirit of God. There are other august volumes which reveal to us the tireless quest of man for God: but here we have it from the other side —God's inbreaking within man's chequered world. Here we

have Grace, the Grace of God, not quest; if quest at all, a quest because there has come a revelation that makes all quests possible. Whether it offend ears that have given themselves up to comparative studies or not, this must be said: Here God speaks, and man listens; here God finds, and man adores; here God forgives, and man stammers out a broken gratitude a-thrill with the glory of a world that has broken in on him to his amazement. We all love comparative research, and have been indebted to it beyond any word we can speak: but this Book is not of that order, and what is more, we know it. This Word is the Written Grace of God. Let us come back again to it, and with the simplicity of children learn its mystery and wonder again.

II. *The Grace of the Incarnate Word.*—Only of One do we say this. There is but one Jesus, and He is the Christ of the Jew, and the Logos of the Gentile, and the Saviour of every mind and heart and will that really discover His saving wonder. He is God's fulness for our poverty, God's hope in our despair, God's light for our darkness. Unlike all others of history, He only has His footing in innocence; the only one who never had to cry out to a Greater and Nobler for forgiveness which He could not compass for Himself. As Forsyth said years ago, through Him we do not get a faith in metaphysics, but a metaphysics of faith. All others have to point to what is beyond themselves: He was content to call attention to Himself. Jesus is either the Grace of God incarnate or we are lost. If on this fundamental issue He is not our Alpha and Omega, then we have neither: we have no eternity either before or beyond. All we have is our time-hour, at the end of which we die in our sin.

Spurgeon, it needs no telling, based his whole faith upon the transcendence of Jesus. It is to this Christ that modern theology goes back quickly. The attenuated psychological Jesus is a modern creation, one who was as capable of mistake in His quest as all others, not the Lord from Heaven. To faith, He is the solitary Figure in history, the Holy One whom men must adore would they come to the Father. And His Cross is as unique among the vicarious sacrifices of all time. The more this is felt the quicker will the terms one heard a few years ago die out of Christian vocabulary; for example, "The Manliness of Christ," "The Bravery of Jesus," "The Greatest of all heroes is One," and "Jesus the Pilgrim." One does not quarrel with these as wrong, but as effete, as weakened beyond true value. They belong to a sub-Christian order of reality. They are apposite to the better class of men; for Jesus they have little or no value. They are on our lips when we wish to put Him in a class with others, only being careful to see that He is in the first class. He becomes a *primus inter pares,* a position that

has no pertinence when He is truly seen. To put it as bluntly as it should be put: He will have none of us, nor anything to do with us, when in our impertinence or patronage we beckon Him into a *relative* position. Let an illustration point out to us our folly. A visitor to an academy in which a great picture of Jesus was on view, looked at it dispassionately and then turned away to go elsewhere, when a girl stepped to him, saying: "Oh, sir, do not go away like that. See, the way to look at Him is on your knees, looking up into His face. You cannot see Him in this picture any other way." Those who know Christ best tell us lesser folk that no one knows Christ until he learns to adore Him.

III. *The Grace of the Inbreathed Word*—the Holy Spirit of Jesus' promise and gift. It is grace still. Until He speaks within the soul, who, by listening, can hear? Until He takes the Written to reveal the Incarnate Word, the light that falls upon the fact and the Face is not of heaven but of our own shifting speculation; this latter may be interesting, it is simply not revelation.

But when He takes the Word and His light falls upon it and upon the soul of the reader or listener, then is wrought the miracle that has brought the Church across the centuries. He takes the "Jesus of History" only to make us know that One has no limiting horizon—He is the Logos that became Flesh. What is a horizon but the limit of vision? Intensify the vision and the horizon lifts; we are in a roomier universe. That is precisely the action of the Holy Spirit; He sets Jesus within eternal dimensions. It is then we know again the meaning of Grace, if we ever may. Has not Paul, therefore, a word to put to the soul of our day: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Perhaps a number of us would be compelled to reply: "Nay, we did not so much as hear whether there is a Holy Ghost."

Spurgeon, with all his power, pleaded for the recognition and reception of the Spirit. All the men who have done lasting work in the Church have to a man testified to a similar need and later experience. The time of the Spirit's coming, so they say, is the springtide of the soul. In that springtide Christ is seen and known and experienced unforgettably. To-day, receding from many rationalistic standpoints, the Christian thinker falls back gratefully upon these memorable words: "I will send Him unto you . . . He shall take of mine and shall shew it unto you."

To the present writer, himself back to not a few early visions and conceptions after years of mental uncertainty and strife, the need of the hour seems to be a closer acquaintance with the great realities that stormed and held Spurgeon's mind and heart.

These will be expressed in the idiom of the day, but being necessarily timeless in themselves will not be the creatures of to-day. In effect, we must move back to a Christ who is at home in and fills the very throne of God. No lesser Christ can be the Saviour of our ambiguous day. Naturally, this will be denied on many a lip. There is, however, a word that comes in answer, that unforgettable saying of the Agrapha : " My mystery," said Jesus, " is for Me and for the sons of My house." The Christian heart, when it is a case of " either-or," has ever chosen to stand in the straits with Him and welcome the consequences.

F. CAWLEY.

ANABAPTISM. *The Transactions of the Congregational Historical Society* for September, 1935, and August, 1936, contain an article on " Anabaptism in England during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Dr. Duncan B. Heriot, who suggests there are four probable reasons why Anabaptism has not received the attention it deserves. (1) The difficulty of tracing the Anabaptists as such. (2) The authorities themselves are not too clear in the way they use the term " Anabaptists." (3) The focus of interest to-day has moved away from Anabaptism in England. (4) Modern research along this line has been done chiefly by Baptist scholars.

Dr. Heriot has gone for his facts to the original documents, and he has been fortunate in the opportunity to examine an unexplored tributary of Anabaptist history. Dr. Whitley suggested that something *might* be found in the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, and there, stored in a specially built strong room in the church, Dr. Heriot found records which, he states, must be among the most interesting in the country. Anabaptist references are in these records from 1560.

The article merits the attention of students of our history, and it would be well to secure the two magazines before they go out of print.

The Clifford Centenary.

JOHN CLIFFORD was born at Sawley, Derby, on the 16th October, 1836. Anticipatory centennial celebrations were held in the Midlands in the summer, and the official celebrations will take place at Westbourne Park Church in the centenary week. All who care for the story of Baptist history cherish a deep regard for the Doctor's memory, for not only was he one of the best informed students of our history, but *he is himself* a vital part of it. In the first number of the *Baptist Quarterly* after his death (Vol. II., 1) a brief tribute was printed, and to a recent issue (Vol. VI., 304) Mr. W. S. Stroud, one of his deacons, contributed an extended estimate. A centenary article is therefore hardly called for, but two notes of more than passing interest are printed below.

I.

On Wednesday, 26th June, 1867, the Rev. John Clifford, LL.B., then aged thirty, preached before the Annual Association of the General Baptist Churches at Northgate Chapel, Louth. His subject was "The Person and Plan of Christ," and writing of it a contemporary said, "The sermon, though long and elaborate so as to require great heed-taking on the part of the most appreciative hearers, was listened to with unflagging interest, and with almost unalloyed delight. The range of thought was so wide, the points discussed were so vital, and at the same time have been so much controverted by the enemies of the truth, the tone in which these disputed topics were treated was so vigorous and serious, the diction and style were so ornate and elevated, and the manner of delivery was so eloquent and impressive, that the hearing of the discourse was a feast of no common kind. We regretted that it was not preached in a more central place and to a larger auditory; and we wished that it could have been heard by those sapient people who say that pulpit power is on the wane amongst us, and who croakingly put the prohibited question, 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' The sermon is to be printed, we hope in the form of a little book, and it will doubtless read well; but those optics had need be very cunning which have to equal the service of both eyes and ears!"

The present writer wishes that he had discovered this vivid pen picture of the Doctor's early preaching power before his

death in 1923. He imagines that the Doctor's eyes would have sparkled at the remembrance of his "ornate and elevated diction and style." "Pulpit power on the wane" in 1867! The phrase might have been written yesterday; but the glory of the "former days" has been a platform heroic for over two thousand years.

II.

51, Porchester Road, W.
Jan. 20, '79.

My dear friends,

Your letter of Xmas morning gave me very great pleasure indeed. I rejoice in it, as another expression of your real regard for the *work* we are seeking to do for Christ and men, and of the deep and unselfish interest you take in the progress of His blessed Kingdom. Words will not express my warm appreciation of your love and devoted co-operation.

I need not say that I am glad to have the prospect of an addition to my stipend. You know that since the New Chapel was opened I have been a loser in every way save in the increase of my privilege of work, but I have felt sure that you would take care of me, and as soon as you could add to my income, but I scarcely expected it yet, and therefore am very glad to think that you see your way clear to take such a step now.

Praying for the choicest blessing of God upon our work, a work He has given us, and therefore will bless,

I am, Your affectionate friend and fellow-worker,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

To the Deacons of
Praed Street and Westbourne Park Church.

This happy letter is self-explanatory. It may serve the double purpose of suggesting a suitable course of action to deacons and of furnishing a precedent to ministers faced with the opportunity of writing a similar letter.

S. J. P.

W. H. Hudson, Naturalist and Author.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON, who was born in 1841, devoted the greater part of a long lifetime to observing nature (especially bird and human nature) and writing about it. Nearly everyone takes pleasure in the sights and sounds of nature; but most of us do so in a comparatively vague and casual way. Our observation lacks closeness and intensity. Hudson was the sensitive and skilled observer. With characteristic modesty he described his own mental attitude as that of " the naturalist, whose proper study is not mankind but animals, including man; who does not wish to worry his brains overmuch, and likes to see very many things with vision a little clearer than the ordinary, rather than to see a very few things with preternatural clearness and miss all the rest" (*Nature in Downland,* Chapter VI.). Lovers of his writings, however, would regard this as rather an understatement, for they know that with the accuracy of a scientist he combined the poet's power of seeing into the life of things and the philosopher's habit of reflecting upon their hidden significance. He had also unusual imaginative gifts and a supreme talent for describing in simple and beautiful language what he saw and heard, making the various scenes and incidents live again on his pages. No matter what he wrote about he was never fumbling or dull or ponderous. In the *Times Literary Supplement* a month or two ago a critic, reviewing a work by Thomas Wood, remarked: " His prose is without mannerisms or affectations. Keeping in mind always what it means to get said it finds the most effective way of saying it and achieves beauty without straining after it." This exactly describes Hudson's prose. It is invariably limpid, supple and expressive, achieving the effect it aims at without apparent effort, so that the reader is carried pleasurably along with a sense of quickened alertness and well-being, his whole interest engaged in that which interests Hudson. When I say that I do not know of any author (certainly of any prose-writer) who has yielded me greater delight I am probably recording the opinion of multitudes of readers besides myself.

Hudson's native country was Argentina, and there amid the far-spreading pampas of the La Plata region his boyhood was spent. He was never at school, but lived in the open air with

the birds and the beasts. Very early in his boyhood he formed the habit of going about alone to amuse himself in his own way —his favourite occupation being that of absorbedly watching the ways of some living creature, some brilliantly coloured insect or bird which had captured his attention.

The story of those early years—which moulded him for life, and to which he often looked back with a kind of nostalgia —is fascinatingly told in *Far Away and Long Ago,* an autobiographical volume published in 1918 and written during a period of convalescence in a sick-room in Cornwall, more than half-a-century after the events with which it deals. But there is autobiography in all his writings in so far as they tell of his own first-hand experiences.

Next to his delight in nature came his delight in books, particularly those books (chiefly poetry) which contained descriptions of rural sights and sounds and gave expression to "the feeling of mysterious, uplifting gladness produced in us by nature." The couple of hundred volumes on the shelves of his early home included no poetry worth mentioning, but :—

"One day," he tells us, "during a visit to the city of Buenos Ayres, I discovered in a mean street, in the southern part of the town, a second-hand bookshop, kept by an old snuffy spectacled German in a long shabby black coat. I remember him well because he was a very important person to me. It was the first shop of the kind I had seen—I doubt if there was another in the town; and to be allowed to rummage by the hour among this mass of old books on the dusty shelves and heaped on the brick floor was a novel and delightful experience. The books were mostly in Spanish, French and German, but there were some in English, and among them I came upon Thomson's *Seasons*. I remember the thrill of joy I experienced when I snatched up the small thin octavo in its smooth calf binding. It was the first book in English I ever bought, and to this day, when I see a copy of the *Seasons* on a bookstall, which is often enough, I cannot keep my fingers off it and find it hard to resist a temptation to throw a couple of shillings away and take it home. If shillings had not been wanted for bread and cheese I should have a roomful of copies by now" (*Afoot in England,* Chapter XXIV.).

In his sixteenth year he had an attack of typhus, followed by acute rheumatic fever. This left in its train heart-trouble, to which he was subject, more or less, for the remainder of his days. Ultimately it proved fatal; but the fact that his death did not take place until 1922 is an illustration of the uncertainty which so often attaches to medical verdicts—for in 1857 the doctors had promised him only a few short years of life. Such a

sentence hanging over him, however, helps to account, no doubt, for the traces of deep melancholy which from time to time shadow his pages.

When he was in his thirties he came to England in the hope of making a living by his pen. Like so many other literary aspirants, he found the struggle to make good a long and weary one, and it was not until this century had begun that he gained a secure place in popular esteem. He refers in *Afoot in England* to the lean years of poverty and ill-health, when he and his wife lived in "the immense unfriendly wilderness of London" because it

"appeared to be the only place in the wide world where our poor little talents could earn us a few shillings a week to live on . . . It occasionally happened," he writes, "that an article sent to some magazine was not returned, and always after so many rejections to have one accepted and paid for with a cheque worth several pounds was a cause of astonishment, and was as truly a miracle as if the angel of the sun had compassionately thrown us down a handful of gold."

Almost his only pleasure during those years was the country rambles—mostly in East Anglia and the Southern Counties—in which he indulged at Easter and Whitsuntide and in the autumn when means would allow.

Of the three main groups into which his writings fall, viz., works of fiction, ornithological treatises and discursive essays recording the sights and sounds and everyday adventures which he met with in the course of the aforesaid rambles, my own preference (and probably that of the majority of his readers) is for the third group. The very names of some of these books fall like music on the ears of those who have learned to love them: and a like remark holds good with reference to the titles of many of his chapters, e.g., "On Going Back," "Wind, Wave and Spirit," "Shepherds and Wheatears," "Summer Heat," "In Praise of the Cow," "Following a River," "An Old Road Leading Nowhere." Anyone to whom such titles do not appeal had better leave Hudson alone; but those to whom they do appeal can read him without fear of disappointment.

Although a lover of walking—doing on occasion twelve or fourteen miles a day—he was yet no lusty hiker. "A poorer walker," he says, "it would have been hard to find." On most of his wanderings "the end of each day usually brought extreme fatigue." Sometimes he cycled; but he liked walking because of its compensations, of which

"perhaps the best of all was that this method of seeing the country made us more intimate with the people we met and stayed

with . . . I can recall," he writes, "a hundred little adventures we met with during those wanderings, when we walked day after day, without map or guide-book as our custom was, not knowing where the evening would find us, but always confident that the people to whom it would fall in the end to shelter us would prove interesting to know and would show us a kindness that money could not pay for" (*Afoot in England*, Chapter III.).

Hudson's first book was *The Purple Land that England Lost*, a graphic, eloquent and colourful romance of love and war in Uruguay. This was published in 1885 in two volumes at the price of one guinea, and it fell—as the saying is—still-born from the press. About 1904 I had the good fortune to pick up a copy of it—with the pages not cut open—for eighteen-pence in a little shop in Oxford. I kept it, on and off my shelves, for twelve years or more, and then parted with it to a London dealer for five guineas. A few months later I saw it listed in that dealer's catalogue for £38. And not long afterwards a copy (the same one?) was sold at Sotheby's for nearly double that figure. Such was its scarcity value. Meanwhile the book had been re-issued as a one-volume six-shilling novel, called *The Purple Land*, and now it is obtainable, in the "Penguin" series, for sixpence.

The Purple Land was followed, in 1887, by *A Crystal Age*, a kind of Arcadian Utopia, comparable in some respects to Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*. Having read both works, I know which of the two I am the more glad not to have missed.

Argentine Ornithology came in 1888, and in 1892 *The Naturalist in La Plata* and (under pseudonym) *Fan*. Eighteen-ninety-three saw the publication of *Birds in a Village* and *Idle Days in Patagonia*. Then followed *British Birds* (1895), *Birds in London* (1898), *Nature in Downland* (1900), *Birds and Man* (1901), *El Ombú* (1902), *Hampshire Days* (1903). Several of these works speedily reached the remainder market—to the advantage of discriminating impecunious book-buyers, although not to that of the author.

I suppose his real vogue may be said to have begun with *Green Mansions*, in 1904, a novel of haunting charm whose elusive heroine, Rima, the bird-woman, has been represented (or, as many think, grievously misrepresented) by Epstein in the stonework of the Hudson Memorial Bird Sanctuary in Hyde Park.

After *Green Mansions* came *A Little Boy Lost* (1905), *The Land's End* (1908), *Afoot in England* (1909), *A Shepherd's Life* (1910), *Adventures Among Birds* (1913), and sundry other books, concluding with *A Hind in Richmond Park*, which he was preparing in the year of his death.

In 1901, when he was sixty, he was awarded a Civil List Pension of £150, "in recognition of the originality of his writings on natural history." This he resigned in 1921 on the ground that he was no longer in need of the money. In the following year he was able to make a donation of £1,000 to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (which he had actively supported ever since its formation thirty years before) to be used for the extension of its educational work among schoolchildren. Thus it will be seen that his feeling for birds was no mere æsthetic sentiment; it prompted him to unsparing endeavour on behalf of the creatures he loved.

His friend Edward Garnett (Hudson's letters to whom have been published) has written:

"I have known several men of genius, remarkable minds, but no man's personality has ever fascinated me like Hudson's . . . I should think that few men have aroused such warm responsiveness in their fellows as Hudson. Wherever he went . . . people succumbed quickly to the spell of his personality. His tall, dark figure, his brusque vivid talk, his magnetic eyes, his strength of manner, and the spice of mystery in his movements, captivated his hearers. People were warmed by his rich vibrating feeling, by his picturesque aloofness, by his intimacy of tone, by something strange in his attitude, by his intense zest in living fact. And by this power of vivifying his hearers and of stimulating their interests Hudson was a king in any company."

"There were," continues Garnett, "two sides to Hudson's social instinct, as there were two sides to his genius . . . On the one side his heart, the most deeply human of all men's I have known, made any little drama of life an intensely absorbing reality to him; on the other side his free, untamed spirit, the hunger of his senses and spirit for Nature and his passionate affinity with 'the earth life' bade him cast off as an incubus our crowded streets and towns and all their congested affairs. His instinct oscillated between the poles of two forces, the human and the wild."

In writing about Hudson the one thing I am tempted to do is to quote and quote and quote, so that readers may test for themselves his quality as a writer. There is a Hudson Anthology (edited by Edward Garnett), which I have not seen; and certainly his books abound in quotables. One can hardly open them anywhere without lighting upon some striking and memorable passage. The difficulty, in fact, lies in finding not what to quote, but what to omit. Here are three specimens which I should be obliged to include were I compiling a Hudson Anthology myself.

The first is from the chapter entitled "Silence and Music" in *Nature in Downland.*

"The skylark is found all over downland, and is abundant wherever there is cultivation. On the sheepwalks, where favourable breeding-places are comparatively few, he is so thinly distributed that you may sometimes ramble about for half a day and not put up more than half-a-dozen birds. And yet here, on these sheep-fed hills, out of sight of cornfields, you hear the lark all day long—not one nor half-a-dozen, nor a score or two, but many scores, and I should say hundreds of larks. Go where you like, to the summit of the highest hill, or down the longest slopes into the deepest combe or valley at its foot, everywhere you are ringed about with that perpetual unchanging stream of sound. It is not a confused, nor a diffused sound, which is everywhere, filling the whole air like a misty rain, or a perfume, or like the universal hum of teeming insect life in a wood in summer; but a sound that ever comes from a great distance, out of the sky: and you are always in the centre of it; and the effect is as of an innumerable company of invisible beings, forming an unbroken circle as wide as the horizon, chanting an everlasting melody in one shrill, unchanging tone. You may hear it continuously for hours, yet look in vain to see a bird; I have strained my sight, gazing for an hour, and have not seen one rising or coming back to earth, and have looked up and listened in vain to hear one singing overhead. And I have looked all about the sky with my strong glasses without being able to detect one small brown speck on the vast blue expanse. This was because the birds on these smooth, close-cropped hills, especially in the dry months of July and August, were really very few and far between—so far indeed that not a bird came within ken. And yet on account of the immense distance the sound travels you can hear the voices of hundreds."

My second extract, by way of contrast, deals with the ugliness of Methodist chapels in West Cornwall. It is from *The Land's End,* Chapter XIII., and may not be entirely inapplicable even to ourselves.

" . . . these square naked granite boxes set up in every hamlet and at roadsides, hideous to look at and a blot and disfigurement to the village and to God's earth, are assuredly an insult to every person endowed with a sense of beauty and fitness. You will notice that a cowhouse or a barn or any other outbuilding at even the most squalid-looking little farm in a Cornish hamlet strikes one as actually beautiful by contrast with the neighbouring conventicle . . .

"The interior of these chapels is on a par with their external

appearance. A square naked room, its four dusty walls distempered a crude blue or red or yellow, with a loud-ticking wooden kitchen clock nailed high up on one of them to tell how the time goes. Of the service I can only say that after a good deal of experience of chapel services in many parts of England I have found nothing so unutterably repellent as the services here, often enough conducted by a 'local preacher.' an illiterate native who holds forth for an hour on the Lord's dealings with the Israelites in a loud metallic harsh Cornish voice.

"I observed that as a rule but few adults attended the morning services in the villages and small towns; but alas for the little ones! they were all packed off to chapel in the morning. Again and again on taking my seat in a chapel at the early service I found myself in a congregation chiefly composed of children. What can be the effect on the child mind of such an interior and of such a service—the intolerable sermon, the rude singing—the whole squalid symbolism! One can but say that if any imagination, any sense of beauty, any feeling of wonder and reverence at the mystery of life and nature had survived in their young minds it must inevitably perish in such an atmosphere."

The third passage, from Chapter V. of *Afoot in England*, describes an experience on the Norfolk coast which most of us would despair of being able to put into words; but when Hudson does it it looks easy.

"As the sun rose higher the air grew warmer until it was full summer heat . . . ; for all that day we were abroad, and as the tide ebbed a new country that was neither earth nor sea was disclosed, an infinite expanse of pale yellow sand stretching away on either side, and further and further out until it mingled and melted into the sparkling water and faintly seen line of foam on the horizon. And over all . . . there brooded a soft bluish silvery haze . . . that blotted nothing out, but blended and interfused them all until earth and air and sea and sands were scarcely distinguishable . . . Far out on the lowest furthest strip of sand, which appeared to be on a level with the sea, gulls were seen standing in twos and threes and small groups and in rows; but they did not look like gulls—familiar birds, gull-shaped with grey and white plumage. They appeared twice as big as gulls, and were of a dazzling whiteness and of no definite shape: though standing still they had motion, an effect of the quivering dancing air, the 'visible heat'; at rest, they were seen now as separate objects; then as one with the silver sparkle on the sea; and when they rose and floated away they were no longer shining and white, but like pale shadows of winged forms faintly visible in the haze.

"They were not birds but spirits—beings that lived in or were passing through the world and now, like the heat, made visible; and I, standing far out on the sparkling sands, with the sparkling sea on one side and the line of dunes, indistinctly seen as land, on the other, was one of them; and if any person had looked at me from a distance he would have seen me as a formless shining white being standing by the sea, and then perhaps as a winged shadow floating in the haze. It was only necessary to put out one's arms to float. That was the effect on my mind: this natural world was changed to a supernatural, and there was no more matter nor force in sea or land nor in the heavens above, but only spirit."

Many a time I felt prompted to write to Hudson thanking him for the intense enjoyment I derived from his books. My regret at not having done so was tempered when I read that early in 1906 he informed Garnett that since coming to England he had received not less than twenty thousand letters worth keeping. Obviously it would have been rather a pity to add another letter to that vast pile. Nor would a letter really have sufficed in my case. A sonnet at least would have been needed to give anything like fitting expression to my gratitude. But amid the manifold distractions of a parson's life it is difficult enough to concentrate on the production of sermons, let alone sonnets. So this article—such as it is—will have to serve as a small contribution towards discharging a great debt.

In conclusion let me quote the following admirable estimate of Hudson's achievement as a writer which appeared in *Bird Notes and News* in the autumn of 1922, over the initials L.G.

"Something his books owed no doubt to their memories of two continents. From the boundless spaces of Argentina, with its untilled pampas and half-wild gauchos, he passed to the green meadows and old-time villages of England, always able to recall not only the brilliant bird life he had first known, but the habits and language of each species; and to contrast them with the sombre-coated songsters of his new home. The English downland, the little English hamlet, the English lanes and woodlands, the English cottagers, won his heart, as summer after summer he rambled in quiet ways over many a county, becoming familiar with hundreds of small villages in a way few Englishmen can equal. The New Forest, the Sussex Downs, Wiltshire byeways and sheepfolds, Cornish rocks and Norfolk cliffs—he knew and made himself a part of all, just as whatever bird he had most newly seen and watched became, as it seemed, his favourite bird, and the most lovely. And whether it was the elusive furze-wren on a Surrey common, the jays of Savernake, the jackdaws of Pen-

zance, the wood-wrens of Wells in Somerset, or the wild geese of Wells-next-the-Sea; or a shepherd's dog, or a cow in an old lane, or a grasshopper or a dragonfly; or a ribbon of blue vernal squills, a patch of chequered fritillaries, or a yellow mimulus by the river; he could see and write of each and all with a charm that made it for the moment the one thing of interest for himself and his readers. It was all Life, the abounding life of a world made very good. But woven in with the golden threads was a weft of the deepest sadness, the consciousness of Death."

E. J. ROBERTS.

John Clifford as I Knew Him. A Commemorative Tribute by Henry J. Cowell. (Baptist Union Publication Dept., 6d.)

The centenary of the birth of Dr. Clifford will call forth many tributes, but Mr. Cowell's is sure of a worthy place among them. Through many years he was privileged to enjoy the friendship of Dr. Clifford, and this gives to his eulogy an intimate and personal note which all the readers of this brochure will feel to be both fitting and adequate. Mr. Cowell takes us behind the pulpit and the platform into that realm of personal relationships where the Doctor moved with such grace and charm. He shows us Dr. Clifford's love for children and young people, his humility and generosity, his humour and abounding friendliness. Skilfully he paints the portrait of a fighter and leader who never lost the spirit of the child, and whose long career was dominated by his love for the Master. Dr. Clifford was, in every sense, a great Christian: and as Mr. Cowell's brochure will have a very large circulation (as it well deserves) he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has brought back to us the memory of an outstanding apostle in the modern world, an apostle whom to know was to love.

F. T. L.

Caleb Ashworth of Cloughfold and Daventry.

IT is a Sunday afternoon in the month of September, in the year 1732. A group of people are assembled around an open-air baptistry in a corner of a field at the foot of one of the Pennine Hills. Nearby is Carr House, the home of Richard Ashworth, the minister of the Cloughfold Baptist Church, a mile-and-a-half away on the other side of the Rossendale Valley. Special interest attaches to the baptism which takes place here on this date over two hundred years ago. Of the nine persons who make their public witness for Christ at least one is a "child of the manse"—Caleb Ashworth. The ceremony is conducted by Alvery Jackson, of Barnoldswick, who has probably walked over the lonely Burnley Moor the previous day to be present. Jackson's diary has come down to us; let him tell the story in his own words.

> "September 25th, 1732.—Went to attend a meeting at Cloughfold, where were present Messrs. Ashworth, Wilson, and Henry Wilkinson. Mr. Ashworth invited me to preach a sermon on the occasion, which I did on Acts xxii. 16. After dinner we went to Mr. Ashworth's, and examined and baptised Caleb Ashworth, Martha Ashworth, John, Richard, and Mary Lord, Martha Hardman, Elizabeth and Mary Greenwood, and James Ashworth. May the Lord confirm them."

Richard Ashworth was minister of Cloughfold from 1705, in which year he succeeded the famous William Mitchell, to 1751, this pastorate of over forty-five years being the longest the church has ever had. During the later years of his life he was afflicted with blindness, and was assisted in his work by his son, Thomas Ashworth, who, in turn, became minister of the church following his father's death, until he received a call to the Gildersome church in the year 1755. Richard Ashworth was, at his own request, buried in the garden of Carr House, and the grave is still to be seen there. Parry[1] suggests that "Richard Ashworth, as a sturdy Nonconformist, took a course so unusual as the ordering of his body to be buried in his own garden rather than in the churchyard (i.e. the Parish Church of Newchurch), because it was dictated by a desire to secure the liberty of conduct of the religious services to be performed at his funeral." Such choice of one's place of interment was not, however, so unusual two

[1] *History of Cloughfold Baptist Church"* (1876: p. 101).

centuries ago. One such "private" grave is to be seen in Cloughfold village, in close proximity to the church, and yet another on Chapel Hill, a mile-and-a-half away. Parry's suggestion is hardly borne out by the fact that Mr. Welsh, the incumbent of Newchurch at the time, showed his esteem for Richard Ashworth by his presence at the funeral of the latter in Carr House garden. At that time there were no facilities for burials at Cloughfold chapel, the first piece of land for a graveyard only being purchased in the year 1777. The deed for the purchase of this plot of land states that a portion was for the "erection of a stable for the use of the members of the church," and the remainder for use as a burial ground, with the proviso that "for every corpse buried therein fees shall be paid within 28 days to the minister or curate of Newchurch Parish Church as if the burial had taken place there." [2]

Of those baptised on September 25th, 1732, we are most concerned with Caleb Ashworth, the son of Richard Ashworth. Parry [3] states that he was at this time twelve years of age. As a matter of fact, if the date of Alvery Jackson's Diary (quoted above) is correct, and the date of Caleb Ashworth's death and his age correctly given on his tombstone (and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of these) then he was only in his eleventh year. Of the years immediately following his baptism nothing is definitely known. But it is not too much to assume that in his early 'teens he began to speak and to preach in and around the Rossendale Valley, and probably often occupied his father's pulpit at Cloughfold. His gifts in this direction became so marked that eventually it was decided that he should receive an adequate training for the Christian ministry. To this end he became a student in the Northampton Academy, then under the presidency of Dr. Philip Doddridge, the famous hymn-writer. The date of his taking up residence there is somewhat doubtful. Parry [4] suggests a date in his early 'teens. "Caleb Ashworth must have commenced preaching very soon after his baptism, for within about six years after we find him settled pastor over a church, having passed in that interval through all the needful preparatory training and college course." This is obviously incorrect, as will be seen from the dates which follow, which have been supplied to the present writer by Rev. W. J. Palmer, the present pastor of Daventry Congregational Church, and which have been taken from the records of that church.

Ashworth's college course at Northampton was evidently marked with exceptional brilliance, for it is recorded that he

[2] Deed in possession of the church.
[3] As above (p. 223).
[4] *History of Cloughfold Baptist Church*" (p. 224).

became Dr. Doddridge's "favourite student." During his college career he must have modified his views on baptism, for at midsummer, 1746, he accepted an invitation to become assistant minister to the Rev. James Floyd, pastor of the Daventry Congregational Church. Before the close of the same year he became "co-pastor," and a few years later Floyd resigned in favour of his colleague, and Caleb Ashworth became the recognised minister of Daventry church.

In the year 1751 Dr. Doddridge died in Lisbon, where he had gone in search of health. In his will he designated Caleb Ashworth as his successor in the principalship of the Academy. Ashworth, being unwilling to give up his pastoral charge, would only accept the appointment on condition that the Academy should be removed from Northampton to Daventry. This suggestion was adopted by the Coward Trustees, a small body of Independent ministers and laymen, who acted as governors of the Academy, and in November of the following year the change was made accordingly. Ashworth held the dual position of Pastor and Principal until his death in 1775. Fourteen years after his decease the Academy moved back to its original home in Northampton.

For the accommodation of the students Ashworth considerably enlarged the already roomy manse of the Daventry church. The present writer recently paid a visit to this old town, and found the church and manse practically the same as it was in Ashworth's day. The pulpit from which he (and Doddridge before him) preached; the "long room" behind the pulpit, where lectures to students were given; the manse with its fourteen rooms, wonderful oak rafters, and stone-floored kitchen, where the principal and his students took their meals together; and the old-time church garden, are all unspoiled. Traces of old Roman paving have been found beneath the floor of the manse, and a cannon ball, probably dropped by the soldiers of Cromwell when passing through Daventry after the Battle of Naseby, was dug up in the garden a year or two ago. The pastor, Rev. W. J. Palmer, is a keen student of Nonconformist history and the possessor of a valuable library of literature dealing with our Free Churches. Before taking up the pastorate of the Daventry church he was minister of the Dronfield Congregational church, the history of which he has written and published. He would welcome any visitor interested in the Daventry church or Academy.

For a full account of the Daventry Academy under Ashworth the reader is referred to *English Education under the Test Acts,* by H. McLachlan, M.A., D.D.[5] It is interesting to note that

[5] Published by The Manchester University Press (1931) see p. 152, &c.

the author of this work was himself for a short time a scholar in the Sunday School of the Cloughfold Baptist Church.

During his principalship Caleb Ashworth received the unsolicited degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Marischal College, Aberdeen.

Daventry, like Northampton, was an Academy open to lay students as well as to those who were taking up the ministry amongst the dissenters, hence the curriculum was a wide and varied one. How varied can be seen from a plan of a five years' course which is preserved in Dr. Williams' library, and quoted by Dr. McLachlan in the work previously referred to:

SUBJECTS.

Year	Languages	Mathematics and Philosophy	Theology	Miscellaneous
1st	Latin Greek Hebrew	Euclid Geography Logic		
2nd	Latin Greek Hebrew	Algebra Trigonometry	Pneumatology	'A few Lectures on Civil Government'
3rd	Hebrew	Conic Sections Natural Philosophy	Evidences and Moral Duties of Christianity	
4th		General Anatomy	Doctrines of Christianity	Ecclesiastical History Lectures on Preaching
5th			'Sacred Criticks'	Jewish Antiquities

Further: "In some part of the course we read Lectures on Oratory. The French language is taught, when desired, and every student designed for a learned profession takes his turn in Orations and other public exercises." All students, we learn, "immediately on coming" learnt Rich's Shorthand, and generally had a "few private lectures on Behaviour."

Parry (again erroneously) [6] says "Dr. Ashworth left nothing behind him except two sermons—one on the death of Dr. Watts, the other on the death of Rev. Samuel Clark." The sermon on the death of Isaac Watts was preached from the text 2 Sam. iii. 38, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this

[6] *History of Cloughfold Baptist Church*" (p. 225).

day in Israel?" and was published under the title *Reflections on the Fall of a Great Man.* The sermon for Rev. Samuel Clark (of Birmingham) bore the title "The Regard Christian Congregations owe to their Deceased Ministers represented and urged from Heb. xiii. 7."

In addition to these two sermons noted by Parry a third has been preserved—preached after the death of his predecessor in the pastorate at Daventry, Rev. James Floyd.

Dr. Ashworth used lectures previously given by Dr. Doddridge, but in many cases re-wrote and improved them. In New College Library there is, for example, a copy of Doddridge's Lectures on "Jewish Antiquities" improved by Ashworth and written in shorthand. He himself was the author of *A Treatise on Trigonometry,* published in 1768. A minute of the Coward Trustees (September 27th, 1768) authorises "the sum of £14 be presented to the Rev. Dr. Ashworth at Daventry for his expense in printing a Treatise of Trigonometry for the use of his students, and that he be desired in consideration of this allowance to retain 100 copies at the disposal of the Trustees for the future service of students at their academies."

He was also the author of a Hebrew Grammar. This was published (anonymously) at Cambridge in 1763, and was intended for the use of students at Daventry, but was afterwards adopted as a textbook at other academies. This work bore the lengthy title, "The Principal Rules of Hebrew Grammar, compiled from some of the most considerable Hebrew Grammars, and particularly adapted to Bythner's 'Lyra Prophetica'; with complete Paradigms of the Verbs." The "Advertisement" in the book states that "This Abstract was made, and a few copies of it printed, only for the use of the compiler, and a few persons whom he has occasion to instruct in the rudiments of Hebrew." As early as 1785 the book was out of print, and a request for its reprinting was apparently never met, with the result that only very few copies remain at the present time. One of these is in the Library of the Unitarian College, Manchester.

As a further indication of Ashworth's gifts it may be mentioned that he also wrote "An Introduction to the Art of Singing, and a Collection of Psalm Tunes." This was published in 1760, and copies are rare. One has recently been acquired by the City of Manchester, and may be seen at the new Reference Library ("Watson Music Library" section). This work is interesting to all lovers and students of music, as it contains the first printed edition of the tune, now known as "Yorkshire," sung to the words "Christians, awake." This tune had been composed by John Wainwright, organist of the Manchester Cathedral, about 1760. In Ashworth's "Collection" it appears (page 66) under

the name "Mortram." The words of Dr. Byrom's well-known hymn do not appear—the heading of the tune showing that it was intended to be sung to "Watts' Version of the 50th Psalm," and, for this purpose, the ending has been slightly altered. In accordance with the custom of the period, the melody is in the tenor.

Of Dr. Ashworth's ability and learning many of his contemporaries speak in the highest terms. The reputation won for the Academy in its Northampton period under Doddridge was more than sustained under Ashworth during his twenty-five years' Presidency (1752-1775). He died, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four, on July 18th, 1775, from dropsy of the chest, and was succeeded by Thomas Robins, an old student of both Northampton and Daventry, then in the ministry at West Bromwich. He was laid to rest in an altar tomb in the Daventry Parish Churchyard.

On the grave there is the following inscription:

Here rest in Hope
The Remains of the Revd. CALEB ASHWORTH, D.D.
Pastor of a Congregation of Protestant Dissenters
and Director of the Academy in this town.
He died
July 18th, 1775. Aged 54.

With indefatigable application, with genuine and well-regulated zeal, and with growing reputation and success, he exerted his eminent abilities and extensive acquaintance with sacred and human literature in the service of his Great Master, and in promoting the interest of Learning, Religion, and Charity.

"Blessed is that servant whom when his Lord cometh shall find so doing."

A funeral sermon for Dr. Ashworth was preached by Rev. Samuel Palmer, of Hackney, the author of *A Protestant Dissenters' Catechism,* and *The Nonconformists' Memorial.*

In addition to the brother, Thomas Ashworth, previously mentioned, yet another brother of Caleb Ashworth entered the ministry. John Ashworth eventually became the minister of a Baptist Church at Nantwich, and later, in 1740, of the more famous White's Alley General Baptist Church, London. His ministry there was only a short one, as he was called to the higher service in 1742. On October 31st of that year his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. James Foster, minister of Paul's Alley Baptist Church, Barbican. From this funeral oration it is apparent that much of the ability which characterised his

more famous brother Caleb was also shown by him. The aged pastor of Cloughfold, Richard Ashworth, had thus the joy ot seeing three of his sons follow their father's footsteps and enter the Christian ministry.

Parry, at the time of his writing *The History of Cloughfold Church* (1875), states that there were at that date fourteen descendants of Richard Ashworth members of that church, and thirteen members of other Baptist churches. There has never been a time since when the name "Ashworth" has not appeared on the Church Roll, and to-day there are nine members bearing the name, but it is impossible to say if any of these (or other members of the church) have sprung from this illustrious family.

JAMES S. HARDMAN.

The Wakefields, by S. J. Ford. (Rankin Press, Ltd., 3s. 6d.)

One of to-day's needs is that our early denominational records should be re-written with force and insight, that the twentieth-century Baptist may know something of his heritage. Much lies buried in lengthy tomes, and ofttimes the writing is not particularly interesting. The Broadmead Records, retold with vividness and set in the background of modern historical research, would surely thrill.

In this novel of seventeenth-century Baptists, the Rev. S. J. Ford has woven much of the early history of Broadmead. He reproduces the life and activities of the Puritans, and many of the historic personages of the fifty years, 1638-88, march across his pages. We wish that the book could find its way into the hands of every Sunday School teacher.

Information Wanted. A correspondent is making an architectural study of the Meeting Houses in England from the seventeenth century to the early nineteenth. He desires information of any Baptist buildings of this period which are architecturally of interest. Particulars which may be useful should be sent to the Secretary (Mr. Seymour J. Price, Westbury, Creswick Road, Acton, W.3).

Holderness : Royalists and Baptists.

HISTORY is often over-simplified, so that main currents may be followed, while backwaters and eddies remain to be explored. The adventurous canoeist up these streams may be richly rewarded.

New England is well known, and deserves its reputation in many ways. It was never Royalist, and it fiercely opposed Baptists, excluding Rhode Island from its early confederacy, deposing a president of Harvard because he became Baptist, accepting endowments from Hollis of London, but levying taxes on his fellow-believers to support Congregational worship, right down to 1833.

New Hampshire has quite a different story, which has never been trumpeted abroad, but has many points of interest. Settlement began three years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, by fishermen who settled on the river Piscataqua, founding Dover and Portsmouth; Hampton and Exeter speedily followed. The English statesmen who were concerned with emigration were of two types, and while the Earl of Warwick from his seat at Leez in Essex directed Puritans to Massachusetts Bay, Ferdinando Gorges and Mason directed Royalists northwards. They quite deliberately opposed a one-sided partisan scheme of colonies. But they presumably did not expect some of their settlers to flirt with Baptist principles, as did happen before 1640. One of these, Hanserd Knollys, was in episcopal orders, and when he found that Old England would now tolerate him, he returned to a variegated career in London, fairly well known to us. Others remained, but Massachusetts profited by the English civil war to assert authority over the northern colonies, and she made it most uncomfortable for the Baptists. It worked out as in the days of Stephen and Saul; they left the harsh rule of the Company, went down to New Jersey and founded a new Piscataway, which is proud of its history then and afterwards.

Settlers went up the original river to the lake whence it flowed. They tapped a regular lakeland, for in New Hampshire as it is delimited to-day there are more than five hundred sheets of water. Surveyors soon followed, chose a huge boulder in one lake, and carved on it one of the oldest inscriptions; the interpreter with the Indians was one of Dunster's students. English notions of the geography were still vague, and it was

thought the continent here was about the breadth of the isthmus of Panama; so, on a fancy map, lines were ruled east and west, giving the colony all the land to the Pacific!

A century passed before English statesmen paid much attention to the district. Then for the second time they awakened to its importance, appointed a governor with orders to live in the province and develop it. A site was chosen for a new capital, on Lake Squam, near where the White Mountains begin to tower up, culminating in a peak over 6,200 feet high. Roads were laid out to it from two ports, and a lively young lady amused herself with imagining how this was to be the seat of an aristocracy, to counterbalance the sour Puritans at Boston. The Secretary of State in England then was the Earl of Holderness—whose very existence is probably unknown to-day, even at Bridlington and Hull. So the new capital was christened after him, and a vast estate was laid out on paper in sixty-seven lots. One was reserved for a clergyman in episcopal orders, another for a glebe, another for a school, a fourth for the High Church Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, three for the Governor, who bore the very Royalist name of Wentworth. The rest were sold; but the noble purchasers had no intention of working with their own hands, and the actual farmers by no means shared their views, political or ecclesiastical. However, a clergyman was at last found willing to go up to the new capital, and conduct Church of England services. Nothing availed to make the settlers build a town; they lived on their farms, and before long were free from all fears, whether at the hands of the Indians or the French. Forty years did the solitary rector neglect his work, at Holderness and another endowed parish; nor was there any other of his cloth to keep him in countenance for scores of miles around, still less any bishop to keep him up to the mark.

Not far below, the Indians had built weirs for their fishing; and when George III insisted on imposing taxes in the colonies to help pay for the French wars in Canada, the first armed resistance was made in this Royalist area, a year before the Bostonians held their tea-party. Then down at Portsmouth, Fort William-and-Mary was captured, long before the much-vaunted ride of Paul Revere to Concord, where Massachusetts at length followed the New Hampshire lead.

Round the Royalist capital there was never any serious fighting. Records were kept steadily, headed in three successive years—Province of New Hampshire, New Hampshire, State of New Hampshire—for which a republican capital was chosen elsewhere. At Holderness itself, the chief proprietor never swerved from his attachment to Britain; and even in the 1812

war this was a Tory centre. It speaks well for him and for his neighbours that he was never rabbled, nor driven away, as a United Empire Loyalist, to exile in Upper Canada.

The Episcopal clergyman had no taste for "enthusiasm," and merely jogged between his two parishes at a slowly slackening pace. Something more exhilarating and more satisfying was desired by his neighbours. It was supplied by Benjamin Randall, an ardent evangelist, who seems to have been like Melchizedek, without any ecclesiastical pedigree. Nourished on the Bible alone, he naturally became a Baptist; witnessing constant conversions, he naturally believed in Free Will. Thus there arose a new denomination, which soon overspread these old Royalist provinces of New Hampshire and Maine; and the death of the endowed clergyman after forty years removed the one trace of the anomalous hopes cherished by the founders of Holderness. To-day the district shows the vitality of the doctrine and zeal of our Dan Taylor, over an area far larger than he ever influenced, with the reminiscent names of Kingston (not on Hull) and Beverly. The Free Baptists built up a system of education, which caught English attention when Bates College conferred a D.D. on John Clifford. They see no reason why they should remain aloof from those of Calvinistic descent, and unite in organisation. Of this a striking example and result is that the Associate Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance is from their ranks.

W. T. WHITLEY.

Supplement to Peake's Commentary, edited by Principal A. J. Grieve, M.A., D.D. (T.C. & E. C. Jack, Ltd., 2s.)

Seventeen years have passed since the publication of Peake's invaluable Commentary, and developments in Biblical study made this Supplement needful. Its editor was Dr. Peake's principal colleague in the production of the Commentary, and he has well maintained the spirit and worth of the original work. Among his seven collaborators is Dr. Wheeler Robinson, who contributes three chapters. Those who have the Commentary will be eager to get the Supplement; and the *corrigenda* relating to sixty of the original entries will occupy a spare hour.

Reminiscences of the Strict and Particulars.

MY earliest recollections of religious life, dim it must be confessed, are of Unicorn Yard Baptist Chapel, Tooley Street, the home of the church which in earlier days had worshipped in Goat Yard, Horselydown, the mother church of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and Maze Pond. My father was a deacon, and I was taken as a very young child to the morning service. A child of six naturally became restless during the long service and that distressed my mother, and as she told me in later years, the aged minister, a Mr. Bewick, said to her, at least on one occasion, " Don't worry, Mrs. Philcox, let him run up and down the aisle—it won't disturb me." There was no musical instrument; my father acted as precentor (we did not use that name in those far-off days), pitching a tune with a long instrument known as a pitch pipe.

In or about 1870 Unicorn Yard ceased to exist. Part of its site is now occupied by a fire station. We then attended Ebenezer Strict Baptist Chapel, situate in Webb Street, a side street off what is now Tower Bridge Road. The order of service rigidly adhered to was a hymn, either from Watts' or Denham's selection, Scripture reading, with a running and sometimes lengthy commentary, a really long prayer (during which the present writer acquired the habit of Bible reading), another hymn, sermon, closing hymn, closing prayer.

Years later, it became the custom at some churches to sing a fourth hymn. A visiting preacher, a deacon of another church which adhered to the old paths, complained of the change in the service to one of the church officers. " You have made a change in the service, I notice." The officer did not realise what was meant by the complaint and replied, " Oh, no! " " Yes," said the visitor, " you used only to have three hymns—you have four now." My friend, who told me the story, was equal to the occasion and replied, " You, too, have made a change." The aged visitor was shocked. " A change! What? " " I remember when you used to give out the hymns a line at a time : you don't do that now! "

The minister at Ebenezer was a Mr. R. A. Lawrence. His secular occupation was that of a wine merchant's clerk. He was then somewhat over thirty years of age; a good man, who was done to death a few years later by scurrilous anonymous

letters. Theoretically he was, to use the old-time designation, a hyper-Calvinist. His sermons were lengthy, and at 12.30 he would sometimes say, "My time has gone: I will tell you what I meant to say if I had time," and so was good for another ten minutes. He was a versifier, and after a series of sermons on "Moses' blessing of the tribes," he summarised them in a booklet of verses. He also wrote a hymn for the Sunday School Anniversary, but, as far as my recollection goes, it was never sung. As one verse was as follows, my readers will be glad to know that this was so:

"My teacher often tells me
Seek Christ I never can,
Unless the Father chose me
Before the world began:
So if I'm seeking Jesus
'Tis by Divine decree,
And so my teacher opens up
Election unto me."

Believer as I am in the "Doctrines of Grace," I am glad to say that my teachers did not give such teaching to their scholars.

Here is a gem from a hymn book issued by the Strict Baptist Committee because the Sunday School Union hymn book was not considered "sound."

"Infinite years in torment must I spend
And never, never, never have an end,
As many sands as on the ocean shore," etc.

We never sang that but once, when a speaker gave an address which was regarded as rather pointing to "free-will," we afterwards sang:

"How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load,
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God."

The real spirit of minister and others may better perhaps be judged by a hymn which was sung at our Sunday School anniversary sixty years ago:

"What a friend we have in Jesus."

It went so to the heart of the minister, Mr. Lawrence, who was then burdened with care, that he asked for it a second time at the evening service.

It was at another Sunday School anniversary about this time that I first heard a sermon by Isaac Levinson, who subsequently became Secretary of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, of which I have had the honour of being Treasurer for many years. At that time he had but

recently arrived in England, a convert from Judaism, who had found home surroundings in Russia scarcely comfortable for a young Hebrew Christian. There was something to seek as yet in his pronunciation of English. One still remembers his tone as he announced his text, "Manna." Neither he nor I realised then how forty years later we should be brought into close association through Jewish Missions.

Let it not be supposed from what I have written that our minister or teachers were "kill-joys." A glimpse, if it were possible to the reader, at the children's parties at our pastor's house or at the Sunday School winter treat, at each of which the fun was fast and furious, would soon have demonstrated the contrary.

In 1873 a new Chapel, to replace "Ebenezer," was built in Lynton Road, a developing district in another part of Bermondsey, for the problem of new areas is not quite so modern as some may imagine. Some three years later the Maze Pond congregation similarly removed from Maze Pond, a little turning near Guy's Hospital, to the Old Kent Road. I just remember the interior of old Maze Pond, the site of which was purchased for Guy's Hospital Medical School, of which the stone was laid by Mr. Gladstone.

The anniversaries of the church were great occasions; an afternoon service, a largely attended tea, and a public meeting with some five or six addresses, sometimes all planned to centre on a selected topic. In spite of the limited time thus available for each speaker, or perhaps because of it, some of these addresses were very fine, but then, as now, some speakers thought it their business to attack others "who followed not with them." I remember one, Thomas Stringer, who used to call Spurgeon's College "the parson foundry," and who, on one occasion, at Trinity Chapel, Trinity Street, Borough (now a cinema almost opposite my office), to the intense disgust of my mother, who was present, spoke thus of Spurgeon: "Prince of preachers they call him—Prince of erroneous characters, rather!" But Strict Baptist ministers of the "Earthen Vessel" type were by no means all like this, for there were two sections of Strict Baptists—"Vesselites" and "Standardites" (supporters of the Gospel Standard). Theologically they differed on some recondite point, but I must confess I never grasped it. To-day the two sections seem wider apart than ever.

Although ours was a Strict Baptist home, my father and mother had a broader outlook, perhaps because of business contacts with all the Churches, and, although my father was a keen opponent of the "Rector's Rate," which continued in Bermondsey long after Church Rates in general were abolished,

we were on friendly terms with the Rector, an old-fashioned Evangelical, Canon Tugwell by name. He gave us children the privilege, which no others had, of playing in the churchyard, which later on was converted into a public recreation ground. On Sunday evenings, too, I sometimes attended the service at the parish church, and my earliest recollection of the details of a service is of one at St. Paul's Cathedral in the late seventies, when Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, preached on a text which has remained with me down the years, " How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God? " I still remember all the hymns, one of which was " When I survey the wondrous Cross."

Our new chapel had a commodious schoolroom in a half basement, with two classrooms for seniors. The infants met in the gallery at the end of the chapel, quite remote from the rest of the school, and here, by the time I was about fourteen, the minister's son and I were installed as joint teachers. We had good times, with plenty of singing, using the rolls of hymns provided by the Sunday School Union. At various times the minister addressed the whole school, not always limiting himself for his topic to a Scripture story. Indeed, the one title I still remember was a message sent through by men entombed in a colliery to their coming rescuers: " Keep to the right—work on—you're almost through "—a title and topic scarcely suggestive of very " high " doctrine.

During the first visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London in 1874, my mother took us to one of the afternoon services held by them near Camberwell Green. It was, I think, the only time I heard Moody, but one remembers Sankey in later years at the Spurgeon Memorial Service. I still remember Sankey singing at Camberwell " There were ninety and nine." It must have been one of the earliest occasions on which he sang it. I have not forgotten, either, the choir's appealing rendering of Dr. Watts' hymn, " Give me the Wings of Faith," with a tender chorus:

> " Many are the friends who are waiting to-day
> Happy on the golden strand,
> Many are the voices calling us away
> To join their glorious band."

By about 1877, boy as I was, I had become an occasional preacher of some sort. I must not stay to tell how it began in a country village, and how, as a boy, I preached in the little village Methodist chapel, but somehow the story got into one of the religious papers of the day, and the news led to a service at Green Walk Mission, the predecessor of Haddon Hall, Bermondsey, of which Mr. William Olney, who is still with us,

and whose father was then a deacon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was leader. The father was, at this time, very ill, and before the service at Green Walk, his son had taken me to visit him, and sitting up in bed the good man gave me his blessing. More than thirty years later, after I had preached one Sunday morning at Holland Road, Hove, one of the congregation informed me that he had heard the earlier sermon.

I was at this time an occasional worshipper at "Spurgeon's." I have in mind a sermon preached by him in the late seventies, during one of England's little wars (the Zulu, I think), when he spoke of the soldier going into battle with a Martini-Henry rifle in his hand and a Bible in his knapsack.

Early in 1881 my parents removed to Peckham Rye, and my more regular attendance at the Strict Baptist Chapel in Bermondsey ceased, and my Sundays were often divided between "Spurgeon's" and Nunhead Green Baptist Chapel. The minister, John Mead, a City business man, was a quiet, gracious person, not afraid to bring the Bible into contact with English history. On one occasion, reading the Psalm as to the overthrow of Sihon and Og, "for His mercy endureth for ever," he added, "and why may we not say:

> Charles Stuart, King of England
> For his mercy endureth for ever:
> James Stuart, King of England
> For his mercy endureth for ever."

Sometimes we attended another Strict Baptist Chapel in Peckham at Heaton Road, and I applied there for membership. I was approved by my visitors, but in a fortunate moment, as it has seemed since, one of them handed me a copy of the Articles of Faith of the Church. I read them and found that I was expected to approve of an Article which taught "the eternal misery of the impenitent." Consequently, I did not proceed with my application. My visitor said that he did not know how it was that he had handed to me the Articles, that he did not usually do so, and regretted that this had occurred. Curiously enough, but "God moves in a mysterious way," it was owing to a mistake that I became a member of Rye Lane, but that is another story.

Although I did not join the Church at Heaton Road, I was Secretary of the Sunday School, and conducted a preparation class for the Sunday School Union Scripture Examination, but a painful incident connected with the ministry there led me to leave towards the end of 1885, and I became a worshipper at Rye Lane, although still continuing my occasional attendance at "Spurgeon's." I had been once only to Rye Lane in earlier years, on January 27th, 1884, when Dr. Angus preached; his text

still remains with me, " He findeth first his own brother Simon and brought him to Jesus." I ought here to pay a tribute to one of the deacons, Mr. W. B. Hackett, whose heartiness went a long way towards attaching me to Rye Lane. He always made one welcome, and made one feel that he had been missed if absent. It was my joy for many years while a deacon to seek to carry on the tradition. Rev. J. T. Briscoe and I became, and continued during his life, real friends, although it was not until after Dr. Ewing had become pastor that I became a member of the church.

But I must not continue my " anecdotage." I am not writing my autobiography, and to continue would take me into many fields beyond the scope of this magazine—social, political, educational, and religious. Let me be content to have given to some of my readers a little fresh insight into denominational life half a century or so ago.

But I must add a postscript. Some twenty-five years ago I spent a number of week-ends at Crowborough. The only Baptist Church in the village was one of the " Gospel Standard " section. There was no morning service, as the minister had to preach elsewhere also. I went each Sunday evening to the Chapel and learned to admire the very aged minister, a Mr. E. Littleton. To my surprise, one evening he spoke in his sermon in by no means an unfriendly way of Dr. Clifford. At the close of the service I challenged him as to this. His reply is worth remembering. I had said that neither he nor I would agree with the doctor on some things. " We must not make a man an offender for a word," the aged man replied. Later, I found that the doctor had stayed at Crowborough for some time, and each Sunday had attended the little " Standard " Chapel. The two had also met at the house of a mutual friend and each had fallen in love with the other. They had also exchanged books, and the " Standard " minister became a personal member of the Baptist Union, and his church was in membership, at least until he died. Some of our very orthodox brethren might learn a lesson from this village pastor.

HENRY N. PHILCOX.

A Diaconal Epistle, 1790.

To the Rev. James Dore, October 1790.
Pastor of the Church in Maze Pond.

Much esteemed and honored Sir,

When we observe the wonderful Revolution, that a neighbouring Nation heretofore groaning under ecclesiastical and civil Tyranny has so recently experienced; and the ardor for Liberty extending itself to other Countries; We desire to unite our voices in thanksgiving to Almighty God for such apparent interpositions of his power and goodness—We cannot but regard them as additional proofs of his providential kindness to his Creatures, and as links in that great chain of Events foretold in Scripture, which will finally issue in his Glory and the happiness of Mankind.

But while we rejoice at the success which has crowned the noble efforts of our fellow Men in other Countries feeling the same emotions we cannot but regret that we have much to complain of in this;—that the Consciences of Britons are tampered with by the allurements of temporal advantage, and their minds shackled by the terrors of persecution—nevertheless we encourage hopes, that by the divine blessing accompanying a steady, temperate and persevering discussion of the subject, such an alteration will be produced in the opinions of the Public, and in the resolves of the Legislature, as may raise us to a degree of eminence on the scale of Freedom, which we have never yet attained.

With this view therefore, We beg leave to request of you, to prepare against the ensuing Winter, a Course of Lectures on the principles of Nonconformity, and of civil and religious Liberty.

We cannot conclude without testifying the satisfaction we feel in your repeated exertions to advance the cause of Humanity and Universal Freedom—Persevere in the noble cause and may success attend your endeavours.

That your Life may long be spared, a Blessing to the Age in which you live, is the ardent prayer, of

Your affectionate Friends

Thos. Flight.	John Cooper.	Henry Keene.
Benjn. Tomkins.	W. Allum.	Simon Lee.
William Gillman.	Joseph Gurney.	Thos. Hayward.
John Gurney.	Robert Hills.	Job Heath.
Henry Smithers.	Archd. Campl. Russell.	Saml. Beddome.

A Yorkshire Manuscript of 1687.

William Mitchell's "Difference betwixt Egypt and Canaan."

(Concluded from page 173.)

(Concluded from page 173.)

Analysis

"EGYPT," in general, figures the natural state of man, ignorant of God, in bondage to sin, refusing to have Christ as ruler, even as the Israelites did Moses. In particular, it figures the four aspects of natural man, as follows: First, he is dead in sin: all in Adam fell under a spiritual as well as a natural death. Second, he is a child of darkness, seeking light and life by works, by the wisdom of the first Adam. Third, he is in a sleep or dream, ignorant of his true state. Fourth, he is disobedient, and so is kept in bondage by a "cruel Jaylor" in the power of the spiritual Pharaoh (who has his servants, namely the priests of organised religion). It is here that Mitchell launches an attack upon the priesthood of his day. These ministers of Pharaoh "tell men to be strict for the keeping a Church order, coming to Church as they call it, though they never knew any other Church but such as are made of slime and stone, they never knew what it was to be brought to Mount Sion, the City of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, the Church of ye first born which are written in Heaven." They seek to keep people in bondage, "so they command all things, and set the soul a mighty task, to do all things commanded and to avoid all things forbidden. So they say, if they will be saved, they must first be baptized, then they must keep their Covenant, observe their times and seasons, pray thus often and so often, come to Church, receive the Sacrament, perform all things that belong to their form or Church, and so, as they say, man must do his part, or perform the condition on his part, that is, do the things before mentioned, or Repent and believe the Gospell, and obey a Light within, or endeavour to keep all God's commandments, that so they may have a right to the Promise, but they must have nothing without doing; . . ." They forget that it is the spirit that matters, "that a man must be converted and born again" in Christ who is "all things that pertains to the soul."

"Well then if this be a truth that man is in this bondage to the enemies of his soul, even sin and Satan that old serpent, the lusts and corruptions of his nature, in which he is blinded and captivated, then it must needs be God which is the originall cause of man's salvation, freedome and Redemption, and it is his love, which is the originall cause of all, and then his power to make it effectuall."

The Exodus is caused by God's love and grace: the Lord

commands the dead soul to live. It is objected that there is no peace to the wicked; "I answer, indeed it is true there is no peace to none out of Christ, for all peace else is like the troubled sea . . . " Again, it may be objected that to those still in Egypt, the freedom of Canaan is incomprehensible. Mitchell answers by a "word or two" about the soul's deliverance out of Egypt, and three things are considered in relation to the deliverance. First, the Lord makes his power known on the Egyptians, that is, to carnal man, and affliction comes; there is thus a sense of bondage in the soul. Then there is the slaying of the first-born, signifying the flesh; there is no going forth till the Lord's power is made known on the chief of their strength, the first-born (the world, the flesh, all boasting, etc.). Then take note of the sacrifice, the lamb, a type of Christ: this is to be kept till the appointed time (while a man keeps to his own righteousness, he is without Christ).

A series of objections and answers follows, of great importance for establishing Mitchell's position. Must not man endeavour to come forth out of these evils he is in? The only way, answers Mitchell, is to know himself a sinner. Another objection is that we are bidden to strive to enter in at the "strait gate", to which answer is made that we are exhorted to strive to deny ourselves entirely. Then, it is objected, must not man be doing, performing, following a strict religious way? Answer: Truth saith otherwise. Moses did not set the Israelites working, but bade them wait on the Lord. "It is the taskmasters of Egypt, the Scribes and Pharisees, false Apostles and false Teachers who bring in damnable heresy, that set the soul a working, acting and performing their task, and that daily, the whole tale of bricks must be brought in, or else there will be nothing but scowlling and threatning, and saying, Ye are idle, and slothfull and improve not your time; so the false teachers who are a kin to the taskmasters of Egypt, they set men a working, acting and doing something, which may further their salvation, as hearing, coming to church, reading, praying, and performing their duties, being baptized, receiving the sacrament once in a year, or sometimes three or four times in a year, then they think this is a Christian indeed, or ordering their words some thou and some you, or keeping Covenant, or waiting on a light within, they obeying of which, life is promised, nay any thing that Christ may not bee all in all. Now the bringing in of any of these to the furthering of life and salvation or commending us to God, is as detestable if not more than open Popery, for if it were possible they would deceive the very elect . . . " If a man be made righteous by the works of the law, Christ died in vain. "The promise . . . is made to faith and not to works."

A further objection runs, "Is it not a minister's duty to set men a working?" The answer is, no: Moses and Aaron did not set the Israelites to work, but asked for a three days' journey into the desert to sacrifice. It is true Pharaoh did not see the point. The sinner's three days' journey to the true worship of God signifies three things. First, a sense of his own misery; second, "it brings the soul to the doctrine and Baptism of John, to true Repentance for sin, and humble confession of sin"; third, "Thou art to be delivered up to the Baptism of Christ, for John bids thee stay not here on thy Repentance or Confession but saith, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world . . . He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire, whose fan is in his hand and he will throughly purge his floor and gather his wheat into his garner: this is a purging and purifying day, the day of Christ: And is the third day in which the soul is purged and purified and brought to Christ . . . "

"Is not Repentance, faith and new obedience conditions of the new Covenant . . . ?" it is objected, and Mitchell replies that they are not conditions, but fruits of the covenant, and he treats them separately. "Is not man to prepare himself by pursuing holiness?" asks the objector. It is not holiness that prepares the soul to meet Christ, says Mitchell, but a sense of sin. Then again, "if man becomes more holy, will not that please God?" To that it is answered, God's love is unchangeable, so that nothing we do can alter it. If that is so, the objector replies, then we may sin as we like? This is no way to read the Gospel: continue in sin that grace may abound? A last objection asks, "if God elect, justify, and save souls freely by his grace, then it seems we may do what we will . . . ?" "I answer, God hath not elected us to sin and unholiness . . . "

Mitchell then leaves this carping critic of a Pharisee and turns to the Publican sinner. Let us come, he says, to the killing of the Lamb. Five points are to be noted. First, the lamb is Christ, the only way out of bondage. Second, the sprinkling of its blood means Christ's blood, i.e., Justification. Third, the sacrifice is to be roasted with fire and eaten with unleavened bread; "which holds forth first the power of the spirituall, flaming fiery Baptism of Christ, for the killing and crucifying of the flesh . . . " Fourth, none is to be kept to ourselves. Fifth, "to stand stedfast in the faith," prepared and armed. It is a day to be remembered by Israel.

The Israelites are next in difficulty at the sea and at the "subtillness of the enemy." They must not go up out of Egypt by the "gainest" way, lest they mislike, and the Lord in his wisdom closed up the sea behind them. The Lord is to make

known his power in a more mysterious manner than before, for all before holds forth the destruction of sin in the external part of it, internally it is alive. The soul has gone out to Canaan not from the apprehension of his love, but from the apprehension of his wrath. The fleshly apprehension of Christ means forgiveness. But "the coming of Christ in the spirit or his spirit Baptism destroys, swallows up and consumes and puts an end to the first and fleshly knowledge, which must be done, that so all things may become new, that is, all things may be known spiritually, so we may know no man after the flesh, no not Christ himselfe . . . " So the going away of the first knowledge of Christ (Christ in the flesh) will bring thee into great straits, as the Israelites were in great straits at the Red Sea. Then it is that the power of God by a strong East wind (deliverance by Christ) counts, but with Pharaoh on one side and the sea on the other, man does not see his deliverance, and cries out that it were better to be among the Egyptians again. Consider, first, that the former comforts are gone (the fleshly knowledge of Christ is found to be insufficient now), then that the old enemies come in, and last, that the way is stopped. In this situation Moses said, Stand still and wait and see the salvation of the Lord; so too the disciples were told to wait at Jerusalem for the coming of the Spirit.

The holding forth of the rod ("it seems a foolish thing") signifies the "preaching of the everlasting Gospell" ("whereby the downfall of Babylon is accomplished, that is, Babylon in the heart of man, which is this sea that stops thy way"). Christ, the all-powerful East wind, divides the evils. "He hath consecrated a new and living way for us, through the vail, which is to say, his flesh; the flesh of Christ is the vail to the spirit, as the Law is the vail to the Gospel, and the Gospel in the letter is the vail to the Gospel in the spirit, and the externall part of it a vail to the internall and spirituall part of it, so one thing must vail itselfe to give place to another, so thou being brought through these vails to pass into the Holyest of all, by this new and living way, which Christ hath consecrated for thee, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh, Hebrews: 10: 20: thou art brought from the death of Christ to the knowledge of his Resurrection and life, for being baptized into his death, and in this Baptism passing through this vail, thou art also raised with him by the faith of the operation of God, and so comes to have fellowship with him in his Resurrection and life, his second coming, wherein he brings salvation and life to thy soul, . . . "

It may be objected, is this not a strange doctrine to know Christ no more after the flesh, but formed in, not without, us?

Mitchell answers, naturally, perhaps it is, but scripturally, no. "Thus the saints, the true Israel of God, the seed of Abraham after the faith, are brought through the sea to the dry land by believing, as the Israelites passed through the sea by faith, so they pass through these seas, clouds, and vails, and so pass in within the vail, into the Holyest of all, to know and enjoy Christ in and after the spirit, being joyned to him, and made one spirit with him." This is the narrow way which so few find: carnal men and hypocrites, trusting in their own strength, perish like Pharaoh.

There is rejoicing at deliverance, at victory over iniquity, "over this sumptuous whore with her golden cup, and this mistery of iniquity and man of sin, and over the beast and his Image and his mark and the number of his name, standing on a sea of glass, having ye Harps of God in their hand, and they rejoyce . . . " Mitchell follows this with an appeal to his little flock, couched in his usual rhapsodical style. But to Israel there are still bitter waters and the wilderness; there is murmuring; there is no rest.

A report on Canaan forms the last big division of the book; it is necessary to set out the beauties of the land, for evil spies report ill things of it. Eight things will be found there. First, the presence of the Holy Ghost; then Justification, or God's love and grace, True faith, True rest, the Peace of God. There is also "the glory of Union, even of the electing grace and uniting love of God"; the Father "loved all his elect sons with one and the selfe same love with which hee loved Christ the son, flowing from his great love, and in this love of his he loved all those foreseen by the eye of love, and elected into this love, that so they might be made conformable to the Image of the son of his love . . . Thus the Father in the son, of his own love hath he reconciled to the elect his chosen, and gathereth them together in and by this love, and reconciled them to himselfe in this love . . . " There is the consequent Joy unspeakable, portrayed by Mitchell in terms of a palace, of treasures and of a feast; the luxurious language of this adjective-piling Yorkshireman here runs riot. Lastly, there is True holiness. In sum, Christ is the Promised Land.

"Thus I very briefly in some particulars commend to you the glories of this heavenly Canaan, and the glorious, rare, blessed and soul enriching fruits and soul replenishing, adorning, beautifying and clothing benefits, and garments of salvation, with which all the true Israel of God, the seed of Abram after the faith, the sons and daughters of Sion, the Citizens and dwellers in Canaans Land are richly adorned . . . " They have been brought from "Egypt to Canaans Land, from nature to

grace, from darkness to light, from death to life, from bondage to liberty, from the spirit of bondage to the spirit of adoption, from ye flesh to the spirit, from infidellity and unbeliefe (to?) a true and living faith, from the form of godliness to the life and power of godliness, from the knowledge of God, Christ, the Scriptures, the things of God and his worship after the flesh, to know, acknowledge him, worship and serve him in and after the spirit, . . . " and so forth. Why then do evil reports exist, made by those who say such and such and promise Heaven if people will "stick to their form," much as the Pope dealing pardons. These men afflict the people, who are taught that Heaven must be worked for. Heed them not, they would deceive the very elect. We shall enter in in this life, but there are many enemies to destroy in Canaan.

To this brief and inadequate summary of Mitchell's little book may be added his own leave-taking. He drops into verse:

"With Christ our Lord wee sup,
and every Saint comes in,
That is, desires with consent
for to partake therein:
No honest soul's kept out,
their presence wee desire:
No new ingagement, no new bond
do wee at all require;
But welcome Saints as Saints,
of all wee make but one,
Exhorting one another, more
to live to Christ alone.
Our bound is Christian love,
our bond our Masters Word;
In Ranting times our study is
to walk with one accord;
If any Saint dissent,
and seperated bee,
Hee may see cause to blame himselfe,
and so his brother's free;
These things wee take in hand,
for troubles may bee near,
Take time and mercies while they are,
ere long they may bee dear."

FINIS.

It has been suggested that causes are often begun as much through the influence of a book as through the efforts of an evangelist, and as an example Mitchell's *Jachin and Boaz* is quoted as possibly responsible for the formation of the Baptist churches in the North-West.*[13] If this can be thought of the later work, what shall we think of the present work, which gives us glimpses of an earlier Mitchell?

F. BECKWITH.

*[13] *Trans. Bapt. Hist. Soc.*, I. 114.

Reviews.

Religion in the Victorian Era, by L. E. Elliott Binns, D.D. (The Lutterworth Press, 15s.)

Dr. Binns set himself the heavy task of tracing the varied developments of religion in the Victorian era, and he walks among the events and personalities of that crowded period with assured footsteps. He confesses that the genesis of the volume is to be found in a suggestion made to him considerably more than thirty years ago, which set up a thirst for biography which has proved insatiable. Although his thirst remains unquenched, he has certainly had many long drinks, for over one hundred biographies are quoted somewhat freely. In addition, many social and theological volumes are taken in toll as the author wends his way, in twenty-five chapters, from the pre-Victorian era to the End of an Epoch, treating skilfully of the Oxford Movement, the Roman Church, Religion and Science and History, Social problems, Education, the Press, Worship, Reunion and kindred issues.

He has thus written almost a Blue Book or Cyclopaedia, one that will be kept close at hand for frequent reference. Glowing periods are absent—if the truth must be told, the prose is generally heavy, and the book would be all the better for a little sparkle. But the matter is excellent: the names and dates and facts are here; external influences arising from political developments at home and abroad are discussed; the course of theological thought is traced with care. The age was a great one to write about. Without question the changes between 1837 and 1901 surpassed in magnitude and variety those of any earlier period. When every walk of life was affected, it was impossible for religion to continue on a placid course, undisturbed by new developments in social and scientific thought.

The author has evidently striven to be fair, and the volume is without bias, though Free Churchmen may derive less satisfaction than Anglicans from some of his estimates and judgments. The influence of Spurgeon and Dale and Parker was greater than that of some to whom considerably more space is devoted; and it may be questioned if Dr. Binns has fully appreciated the widespread influence of the many strong Free Churches in all the important towns and cities. Their ministers spoke to the multitude and to the Council Chamber where many of their members were giving service.

The volume will long hold its place in literature dealing with the Victorian age, and any one who reads it will feel that he has a better understanding of the actions and reactions of the great

forces which made and remade Victorian life and character. A few small errors should be corrected in a second edition. The Baptist Home Missionary Society was founded in 1797, not 1799 (p. 423); the Secretary of the Congregational Union was W. J. Woods, not Wood (p. 464); A. M. Fairbairn's first Christian name was not Alexander (pp. 112 and 451); Dr. A. Peel is not A. W. Peel (p. 27 and a dozen other places); Moffatt should be Moffat (pp. 380 and 381); Spurgeon was not a Dr. (p. 524).

The Catholic Regeneration of the Church of England, by Paula Schaefer. (Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.)

Perhaps the most interesting part of this work is the author's singularly frank and revealing Preface. She tells us that she was born in 1886 at Essen, around whose old beautiful minster and in its cloisters she dreamt alone. When later she was taken to the Protestant Church, there always remained in her soul "a secret longing for the warm shadow of the minster, with its saints and the candles before the smiling picture of our Lady with the Babe, and the small red flame trembling in the darkness of the High Altar." The years passed, she took her doctorate in philosophy, and in 1925 attended the World Conference at Stockholm. There a new world was revealed. Back in Germany she studied theology, and ultimately came to England. By "chance" she dropped into a convent at Oxford and found all she had longed for so long. She found "the genuine continuation of the Catholic mediaeval Church in England," a Church "really Catholic and really national at once, really evangelical in the sense of the Holy Scriptures, and also possessing the full Catholic sacraments." But now she "reads with increasing anxiety the reports dealing with all sorts of schemes of unions planned with non-Catholic bodies. If, for instance, the South Indian scheme should be put into practice in the present form, the Church will cease to be a Catholic body. Then there will be no doubt of the author's future way."

Well, it is instructive to read the conclusions of a German Anglo-Catholic on English Church life. She has Teutonic thoroughness, her research has been extensive, and her enthusiasm for the Anglo-Catholic Movement is such that she writes with genuine intensity. Unfortunately the book is marred by historical inaccuracies, and some of the conclusions are amazing. Baptists escape with two or three passing references, but the Methodists are not so fortunate. They will rub their eyes in amazement as they read that "Methodism was unsatisfactory to the educated man and the theologian, and the method of conversion unpleasant to the well-bred Englishman. 'The Methodists preached to the nerves,' they said." Well, well!