

THE

General Baptist Magazine

FOR

1871.

EDITED BY

JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc.

"FORGETTING THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE BEHIND, AND REACHING FORTH UNTO THOSE WHICH ARE BEFORE."

"LET US GO ON UNTO PERFECTION."

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GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 JANUARY, 1871.

STARTING AGAIN.

GOD, our Heavenly Father, begins this morning another of the smaller cycles of His gracious and merciful providence. A new year is started on its course by the "right hand of the Most High." "In the beginning" God set lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night, and said, "Let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years." Still those lights shine. Still the seasons, in their various beauty and fruitfulness, come and go. Still the faithful God keeps the years rolling on. And by the new "sign" that greets us this winter morn He speaks to the hearts of His sons and daughters once more; bids them be of good courage, and hope in Him; tells them to cast out the despondency that springs from defeat, the unbelief that thrives on failure, the terrible unreality that poisons the spiritual nature to its core; and summons them to enter upon the work of life with freshened faith in Him, and a more vivid sight of His loving Face. He, the Lord of all our time, now "sets new time upon our score" that we may fill it, moment by moment, with the "work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope." He

would have us re-baptized into the Holy Ghost and fire, that with new faith, wisdom, and zeal, we may more courageously exalt our Saviour, more tenderly reclaim the erring, more sympathizingly comfort the suffering, more self-denyingly seek and save the lost; and thereby, as we travel along our years to the end of all our labours, we may be gladdened and inspired by the assurance that our Master and Judge is, in effect, saying to us at each successive year and day, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Starting again is no new thing under the sun. New! Nay it is the universal experience. Stern Winter has not hushed its wild howlings before the sweet scented violets fill the country lanes with their fragrance, and the delicate snowdrops herald the springing up of the imprisoned forces of vegetation. Flowers take their annual rest, and then visit us again as bright and as beautiful as ever. Out from yonder great and wide sea tons upon tons of water, uplifted by the sun, are carried in the hands of fleet-winged messengers to the loftiest mountain heights, from whence descending

in a thousand silver streamlets they seek, along devious river-paths, their common home in the "grand old ocean," and then once more set out on their "everlasting circle" of beneficence. Planets have their orbits, and move as by unerring clock-work in their appointed places, and complete, to a second of time, their prescribed journey through the heavens. One generation of men passeth away and another cometh. Sires give place to sons. Families continue their life and vigour for ages, within sight of the "narrow cells" where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Man, corrupted, broken up, and destroyed by sin, "starts again, after the deluge, not, this time, from the innocence of Eden," but from the patient, heroic, and victorious life of the preacher of righteousness. Noah, however, is drawn away of his own lust and enticed, and men soon sink to a degradation as hopeless as that before the flood. But the exhaustless love of God makes Abram His chosen; and the father of the faithful is a new fountain of hope for man. With wondrous forbearance the Lord leads and preserves the Jews until at length Shiloh is come; and then humanity, prepared by long and painful experience of its weakness, and with a keen sense of utter incapacity to save itself, starts anew in the God-man, possessed of a promise which cannot be broken. These circling years are indeed in perfect keeping with circling seasons, circling seas, circling stars, and the circling experiences of men and nations. All God's works complete their rounds, and then start again.

But God's ways are not as our ways. The law of the Lord is perfect, and so is His work. He never starts again because of error or mistake. Each result of the labour of His hands is, in its place and time, entire, wanting nothing, though when we examine it, it may be only

in that stage of perfectness that leads to the richest and fullest perfection. The plant whose green shoot is seen sprouting through the brown earth is as perfect then as when it has grown to leaf and blossom, and from blossom to ripened fruit. The stream is as perfect up among the snow-capped hills as when with a full-river flow it leaps into the deep sea. The child is not so mature as his father, but viewed as a child he is as perfect. Even that sad exception to the universal harmony presented in ourselves seems, by contrast, to exhibit more distinctly the faultless skill and marvellous love of the Great Creator. The Heavenly Potter seated at the wheel of Providence patiently picks up the shattered fragments of our human nature, not once or twice, but many times, and putting them together again with fire from heaven, at last moulds them into a vessel fit for noblest uses; so that even the efforts of man may, by His grace, ultimately become nothing more than an orderly and regular development of the fulness of the life of God. But we are far from this yet. At present we are like children learning to walk. We start again after many failures, and with much self-correction, shame, and rebuke, yet withal believing, that like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, and that He will lay underneath and round about us His everlasting arms. We know that if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, and that if we walk in the light, if we are ever travelling up to the purity of God, seeking to live within the range of its influence, then the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin; and so we set out again with a conscience unburdened and a heart full of peace and joy. *Here, then, is our true starting place.* We ended the year with hope in God's mercy. We must begin it communing with

Him, resting in His love, and realizing His companionship.

"When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace."

1871, though like its forerunners in many respects, differs from some of them in this, that it begins its course with the praiseful worship, holy adoration and sweet repose of "the day of rest." This is the Lord's-day. One would like every year to begin on such a morn as this. No birthday suits the glad new year so well as the first day of the week, the day of our Saviour's Resurrection; and certainly no work is so well and wisely done as that which is begun in the spirit of this day. A peaceful Sabbath in the soul is a sublime qualification for Christian enterprise. To slip away from the loud world, and its corrupting passions, into the calm of the divine pavilion, is to be filled afresh with peace, and strength, and hope, and made ready for the race that is set before us. Let us betake ourselves to the Redeeming God this day, and in secret pour out our hearts before Him, with all eagerness and fervour, lest we should fail of His grace even in our setting out. If the Lord go not up with us we had better remain. "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." May each one hear the word at this season. "My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest."

Start we may and must, "forgetting the things that are behind," save in so far as the recollection may aid us in our present work, and stimulate us to greater devotedness. There are some things in the past we ought always to remember. We have read of a Persian King who met with a shepherd in his travels of such striking and impressive wisdom that he forthwith raised him to a position of dignity and authority in the state. As years passed away it was noticed that the shepherd statesman often frequented a lonely house

of which he kept the key. Many rumours were circulated as to this house. Some said he kept his treasures here: others that he hatched traitorous schemes against his royal master. At length the king was induced to break open the door, and lay bare the supposed villany. And lo! there was an empty room, save that it contained the shepherd's wallet, staff, crook, and old coat. "Hither," said he, "I come so that if I am tempted to think more highly of myself than I ought to think, I may be rebuked by remembering my origin, and what my rise has done for me." So let us remember the rock from whence we were hewn, and the pit out of which we were digged. The past has much in it that only needs to be seen to humble us, as well as much more that is fitted to cheer and gladden us. Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord hath led thee, and be mindful of His benefits and of thy faults, so that thou mayest be stimulated to start again for perfection in the spirit of grateful praise and confiding hope.

Still we have to "forget" if we would start as well as we ought. The world has little that is new in it to some of us. Tennyson says,

"And forth across the world they went
In that new world which is the old."

Yes, which "is the old." We move to-day amongst familiar scenes. The hills and valleys are the same now as in our romping boyhood. Old strains fall on our ears. Old songs are on our lips. Old truths cheer our hearts. Old habits govern our lives, and rudely push themselves in the way of any bold invention or daring enterprise that may yet be left us. The fearful pressure of the past crushes the life out of some men, makes the "actual present" unreal and its demands unimportant. Many start again this morning who will use their experience to strangle their life, their habits to fetter their freedom, and their wide knowledge of

men only as a dead weight of caution. They imprison themselves in the things that are behind, and are as unfit for pressing on to the things that are before as the armour in the Tower of London is for the warriors of France and Germany. The past is not "dead." Thousands find it a living tyrant. The spirit of conventionalism seizes us, and we are in imminent danger of becoming its slaves. "*As your fathers did so do ye,*" is not always a commendation. Stephen made it part of his indictment against the Jews, and declared that in the spirit of ignorant subjection to their ancestors they had put to death the Prince of Life. And the same feeling would now persecute the Lord Jesus if He were to come again, and, in His own free and bold way, upbraid us for our social caste, receive sinners for His friends, dine with reprobates, and tear to pieces the flimsy veils with which men cover their hypocrisies.

How vast the change made in us merely by putting us into a new position and giving us a fresh start. For months life flows on full and deep as a river fed by many streams. We are enterprising, inventive, exhaustless. Difficulty excites to action. Opposition fires zeal. Convictions live and speak. Faith is victorious. Hope veils all obstacles with a cloud of light and glory. We are watchful, sober, and defiant as sentinels set to guard interests dearer than life. Alas! for us, our work and all its surroundings soon age, and obedience takes the place of enthusiasm, and the stimulus of love is superseded by the quiet force of habit. Trials increase. Invention is dead. Difficulties block the way. Emergencies swallow us up. Memory is the only part of our nature that is alive, and that is so used as to convert us into mere machines, started again to do work not so much by living faith in the loving God, as by the unexhausted strength

of old habits. These things ought not so to be. The new life of Christ should be in us, and should flow out of the midst of us, in forms ever fresh and fruitful. A painful discontent with ourselves should give eagerness and intensity to the pursuit of perfection in preaching, teaching and loving Christ. We must not spare ourselves or our work: but treat both with rigorous fidelity. The divine ideal of life and labour, Christ Jesus, must be kept distinctly and fully in view. We must know Him in all the various aspects of His character, enjoy Him in the fulness of His gracious and personal communications, and then we shall start this new year with a freshness that will give pleasure to our hearts, zest to our work, and profit to the church and the world.

Suffer one word more. Some of us make our start with a new year for the last time. This may be the the year of my departure. Am I sure that, through faith in the Lord Jesus, the ending of my life will be its begining in the mansions above, where there is no more sin, no more sorrow, no more death? Do I know that my work, being built upon the true foundation, Christ Jesus, is of gold, silver, and precious stones, and therefore prepared for the day of fire? May such be the reader's humble confidence as he prays this New Years morning,

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant way: one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Would'st lead me on;
I loved to see and choose my path, but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath kept me, sure it still
Will lead me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angels' faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile!"

J. CLIFFORD.

AN OLD TRUTH FOR NEW TIME.

BY THE REV. C. VINCE.

"God is love."—1 John iv. 8.

It is easy to believe that when the beloved disciple made this statement he spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. He achieved a task to which, unaided, human wisdom would have been unequal. In one short sentence he embodied the chief truth of revelation, and set forth the deepest and divinest consolation the children of men can have! He expressed the great and gracious meaning of the Cross of Christ in words so few that the dullest scholar can learn them, and the frailest memory cannot forget them! God is Love! What a record it would be if one could write a complete history of the happy influence this inspired declaration has exercised, and the holy results it has secured! Is it possible to find, in any language spoken on earth another sentence which, being like to this in brevity, is also like to it in power? Have not these three words dried up more tears, and hushed more sighs, and healed more wounded spirits, and bound up more broken hearts, than any other three words that ever fell from mortal lips? Have they not fostered more contentment, and inspired more gratitude, and created more kindness, and constrained to more obedience, than any other words the world ever listened to? They have set the bow of hope in the stormiest skies; they have given songs of cheerfulness in the gloomiest night of affliction; they have flooded with heaven's own light the darkest prison-houses of calamity into which human spirits have been thrust; and to multitudes which no man can number they have been an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, when the waters of tribulation were wildest, and even when the waves of death were breaking.

This old truth has lost none of its truthfulness. He, of whom the apostle spake, is without variableness or shadow of a turning. Love lived and reigned in His heart before there was one sorrow to excite its compassion, or one sinner to need its forgiveness. It will outlast all the griefs and all the guilt of His children, for it is like God Himself—without beginning of days or end of years. As the truthfulness of the apostle's words abides, so does their power. They are as full of light and hope for us as they were for our fathers, and they ought to produce in us the same contrition for sin, the same contentment with our lot, the same charity toward one another, and the same confidence in our God. We are about to enter upon a new year, and we know not what lies before us in the untrodden paths. Many old experiences will doubtless be repeated, and new difficulties and dangers may arise. Let come what will come, we shall be prepared for it, if we know and believe the love that God hath to us. God is Love! If we fill our minds with this eternal truth, we shall have light for every time of darkness, a defence against every temptation, a solace for every season of sorrow, a restraint upon all our wanderings, and a refuge in every time of trouble,

The old truth will be adapted to the new time because the new time will be certain to bring us temptations. Whatever else goes out with the old year this mystery still abides—God has placed us where the strength of our principles is sorely tried every day, and our frail natures are constantly borne down upon by mighty forces of evil which would fain sweep us far away from Him. We

can neither understand this state of things, nor make our escape from it. If we forsake the haunts of our fellow-creatures, and flee to the solitudes of the wilderness, we carry with us our own hearts, which are everywhere fruitful sources of temptation. Those who try to run away from the world have not yet built the monastery whose walls are thick enough and the gratings of whose gloomy cells are close enough together to shut out the tempter. Men cannot in this life attain to a spiritual greatness which exempts them from further conflict. In temporal battle fields, individuals and nations may win such victories that henceforth they go unassailed and unchallenged; but in the regions of spiritual warfare no man can be so triumphant in the present as to escape all attack in the future. The success of yesterday will make us stronger for the struggle of tomorrow, but it will not secure for us a long peace in which we can put off our armour and turn our watch-tower into a castle of indolence. History warns us against this delusion; for it tells us of great heroes in the earthly hosts of God, who, after years of resistance, and after many a glorious triumph, were again assailed, and, alas! were overthrown. That sad defeat whereby Noah was disgraced and defiled came after the patriarch had victoriously fought against the world, the flesh, and the evil one for centuries. Peter wept bitterly over his cowardice and unfaithfulness, and proved the sincerity of his sorrow by his subsequent courage and fidelity; but we get glimpses of his old danger and his old failing too in that matter for which Paul withstood him to the face because he was to be blamed.* He yielded his own convictions to popular prejudice, and in the presence of clamorous bigots was half-afraid to say and to do what he had elsewhere said and done

because he believed it was right. This fact shows us that, notwithstanding his tears and struggles and successes, Peter had not risen altogether beyond the reach of the temptation which in former days had beset and conquered him. The highest and only perfect example may be quoted to shew that present victory does not secure future exemption. Three times our Lord vanquished the tempter, and then the tempter left Him. We must not overlook the significant words in Luke's gospel, "And when the devil had ended all his temptations he departed from Him for a season." The adversary was defeated, but not destroyed; and with zeal as imperishable as his malignity he returned again to the conflict. It was near the close of His life that Jesus said, "the Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." Down to the last the tempter maintained the hopeless onset. If Jesus were so persistently assailed, is it likely that we shall abide in peace? Our natures, charred by former sins, are ready to take fire at the touch of the first spark of temptation, and the enemy knows his chances of success too well to leave us alone.

What, then, must we do in order to prepare ourselves for these temptations? Meditate upon the oft-proved truth that God is love. This is the way to clothe ourselves with an impenetrable armour. Sometimes the dread of detection is strong enough to keep us back from sin; but there are other seasons when the fear of being found out can no more restrain us than the green withs of the Philistines could hold captive the limbs of the aroused Samson. There are times when the fear of punishment has force enough to hold men back, but there are other periods when an utter recklessness of consequences rules in the sinner's heart, and to gratify his darling lusts he will dare the fires of very perdition. But who could rush into

* Galatians ii. 9-14.

sin if he always kept the loving-kindness of the Lord before his eyes? One of the greatest victories over temptation was achieved by him who filled his mind with thoughts of divine goodness, and then said to the tempter, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" The first temptation succeeded in paradise because the subtle serpent insinuated into the hearts of the tempted doubts of the perfect love of the Creator. The woman's attention was directed to what was forbidden instead of to what was freely granted. "Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree in the garden?" Discontent and suspicion were excited, the shield of faith in God's fatherly goodness was dropped, and the vulnerable spirit was soon transfixed by the fiery dart of the wicked one. The less people believe that God cares for them, the less they will care for themselves. The more they believe that He is Love, the more they will be afraid and ashamed to grieve Him by one transgression.

Many years since, a boy who had been in prison for his crimes was brought to us that we might speak to him, and pray with him. We pleaded with him, and sought to awaken the desire and determination to lead a better life. We spoke of the shame of sins like his, but no blush burned in his cheek; we referred to what he had already suffered, but no vivid memory of past penalties seemed to come between him and the repetition of his wickedness; we dwelt upon the certain issues of vice, but no dread of ruin arose to arm him against future temptation; we portrayed the degradation into which he was sinking, but we could not call forth from him a strong self-respect to defend him against his own evil passions. It was a moment of failure when one was glad that he believed in the Holy Ghost, and could silently seek a guidance more than human. Help was sought that if there were one

unbroken string in the poor boy's nature our clumsy fingers might find it out and make it tremble into melody. He was asked how it had affected her who loved him as she only could love him. Instantly he was melted into tears, and with difficulty he told us that it had well nigh broken her heart. Thinking of her grief, and how he had brought her to the brink of the grave, he was ready to promise, with all his heart and soul and strength, that if God would help him, he would never again be so unworthy of her love. It was a lesson never to be forgotten; the one great thing that came between that boy and the repetition of his sin was—not his conscience denouncing the wrongness of it—not his lawful pride dreading the shame of it, not his wise self-love fearing the issues of it, but the conviction that there was one who loved him with a deathless love, and who, for her love's sake must not be dishonoured and grieved by him. If belief in the goodness of an earthly parent have this power, what must be the force of a living trust in our Heavenly Father's unfailing love? Suppose on the new-year's day some prophet of the Lord were to come and tell us that to-morrow we must fight the Marathon or the Waterloo of our spiritual battles? How could we best prepare ourselves for the conflict on which so much depended? Would not our wisdom be to spend all the intervening hours in thinking of the goodness and mercy which have followed us? If we could perfect our faith in the one truth, "God is Love," we should be able to meet the foe with good hope of our being brought off more than conquerors!

Ye that are tempted, never let your temptations find you far away from the cross! It is not left to you to decide whether or not there shall be conflict; but it is left to you to decide where the conflict shall take place. If you will, you may

have the field of fight far away where the love of God is only dimly seen by you. If you will you may have it near to Calvary, where the grace of God shines in all its fullness and glory. Fighting there, where you can see that He is Love, your spirit will be clad as in burning mail, and the Prince of this world shall have nothing in you!

The old truth is adapted to the new time, because it is certain the new time will bring troubles and sorrows.

The old year will be rung out, and the new will be rung in with the accustomed gladness; for despite, all the teachings of experience, "hope springs immortal in the human breast," and men persist in believing that each new year will bring more happiness than any of its predecessors. It is to be feared that the vanity of this expectation will soon be made apparent. Disease will not go away, and death will not lay down his sceptre because a new year has come. Eighteen hundred and seventy one will be a year of grace; but will it have any special power wherewith to charm or to scare sorrow and loss out of the world? Before its first hour has passed some will have been stricken; its first day will witness the mourners going about the streets because man has gone to his long home, and amidst "all the festivities of the season" many will have to drink the bitter cup of disappointment and failure. In anticipating the new year, we may confidently look for many bright days, and many great blessings; but inasmuch as folly and sin will still prevail, and the discipline of character will still have to be carried on, and the period of human probation will still continue, men must lay their account with the wonted measure of trouble and anguish. When the history of 1871 comes to be written, it will doubtless be recorded that

— "Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break;"

and the sad prophecy of the preacher was once more fulfilled—*The thing that hath been it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done.*

It has been mercifully ordained that there shall be helps and alleviations for those who have to bear the ills of life. Time has a great soothing influence, and gradually reconciles us to the losses it cannot repair. Our nature is gifted with the power of adapting itself to circumstances. The ancients said truly, "The gods gave man a wonderful faculty when they made him capable of getting used to things." In hearts long accustomed to affliction, a chastened cheerfulness learns to flourish like a snowdrop unfolding its beauty beneath a wintry sky. The sorrowful are sustained by the sympathy of friends and by the continued possession of blessings which enable them to thank God that everything is not gone. But there are many troubles and griefs to which none of these helps and consolations are adequate. The only unailing and all-sufficient support is the conviction that God is supreme, and that God is love. We must imitate the patriarch, who, in his bereavement, looked beyond all human agencies and natural laws, and traced his sorrows to the same source as his joys. The Sabeans had slain his servants and carried off his cattle; the Chaldeans had driven his camels away after destroying the servants in charge of them; the lightning had kindled a fire in the sheepfolds which devoured the flocks and those who kept them; the wind from the wilderness had smitten the four corners of the house and buried his children beneath its ruins, but Job lost all sight of the violence of the elements and the guilt of man, and exclaimed, "The Lord hath taken away." A belief like this in the absolute supremacy of Providence will not avail to bind up the broken heart unless there be added

an unfailling faith in the loving-kindness of the God of Providence. If any sorrows and calamities come upon us during the new year, we must not let them find us far away from the Cross. Nearness to the Crucified One is the best position in the world for seeing that God is Love. "Look at the wounds of Christ," said Staupitz to Luther, "and there you will see, shining clearly, the gracious purposes of God to man." For this reason, nearness to the Cross is the best place in the world for bearing whatever burdens of woe may be laid upon us by Him who so loved us that He gave His own Son to die for us.

The old truth is appropriate to the new time because in the new time there will be need for mutual forbearance and helpfulness. If we speak truly we must take up the lamentation of the prophet, "I am a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." There is a proneness in us all to make the latter part of the confession only. It is so easy to remember that our neighbours are faulty, and to forget that we ourselves are not always wise and pure. We may pray for progress during the new year, but we cannot reasonably expect perfection. Each one will be making demands upon the charity of others. It will be a sorry year to live in if there be not a gentle forbearance towards one another's infirmities and a gracious forgetfulness of one another's failings. To secure this, nothing will be so effective as setting the goodness and grace of God constantly before our eyes. Where the Christian goes to get forgiveness, there he must go to learn forgiveness. There are several inscriptions above the Cross beside that which Pilate wrote. For penitent spirits feeling the stains of their own guilt there are the words which John the Baptist, by anticipation, inscribed. "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away

the sin of the world." For wronged souls smarting with the wounds inflicted by friends or foes, there are the words Paul placed there—"Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

We are members one of another. It has pleased God to make us very dependent on each other. The division of labour, which has done so much to promote civilization and to increase the wealth and prosperity of the world, is simply a carrying out of God's law of mutual dependence and helpfulness. Selfishness says, "Every one for himself;" but Selfishness always was a short-sighted fool, and always will be. "Every one for himself" is a state of barbarism. "Each one for all, and all for each one," is as much the utterance of wisdom as of generosity. It is by each one doing something for others that the genius of our race is developed, and its skill is perfected, and its progress is maintained. Still Selfishness will ask, "Am I my brother's keeper;" and the only certain way of silencing and slaying him is to remind him that God is Love. Giant despair had such a strange constitution, that in sunshine-weather he was subject to fits, and lost for a time the use of his hands. The grim giant Selfishness is somewhat of the same make, and is often paralysed by the light of the divine love. There is one argument to which he has never yet been able to reply, and by which he has many times been driven away in shame—"Be-loved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." The new year will surely bring demands upon our kindness, and it will place us in circumstances where self must be denied if duty is to be discharged. For these things he will be best prepared who most believes and bears in mind that "God is Love."

In the new time we shall be still surrounded and perplexed by the old mysteries. Why is sin allowed to

go to such lengths and to get such power? Why was evil ever permitted to come and defile this fair world? Why did God create men and angels when he foresaw that they would wander into wickedness, and be enwrapped in darkness, and sink into perdition? Those whose hearts are racked by these and kindred perplexities can find rest only in the glorious truth revealed to us by the beloved disciple. It is enough for us to know that before the world

was, God was love; and that when the world shall have ceased to be, God will be Love. Enough for us to be sure that He has not done, and cannot do, anything inconsistent with that Love which is the glory of His character and an essential part of His nature. Assured of this, we may face the future without fear.

"Break, New-born Year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On rolling Time! thou canst not make
Our Father cease to love."

RELIGION IN ROME.

BY THE REV. J. H. ATKINSON.

THERE are some things in Rome which require no tradition to attest their identity. The Appian Way, straight as an arrow, stretching for miles across the desolate Campagna, is one of these. Eighteen centuries ago an interesting group might have been seen approaching Rome. It is Paul and his fellow prisoners in charge of Julius the good-hearted centurion, and with them that band of loving Roman Christians who had gone thirty long miles to escort the great apostle from Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, "whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage." Some time before this he had written a letter to the little church in that Imperial City which contains this high testimony, "First, I thank my God, through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." Happy church, and blessed state, to have such a piety, that wherever Christians were to be found their faith could be spoken of with admiration and with praise.

Nearly fifteen centuries have passed. The cross has triumphed. The pagan city, the great centre that for so long an age sent forth the fiery energy that strode Colossus like across the world, has become the

great centre and heart of Christendom. A young Augustine monk of Erfurt is sent to the court of Pope Julius II. on business entrusted to him by his order. At his first glimpse of the metropolis of the Catholic world he throws himself on the ground exclaiming, "Holy Rome! I salute thee." He is not long however, within the city, ere he discovers his mistake. The church which, in 1510, Martin Luther found in Rome was very different from that to which Paul wrote his epistle, and whose members he taught with his living voice; for the conclusion of his extended observations on Roman religion and society was, to use his own vigorous words, "If there be a hell, Rome is built above it: it is an abyss whence all sins proceed." He was wont also to say, "The nearer he approached Rome, the greater number of bad Christians he found." That visit to Rome had mighty consequences for Luther and for the world. "Not for an hundred thousand florins," he would say, "would I have missed seeing Rome."

In the autumn of 1869 Archbishop Manning delivered a remarkable discourse on the Pope's Syllabus.* But perhaps nothing in Dr.

* See *Times* October 4.

Manning's invective against the effects of the spirit of the modern civilization resulting from Protestantism as a justification of the syllabus, is more startling to English prejudices than the contrast he draws between Rome and London by way of illustration of the practical virtues of the one system, and the daily vices of the other. To quote his own words, "Long years of residence in Rome, and an intimate knowledge of it, still longer years of residence in London, and a more complete intimacy with the metropolis of my own country, enable me to declare, that in point of piety, of morality, of public order, of true civilization, which makes charity, courtesy, justice, and good will between man and man, Rome is incomparably beyond London." It is not my purpose to hold up London as a model city, to say that vice and crime and sins of all sorts are not to be found there; but I do say there is much of that which is true, and noble, and charitable, and just, and divine, in London, a tithe of which cannot be found in Rome. And more, I boldly affirm that the Saxon monk's description of Rome three centuries and a half ago, is a far truer picture of what Rome is to-day than is the late fulsome eulogy of the Archbishop of Westminster. It is possible some reader of this paper may have spent Easter week in Rome, and found it not such a terrible thing after all; their traditional horror of Popery has melted away under the beaming smile of Pio Nono as borne shoulder high along the resounding nave of St. Peter's he waves his paternal blessing on kneeling faithful and unbending heretic alike: and, softened with the music of the miserere, and captivated with the magnificence of the show, has begun to doubt whether the Church of Rome be so evil after all. Let such one remember that the real character of Rome is to be found neither in the best music he can

hear, or in the most imposing ceremonies he can witness, or in the beaming smiles or rich tones of voice with which an old man gives his benedictions *urbe et orbi*; but in other things not less apparent, but more objectionable and revolting.

The Church of Rome calls itself Christian, boasts of being the metropolis of the Christian world. It is full of Christian names and emblems. She calls herself the Eternal City—and in truth she is, but in a sense she does not mean. It does not need that a Christian stranger, especially if he be a thoughtful observer, should reside long in the city, without the inquiry forcing itself upon him whether, after all, paganism has fallen,—and whether the much boasted triumph of Constantine was not really a victory of paganism and not a defeat. "It was with idolatry, as with Greece—'*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*'—The captive Greece her victor captive led." So indeed Rome is unchanged. Rome is unquestionably a pagan city. Her churches are not only built largely of the materials of the old temples and fanes of paganism, but witness a worship that has very much in common with the ceremonies of the days of the Cæsars. The gods of the calendar of mythology are gone, but their place is occupied by saints and martyrs whose commemoration is endless. There are no idols of ancient deities in the temples and forums, save that the statues of the demigods still over look the Square of St. Peter's; and in St. Peter's an old statue of Jupiter has been converted into a St. Peter—the thunder-bolt of Jove giving place to the mystic keys—and before this people kneel and pray, and have almost kissed the great toe away. But the image of the Madonna is everywhere to be found; and the most successful medical practitioner is a doll representing the infant Christ who keeps a carriage to visit his patients in.

Men do not put hooks in their back and swing before an image—as in India they swing before Juggernaut for remission of sin—but they toil up a staircase on their knees for the same purpose. The fires have at last gone out on the altars of the vestal; but everywhere the constantly burning lamps throw their sickly glare before the images of our lady. The old basilicas are no longer filled with incense; but clouds of it still arise from swinging censers in the churches of to-day. The old pagan priests are gone; but their apparel is reproduced in the vestments of those who now officiate. The old Roman Pontifex Maximus has passed away; but the Pope retains both his name and attire. Everywhere, and on all sides, evidences of paganism remain. Dean Alford says, "In the system of the modern Church of Rome not only are hypocrisy and lying tolerated and encouraged, but idolatry, gross as that of Nineveh or Greece, and grosser than that of Imperial Rome, has entered in and repossessed her people."

Mariolatry is the religion of Rome. God is not worshipped, nor the Son of God. The Eternal Father is found in their pictures as an old man; the Divine Saviour as a little child; and their worship is subservient "to the glorification of the Virgin Mary, the great goddess of the church." Her image may be seen in every shrine. Scores of churches are dedicated to her in Rome alone. Her Litany calls her, "Strength of the weak, refuge of sinners, consoler of the afflicted, seat of wisdom, queen of angels." "I will repair," it says, "to Mary in every peril. When the infernal foe comes tempting my soul, I will cry, 'Mary, Mary,' and put him to flight. My greatest comfort in my last hour shall be to call on Mary, to call on her, and then to die."

A little incident like the following reveals the practical effect of this Mariolatry on the popular mind. A

foreign artist in Rome overheard one of the workmen in his studio blaspheming most fearfully the name of Christ. Shocked at the bold impiety, he asked him, "Are you not afraid of Christ?" "No," said he, "I am not afraid of Him." "Of whom, then, are you afraid?" "I am afraid of the Holy Mary." After the worship of the Virgin comes, not that of the Father, or Son, or Spirit, but an innumerable host of saints, as St. Agnes, St. Catherine, St. Sebastian, St. Francis, who receive far more than Christ the homage of the people. As for winking Madonnas, and speaking Madonnas, and weeping Madonnas, and miracle-working images, before which are gathered large crowds of worshippers, they reveal not only the ignorance and degradation of the people, but the tricks of a wily and wicked priesthood.

In close connection with Mariolatry, and forming a part of the religion of Rome, is *relic worship*. Rome is full of relics; and certain seasons of the year are specially devoted to the "adoration of the relics." Every Friday in Lent the Pope goes in state to St. Peter's "to adore the relics," and to give the sanction of the Head of the Church to infantile lies. The inscriptions on the four great piers of the dome of St. Peter's tell us what the relics are which the Pope comes in such solemnity to pray before:—"Part of the cross, which the Empress Helena brought into the city from Calvary." "The lance of Longinus, which Pope Innocent VIII. received from Bajazet, Sultan of the Turks." Longinus is the name invented for the soldier who pierced our Lord's side with his spear at the crucifixion. "The head of St. Andrew." "The image of our Lord imprinted on the handkerchief of Veronica"—a mythical character who is said to have given our Lord her handkerchief on the road to the cross to wipe His face, and to have received it back with

the miraculous image impressed upon it. Here is a list of some of the relics which are adored at Rome : At S. Maria Maggiore, five boards of the manger in which the Holy Child was laid, also some of the stones from the stable, and some of the straw on which the Divine Infant reposed. At Santa Croce, a piece of the true cross, the title which Pilate wrote, St. Thomas's finger, and some of the hair of the infant Jesus. At the church of the Twelve Apostles, parts of the arms of Bartholomew and James the Less, Paul's fingers, and parts of the manger, of the cradle, of the cross, and of the tomb of Christ. At the Lateran, the table on which the Last Supper was laid, the stairs and two columns of Pilate's house, and the slab on which the soldiers cast lots. At S. Silvestro in Capite, the head of John the Baptist. At the Church of St. Augustine, on a rich velvet cushion enclosed in a glass case, the cord with which Judas hung himself—not a very *holy* relic, I presume—also the wing of the archangel Gabriel, the comb of the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Master, the staff with which Moses divided the Red Sea, and the beard of Noah. These are only a sample. How people can be brought to believe in such absurdities it is difficult to imagine.

Another feature of Romanism in full development at Rome is the system of *indulgences*. Over many church doors you may read, "Indulgence plenary and perpetual for the living and the dead." And this indulgence, as far as one can gather, means liberation either entire or for some specified time from the pains of purgatory. By visiting in Advent the church of Santa Croce, 11,000 years of indulgence and remission of all one's sins are obtained; by a single visit to other churches, as Saints Cosmas and Damian, 1000 years, and on the day of the station 10,000 years; by kissing the foot of

the idol of St. Agostino, 100 days' indulgence. So that a devout Roman in his daily walk may obtain every year of his life indulgence for 401,500 years. Over some of the altars is inscribed, "Each mass said at this altar liberates a soul from purgatory." No wonder fervent, pious Luther should say when in Rome, "How much do I regret that my father and mother are still alive! How delighted I should be to deliver them from the fires of purgatory by my masses and my prayers." Now on the hypothesis that the pains of purgatory really exist, and that indulgences are not a delusion, it is an inexcusable fault of the Roman Catholic world if any man, woman, or child ever goes into purgatory, or if anyone is now left there of all that have hitherto died. The marvel is, that by this there should be any purgatory at all; or if in existence, it is not put altogether aside as a useless and obsolete affair. The influence of this system on the minds and conduct of the baser sort may be easily imagined. It has no converting or restraining power. It matters not how bad a man may be, he has only to confess his misdoings, and he obtains indulgence—the remission of the penalty of his sins. Cleansed from the past, there is no reason why he should not plunge again in crime, for he has the certainty of acquittal on easy terms. What robber, for instance, need fear the face of man, when he is a true and devout son of the Church? What spoiler of life, or virtue, need dread the future when the Church teaches him to sin with impunity, and rewards his perpetual offences with her perpetual indulgence?

It has been well said, "The social condition of a people is always a fair corollary of its religious character. The quality of a religion can be determined by its effects upon the lower classes of a nation." One of the distinguishing characteristics of Christianity is, that to the poor the

gospel is preached. And wherever a true and pure Christianity is found, poverty is relieved and removed, because the sin is destroyed out of which so much poverty springs. On the other hand, where in place of Christianity you find its counterfeit, a false religion and superstition, you find also its consequences—crime, vice, and poverty. Apply this test to the religion in Rome. What do we find in Rome? Not charity, justice, and good-will between man and man, as Dr. Manning boldly asserts, but on the contrary, poverty, misery, insecurity, injustice, robbery, and murder. The people live and die like dogs; the houses where the "humbler classes" swarm are fetid pigsties; the streets are full of cringing, clamorous beggars; robbery and assassination are of daily occurrence; men prey on each other; the officials of the law connive at offences; it is more dangerous to be a quiet citizen than a criminal; and the words of Luther are true to-day, "It is incredible what sins and atrocities are committed in Rome."

But a new era has dawned at length. The horizon is changing.

The promise of better days, of better government, is shining through the darkness. The loud, long cry that has gone up for wearying ages, "Watchman, what of the night?" receives at last a hopeful answer. The morning cometh. The morning has dawned—the morning of civil and religious liberty. For after years of long and anxious waiting, after years of severe and bitter struggle, after many a sigh, and prayer, and sacrifice, the old watchword has become a reality, and Rome is the capital of Italy; and I doubt not that speedily under the guidance of Victor Emmanuel she will be cleansed from her terrible corruptions, and take an honourable place among the cities of the world. But a higher freedom awaits her—the true gospel liberty. The barriers are broken down, and the soldiers of the cross have gone forth; and everywhere men are ready to go and publish the glad tidings of peace and joy. Brothers, let us share in the privilege and glory, and from our little band send one to preach the gospel to them "who are in Rome also."

Hitchin, Herts.

THREE MONTHS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE "ATLANTIC FERRY" IN THE SUMMER OF 1866.

No. I.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
And above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

SUCH was the sound advice of the venerable Polonius to his son Laertes, when "the wind sat in the shoulder of the sail and he was staid for." However desirous the honest traveller may be to follow it, he will sometimes find himself in danger of being "true" *only* to his *prejudices*. A dread of this has greatly restrained me from giving "voice" to my observations during my brief travel in America. No furlough was ever more enjoyable. The friend with whom I had the honour of

travelling was well known and highly esteemed for his work's sake. Once or twice the penalty to be paid for his popularity proved a little irksome, but this was more than counterbalanced by the cordial hospitality which on many occasions it secured.

Our route extended from New York to Richmond, Virginia, in the South; the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky and Chicago in the West; thence, after a week at Niagara, down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, in the

North; returning to New York by way of Saratoga and the Hudson River. This circuit occupied the larger portion of our time. The smaller portion was devoted to Boston and other places of interest in the New England States, the Green Mountains, St. John's, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, whence we embarked for the homeward voyage. Considering the distance travelled, and the great variety of character met with, our disagreeables were most trivial; more frequently than not simply humorous. They have long since been forgotten, whilst the agreeables derived from the intelligent society, the new scenes of natural magnificence, the commercial prosperity, the philanthropic institutions, the educational systems, the freedom and earnestness of religious opinion, the advancing political greatness of the American people, produced impressions which will always be remembered with deepest interest. Now and then we encountered some strong blasts of dissatisfaction with England, on account of the course she had taken during the war just ended; but they were soon over, and served rather to agitate opinion than to ruffle temper.

Had the Pacific Railway been open, we might have followed the example of more recent visitors to America, and taken a peep at San Francisco and the Salt Lake. This was impossible in the time. We saw enough, however, and more than enough to supply us with a rich fund of most pleasurable recollections, some of which will be narrated in this and one or two succeeding papers.

We left Liverpool on the 20th of April, 1866. A bright spring morning did its best to disperse the home clouds that naturally gathered about the heart at leave-taking. Our "ferry boat" for the Atlantic voyage was the finest of the Cunard fleet—the "Scotia," Captain Judkins. As she lay in mid-stream in the Mersey she looked gallant enough to quell the fears of the most timid voyager. A steam tender took us alongside. Our first concern was to discover the berth, or "State Room," as it is facetiously called, which had been secured for myself and companion some six weeks previously. We found that "distance" had lent considerable "enchantment to the view," as regards the square feet of accommodation. Of

course being still in British waters, we were not debarred the Englishman's privilege of grumbling. Our good-natured steward, however, who cheerily introduced himself to us by the immortal name of "John Smith," at once did his best to divert attention from the limited area of our sleeping quarters to the glories of the steamship generally, viewed not so much in its fragmentary parts as in its massive completeness.

Calm weather in St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea, allowed everybody to enjoy at least one opportunity of taking his, or her, appointed place at the saloon table. With 240 passengers on board, close packing was foreboded. But it was not long before elbow room became abundant.

After taking the mails on board at Queenstown, where the greater part of our first Sunday was spent, we came in for what the Captain called "the tail end of a storm." As a landsman, I should have thought it the "head and front of the offending." The sublime and the ridiculous were soon brought into close proximity to each other. Those able to do so, expatiated eloquently on the grandeur of the ocean billows; but most of the prostrate forms on deck or in their berths, would greatly have preferred the grandeur of being able to stand upright. I believe there is an old joke about Britannia, to the effect, that if she really "rules the waves," it would be exceedingly considerate of her to rule them *straight*. I endorse the sentiment.

The storm, however, only lasted a couple of days. Then came calmer weather, occasionally bright sunshine, affording opportunity for many pleasant hours of friendly chat. "Who's who?" was a frequent enquiry. The most notable, though the least obtrusive of our fellow voyagers, was the late Mr. George Peabody, who was on his way to his last visit to his native land. He seldom came on deck. Whist appeared his favourite amusement. True to his ruling passion, he gave his winnings, at the end of the voyage, to an excellent lady, who had brought under his attention her valuable mission agencies for benefiting the London poor. The sum amounted, I believe, to about £9. I do not know that the losers in the hazard were consulted about this rather odd donation. The intimacies of ship-board life are often as genial as

they are transient. To-day we seem to know all about the fellow voyager with whom the deck is paced, or whose seat is at the same table. To-morrow farewell is said, and nothing more of each other is ever heard.

The American passengers celebrated the termination of the voyage by supping together on its last evening. The ladies responded for themselves to the toasts drank in their honour.

Early on May morning we arrived off Sandy Hook. The sun shone on a pleasant undulating landscape. Our long-continued "good sea view" was gladly exchanged for the sight of pleasant homes in the midst of fresh green meadows and spring foliage.

"Which is New York?" "Which is Brooklyn?" "Which is New Jersey?" "Is that Long Island?" "Are we in the Hudson River?" "Have we passed Staten Island?" Such were the questions asked and answered as one passenger after another came on deck, some of whom had put in no appearance since we left Queenstown. Then came the enquiry—"How are we to get ashore?" "Shall we go into dock?" "No; we cannot, for the *Persia* is in the way," ready to carry the good news of our safe arrival to anxious friends at home. We must anchor in the stream, and away go the heavy chains. A couple of tenders, one for the mails, the other for the passengers—but "mails first, if you will excuse it, ladies"—are soon alongside. The landing effected, custom-house officers begin their usual assault upon every conceivable description of "band-box and bundle." This was accomplished under the cover of a spacious shed on the New Jersey side of the river. No unnecessary delay or annoyance was experienced; and as we were burdened with nothing more suspicious than some old manuscript sermons, we easily passed the ordeal.

The first thought of every Englishman on reaching either sea-port or railway terminus, may be expressed in the monosyllable "cab." But let him beware of thus giving vent to his pent-up feelings on arriving at New York. He will pay dearly for it if he does. For one thing, he will find neither the smart "Hansom," nor one-horse "four-wheeler" on the stand waiting his command; nor yet any porter in uniform on the alert to look after his luggage.

This he must do for himself, unless he has previously given it in charge of some "express baggage master," with proper directions for its destination. He will then be free to walk, or take a street tramway car, or possibly an omnibus. But unless he is bent upon parting speedily with all his dollars, he had better set his face like a flint against the temptation to take a "hack." Such is the term applied to sombre looking two horse coaches, waiting here and there for hire. The "hackman," or driver, is, or was, his own chancellor in levying the tax he charges for his services. These services, however, are rarely needed, in consequence of the excellent organization of the street railways. A few cents, for example, will cover the cost of riding from one end of New York to the other. The conveniences of the "express man" are also very great. On taking a railway ticket, a numbered brass label is attached by a leather thong to your portmanteau. A counter brass ticket is given to the owner. During the journey an "express man" passes through the carriages, who, if required, will take this ticket, giving a receipt for it, and thus authorized convey aforesaid portmanteau to whatever resting place its possessor may wish. I often found my luggage waiting for me at my hotel, and seldom had to wait for it.

My first impressions of New York were, I suppose, about as favourable as first impressions of London would be on landing at Wapping; certainly not so favourable as Liverpool or Birkenhead would create. We crossed the Hudson from New Jersey by steam ferry, a breadth of about two miles, and found crows' nest accommodation in the "Fifth Avenue Hotel." Hotel life is an American institution, and in this hotel it thrives vigorously. The spacious entrance hall serves the purpose of a social "exchange." It is the centre of a circumference of shops. This swing door leads into a barber's shop, that into a tailor's, another into a hatter's or perfumer's. Near the entrance is the news room. Do not be surprised if at some hotels you see gentlemen cooling their feet at the open window, whilst warming their commercial sympathies with the latest intelligence. Close at hand is also a railway ticket office, where you can both purchase

your ticket and get your luggage labelled for your next destination. Those "darkies," sitting in a row by the side of the clerks' counter, are the waiters, ready at an instant's call, from the official who has entered your name and fixed the number of your room, to attend to you. Some of them have numbered many summers, but they are all called "boys."

The billiard room, and also the bar room, where the most astounding concoctions of drink are supplied, occupy a prominent position. No meals can be obtained out of regular meal hours. This is sometimes rather disappointing to hungry arrivals.

The dining and drawing rooms are on a magnificent scale. A "vertical railway," or "lift," is in constant work, by which the up and down journeys from ground floor to attic can be made. My impression of the Hotel Institution was not in its favour. It appeared detrimental to family and home life. The difficulty of obtaining servants, or "helps," doubtless renders it a necessity. Its influence upon the little children seemed especially opposed to the restraints of good discipline. "What will you give me?" said a little fashionably dressed girl, about eight or ten years old, of whom we had taken some passing notice in an hotel drawing room, "gentlemen always give me something who talk to me."

Our stay in New York on our first arrival was very short, as we were anxious to forestall the hot weather, which we knew to be preparing for us in the South. Before leaving we accepted the invitation of a friend at Manhattanville, on the banks of the Hudson, to inspect a large Reformatory for boys and girls. The order and cleanliness were perfect. The school departments were also excellent. In the sick ward a little child was dying, evidently in much pain. I expressed surprise that so many other children should be in the same room, some of whom were well enough to be chattering or playing together; but the answer I received from the matron was—"Oh! well, I guess it will do them good to see her die." Perhaps so, but it had a harsh sound—more official than motherly.

Having armed ourselves with American paper, we proceeded to Philadelphia.

Our railway car was provided with a stove, and also with a negro stoker, whose business it seemed to be to test our capacities for enduring a burning heat before going further South. We were well nigh suffocated. Fortunately the cars are so constructed, that the passenger can turn outside on the entrance platform at either end, where he will obtain plenty of fresh air, though sometimes also plenty of dust. I found the cars comfortable for a short journey, but very fatiguing for a long one, as they afford no resting place for the head. The great American physical difficulty, however, appeared to be not the head but the feet—a difficulty that I once saw adroitly met by the head being rested on the seat, with the feet thrust out of the window.

Perhaps a word or two descriptive of the differences between the American railways and our own, which most caught my notice, may be best given here, while we are supposed to be *en route* from New York to Philadelphia. There is very seldom any distinction in class, though on certain lines, I was informed, separate cars are provided for immigrants and negroes. Every railway engine has a "cow catcher" in front—a sort of strong wooden tray, the name of which indicates the use. The drivers are well protected from the weather. They have the reputation of being reckless, but no evidence of the charge came under my observation.

The unprotected state of the lines often astounds the stranger. They are frequently laid by the side of the high road, through the heart of villages, and often run into the centre of the principal street of a town, without any embankment or fencing. The signal of an approaching train is a bell attached to the engine. "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings," is a common public notice.

The first car is appropriated for smokers, the last usually for ladies. The following outspoken placard in a carriage might be useful at home:—"No smoking allowed in this car; all persons using this car to be tidy, and not to put their feet on the seats."

The conductor in charge of the train, both collects and sells tickets whilst the train is in motion. This is done between the stations. Passengers

can pass from one carriage to another. Vendors, also, of books, newspapers, sweetmeats, peach pies, and sundry other more or less tempting eatables, avail themselves of similar convenience. Cold water is usually placed in every car. "All aboard" is the signal for immediate departure. About 25 miles an hour was the average rate of speed. The stations are not either attractive or substantial in appearance; but when we take into account the immense extent of mileage accomplished, the wonder is that the rails and cars should be as good as they are. The connexion of widely distant places has rightly been the ruling principle in the expenditure incurred.

It was late in the evening when we reached Philadelphia. I was greatly pleased with the buildings in the best parts of this beautiful "Quaker City." Some of them are of white marble. A notable orphan and educational establishment, called the "Girard Institution," is thus constructed, and stands in its own grounds. The central portico presents a very imposing effect. A somewhat singular clause is contained in the founder's will. He was a Romanist, and as he had no faith in his own clergy, he was equally distrustful of all others. The clause enacts—"That no minister of religion,

of any denomination whatever, is on any pretext to be allowed to visit the Institution, or even cross the threshold." It is almost a pity that this rough and ready way of cutting the gordian knot of the "religious difficulty" in our own denominational strifes, was not brought under the attention of our legislature when the new education bill was in progress.

Of course we visited "Independence Hall," where the Declaration of American Independence was signed a century ago. The building is of red brick, and very unpretentious. Many interesting relics are preserved in it; among them the great bell by which the good people were informed that their freedom was achieved. The law courts and public library adjoin the hall.

Philadelphia is an excellent type of all American cities. But the sameness of ground plan became, as one city after another was visited, rather wearisome. Twentieth or Fiftieth street in one place is twin brother to similarly numbered streets elsewhere. These numbered streets are usually intersected at regular distances by "Avenues," or by streets bearing the names of "Trees." The chief advantage of such a monotonous arrangement is the facility with which any particular house may be found.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.*

No. I.—*Introductory.*

BY B. BALDWIN.

THE Sunday Schools of England have long been regarded as a national institution, worthy of holding a high place in the public esteem, and of sharing very largely in the interest and sympathy of all good men. No form of Christian work has tended more to the general diffusion of the knowledge of the saving truths of the Bible amongst the young. It is impossible for us to say how much the remarkable and unprecedented progress which characterises this nineteenth century is attributable to the beneficial influence which Sunday Schools have exerted upon our British youth, and thus, in the natural sequence of circumstances, upon the manhood and maturity of the people. They are now a necessary and essential element in the grand organizations of the church, materially aiding her in her noble mission

of subduing the world to the obedience and faith of Christ. "Their existence and prosperity are not dependent on worldly power, but are the result of voluntary Christian exertion, and they are producing an amount of good which defies calculation." The great religious revivals which took place through the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley, and the good men noted as "the Barton Preachers," did not comprehend, nor do they seem to have suggested the idea of Sunday Schools for the young—they originated out of commiseration and practical pity for the ignorant and semi-civilized state of the children of the poor. It was this that led Robert Raikes to gather together a number of the children of Gloucester. Amazed and grieved at noticing the misery and idleness of the children in a low part of the city where

* Printed by request of the Sunday School Conference, held at the Centenary Association.

the people were chiefly occupied in the manufacture of pins, and remarking upon their wretched condition to a woman who resided there, she replied, "Ah! sir, could you see this part of the town on Sunday, you would be shocked indeed; for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released on that day from work, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at chuck, and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to give any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place."

Although Robert Raikes has the high honour of founding the present Sunday School system, yet he was by no means the first to undertake the teaching of the young on the Lord's-day. The originator of Sunday Schools appears to have been St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, who died in 1594. He established many useful institutions, some of which still remain, and amongst them Sunday Schools. The Rev. J. Stoughton testifies to this. He was anxious to know whether they did still exist amongst the Milanese, and says, "They do; and not only did we see the classes assembled in the churches, but in one or two cases there were school-rooms with forms placed, and the children gathering just after the English fashion, that a Christian friend and Sabbath School teacher who accompanied me said, he could fancy himself at home, about to enter on his accustomed toil." But the example of Borromeo was not followed beyond the immediate circle in which it arose, and was not developed into any general system. Other individuals occasionally have gathered young persons together for religious instruction on the Lord's-day. Amongst these the Rev. Joseph Alleine, in 1688; Theophilus Lindsey, of Catterick, in 1763; Miss Harrison, at Bedale, in 1765; Miss Ball, at High Wycombe, in 1769; the Rev. David Simpson, M.A., minister of Christ Church, Macclesfield, in 1778, for week-day evening instruction, and as some could not attend these schools during the week, he paid teachers to instruct them on the Sunday, and the whole of the scholars were regularly taken to church. He gave up the management of the school in 1786 to a committee, and in 1796 voluntary labourers supplanted those who had hitherto received payment for their services. At this period the state of things in England was not only disgraceful but alarming. The high roads leading into London were infested by robbers, who attacked alike both public and private carriages; and by some leading writers of the last century, these desperadoes were regarded as romantic heroes who fed their pens with subjects for mirth and praise. The Bible was a

scarce and disregarded book, for Hannah More declares that in the village of Cheddar, near the Cathedral City of Wells, "she saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower pot!" It is ours to rejoice with thankfulness that the nation now presents so different an aspect, intellectually, morally, and religiously. As to what may have led to this manifest improvement, Lord Mahon says, "Among the principal means which, under Providence, tended to a better spirit in "the coming age, may be ranked the system of Sunday Schools." And here also is the testimony of Adam Smith to their value, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles."

It should be noticed that the British and Foreign Bible Society, to which the world and the church are under unspeakable obligations, was summoned into existence in consequence of the demand for unprecedentedly large editions of the Scriptures to supply the pressing need of Sunday Schools. An outcry for more Bibles for the Sunday Schools of Wales, was raised in 1787, but they could not be obtained, yet still the want increased; in 1792, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was asked to print an edition of ten thousand Welsh Bibles, security being offered to pay for the first five thousand as soon as they were printed. This proposal, reluctantly accepted, was afterwards declined, on the ground that such a large edition was not wanted. The Rev. T. Jones, then obtained the influence of Dr. Madan, then Bishop of Peterborough; and in 1796 the Board passed a resolution to print the number required. Three years elapsed before the edition was published,—it was liberally sold at half the cost price, and sold as soon as issued,—but no influence, nor solicitation could induce the Society to accept the order for another edition. The scarcity of the Bible, and the desire to possess it, led the Rev. Thos. Charles, of Bala, to lay the matter before the Committee of the Religious Tract Society in London, urging a Bible Society, on a similar basis; the subject was discussed until the question was asked "if such a society for Wales, why not for the empire and the world!" The result was, that on the 7th March, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was fully established, and we have now the Word of God printed and extensively circulated in nearly every language and dialect of the earth. This great and blessed society, forced into existence by Sunday Schools, has well repaid its debt to them, by being the fountain from which they have long been supplied at a cheap rate with the Holy Scriptures in all their present purity and completeness.

But what was the New Connexion of General Baptists doing at this time with regard to Sunday Schools? No connexional action was taken for their formation, but they gradually became established, first in one Church and then another, gaining encouraging countenance in the early conferences, and favourable notice in the pages of some of the early numbers of the *General Baptist Magazine*.

At the Annual Association held at Nottingham in 1807, it was reported that "Sunday Schools had been opened at various places during the preceding year; and village preaching, in not a few instances, had been introduced with encouraging success."

Again, when the Association was held at Boston in 1808, it was reported "Religion is advancing in many churches, and reviving in some places where it has long languished,—Sunday Schools are established and vigorously supported; these are encouraging circumstances which call for thankfulness."

The Rev. Adam Taylor, in his *History of the General Baptists*, (p. 465, Vol. 2,) writes thus, "The churches of the New Connexion early and zealously countenanced those useful institutions, Sunday Schools. In 1808, a scheme was proposed to secure the co-operation of the Teachers and friends of the rising generation in the Midland district; and for several years an annual meeting of the delegates from the various institutions was held at Loughborough. In 1811, this assembly was attended by the representatives of thirty-

seven General Baptist Sunday Schools, in which three thousand seven hundred children were instructed by five hundred and eighty five gratuitous teachers, and fifty assistants. The object continued to be pursued by the churches with increasing assiduity, and the happy effects were highly encouraging. Nor were these exertions confined to the Midland Counties:—in 1815, eight flourishing General Baptist Schools were united to the South Lincolnshire and Isle-of-Ely Sunday School Union. In the Northern district, the same object was pursued with equal alacrity and success. In short, it appears from the accounts which have reached us, that in 1817, there were very few churches in the New Connexion which did not support a Sunday School; and it is probable, that more than seven thousand children then received instruction under their patronage."

It is thus evident, that so soon as the attention of our churches was awakened to this important movement, some of them, as I hope to shew, were very early in the field in adopting them, and notwithstanding their crude notions, and quaint modes of discipline and management, they did great good, and laid the foundation of the position in which we are to-day. The century's work in our Connexion has been signalized by many proofs of personal and united effort and sacrifice for the truth, and our Sunday School history is such as may well fill our hearts with gratitude, for as we look back upon it, we are led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. I.—*Rightly Aimed.*

I LIKE exceedingly that old family crest, made up of a strong muscular hand firmly grasping a stout pickaxe, surrounded with the motto—"Either I will find a way or make one." You can see the man who first adopted it, his keen glance, his compressed lips; and you almost feel his cutting grip. He is full of daring and independence, and carries in him a will to work. No truckling for him. No idle hours. No living at other people's expense. He will earn his bread or not eat it. He is "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," carving his own way through the world, whether in the soft and yielding clay, or in the hard and almost impenetrable granite. I have a warm admiration for energy, resolute determination, fixed purpose; for the courage that does not fear difficulties, but goes up to them with a cheerful face and a welcome, as if saying, 'Glad to see you. You will punish me, I know. You will

take the pith of pleasure out of me. I shall wince. I shall have to wait. Still I don't mind. I shall be better, stronger, wiser, and more contented when I have mastered you (as indeed I will), than I am now. So here goes. Give me the pickaxe." Verily I can hardly help feeling contempt for the whining cowardice of youths who get out of the way of work as though it were irksome drudgery, and shun the dry details of labour for the useless occupation of building "castles in the air," or what is worse, feasting themselves in the poison-filled rooms of the Castle of Indolence. No, up with the pickaxe, lads! and to work, and "woe to him who is fainthearted."

Still the youth with the pickaxe should know where he is going to; the sort of place he is likely to arrive at when he has found or made his way. The steam engine must be kept on the rails; if it is not, the

more rapid the speed, the more awful the crash. Good captains keep their vessels out of the reach of whirlpools. It would be a very sorry thing to give stroke upon stroke to the hard rock, and cut a tunnel through the hill difficultly, only to find on the other side a trackless desert, without the light of the sun, or voice of loving friends. We must have a good aim as well as a strong arm, a right purpose as well as an iron will, a true and all-worthy goal to reach as well as a sound tool and a firm grasp. The youth who means to make his way in the world should at once ask himself *whether he knows where he is going to*. Before a bit of rock is chipped from the hill side, he should have at least a rough plan of the road, and of the end he is to make for. It is not enough to pull away at the oars; you want a chart of the river, so that you may see whether you are rowing towards the ocean of truth, and purity, and God; or only to the Dead Sea of error, and uncleanness, and all ungodliness. Half an hour's thought in the bright morning of youth would save much strength, much time, much sorrow, ay, much more than can be described or imagined.

What numberless tons of power are thrown away every year! Many a youth has wasted his strength when it has been at its full tide, because he had not a right aim! Years ago I read the following incident. A number of youths were strolling along near the Rappahannock, in the United States, when they came to the rocky archway of the Natural Bridge, and with that fondness for activity and desire for glory so natural to us, began cutting their names into its sides. Some of them were content to put their names low down, others chose the higher place, but James Vaughn, a youth of great courage, seeing that many visitors had gone beyond him, exclaimed, "Pooh! I won't creep on the ground to cut my name. I am going to put it where the people at the Rappahannock can see it. See, here's away."

"You aren't going to venture up there," said one of his companions.

"I am though. What's the use of walking this long way, and doing nothing after all."

"Don't brag, Jim," said his next neighbour, who was scratching his initials—W. J. B.—upon the softest part of the rock he could find, "don't brag."

"Well, you'll see what I can do," was his reply; and away he went, climbing the jutting crag, holding by the bushes and brambles, until he seemed beyond all the names on the side of the rock.

"Hurrah! where are you?" He shouted to his comrades, "come on and follow your leader, if you dare."

"You are high enough now, Jim," said Robert Willis, "I'd stop there, if I were you."

"Not half way yet," answered the climber, and resuming the ascent, went up, leaving below him the highest trees of the valley; and still upward he went, until his companions were really afraid, and begged him to stop.

"You'll break your neck, as sure as your name's Jim Vaughn," shouted Joe Ednor.

But at this moment Jim saw a name a short distance above him, and in his pride shouted, "Not a bit of it, I'm not going to let anybody put his name over my head," and again he went along, cutting notches in the side of the rock with one hand, and holding on by the other. At last he had gained the point where no name could be seen, and there he scratched and cut "James Vaughn" as deeply as he could.

The work was done, and now he began to think of getting back, when the idea of his extreme danger seized him, and his head began to grow dizzy. Hard as it was to get up, it was harder to go down. He held on, however, for some time, and his companions, full of alarm, spread the news in the neighbourhood, and Jim's father and mother, sister and brother, besides many people, were soon on the spot. One of the first to arrive shouted aloud, "You can't descend; no use to attempt it; try and gain the top." Poor Jim! what would he now give to be on the ground! Where was now his boasting! A desperate effort must be made, or he would soon lose his hold, and be dashed to pieces. He determined to make the attempt for the summit of the Bridge. Step by step he scraped and cut his way upward. At length his strength was nearly gone, and he clung to the sides of the rock. It was a moment of fearful suspense. In deepest agony of mind the father shouted, "Jim, Jim! do not look down; your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here. We are praying for you. Do not look down. Keep your eye towards the top."

The sound of his father's voice roused him, and he grasped his knife again and began to move once more slowly towards the top. Meanwhile ropes were let down, but they failed to reach him, and the blade of his knife was worn to the last half inch; one notch more he cut, and it fell from his hands at his mother's feet. What could be done to save him? At this moment a man lay down at his full length with nearly half of his body hanging over the edge of the bridge, and lowered a looped rope within reach of the fainting youth, who, though nearly exhausted, managed to place it over his head, and then under each arm. Now he swings over the fearful abyss, and those above

gently raise him higher and higher. At last he is up, and the cry resounds above and below, "He's safe! he's safe!" Oh! how deep was the joy of his parents, how glad the hearts of his companions, and how utterly beyond all description the tumultuous feelings of Jim's heart as gratitude for deliverance, and shame at his pride and folly, mingled with his thoughts of the dangers he had passed.

What daring, what fixed determination! We can hardly help admiring the youth as he mounts from step to step, until we awake to his great peril, and then admiration gives place to censure, and what we judged courage appears only as blind folly. For where was the good of all that risk? What was his aim in that venture? Why did he expose limbs and life to such awful ruin? Was it that like Joseph, and Daniel, and the Hebrew youths, he might be faithful to God and to his conscience? Was it that like our blessed Lord he might save those sunk in suffering and woe? Not at all. His success could not benefit any one, not even himself, and yet to gain it he climbs the beetling rocks, and treats his life, which is God's gift, and the happiness of his home, and of his friends, with utter indifference. James Vaughn is not a whit wiser at fourteen than he was at four, when he ran after the winged and many-coloured butterfly, chased it from cabbage to currant tree, and from currant tree to rose bush, and all round the garden, and several times closed his hand to grasp—nothing. Yea, verily, it is not enough to

have and to use the pickaxe; *we must know* WHITHER *we are making our way with it.*

Dear young friends, whatever else you do, take care to get the right aim in life. Climb, and climb high, and cut your name in the rock; but see that the hill you climb is the hill of goodness, and the name you write on its sides is the name "*Christian.*" Say, whatever else I am not, I will, by Christ's help, be true to the very core, kind in all my acts, loving towards all. Whether I am rich or not, clever or not, famous or not, I am resolved to be good, to be Christ-like. Never do a dishonest thing. "Why did you not pocket some pears, there was nobody there to see you," said one youth to another. "Yes there was," he replied, "I was there to see myself, and I don't intend to see myself do a dishonest act." Dare to die rather than lie. Cling to purity. Resist temptation, and be careful of it. You do not fish with a bare hook. The hook of temptation is never naked. Be watchful. By the grace of God, which is ever helping you, make a good, thorough, complete Christian character. Believe on Jesus. Seek to be like Christ, through the love of Christ—that is the right aim. With such a purpose, you may fitly recall the familiar strain—

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

J. CLIFFORD.

Poetry.

A SONG OF THE YEAR.

*O! days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
For fuller gain of after bliss.—In Memoriam, cxvi.*

My heart has a song for my brothers,
That comes with the birth of the year,
I would it could float like a blessing
O'er friendships that make them so dear,
With help to be trueful in sorrow,
And true when the spirit can smile,
Remembrance that though we grow older
The heart may grow younger the while.

Is sadness upon you, my brothers,
Like night on the way you must go?
God's morning shines under the darkness,
Far nearer, perhaps, than we know;
Christ's footsteps are falling beside you,
Familiar to pathways of pain,
And the days of thy mourning once ended
The weeping comes never again.

Have years made you weary of waiting?
Seem promises distant and slow?
Bethink you the good is eternal,
How brief then its spring-time to grow:

Ripley.

O, all the pure joys that have thrilled us,
And strains that have gladdened the ear,
Are prophecies whispering sweetly—
A glorious advent is near.

And hot are His luminous axles
With whom the millenniums are days,
So swiftly His chariots are speeding
Their multiplied limitless ways,
Right on to the grand consummation
When worlds to the last shall resound
The song of a final Salvation,
And the Crucified Christ shall be crowned.

Then years shall be known as the moments,
And ages the days of His hand;
All duty, temptation, and trial,
A discipline Wisdom hath planned
To perfect for shadowless glory,
Till pure to its utmost within,
The soul, like a flame touching stubble,
Would shrivel and wither a sin.

E. H. JACKSON.

Reviews.

HELPS TO FAITH AND A HOLY LIFE. By J. P. Barnett. - London: Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. BARNETT has done well to print these twelve sermons. Not that he claims to have "any new doctrines to propound, having every reason to be satisfied with the old;" nor does he "make any pretension to originality, either of thought or method." But one thing he certainly has done in his discourses as here published. He has put his own individuality into them, and so made them real and living. We have little hesitation in saying that they will, on that very account prove, to be what he wishes them to be—"helps to faith and holy life." There certainly is "something of the continuity of a series" in them, although it is occasionally difficult to see the link of connexion. The first sermon treats of Christian ministers as fellow labourers with Christ, and points out that ministers are associated with Him in their ministerial office, in the qualifications required for their work, and in the spirit in which it should be pursued. Then follow discourses on "the Gospel hidden to the proud and revealed to the humble," and on "Regeneration no Marvel." The remainder of the sermons are entitled, "Our Almighty helper;" "The Saviour absent, but not neglectful;" "The prodigality of love;" "Friendship with Christ;" "Deliverance;" "Disobedience;" "Pilate's Dilemma;" "Faith aided by experience;" and "True religion." There is a great deal of excellent thought in the first sermon, forcibly expressed; and much tenderness of feeling in the fifth; but the sermon that we like the least is entitled "Disobedience." From the outset Mr. Barnett seems to be consciously in antagonism with some hearers, real or imaginary; and there is, perhaps without intending it, a consequent hardness of tone. The polemic is more visible than the preacher of the Gospel. We are, however, bound in all fairness to say that this is the only sermon in which we have been struck with this as the prevailing characteristic. Men are not brought to the true by being shaken to pieces in the grip of a remorseless logic. We gladly turn away from this subject to the preceding sermons in the volume. There is a sweetness and devout helpfulness in the delineation of the Saviour's care for His people in His absence; a healthy stimulus in revealing something of "prodigality of love;" and a quiet thoughtfulness, thoroughly refreshing in the discourse on Christ's friendship.

The style of these sermons is clear and forcible; but, for our taste, a little too full of Latinised English. Not, be it understood, that there is any Johnsonese in it; but rather that Mr. Barnett does not invariably select the simpler and more Saxon words. The character of the sermons as a whole may be summed up as thoroughly evangelical; revealing considerable knowledge of the sophistries of the human heart, and an aptness to deal with them; showing a quick sympathy with Christian men in their difficulties and daily needs, and an earnest desire to help them. They are clearly arranged; vigorous, often to robustness; well considered; and certain to be of no small value to those who will read them. We thank Mr. Barnett for his thoughtful volume.

J. J. G.

THE NEW TESTAMENT, TRANSLATED FROM THE PUREST GREEK. By John Bowes. Dundee: 75, High Street.

ONE value of this revision of the authorized version of the New Testament is, that it shows "how not to do it." It is, we regret to say, a painfully misguided effort, and is calculated to bring revision and revisers into contempt. It is very necessary, no doubt, that our new translation should be from "the purest Greek;" but it is quite as necessary that the people should be able to read "in their own tongue," in good, familiar Saxon, "the wonderful works of God." But there is in this revision a general adoption of long words of Latin or Greek derivation, and a pertinacious avoidance, for no reason we can discover, of the strong, nervous, and homely language of the Testament commonly received amongst us. We could supply illustrations in shoals. We have "transpired," for "come to pass;" "enacted," for "made;" "interminable," for "endless;" "phenomenon of the star," for "the star appeared;" "nourishment," for "meat;" "not competent," for "not able;" "privation," for "want," and so on. Again, John x. begins, "Amen, amen, I say unto you;" and John iii. 3 reads, "Jesus answered, Assuredly, assuredly, I say to thee." Seeing it is the same word in both places, we say, "Verily the old is better." Once more. Is it a gain to call "bishops" overseers, and "John the Baptist" John the Immerser? Should not the word bishop be extended in its application to all pastors, rather than introduce a word into the Testament which has so strong an

odour of beadledom? In those instances where doctrinal bias, caprice, or impure text vitiates the Authorized Version, this rendering is mostly an improvement; but such amendment can never compensate for an indiscriminate rejection of the admirable Saxon of King James's Bible.

BAPTIST HISTORY. By J. M. Cramp, D.D.
London: E. Stock.

A sapient curate discoursing with a young Baptist in a village not far from London, urged upon her the absolute necessity of having her children sprinkled if she wished them to go to heaven, and amongst other equally wild things, stated that the Baptists were not more than a hundred years old. In Dr. Cramp's volume we have Baptist History from the foundation of the church to the present time. First, "Out of the mouths" of sprinklers of babes it is proved that the early church was decidedly and universally Baptist; then, the rise of false and unscriptural notions about baptism is carefully traced, and evidence of the prolonged and original practice cited; false charges against Baptists are refuted, and the progress of the distinctive sentiments of Baptists since the Reformation described. The book is well printed, well bound, and well illustrated, and will be a most acceptable present to young Christians, as well as a fit addition to our church and school libraries. We heartily commend it. It is more necessary than ever that our young people should not be unacquainted with our history.

HOURS OF CHRISTIAN DEVOTION. Translated from the German of A. Tholuck, D.D., by G. R. Menzies, D.D. *Edinburgh and London: W. Blackie & Sons.*

It is not an easy task to prepare a work for the nurture of the spiritual life. Great dangers are ahead. The writer may lapse into extravagance of sentiment, or morbid self-scrutinizing, till his work loses all power to rouse to exertion, or to cultivate a healthy and robust piety. On the other hand, it may be so elaborated as to stir the intellectual faculties in excess, and produce

speculation instead of worship, reasoning rather than faith. Professor Tholuck has escaped both these dangers, and given us a book which evinces great experience of practical and meditative religion, and a clear perception of the best methods of feeding the hunger of our whole nature, of intellect and heart, conscience and aspiration. Written by a man of the broadest culture, and the most thorough learning, as well as of deep piety, it is comprehensive in its range of illustration, evangelical in its principles, rich, sweet, and refreshing in its devotional tone, distinct and clear in its conceptions, and fitted in every way to make the hours of devotion, "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

MILLY'S ERRAND; OR SAVED TO SAVE. By Emma Leslie. *London: E. Marlborough & Co.*

THIS is a tale of sea-side life, pervaded by such an air of reality, such decided yet unobtrusive goodness, and written in such a pleasing style, that all young people will read it with intense delight. Mothers, buy it for your daughters. R. C.

TRACTS.—We have received from Mr. Stock, Publisher, a dozen or more of the tracts of the Weekly Tract Society. The purpose of this society is to diffuse religious instruction amongst working men and women, chiefly by the agency of subscribers, who are the chief distributors of the publications of the society, each subscriber having a large part of his subscription returned weekly, monthly, or quarterly in tracts. The specimens forwarded to us are well suited to the working classes. The substance is usually some stirring narrative, or a series of brief anecdotes, all pointing to one conclusion, and the style is simple, direct, and forcible. Those who are engaged in evangelistic work may use them with great advantage.

PERIODICALS, ETC. RECEIVED.
Appeal—Church—Congregational Miscellany—Gilead—Rainbow—Sunday Magazine—Sword and Trowel—The Flock of Christ, by Rev. G. Dorey, (*Stock*) etc.

Church Register.

NEW YEAR'S THANK-OFFERINGS FOR THE CENTENARY FUND.

It is earnestly hoped that liberal New Year's Gifts for the Centenary Fund, from members of our churches and congregations who have not yet contributed, will be

forwarded to the ministers of the churches, or direct to the Secretary of the Fund; and that all the Sunday schools of the denomination, without exception, will join in the Pence Subscription on the first or second Sabbath in January. T. GOADBY.

MINISTERIAL.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.—On Saturday, Nov. 19, a welcome tea meeting was given to the minister elect of Lineholme chapel, the Rev. R. Silby, of our College. 250 took tea together. Rev. T. W. Mathews presided at the public meeting, and addresses were given by the Revs. J. Maden, C. Springthorpe, R. Hardy, R. Silby, and Messrs. J. Midgley and J. S. Gill. It was a most enthusiastic and successful meeting.

Rev. H. WATTS, of Stanningley, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Barnsley.

RE-OPENING OF CHAPEL AND SCHOOL-ROOMS.

LONDON, *Borough Road*.—Our friends here have long been in quest of a site for school-rooms. They have been unable to get one, and therefore have recently raised the chapel and put a set of capital rooms underneath, at a cost of some £1,200 or more. Dr. Landels preached at the re-opening services on Tuesday, Dec. 6. On

the following evening there was a tea-meeting and a public meeting. J. Stiff, Esq., presided, and was supported by the Revs. J. Harcourt (pastor), J. Clifford, J. G. Pike, Dr. Ellis, Messrs. Olney, Ingle, and Ellis. The opening services and bazaar would realize about £300; £500 had previously been raised, and the remaining sum was promised at the meeting.

CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY.

LINEHOLME, *near Todmorden*.—Rev. R. Silby's. Nov. 20. Preacher, Rev. T. W. Mathews. Collections, £13.

BAPTISMS.

BIRMINGHAM, *Lombard Street*.—Nov. 30, ten, by J. Harrison.

BOSTON.—Nov. 27, four, by T. W. Mathews.

CHESHAM.—Dec. 2, three, by C. Payne.

LEICESTER, *Dover Street*.—Dec. 18, two, by C. Springthorpe.

PETERBOROUGH.—Nov. 27, five, by T. Barrass.

Obituaries.

MRS. CHAPMAN, LOUTH,

Was the daughter of John and Mary Wallis, of Loughborough. Her father was for many years an elder of the Baxter-gate church, a highly respectable occasional preacher, and remarkable for his exceedingly amiable, peace-loving, and peace-making disposition. Her mother was a very Martha in her hospitable efforts to promote the entertainment of Christian friends, and especially Christian ministers. Mrs. C. was born at Loughborough, in 1816, and from a child possessed several of the distinguishing excellences of both her parents. In gentleness of spirit few excelled her, and nothing could pain her more than to have refused relief where she had the remotest suspicion that it was really needed. In a case of known want she would have given her last penny, and shared her last meal.

At a very early age she gave her heart to Jesus, was baptized, united with the church, and made herself active in the Sunday school, and in all departments—coming specially within the range of female work—connected with our church organizations. In January, 1845, she was married to W. Chapman, pastor of the church at Longford. In her new sphere, Mrs. C. soon endeared herself to a large number of the church and congregation. During eighteen years' residence she never made an enemy, but the affection first inspired deepened and widened to the last. Imme-

diately after the birth of her second child an abscess formed in her side, which so thoroughly prostrated her that it was feared she would be brought to an early grave. For four months she was absent from Longford, at the home of her parents at Lenton. But though the pain from the abscess was most acute, and her trials in other respects were very severe, all was borne without a murmuring word.

Mrs. C. had four children, two sons and two daughters. The youngest, a boy of remarkable beauty, of angelic sweetness of temper, and of precocious mental development, a bright warm sunbeam in the house in the darkest day, died first, and when only two years and four months old. The blow came with such overwhelming weight that it almost crushed the mother's heart. For a time reason reeled on its pivot. No murmur escaped her lips even then, but the days of her mourning over the transplanting of this beautiful flower were very many. Never, indeed, did she really recover her former cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit. Her next affliction was a premonitory warning of her end. About fifteen years ago, Mrs. C. was seized with inflammation, and an able physician of Coventry pronounced it inflammation of an internal tumour. Again was she brought so near to death that she could scarcely endure the noise of a person walking across the room, or to speak to her even in a whisper. For one whole night especially

her life seemed to be suspended on a breath. This affliction also, though painful beyond description while the inflammation lasted, was borne with her accustomed meekness and patience. Not a word of irritation, or a word in the least unbecoming a child of God escaped her lips.

A short time before her removal from Longford to Melbourne, she had the happiness of seeing her eldest son baptized, and united with the church, and to listen to his first efforts at public speaking. Her "life was bound up in the life of this lad," and she watched the development of his piety and his ability with all a mother's love and a mother's delight. Those who knew this lovely youth only during the last four or five years of his life, would scarcely credit a faithful description of what he was in childhood and early boyhood. A more lively, frolicsome, venturesome, and sometimes boisterous child, seldom lived. He knew no fear. Amid even the thunder and lightning, watching the vivid flashes of the one, and trying to imitate the roar of the other, he would stand, his eyes sparkling, and his countenance beaming with positive delight. At the close of his first year at Shireland Hall School, he obtained a certificate of merit from the Oxford local examiners, and at the close of the second went up for the A. A. examination, and passed in every subject but one. Never, while memory holds its seat, will the writer forget the look of disappointment, and at the same time of pious resignation, with which the announcement was received. Giving evidence of undoubted piety, and of superior preaching ability, he was received, when about 18 years of age, into Chilwell College. His unassuming modesty, united with his superior attainments, endeared him both to the tutors and the students. Perhaps a higher eulogy has seldom been uttered in regard to a student than was once uttered by the President of the College in regard to this youth. It was said of him—"If I had to make a student all that I think he ought to be, I should have to make but little alteration in him." His aspirations were of the highest and purest kind. He lived only that he might become an able minister of the New Testament. In a little more than twelve months, however, this son, so promising, came home smitten by a fatal disease. His studies were suspended by the committee for a year. About three months of that time he spent in the school of Mr. Evans, of Swansea, where he endeared himself as a teacher, and preacher, and as a Christian youth, to all around him. After his return home he was taken considerably worse, and in the course of a few weeks he somewhat unexpectedly passed away. Mrs. C.

had no idea that the idol of her maternal heart was so near his end; and when, a minute or two before he died, an intimation was given that he was going, in an agony of soul she exclaimed—"Oh! it cannot be," and immediately fainted away, fell on the floor, and before she recovered her first-born and almost idolized child was gone. It is impossible to describe the effect of this bereavement. For hours together would she gaze on the photograph of her angel boy, and read his sermons and scraps of sermons which he had written while at College. Though she would never force the subject upon unwilling listeners, she would never tire of speaking of his excellences to friends who knew how to sympathize with a mother's wounded heart.

In 1867 Mrs. C. removed to Louth. She had not been there long before another flower was cut down by the reaper death in the person of her eldest daughter. By this time the tumour had considerably increased in size and painfulness, and she began to think that she herself would soon leave the friends of earth, and join those who had gone to heaven. Her pain at times, for months, was very great. She visited Leicester during the Association, and the friend and distant relative with whom she stayed thus writes:—"I have often thought of her cheerful manner, so much like her in former years, and very like her dear father." Here she consulted an old medical friend, but could not persuade herself to undergo an operation of any kind. She rallied a little after her return, but soon became more and more feeble. On Sunday morning, Nov. 13th, she came down stairs, and it was instantly seen that death had marked her for a speedy prey. During the last week of her life her meekness and patience were very touching. She seemed to care for everybody more than for herself. Her expressions of unworthiness were very earnest, and her humility before God very profound. Nothing, however, could shake her trust in the work, and love, and grace of Christ. She felt that she was nothing, and Christ everything to her. And in this faith, about half-past four o'clock on Lord's-day morning, Nov. 20th, 1870, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, and, on the day of rest, entered into the rest remaining for the people of God. On the Tuesday following she was laid by the side of her eldest daughter, in Louth Cemetery; and on Lord's-day evening, Nov. 27th, her death was moved by Rev. E. W. Cantrell, from Luke x. 42, to a large and deeply interested congregation. W. C.

MIDDLEBROOK.—Nov. 27, at Allerton, Yorkshire, Sarah Ann, the beloved wife of T. Middlebrook, aged twenty-six.

Missionary Observer.

THE LATE REV. ANDREW LESLIE, OF CALCUTTA.

From the Baptist Missionary Society's Herald.

MR. LESLIE was, we believe, a native of Edinburgh, and was born in the year 1798. His first religious impressions were the result of attendance, as a scholar, on one of the Sabbath-evening schools, where he became acquainted with the doctrines of revelation, and acquired that habit of Scriptural research which marked his future course as a minister of the gospel. But though the foundations of Scriptural knowledge were laid, some years elapsed before he experienced the grace of God as a living and vital power. Having entered a printing office in his thirteenth year, he soon fell under the influence of evil companions, drank deep of the poisonous streams of scepticism and universalism, and threw off the restraints of godliness. The instructions of the Sabbath school were not, however, obliterated, so that when, in the Providence of God, he was led to resume attendance at public worship, in the sanctuary where the late Christopher Anderson, with pathos and power, published the good tidings of peace, his earlier feelings recovered their sway, and he was gradually led to forsake the paths of evil, and to give constant attention to the claims of piety. "I saw," he says, "nothing would do but decision in religion, and I was therefore compelled to give up my evil practices, and attend to the commands of God."

Becoming acquainted with a pious young man, a member of Mr. Innes's church, Mr. Leslie was at length admitted to its fellowship, a month after he had completed his seventeenth year. Soon after this his occupation led him to Glasgow, where, under the ministry of the late Dr. Wardlaw, he acquired clear conceptions of divine truth, and a full experience of the joy and peace which are the portion of the faithful followers of the Lamb. By that eminent man Mr. Leslie was encouraged to devote his life to the missionary work, either as a printer of the Scriptures, or as a preacher of righteousness; and he eagerly availed himself of an introduction to Dr. Steadman and Mr. Kinghorn, who had come

to Glasgow in the year 1818 to preach on behalf of the Mission, to lay before them his desire. A year passed without result, when Dr. Wardlaw wrote on his behalf to Dr. Ryland. An answer came from Mr. Dyer, and in due time Mr. Leslie was transferred to the Bristol Academy, to spend some time in preparation for the sacred employment to which he aspired. How diligently he used the advantages he there enjoyed his subsequent career amply testifies. The impression made upon others cannot be better expressed than in the language of a fellow-student, the Rev. Thomas Horton, of Devonport, who has kindly furnished us with a few reminiscences of Mr. Leslie's college life. "I was his senior at Bristol," says Mr. Horton, "and well remember, when he came, he immediately impressed us all with the conviction that he was thoroughly a man of God. He united himself at once with a few of us who met stately for special prayer, that we might be kept from evil, and fitted for the great work for which we were preparing. His industry, his devotedness, and indeed all he said and did, spoke the man of God; and from those who were my juniors I subsequently learnt that he closed his course at Bristol in a way which secured him the esteem both of students and tutors."

At times, however, Mr. Leslie's mind wavered as to his duty. He had many painful feelings and thinkings, he says, but "they came only when I had lost sight of the millions of my fellow-men perishing for lack of knowledge, and the glory of my Redeemer." But the sky cleared. "I am grieved now," he continues, "that I should ever have felt the least reluctance to go far hence to the Gentiles. But reluctant feelings now no longer exist, and I will go if you will send me."*

The ordination service preceding Mr. Leslie's departure took place at Coventry on the 14th October, 1823. Dr. Ryland gave the charge; the Rev. John Franklin, his father-in-law, offered the designation prayer; and the Rev. John Dyer, with

* For these extracts and other particulars we are indebted to the narrative read by Mr. Leslie at his ordination, and carefully preserved by the Rev. John Spooner, of Long Preston.

other neighbouring ministers, assisted. The Rev. T. Morgan, of Birmingham, preached in the evening. Deep were the impressions made on all present. The young missionary went forth, as a strong athlete, to struggle with the powers of darkness, upheld by the prayers of the church of God.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie embarked on the 30th October. The voyage was a long and dangerous one. A tempest drove the ship into Falmouth; and when again at sea, there was a moment when a fire threatened to plunge all on board into eternity. The seven weary months, the weariness of which was relieved by classical and Oriental studies, were at length over, and the glad missionaries found themselves, on the 12th of May, 1824, the guests of the great men of Serampore. Space fails us to give the impressions of Mr. Leslie as to what he heard and saw at this fountain-head of missionary toil. Only one brief glimpse of Dr. Carey must not be omitted. "We had the pleasure of hearing him preach," says Mr. Leslie, "when he gave us an excellent sermon. In manner he is very animated, and in style very methodical. Indeed, he carries method into everything he does; classification is his grand hobby, and wherever anything can be classified, there you find Dr. Carey. Every step he takes, and every sentence he utters, denote such vigour and activity as are truly surprising in a man who has been so many years in India."

Those pleasant days were soon exchanged for the hard work of the station of Monghyr, where Mr. and Mrs. Leslie arrived on the 17th of July. The few native converts gave them a hearty welcome; "they sat down before us," he says, "and sang a hymn, and afterwards joined in prayer." Nearly seventeen years passed away fully occupied with the work of the Lord, and bringing many trials to the devoted missionary. It was at Monghyr that Mr. Leslie induced the late Sir Henry Havelock, then a lieutenant, to care for the spiritual welfare of English soldiers. In April, 1826, his beloved partner was almost suddenly torn from his side; but grief did not stay his hand. He sowed the good seed by all waters. Bazaars were constantly visited; the jungles were traversed; the village markets heard the preacher's voice. Hindoos, Mohammedans, Santhals, all were invited

to drink of living streams. Now, numerous baptisms cheer the labourer; at other times a tide of discouragement sets in. But amid all he is supported by glorious hopes. "Now, do you know that nothing so much affects and purifies my mind as the love of God in Christ Jesus. I have learned lately, and but lately, to confine myself more than I ever did to the love of our divine Master, and to dwell more on His glorious gift, the blessed Spirit. For this, I trust, we in Monghyr have now begun to pray in right earnest, particularly the poorer part of our pious people."

The jungle-fever, caught in his visits to the aborigines of the Rajmahal Hills, at length brought these happy and congenial labours to an end; and he was compelled in 1841, with his wife—the daughter of his eminent predecessor, John Chamberlain—and his children, to voyage to England. Here he took part in the Jubilee services of the Mission; and after revisiting the scenes of his early days, he again sailed for Calcutta, where he arrived on the 27th December, 1842.

The church meeting in Circular Road, Calcutta, being without a pastor, urgently pressed upon Mr. Leslie the acceptance of that office. It was also the wish of his missionary brethren. He yielded to the evident necessity, and the energies of his remaining days were given to this service. For several years he preached almost daily, in Urdu or Hindi, to congregations gathered at the roadside, and in the streets of Calcutta. He also gave much attention to the revision of the Hindi translation of the New Testament. But his chief strength was devoted to the English church of which he had taken the oversight, and in the pastoral charge of it he remained until June, 1865. "For nearly half a century," says the *Friend of India*, "Mr. Leslie was known as the ablest preacher among the Baptists in India, and as one of their most zealous missionaries. To the fervid spirit of his country he added the grace of a masterly English style, and the ability of an elegant scholarship." His few last years were shadowed with the gloom of declining powers of both body and mind; but they were watched with unwearied patience, and with unflinching love and tenderness, by his excellent wife and daughter. On the 24th of July last he

passed into the region of eternal light and joy. His remains were buried in the dissenting burial ground, amid a crowd of affectionate friends, both European and native, in whom his noble life had produced feelings of admiration and esteem. His character cannot be better summed up than in the language of his missionary brethren, who knew him well:—

“Mr. Leslie was a man of great ability, and he will not soon be forgotten by those who knew him. His intellect had been carefully cultivated, his judgment was clear and sound, and his knowledge was extensive. As a preacher he was remarkable for the originality and vigour of his discourses. Although somewhat austere in manner, and accustomed to the most fearless avowal of his thoughts, he was full of tender sensibilities, and any reference to the friendships and separations of his youth affected him with keenest emotion whilst memory endured. Ready compassion towards the distressed and needy, and kindly interest in the young, were equally conspicuous features in his character. Simple and inexpensive in his tastes, he was ever distinguished by his frugality in the use of all missionary funds. Whilst at Monghyr, he relinquished, in favour of other missionary objects, considerable sums which he was entitled to receive, but found himself able to dispense with. His visit to England imposed no burdens upon the Society, and throughout his residence in Calcutta the same principles of generous economy governed his manner of life.

“We thank God for the blameless consistency of our honoured brother's career, for his faithful labours, for his unimpeachable integrity, for his fidelity to the ministry which he had received, and for the usefulness which attended it. May that usefulness be long perpetuated by the holy lives and influence of those who were either led by him to the Saviour, or were established in their faith by his instructions!”

A NOBLE EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

In the month of April last Henry Hopkins, Esq., of Hobart Town, sent a donation of £500 to the London Missionary Society. A letter written a few

months later mentioned that the writer was then eighty-four years of age, and having occasion to alter his will, as he had purposed leaving the society a legacy, he resolved to be his own executor, and so forwarded the sum of £3,000 at once as a donation to the society. Mr. Hopkins added, by way of explanation, the following memorable words, worthy to be printed in letters of gold, and commended to the prayerful consideration of all young men.

“If our rich men were to think what their riches were given for, they would feel it a pleasure to assist you, till in course of time you would have more than was needed. About sixty years ago I wrote in my cash-book that I would devote one-tenth of my income to the spread of the gospel, and the welfare of the poor. I had not much then, but since then I have been able to give away large sums every year for many years; therefore, God has prospered me, and I write thus that some young men may be led to do the same.” Since the arrival of the above letter, intelligence has been received of the death of this venerable and devoted servant of Christ.

PROSPECTS AND DANGER OF ORISSA.

From “the Friend of India,” Nov. 18, 1870.

We hope we are in error in supposing that the Government of India by the order published in the *Gazette* of 22nd October is virtually stopping a part of the irrigation and water carriage works in Orissa. We feel that there is some cause for anxiety on the subject, especially since Sir William Grey is so strongly on the other side, and is so well backed up in his view by the concurrent testimony of the experienced officers whose opinions have been taken in the matter. If the works were of a merely financial nature nothing could be more reasonable than the wish of the Government to defer one part of the scheme till the success of the other was proved; but they are more than that; are, in fact, as viewed by the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, a matter of life or death to part of the people of Orissa; not this year, one is glad to say, for everything so far seems prosperous, but any year to come may bring back the awful position of 1866. A month or two ago there were dark fore-

bodings as to the harvest prospects of Orissa. The want of rain had alarmed all who had really entered into the subject, though the general public, busied with the European war, were ignorant of the fact that another tragedy was threatening to take shape at their very door. The official papers show that but for the heavy rain at the close of last month, the crops over a part of Orissa must have been nearly if not altogether lost. The revelation of this fact is a grimly ironical comment on the way in which the taxpayers have been congratulated upon the postponement of these irrigation projects. We are now told, or seem to be told, that till it can be shown that such works are financially successful; till it is clear that the cultivators are ready to take and pay for the water at remunerative rates, and that a profitable traffic is certain to spring up along the new water routes, we are not justified in pushing on the undertaking. Theoretically this position cannot be disputed, but if a famine came, as it came in 1866, the argument would not have much weight. People would not then look at matters in this light; the public voice would be loud in demanding:—Why were these works stopped? Let us look at the subject by the light of a few historical facts.

The Orissa Irrigation project originated in a report upon the condition of that province made by Sir A. Cotton in 1858. Struck by the similarity between Orissa and the districts bordering on the Godavery where irrigation was even then working wonders, he recommended to Government to undertake the Orissa works. The East India Irrigation Company offered on certain conditions to carry out the scheme. Their proposals were accepted, and Col. Rundall was placed at their disposal to act as their Chief Engineer. Periodically recurring droughts and floods, and permanent isolation, where the evils which Cotton's Scheme of Canals was designed to remove. It was not, however, till the year 1863-64 that the Company began operations. In 1865 a small portion of one canal was opened in Cuttack, and about one thousand acres irrigated thereby. In 1866 the famine showed grimly enough the necessity for these works. The Government then became anxious about the rate of progress, and in 1867 Sir John Lawrence pressed upon the Secre-

tary of State the advisability of purchasing the Company's rights, and carrying out the scheme as a state enterprise. The grounds for this were distinctly specified to be that the means of the company were "not equal to the demands which the present necessities of the country so urgently required to be met;" and that the unwillingness of the people to take water at first would entail losses which a Company could not afford, while Government could "afford to wait till the people learnt to use and value the water," in the certainty that a scheme must *eventually* prove financially advantageous. Accordingly, in January, 1869, the canals became the property of Government, which had voluntarily pledged itself to do what the Company could not, that the work might be successfully carried through. Till the last few weeks there was no reason to doubt that the undertaking was satisfactorily progressing. In Cuttack itself three canals—the Kendrapara, the High Level, and the Taldunda are more or less in operation. Taken together they are capable of irrigating 150,000 acres, and when the minor distributaries are completed they will supply a further area of 120,000 acres. The Revenue Superintendent reports that this year 120,000 acres, of the 150,000 above spoken of, *have actually been irrigated*; a fact which proves that the cultivators will in a very short time gladly take all the water the canals can give them; and which means that the crops have this year been saved by the canals over four-fifths of the area in which those canals exist. The irrigated crops, too, were splendid; while elsewhere the fields were parched with drought. The rain which saved the province from a famine came too late to secure more than a scanty outturn on ordinary lands. The canals had saved 120,000 acres before the rain came, and crops to the value of a third of a million sterling were thus preserved.

Nor are the results already achieved as regards navigation less promising. The Kendrapara canal connects Cuttack with the sea. It is the first through line of navigation completed in the province. It was opened only in June, 1869, and already False Point has become a great emporium of trade. Five years ago the only mercantile firm which had ever tried it as a place of export abandoned it in despair. Last year it was visited

by thirty-four steamers, one European vessel, and thirty-six native ones. The trade leaped in one year from nothing to eight lacs of rupees. Already four or five European or native agencies have been established in Cuttack, for the purchase of country produce for shipment. The district is waking into new and vigorous life. Let us not forget that what in the main justifies Government in carrying on irrigation, even at a loss, in Orissa is the fatal isolation of the place. One ought to remember 1866, when Bengal sought in vain to feed the perishing thousands in Cuttack, Pooree, and Balasore. The monsoon had burst and Orissa was cut off from all outside help. Hence the vast importance of the canals as lines of communication. This is the chief value of the high level canal to connect Cuttack with the Hooghly and Calcutta. Only isolated sections of the work have been completed; one at the Cuttack end as far as the Brahmini River, some twenty-six miles in all; the other from the Hooghly to Midnapore is open for traffic to within twenty-six miles of Midnapore, and will soon be finished throughout. But till these two portions are joined, it is useless to expect that traffic can develop on this line, and in the event of a famine—a thing of yearly possibility—Orissa, would, in its northern parts, be nearly as badly off as in 1866. The bit of canal finished in Midnapore has saved this year by irrigation the crops of 40,000 acres. It is not difficult to see, therefore, on what good grounds the local officers urge that as a matter of imperial policy the Orissa projects should be pressed on to completion. Even at a present loss Government seems to us bound to carry on the works; but we believe the experience of the past year fully justifies Colonel Rundall's anticipation that the scheme will be as profitable to the State as it will be beneficial to the country. The Budget allotments for 1871-72 show a liberal assignment to Bengal for agricultural works, and we hope that the Viceroy has been made aware of the real condition of Orissa. We think that these works should take precedence of every other thing of the kind in Bengal. Till the high level canal is completed we shall yearly run the risk of having to spend a million in famine relief without being able to make that relief effectual. When all the canals are made, we shall

be rid of this anxiety. The very need of relief will have passed away. We sincerely trust, then, that the works are not included in those that are to wait for the financial success of those already completed. They were undertaken with the clear understanding that that success would not be speedy, but that they nevertheless were of the first importance, and would indirectly save money as well as directly save human lives.

WEST INDIES—DEMERARA.

THE Rev. C. Rattray, of the London Mission in Demerara, in the following extract from his report, supplies a very striking and suggestive illustration of the varied working of christianity,—in developing and strengthening natural affection—in guiding and stimulating to industry and self-culture—in sustaining right principle—and, through all this, extending influence and elevating in social position, besides leading on to a life eternal. Mr. Rattray writes thus:—

“Of the number who have finished their earthly course, and gone, we hope, to their heavenly home, *nine* were very old people, who had witnessed the evils and experienced the sufferings of the system of slavery now long passed away. They could well remember their former state of ignorance, and the cruelties to which the people of this land were subjected under that vile system; and they would often speak, with deep feelings of gratitude to God, of the vast difference between the condition and circumstances of the people in the present day, and those of themselves and others in their early years.

One of these old people was the last survivor of the few (eight) who, with the missionary and his wife, formed the infant church at this station not long after the commencement of the mission here. He was a superior and, in some respects, a remarkable man; and he was one of my first acquaintances among the people whom I could know by sight and remember by name—not a very easy acquirement to a stranger from England when first placed among black people. Soon after my arrival in the district, his manager called to pay his respects to me, as was the custom to do to new-comers, and I mentioned, by name or description, some of the people who came to my

evening class for instruction. On my referring to this man, and his apparent desire to learn, he said: 'That is one of my people—Jacob—an *arrant scamp*. Why, sir, I have had to *take the whip* four times from that man!' I did not then know what the awful degradation and punishment of 'taking the whip' from him consisted in, till the gentleman informed me that 'Jacob' had been four times 'broken' from being driver. But he did not tell me, what I afterwards learned, that one of these so-called degradations was inflicted because, when his own mother was stretched on the ground, to receive the punishment of the whip, Jacob, though a slave, would not obey the order to flog his mother. He said, 'No, sir, I cannot do that—I never will do that. I know you can have me punished; but you never can make me lay the whip upon my own mother.' Of course he was severely punished, and 'had the whip taken from him.' On another occasion he was 'broken from being driver,' and otherwise punished, because he would not flog his wife, who, though not then married to him, was the mother of his children, and is now his widow. He was over forty years of age when I first knew him, and he did not then know a letter of the alphabet. But he learned to read well, and also to write, so that he became capable of taking the oversight of properties, and keeping accounts of work done, and of money received and expended. And the same person who once spoke of him as an 'arrant scamp,' under the system of slavery, came to have a very different opinion of him, and to place the utmost confidence in him as a free man. Years passed on, and Jacob became manager of the plantation on which he had been a slave, and he had the happiness—I know it was a happiness, both to his wife and himself—

to supply the wants of their former manager, who was then in very reduced circumstances, and who has now long since gone the way of all the earth.

He was long a deacon of the church, and was a great help and comfort to myself, and a most liberal contributor of his means to the cause of God. But, alas! he fell into sin, and was for some years out of the fellowship of the church. He was readmitted about six years ago. He soon became as active and useful in the church as he was wont to be, appearing truly humbled on account of his great fall. In 1866 he was chosen to be one of the deacons of the church again. On the 4th of June last, as he was about to conduct morning worship with his family, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and on the evening of the same day he died.'

GIVING.—A woman who was known to be very poor came to a missionary meeting in Wakefield, and offered to subscribe a penny a-week to the mission fund. "Surely," said one, "you are too poor to afford this?" She replied, "I spin so many hanks of yarn a-week for my living, and *I'll spin one hank more*, and that will be a penny a-week for the Society."

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS.—A circular on the above subject has been forwarded to the churches. Will they kindly give it their prompt and generous attention?

REV. W. MILLER'S ADDRESS.—Letters for our esteemed brother should be addressed, 17, *Stoughton Street, Leicester*. We regret to learn that Mr. Miller is not yet sufficiently recovered in health to be able to undertake regular deputa-tion work.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from
November 18 to December 18, 1870.*

	£	s.	d.
COVENTRY—Collections and Subscriptions	10	5	5
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Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. O. PRICE and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, Secretaries, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 FEBRUARY, 1871.

WHY WE ARE BAPTISTS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX.

THERE can be no doubt that the *onus probandi* lies on us. As Baptists we occupy a position solitary and peculiar to ourselves: if we share our Nonconformity with half the religious men of England, in our view of Baptism we stand alone. Those who occupy a singular position should be prepared to explain and defend it. Our neighbours and brethren have a right to demand of us why we differ from them; why, on a point which is confessedly not of prime importance, we even separate from them: and we are bound to be ready with our reply. So far from taking offence, they, of course, will be glad to hear what we have to say in vindication of our distinctive conviction and practice, just as we in our turn are, or should be, glad to hear what they can allege against it. So long as good men differ, nothing is more beneficial than that their points of difference should be frankly and courteously discussed: for it is not by putting these *differentia* out of sight, but by discussing them in a Christian temper that those who are already one in heart are likely to become of the same mind and to walk by the same rule.

Very briefly, then, and frankly conceding that those who differ from us are quite as honest and sincere as we are, quite as faithful to their convictions as we to ours, let me state and defend our distinctive position as Baptists.

Now I admit that any intelligent inquirer, on first acquainting himself with it, would be more apt to criticise and condemn the course we take than to approve it. He would be likely to think thus with himself: "It is surely very curious, and even irrational, that these people should care to retain a form which, however natural and becoming in the sultry East, is so obviously unsuitable to this northern climate. In running streams, under a fervid sun, among an Oriental race addicted to the public use of the bath, such a rite might be appropriate and expressive. But here, where persons, fully clothed, must be plunged in a tank, under a roof, within walls, in the presence of curious neighbours to whom such a scene is unfamiliar and may seem even grotesque and absurd, it is surely more likely to offend and repel than to win men to the Christian fellowship." This

would probably be his first thought ; and his second thought might touch an objection even more grave than this. For he might proceed to say within himself : " These Baptists are but few in number as compared with the whole body of the faithful ; yet they set themselves against all Christendom. There is no other considerable body of Christians among us who baptize adults by immersion, on a profession of their faith. It surely cannot be right for these people, so few in number, people, too, who claim neither superior learning to their brethren nor superior devotion, to separate themselves from all other Christian churches, to prefer a mere form to the unity of the Christian fellowship."

These are, I think, the main objections alleged against us ; they are at least those which I myself feel to be of the greatest force. And they are so natural and reasonable, they carry so much weight, that we are bound to answer them, to show that there is sufficient reason why we should not yield to them, to prove that we are actuated by no affectation of singularity, no love of schism, but simply by an overwhelming sense of duty. We feel, quite as keenly as any of our critics, that the ordinance of Baptism, as we administer it, does not happily adapt itself either to the exigencies of our cold and changeful climate, or to the reserve of our national character. We claim, no less earnestly than they, to be members of the one Catholic Church throughout all the world, and would cheerfully sacrifice anything but our convictions and sense of duty in order to secure its unity of action and worship. It is no pleasure to us, but a pain, that, by a single form, the observance of which cannot be necessary to salvation, we should be divided from brethren with whom we are at one in all things else. I should be doing gross injustice to my brethren if I did not lay the very strongest emphasis

on the fact, that this division of faith and practice is so painful to us as to be well nigh intolerable. Many, and probably most, of us are so distressed by it as that we are often *tempted* to give up even our convictions that we may become one in this, as in all other points, with our brethren. And if they could convince us that we were permitted to baptize infants instead of adults, by sprinkling instead of by immersion, we should hail this change of view as an infinite relief, and hasten joyfully to walk by the same rule with the vast majority of our kinsmen in Christ.

What, then, is it that hinders this entire and happy unity of worship among those who are one in faith ? It is simply, as I have said, our sense of duty to Him whom we all call Master and Lord. If this sense of duty were based, as some imagine, on a few isolated texts culled from this Scripture and that, divorced from their natural connections and forced to support a foregone conclusion ; or if even it were based on a few passages of doubtful interpretation which might be made to lend themselves to either view, we should only too gladly defer to the judgment of our brethren. But, as we contend, our convictions do not rest on any such partial and insecure foundation : they are founded rather on the broad general scope of the Christian Scriptures. Like all who follow Christ, we take the New Testament for our rule of faith and conduct. Whatever it demands of us, so that the demand be clear, we feel bound to give, however repugnant it may be to our tastes, our habits, our interests. And if there is one general principle more clearly laid down in the New Testament than others, it is surely this :—That the Lord Jesus came to claim men's hearts, to set up a spiritual kingdom, which men must enter one by one, each for himself, by a voluntary acceptance of Him as their only Re-

deemer and Lord. The laws and ordinances of a spiritual kingdom must themselves be spiritual; no law, no ordinance of the church is of any value save as it kindles or expresses faith and devotion. In His kingdom no mere observance of outward forms is of any worth, nor can one man answer for another. Each must come to Christ for himself, and exercise a personal faith and a personal love.

I suppose there is no sincere believer who, whatever his view of Baptism, would seriously object to this description of the kingdom of Christ as a spiritual kingdom which men can enter only by a personal and spiritual act. But if Christ's kingdom be a spiritual kingdom, demanding a personal and spiritual reception, we affirm that infants cannot meet this demand. They can neither believe in Christ, nor reject Him; neither devote themselves to His service, nor decline it. And as *they* cannot meet the demand, so neither can their parents meet it for them; since in the kingdom of Christ, as we have seen, every soul must answer for itself, and can only answer for itself. To extend any Christian ordinance to unconscious children is, therefore, in our view, to degrade it, to turn what should be a spiritual transaction into a mere form, and a form wholly out of harmony with the laws and customs of the kingdom Christ came to set up. To us Baptism is a sign of faith, of personal faith, in Christ, and personal devotion to His will. And, therefore, to baptize a baby is a simple impossibility, since it cannot believe, cannot devote itself, since it is wholly and obviously incapable of any spiritual act.

But may not Baptism be a sign of the parents' faith? Surely it may. God's gift of a child may have quickened their faith in Him: they may feel bound to acknowledge this new blessing, and to prepare themselves for this new responsibility, by de-

voting themselves to His service. But in that case why baptize the baby? It is they themselves who believe, and therefore it is they themselves who should be baptized.

This is our ground with respect to what is called "*the subject of Baptism*;" this the reason why we can only administer it to grown men and women on a personal profession of their faith in Christ. We hold that His kingdom is a spiritual kingdom throughout, down even to its very ordinances; that it contains nothing which is not offered to the faith of the individual recipient, and that, apart from this individual faith, nothing that it contains can be accepted or received. There is no place in it for mere forms, no possibility of one person answering for another. And therefore to administer any one of its ordinances to a child whose spiritual energies are still dormant, who is incapable of reflection, of faith, of devotion, is, in our judgment, to offend against its fundamental and distinctive principle.

And, in like manner, we justify our adherence to the ancient *mode* of Baptism. We do not cite this text or that, which we might wrest or misinterpret; we allege the broad general scope of the whole New Testament. We affirm the constant teaching of the New Testament about Baptism to be,—That it bears witness to the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it is an outward and visible sign of that inward death to sin and that uprising to life and holiness which result from a sincere and vital faith in Him. St. Paul sums up the whole subject in the words, "We are buried with Him, through our baptism, into His death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life: for if we have become united together in the likeness of His death, surely we shall be also in the likeness of His resur-

rection." Not that we pin our faith on this single passage, although it was written by an inspired apostle; for *this* might be only one of several views of the purport, the spiritual significance, of Christian Baptism. We rather allege that this is only a specimen of the tone of the New Testament wherever it explains the historical and spiritual meaning of the ordinance. St. Paul gives us not one view of many; but, as we think, the only, or at least the ruling view. Throughout, the Inspired Word makes Baptism a memorial of the death and resurrection of Christ, and a symbol of our death to evil and our resurrection to holiness.

Of these historical facts, of this inward spiritual change, Baptism, as we administer it, is an apt and expressive emblem. Descending as into a grave, we sink beneath the cleansing water as in a death to all that is impure; we emerge from it, as though rising into a new and purer life. The immersion and reëmergence of the body answer to the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus, to His disappearance from among men and His reappearance, just as the breaking of the bread answers to the Lord's broken body, and the outpoured wine answers to the pouring out of His blood. Both Sacraments are appropriate and speaking memorials of the great central facts by which our salvation was wrought; both are appropriate and expressive symbols of that great inward change by which we are made partakers of His salvation. We have no more right to alter the form of the one sacrament than we have to alter that of the other. We cannot alter the form without impairing its symbolic and spiritual significance.

These, then, briefly stated and in general terms, are our reasons for retaining what all good scholars now admit to have been the primitive and Eastern mode of Baptism. We base our defence and vindication, not on

rare and isolated passages of Scripture, which we might only too easily misread, but on the broad general teaching of the New Testament Scriptures. Till it can be shown that we have mistaken the pervading principles and first rudiments of the Inspired Documents, we hold that we should sin against our duty to the kingdom and person of Christ were we to administer Baptism to any but those who, so far as we can judge, both believe that Christ died and rose again, and purpose, by His help, themselves to die to sin that they may henceforth live in godliness and charity. And, therefore, though we profoundly regret the very appearance of division in the church, though nothing would be more welcome to us than to be at one with all our brethren down even to the minutest point of order and worship, we are compelled, by our fidelity to truth and Christ, to differ from them both on the right subject and the true mode of Baptism; and can only pray that He, who is the fountain of all light, will teach us our error if we be mistaken, or convince them of their error if the mistake be theirs.

We have no fear that they, or most of them, will condemn us for being true to our own sincere convictions; they would condemn us only if we were untrue to them. But there may be some who find it hard altogether to refrain from criticism and blame. It is easy to conceive that a man of culture, deeply imbued with the modern contempt for that which is formal and external, would listen very impatiently to any discussion of the mere mode of Baptism. Such an one would be apt to say, "How puerile all this is! When will these men leave their 'pibbles and prabbles' about forms of worship, and set themselves with an earnest undivided will to reproduce the spirit of their Master, to live His life, to carry on His work? While they themselves are so im-

perfect, while the thousands around them are perishing for lack of knowledge, it is surely a mere and wicked waste of precious time to be discussing the exact form of a sacrament instead of seeking to drink in the gracious spirit of Christ and going forth to save the lost."

With the feeling from which this objection springs we keenly sympathize. Nothing is more wicked than that good men should expend the energies they need for serving Christ in mere discussions on modes of service. But that now and then we should state what our views are, and why we cleave to them, this surely may be allowed, so that it be done with frankness and courtesy. The Lord Jesus, as even our impatient critic will admit, was earnestly bent on recalling men from their wanderings, redeeming them from their sins, and doing them good: yet even He thought it no waste of time to speak of Baptism and to institute the Supper at which we still commemorate His love for us. Are we to follow Him in all things else, but not in this?

Moreover, those who take this objection are a little apt to overlook a fact of the gravest importance. Every man who cares to connect himself with the spiritual world must have some final authority to which he appeals as the ground of his religious convictions. We, in common with all Christendom, accept the New Testament as our final authority. We are not content to base ourselves on the deductions of reason or the inspirations of conscience. After due thought and trial we have reached the conviction, that Christ was the Son of God, who came forth from the bosom of the Father to declare the Father unto us; that He can speak with final and conclusive authority of the heaven from which He came, of the eternity in which He dwells. Hence we hold it to be our duty in all things to ascertain what His will is,

what He really taught, what He would have us do. The spirit is more than the body, yet the body needs some care; the life is more than the form, yet a true form may largely help the inward life. It is of vastly greater importance that we should become members of the church of Christ than that we should accurately observe the ritual of the church. And yet the sacraments of the church, as they were ordained by Christ for our good, must be of some importance. It cannot but be well that we should try to preserve their symbolic power; and their symbolism depends on the form in which we observe them.

Nor have we any right, when once we have accepted the New Testament as our standard and rule of faith, to turn a deaf ear to any of its utterances, whether they relate to matters of faith and practice, or to matters of form and worship. If we honestly accept Christ as our spiritual guide and ruler, we are bound to "observe and to teach *all* things whatsoever He commanded us." No man of culture can be more impatient of that which is merely formal than He was; and yet, as occasion rose, He spoke of Baptism; He was Himself baptized, and bade His disciples baptize all men in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. If He spake of this ordinance, can we be altogether silent on it? If He bade men observe it, can we neglect it? If He bade us baptize as many as believe, are we never to urge them to believe and be baptized?

Nor, again, need we discuss even Baptism as though it were a mere form, or in a spirit injurious to our moral life. It is a memorial of the two greatest facts that have illustrated the history of man—the death of the cross, and the triumph over the tomb; it is a symbol of the most critical and divine event in our spiritual career, since it celebrates the moment in which we are quickened

to eternal life. May we not dwell on these loftier aspects of Baptism, and so dwell on them as to nourish and deepen our spiritual life. Nay : if to find this memorial and this symbolism in the Sacrament we must even discuss the form and mode of baptism, may we not discuss it with a humility and a charity, a consciousness of our own liability to error and an ungrudging acknowledgment of the conscientious fidelity of those who differ from us which, so far from making the subject offensive to them, will at once express and confirm our own spiritual life and kindle the graces of charity and humility in them ?

It is in this spiritual mood, with this desire that we may all learn and do the will of Christ, that I personally address myself to as many as have not arrived at any convictions on this theme, or have not acted on them ; and earnestly invite you to consider what your duty is in relation to Christian Baptism. I have shown you how we view this ordinance ; that with us it expresses faith in the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and a resolve to die to sin and live a Christian life ; that it is the portal by which we find admission into the church, the act by which we "put on" Christ. We invite, we urge, you to enter, by this gate, into the communion of the saints. There are those who conceive that so long as they do not join the church, they are not bound to devote themselves to the service of Christ ; that so long as they make no profession of faith, they are not bound to believe, nor to live a better life than their neighbours. Are you of these ? The slightest serious consideration will show you that every man who has heard the words of Christ is bound to accept them, to live by His law, to give himself to Him ; bound also to be baptized, to profess faith in Him, to unite himself with those who were in Christ before him. Instead of evading an

obligation by remaining without the pale of the church, you break a double obligation. For, if you know the grace of the Lord Jesus, you are under the most solemn obligation to take Him for your Master and Lord ; and if you take Him for Master, He Himself bids you be baptized and fall into the ranks of your brethren, and you are under the most solemn obligation to do whatsoever He commands you. Every day you defer obedience, you sin against Him. Every day you defer obedience, obedience becomes more difficult, more improbable.

You may be of those who say, "Not now ; by and bye, when the heat of youth is passed, when the sobering hues of time and experience have fallen on our hearts, when we are wiser and calmer, we will renounce the world and add ourselves to the church." If you are, let me ask you but one question—Do you *often* see men who are advanced in life break from its cares and distractions, that they may confess Christ before men ? Do they not rather, as a rule, remain to the end outside the church which they ought long ago to have joined, and which they too once meant to join some day ? Take the warning, then. Do not defer doing what you feel to be your duty, lest you should never attend to it ; lest when the Judge demands of you, "Have you, then, done whatsoever I commanded you ?" you should have with shame to confess, "No, I did not even try what the sacraments and fellowship of the church would do to help me to a better life. I always meant to do it, but I put it off till it was too late." But *now*, before your habits are set and hard, while generous impulses and lofty aims are familiar and attractive to you, resolve that you will follow in His steps who disdained all the lures of the flesh and the world that, with undivided heart, He might serve God and man.

But, probably, the great reason

why you do not offer yourselves for Baptism and the Christian fellowship is, that you feel unfit, not good enough, not sufficiently devoted to spiritual interests and aims. In part, no doubt, you have only too good ground for adjudging yourselves unworthy of eternal life, and therefore unfit for communion with Christ; and in so far as you have good ground for that self-condemning verdict, there is but one remedy—viz., earnest prayer and earnest endeavour for a heart more spiritual and devout. But, in part, this sense of unfitness springs from an exaggerated impression of what Baptism means, and implies a false conception of the objects of Christian fellowship. As we have seen, Baptism implies simply that you believe that the Lord Jesus both died and rose again to take away sin and to reconcile men unto God; and that you resolve for yourselves to die to sin and live to righteousness. Well—you *do* believe that Jesus died and rose again—do you not? and if you earnestly desire to become one with Christ, you *are* bent on partaking the likeness of His death and of His resurrection; you are bent on renouncing all that is evil and following after all that is good. And thus you have met all the conditions of Baptism. There is nothing to hinder your entrance into the Christian fellowship. For those who are bap-

tized into the death of Christ do not profess that they have already attained or are already perfect. They draw near to Christ that He may fulfil His perfect will in them, and simply pledge themselves to work together with Him. They have still much to learn, much to renounce, much to attain; but they know that He has promised to teach and strengthen as many as try to walk in His ordinances and commandments; and they rely on Him to make His promise good. For them Baptism is a prayer as well as a vow—a prayer that they may be so aided by the providence and Spirit of Christ as that they may daily die more and more to evil, and walk in the way of life with a more perfect heart. Is not that a prayer which you can present? If it be, begin where Christ began that you may end where He ended. Be baptized with Him, that you may live with Him and for Him. Follow Him in the first step He took, in the hope, and with the resolve, to follow Him whithersoever He may lead. And if you come to your baptism in this spirit, He who has called you to His service will enable you to show all good fidelity in His cause; the church will gladly welcome you to her communion; and Christ Himself, seeing of the travail of His soul, will rejoice over you with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

BAZAARS; WHENCE CAME THEY?

A FEW weeks ago we asked a minister occupying a "leading position" amongst the churches of this city to take part in the opening proceedings of a bazaar that was about to be held, with a view to increase the funds for building a new chapel. His instant and frank response was, "I should never think of such a thing. Bazaars are inventions of Satan." This was intelligence for which we hope we were sufficiently thankful. Endowed like most men with that irrepressible curiosity which

is always asking "why," "whence," and "whither"—the three great interrogations of life—we had often wondered whence these bazaars came, where the first was held, and who was the originator of an agency which to our certain knowledge had relieved many a burdened church of the pressure of debt, and set their energies free, not only to contribute more largely to the sustenance and efficiency of their pastor, but also to undertake "enterprises of great pith and moment."

Such an oracular utterance from such an authoritative quarter seemed to settle the matter at once. But whether the Gordian knot was cleverly untied or only cut through remained to be seen. "Inventions of Satan!" Indeed. We had been simple enough to imagine that they were the latest offspring of that sanctified and Christian ingenuity which originated Sunday schools without waiting for an apostolic precedent; established Peace Societies, Anti-Slavery Societies, Bible and Foreign Mission Societies, though not even the outlines for the constitution of such organizations appeared in the Acts of the Apostles; and which, unmindful of the absence of any express direction, preached the gospel in theatres, baths, balls, and other large buildings to which the people resort. It had seemed to us that bazaars were only another proof of the admirable spirit and wisdom with which the church of the Lord Jesus Christ appropriates to herself and employs for her own sublime ends the peculiar and specific energies of each and every age: that as she had converted the printing press into an evangelist, navigation into a messenger of glad tidings to the uttermost parts of the earth, science and art into willing handmaids of religion, so in this pre-eminently commercial age, and amongst a commercial people, she had made bazaars for the sale of useful and ornamental articles part of her plans for obtaining the necessary material for her warfare with sin and her work for the Lord. But this was altogether wrong according to the dictum quoted above. Bazaars come from beneath. They are the latest children of the devil.

Then we may well inquire a little more closely, What is a bazaar? It is in the first instance, and mainly, a free sale. A free sale of what? Of course of countless antimacassars and crowds of babies' socks, of knickerbockers for children and woollen shirts for men, of books and photographs, paintings and provender for all; that is to say, it is chiefly a sale of labour—of articles on which persons have bestowed toil of some kind or other. Now we are selling labour every day. It is God's will that we shall work, and live by the sale of the results of our efforts to one another. Some persons see that there is, as Carlyle says, "a perennial

nobleness and even sacredness in work," but many more see something to sell in it. The Cabinet minister sells his genius and industry to his country, the preacher his labours to his congregation, the author his thoughts to his readers, the artizan his skill to his employer; and at a bazaar Christian women put the results of their work together, proclaim the fact to their neighbours, invite them to inspect their stock, and buy if there is anything worth having. For example. You solicit aid from three persons for building a chapel. X has made considerable wealth as a merchant. He gives you ten sovereigns. Y sets to work and sends you 100 pairs of stockings. Z and her daughters forward paintings, wool-work, etc., the result of their own toil. Where is the difference? Essentially they are the same. They are gifts of labour. But the first has the advantage of being in a very portable and exchangeable state. It is the current coin of the realm, and can be turned into bricks forthwith. The second and third require a little more labour to be spent upon them—the labour of selling to those who need, or think they need them. This is done at the bazaar, and then they pass into the walls of the new building. Where the special iniquity of this last proceeding is, it puzzles us to see. Why the prince of this world should *necessarily* have more to do with it than with making a sermon, or writing a book, or a hundred other acts which finally take shape in beneficent issues, is one of those things we cannot understand. Is it that the purpose is selfish and base? Confessedly not. Is it that the articles sold are injurious to the health or morals of society? Few would undertake to maintain such to be the case. Is it because this is a circuitous mode of raising money, entailing much trouble, requiring some watchfulness, and not always evoking the noblest motives? If so, then it should surely be remembered that many other methods which pass unrebuked by these Christian censors stand in the same category. Doubtless it might be preferable on some accounts to receive directly and without solicitation or scheme of any kind money enough for the effective management of all wise charitable and religious

movements. It would be much easier for the church, more palatable to the feelings of many of her servants, if it were possible to secure such systematic beneficence as would remove the necessity for secretaries, money-collectors, begging circulars, public collections, seat rents, and bazaars; but whether the church would gain in life and efficiency as she did in ease is more than open to question. Her moments of supreme and delectable ease have been her greatest bane. She has grown most when the healthy stimulus of difficulty and the strength born of struggle therewith have been her lot. At all events, we have not yet attained that sublime state of universal and spontaneous giving in which we can dispense with all imperfect methods of obtaining funds, such as "offerings," "collections," "appeals," and the like. Much money is given from very mixed motives. All human work is imperfect. But as far as we can see, bazaars are not, *in themselves*, more faulty, and do not betray more signs of Satanic inventiveness, than any other of the manifold forms used by the Christian church in doing similar work.

There remains another test given us by the Master, "By their fruits ye shall know them. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." We will "a round unvarnished tale deliver of the whole course" of our bazaar, and honestly subject it to this test, believing that from one we may learn what the fruits of all may be. A bazaar may be said to exist in three stages, first that of preparation, then that of actual exhibition and sale, and lastly that of perfected fruit in the attainment of the ultimate object for which it was held. For weeks many fingers were busily employed in preparing goods, and these, in many instances, the fingers of those who had given as much money as they could spare a short time before. Homes were turned into work-rooms. Sewing meetings were regularly held at the chapel, at which the business of the bazaar was transacted, articles for sale received, and selections from Ingraham's "Prince of the House of David" read. A week before the bazaar entered on its second stage, a special prayer-meeting was held to invoke the Divine blessing, and an address was

given by one of the elders on the words of Paul, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." Another incident occurred not altogether unworthy of mention as showing the spirit in which the work was undertaken. A friend put into our hands a list of the names of persons attending the chapel but not members of the church who were likely to be at the bazaar, and who might be conversed with on the subject of the public profession of Christ and union with His people. These were good blossoms. What were the fruits? We pass over the money obtained to call attention to the following results:—(1.) A deepening of interest in our common work, and in one another. (2.) An increase of Christian fellowship. (3.) Additions to the number of those who will shortly *avow* their belief in the Lord Jesus. (4.) Promises from others to seek the Lord. We dare not say there was no sin. We fear there was, for where is it not. But we can state that there was no known sin. Absolute honesty reigned throughout. There were no exorbitant prices. Goods were sold at similar rates to those in the nearest shops. And those that had possessions, having sold them, and "brought the prices of the things sold and laid them down" for the treasury of the church, felt that they could thank God that the bazaar had proved itself not in any way "an invention of Satan," but rather a richly freighted means of grace.

What shall we say then but this? That bazaars may be proved to be of Satanic origin in the same way and by the same logic as you may prove everything on earth, man included, to have proceeded from him; and only in that way. They have been abused. Satan has, according to report, had a place in some of them. Questionable methods of sale have been adopted. Vanity has been regaled, Justice insulted, and Truth dishonoured. But, alas! where has not the Deceiver been with his wily arts? Where are the things his foul hand has not soiled? Where is the agency he has not corrupted? Has he had nothing to do with preachers and preaching? Does he never use the pen? Has he no place in literature? Has music brought the church no trouble? Is marriage always hon-

ourable? Why marriage is defiled and disgraced every day; church music and trouble are so often together that it has been asked whether they are not twins. Literature teems with poison; and of the twelve apostles "one was a devil." Yet assuredly the apostolate, literature, music, and marriage, are all as clearly of God as the great globe which we inhabit. Therefore we conclude, that though everything which

has taken place at bazaars has not been in perfect keeping with the lofty principles of the Christian life, yet they may be (and often are) conducted in a Christian spirit, and with strict regard to the laws of the New Testament, and so made to contribute to the welfare of men, and the extension of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

J. CLIFFORD.

THREE MONTHS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE "ATLANTIC FERRY" IN THE SUMMER OF 1866.

No. II.—*Washington.*

HAVING spent our first Sunday in the States at Philadelphia, we proceeded on the following day to Baltimore. From the summit of the column erected to George Washington a fine view of the city is obtained. Immediately beneath the column is the Peabody Institute, constructed of white marble. "Druid Hill" Park afforded a pleasant suburban ramble in the afternoon. Taking an evening stroll, between nine and ten o'clock, I was attracted by the sound of somewhat loud and unmusical singing. It proceeded from a "coloured church." On entering, I found that the body of the church was well filled with negro men and women. The service was a prayer meeting. Happening to enter on the side for females, with the utmost politeness I was informed, "This side for ladies, sar; the other side for gentlemen, sar." I, of course, at once complied with this primitive regulation. The congregation were singing a sort of refrain, taken up now here, now there, in different parts of the church; as it grew languid in one place, it was suddenly revived, by a kind of spasmodic spurt, in another. I stayed about a quarter of an hour, having ascertained that there was no time fixed for closing. I could not help contrasting the warmth of feeling evinced in this service with the coldness of the services of the preceding day at Philadelphia in the "white churches" which I had attended, where, at evening worship, we had a solo from the organ gallery, whilst the congregation remained mute.

I copied the following very significant notice, placed in the vestibule of

a large Episcopal Church in Baltimore: "Gentlemen will please take notice, that no spittoons are provided for this church; they are, therefore, respectfully requested to abstain from the use of tobacco." I often wished that this notice could have been despotically enforced, *out* of church as well as *in*, upon every American. Ladies complain bitterly of the tobacco nuisance; and well they may if only for the sake of their dress, but at present they seem powerless to effect a change.

From Baltimore to Washington was our next stage. Some distance before we reached this political centre of American life, its lofty Capitol stood out in hold relief against the clear and bright horizon.

Washington is called "the City of Magnificent Distances," and might also be called "the City of Magnificent Disappointments." Its ground plan is admirable. Fine broad avenues are designed to radiate from the Capitol; but the houses do not correspond with this imposing conception. With the exception of the Capitol itself; the White House, which is the official residence of the President; the Treasury, the Patent Office, the Post Office, and one or two other buildings, the houses look both mean and neglected. "Willard's Hotel" is the great rendezvous. When Congress is in session, it is usually very full. None but honest men should cross the threshold, as the following warning, conspicuously placed at the entrance door intimates—"Notice to thieves. Any thief seen about the house will be shown up to all the guests by the detectives em-

ployed by the proprietor, and then locked up for further hearing."

Our letters of introduction enabled us to pay our respects to some of the chief political personages in the States. Among them Chief Justice Chase, at whose hospitable house we passed a pleasant evening. His son-in-law, Senator Sprague, ex-governor of Rhode Island, was among the guests. Mr. Chase kindly facilitated our visit to the President, Mr. Johnson, at the White House. The difficulties, however, are in no cases great. On certain days and hours all callers are admitted. The restrictions of court officialism are unknown. When we called, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, we found the entrance hall open. An attendant directed us to a spacious saloon, somewhat scantily furnished. We were informed that the President would shortly be in his "office" upstairs, and would probably be able to afford us a brief interview. Whilst waiting in this saloon, we had time to amuse ourselves with the numberless names and initials scratched upon the window-panes. We observed, also, that the curtains and chair-covers were much notched and frayed. Subsequent inquiry respecting this wanton destructiveness elicited the singular reply, that being a "free country," visitors, especially from the far west, had often felt themselves at liberty to "make free" with their own national property, by tearing off small pieces of drapery as relics for friends at home.

After awhile we ascended a flight of uncarpeted and badly lighted stairs, to a shabby ante-room, where the visitor must still further wait until his turn for admission comes. It was furnished with about a dozen chairs of the commonest description. An office desk occupied one side of the room, on which slips of paper are placed for the use of those who have no address cards. The floor was bare and dirty, having, as its central ornaments, two immense spittoons. Two doors lead from this ante-chamber into the President's "office"—one for government clerks, the other for visitors. At the latter a door-keeper stands, in plain clothes, who takes in the names of those seeking admission. I saw no guard of any kind, either inside or outside the house—not even a policeman on duty.

All Congress men take precedence of other visitors. About twenty persons were standing or sitting about the room, most of them incessantly aiming at, but unfortunately not always hitting, the central ornaments. Among them I noticed a big, bronzed, and shaggy western farmer, with dusty boots and clothes, broad brimmed wide-awake hat, and looking generally as if he understood the doctrine of asserting rights far better than that of asking favours. Another person was an Irish woman with a baby at her breast. I asked her what might be her business with the President. She replied that "her husband had enlisted for a soldier, and she wanted to beg him off." As I thought her motive was as good as mine, if not better—mine being only curiosity—I heartily wished her success. Before long, however, her case was apparently attended to without her seeing the President. A very gentlemanly man, looking like a military officer, came and spoke to her, gave her some money, told her where she could find a lodging, and dismissed her with evident mutual satisfaction. After about an hour's detention we were admitted, and of course did little more than converse on a few generalities. We could not refrain from expressing our sympathy with the President at having to devote so large a portion of his time to matters of trivial importance. He replied that his duty to the people required it.

Our visit to Congress could hardly have been better timed. The reconstruction of the Union, after the war, was the political question of the day. The two Houses—one for the Senate and the other for the Representatives—form the two wings of the Capitol. They are both open to the public without any order. Sitings commence, with an extempore prayer, at noon, and close at four. The Senate, or Upper House, is rather smaller than the House of Representatives. Both are handsomely carpeted. Each member has a separate chair with boudoir writing desk, waste paper basket, and spittoon. The Speaker's dais is in the centre of one of the sides, and the members' seats are arranged in a semicircular form, about six deep, on a slight incline, in front of him. A large gallery behind the Speaker, but facing the members, is appropriated to ladies. It

will accommodate about two hundred. The gallery for the diplomatic corps and distinguished visitors is in front of the chairman; those at the sides for the public generally. The reporters sit on the floor of the house around the chairman's dais. Rooms, comfortably furnished, are provided for their use, in one of which they can telegraph to any part of the States. The ladies also have withdrawing rooms attached to their gallery.

Through the kindness of Mr. Senator Sprague we were permitted a seat on the floor of the Upper House, and heard, among other speakers, Mr. Sumner. The attention paid to the speaking was not great, most present being occupied at their desks. Some confusion seemed to me produced by the continuous moving to and fro of small boys acting as messengers. They sit on the steps of the dais: members requiring them give a sharp double clap with the hands, which often sounds to a stranger like an emphatic approval of some debater's eloquence.

One of the clerks of the Military Committee conducted me over the entire building. We passed through several committee rooms, all well furnished; examined the large historical cartoons under the central dome, and also ascended to its summit. It is constructed of iron. A bronze statue of Freedom, twenty feet in height, stands on the pinnacle. A spiral staircase, placed between the outer and inner dome, leads to the top. A fine view over the city, the heights of Georgetown, and across the river Potomac into Virginia, is thence obtained. From this lofty altitude we descended into the depths for the purpose of seeing the ventilating apparatus, by means of which the air in the two houses is said to be renewed every five minutes. A large fan, driven by steam, supplies, per minute, 100,000 cubic feet of air, which in the winter is warmed by steam pipes.

I greatly admired the Congressional Library. The rooms are fitted with iron cases, and iron ceilings, roofed with copper laid on iron rafters, and lighted by ornamental skylights. Any books can be examined by the public on the spot; but only members of Congress and executive officials can take them away for perusal. The private rooms for the use of the President of

the Senate are constructed of highly polished marbles. There are several fine groups of statuary both in and about the building—one of the finest is on the pediment of the portico, representing "America as it was and as it is."

We were much indebted to Senator Harris, an intimate friend of the lamented President Lincoln, for facilitating our acquaintance with notable persons and places at Washington. His son and daughter were in the box at the theatre with Mr. Lincoln on the evening of the assassination. The whole interior of the theatre, where this foul deed had been perpetrated, was being cleared away when we visited it.

At the War Office we were introduced to General Grant. He was at work at his desk smoking a cigar. He informed us that he had just been sitting for his likeness, and expressed an opinion that leading a forlorn hope was infinitely preferable.

At the Treasury I observed a large number of young women acting as clerks. There we were shown a quantity of silver and other valuables which had recently been captured in the baggage train of Jefferson Davis on his escape from Richmond. The silver was in solid lumps, just as it had been melted down, the residuum, no doubt, of many a contribution of family plate to the Southern cause.

A ramble through the long galleries of the Patent Office gives a vivid idea of American powers of invention.

One pleasant evening I strolled out to Long Bridge,—a wooden and dilapidated structure over the Potomac. It has been rendered memorable by the wild scene of confusion which was witnessed upon it when the Northern army "skeddaddled" across it after the battle of Bull Run. The repairs of the portion of the bridge which had been broken to intercept the dreaded pursuit by the Confederates were unfinished.

An agreeable and interesting excursion was made to the confiscated residence of the late General Robert Lee at Arlington. We crossed the Potomac by a wooden bridge, over which was written, "horses must not go off a walk." The late General's house stands in the midst of beautifully wooded grounds, with a fine view over Washington. It had been stripped of

all its furniture excepting a few indifferent pictures. A large portion of the estate has been turned into a soldiers' cemetery, where 15,000 of those who fell in the war lie buried. On many of the graves the only inscription was, "Unknown U. S. soldier." Here and there were large white boards inscribed with poetical effusions, not of much literary merit. I copied the following as a sample:—

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugles stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The raptures of the flight."

The last word must have been either a blunder—"flight" being put for "fight"—or else a satire upon some of the early defeats of the Northerners. I have transcribed it correctly.

A negro man and his wife, formerly slaves of General Lee, occupied a cottage on the estate, and had charge of the house. On admiring a plump little specimen of black humanity which the mother was rocking in its cradle, as she plied her needle, the good woman looked up with a bright smile, saying, "Ah! sir, I have had eight babies, but that is the first *free born*." Not far distant was the Freedman's village, which had been formed for fugitive slaves during the war. Since the restoration of peace many had returned to their previous homes, but about 1,500 still remained, chiefly old men and women, and young mothers with their babies. Those past work were comfortably housed, and seemed very cheerful. Several women and elder girls were learning to sew. In the school house old and young are taught together. Almost all the refugees had been field hands. Some of the women were singularly unprepossessing. We were amused by the frightened cries of a child whose colour and dress somewhat closely resembled one of those big black dolls occasionally suspended over the shop doors of marine store-dealers. On attempting to pacify its fears, an elder sister told us, "Please, sar, she is afraid of white people." It was thus our turn to find ourselves at a discount on account of the colour of our skin. We were gratified at finding even the oldest among these poor oppressed people most anxious to learn

to read. One very old man, reputed to be 110 years of age, was introduced to us by the name of "Lord Cornwallis," in consequence of his having seen that General in his early days. On telling us, as he talked about the years he had spent in slavery, that he had had six masters, he promptly added, with the peculiar negro expression of intense delight, "but no massa like the Lord Jesus."

We spent a Sunday at Washington. My honoured companion was invited to preach before Congress. I attended service at two of the coloured churches—in the morning at the Presbyterian church, which I was informed was considered the "fashionable" place of worship for the negro population. Most present appeared from their dress in comfortable circumstances. A tall black minister, with a very gentle and pleasing expression of countenance, preached a quiet practical sermon. Very few in this congregation had been slaves. The service was devout and well conducted.

A different class of persons had assembled at the first Baptist church in 19th street, to which I went in the afternoon. The church was full, and the excellent minister told me that all but about thirty or forty had been slaves until President Lincoln's proclamation. The women, who occupied the centre, were most gaily adorned, their head gear consisting of a wonderful profusion of flowers and ribbons. I had engaged to preach at this service. A terrific dust storm, followed by torrents of rain, but soon over, had a little detained me. On ascending the platform, and seating myself on the sofa appropriated to the use of the minister, fan in hand, (for it was oppressively hot,) I could scarcely refrain from a smile at the strange spectacle of black faces and gaudy dresses which presented itself before me. I had the honour of being the only white person in the assembly. When I entered, some of the congregation were holding a prayer meeting in one corner of the church, whilst others were conversing freely together. I shall not soon forget the heartiness with which one good man vociferously exclaimed in his prayer—"When, Lord, you did take thy servant out of the pit, you did make him laugh, Lord. Yes, you did make him laugh and cry, Lord"—a

sentiment loudly responded to by those near him; so again when he prayed, "O Lord and Master, send thy mighty angel down to tell poor sinner glad tidings, and shake him over hell-fire in mercy, and make him turn to thee."

The minister rather abruptly brought the prayer meeting to a close with the announcement—"Time having *arrove* for service, the choir not having come, let us sing; brother so and so, you lead." The audience listened very attentively to the few words of address given them. At the conclusion it was stated that a Primitive Methodist from the Far West would preach in the evening, and as it was added that "he was a very great preacher," I resolved to be among his audience. He certainly possessed a very great voice, and threw himself into a very great excitement, but he was often wildly incoherent, though now and then he said some good things easy to be remembered. "Religion," he exclaimed, "makes us go on and on, like a fatted calf at the stall, until he is *fitten meat* for the Master's use." But better than this—indeed the best thing of all, and well worth recollecting—was his description of the grace of God when its power is experienced. "It comes," he said, "and breaks up at once the devil's housekeeping in the soul." His concluding appeal was based upon the gratitude they all experienced and the warm affection they all felt toward

President Lincoln for giving them freedom; but if so thankful to him, how much more to Jesus Christ for the freedom He had given them; and as none would refuse that which Mr. Lincoln had rendered possible, so, he trusted, none would refuse that of Christ.

I often conversed with those who had just emerged from slavery. Their gratitude was intense. One man dwelt much on the hardship, as a slave, of having every book taken away. "Ah!" he said, "if any one had told me before the war that we should all be free now, I never would have believed him." Sometimes their answers to our questions evinced a good deal of *naïveté*. I remember my friend saying to a Northern coloured man, "I suppose in the days of slavery you could not have gone to the South;" to which he instantly replied, "O yes, I could;" and then laughingly added, "I could easily have gone there, but the difficulty would have been to have got back."

Close to our hotel at Washington were "the Fenian Head Quarters," with an extensive display of Fenian Bonds on the "Irish Republic" exhibited in the office window. What might be their market value we did not inquire. The only answer received, when commenting upon the apparent unfriendliness of such a display, was, "Well, I guess, it's a free country."

MR. SPURGEON ON DAN TAYLOR.

WE are glad to know that many of our readers highly esteem the *Sword and Trowel*, and regularly see it from month to month. It is one of the best edited of our magazines, and thoroughly deserves the large circulation it secures. The first number for this year, amongst several valuable and stimulating articles, contains matter of special interest to General Baptists. Although we are not in the habit of lauding Dan Taylor in the exaggerated language used by some religious bodies in speaking of their fathers, founders, and reformers, yet we have an intense admiration for the energy, perseverance, and indomitable industry of the Wadsworth preacher—an admira-

tion that grows stronger and stronger the more we hear and read about him. Therefore we cordially welcome the warmly appreciative words concerning him uttered by Mr. Spurgeon, and readily give them a place in our own periodical. It does not surprise us that the hard-working minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle should be pleased with the story of Dan Taylor's life. He himself is a skillful organizer, an admirable tactician, an earnest soul-winner (too earnest to be kept from useful labour and hearty sympathy with us by the influence of our "school of thought"), and withal a gigantic worker; and in a less degree Dan Taylor was the same. Mr. Spurgeon

has founded a Pastors' College, started a magazine, written books, engaged in controversies, preached all over the kingdom; and Mr. Taylor did the same though on a smaller scale. Men who work hard love the society of hard workers. It braces the energies, drives off fits of indolence, and prepares for fresh endeavours. An author, himself a parson, and therefore well acquainted with the subject, says, "all parsons are indolent, but some of them conquer their indolence." We also, knowing something about it, verily believe it, and wish that the disease could be kept to the parsons; but alas! it seems to afflict men generally. But certainly one of the best medicines we know for its removal is a draught at the pure spring of Christian biography, such as that of Dan Taylor. It is of this Mr. Spurgeon says:—

"One is tempted to inquire whether we of this age are made of the same materials as our predecessors of the last century. We find ourselves very soon wearied where they went onwards with ease. We find the worthy Dan Taylor riding his pony sixty miles one day, fifty-five the next, preaching the same evening, and then writing to a friend that he and his pony are in good spirits. The Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals was not then in existence, or his reverence would have been locked up. He usually performed his journeys on foot, and we find him preaching in the morning and afternoon at Wadsworth, and then walking fourteen miles to take the evening service at Burnley, and finishing up the Sabbath by walking back again; yet he was up early the next morning at his usual toil. Surely this Dan was 'a lion's whelp, and leaped from Bashan.' He finished one of his long excursions by an open-air service at Epworth, Lincolnshire. He preached at the water-side, and baptized. At noon he preached again, and intended to leave that evening, being Friday, for home; but he yielded to the pressure put upon him for another sermon, and so after preaching again he went to bed. Next morning he started on what he called his 'frightful journey.' He rode Mr. A's galloway *twenty-four* miles, and walked the remaining *thirty-eight* through the rain and the deep mire, which, he said, 'tired him very substantially.' He, however, took so much rest in sleep, that the next day, Sunday, he

preached three times and kept a children's meeting, a leaders' meeting, and a short church meeting, with moderate ease and pleasure.

No doubt the muscular strength of the brother was very great, and those of a weaker organization cannot be expected to do as much, but at the same time we must not allow our standard of work to sink too low. Soldiers of Christ must endure hardness. Ease and the Christian ministry ought not to be associated even in imagination. Young men, with your early vigour still upon you, work while your day lasts! Hearken not to the siren notes of indolence, but spend and be spent in your Master's service. Despair wind, weather, and weary ways, and to win souls defy fatigue and hardship."

Further on we meet with the following notice of Dr. Underwood's Monograph on Dan Taylor:—

"Some months ago we absorbed this book into our mental constitution and felt the better for it; we ought, however, to have commended the feat, but by some very accountable means we forgot to do so. When a man is beset by ten thousand cares he cannot but omit something. In this little monograph we have the life of a plodding, persevering preacher of the word, whose personal influence and piety saved the General Baptist denomination from utter destruction, and raised upon the ruins which Unitarianism had made a noble and useful Christian community. We belong to another school of thought, but our General Baptist brethren are so thoroughly evangelical that our differences are lost in our unities. Dan Taylor will be better known through this book, and better appreciated, while the pains-taking author will gain not a little in literary reputation; for it is no small schievement to have condensed so much into such narrow space, and yet to have avoided the disorderliness of overcrowding."

May these words induce many of our young people to make themselves familiar with this biography! May the evangelical doctrines, sublime unselfishness, and inextinguishable zeal for the salvation of all men, which marked the career of Dan Taylor, ever continue to prove our spiritual affinity with "the holy church throughout the world," and to make us "a noble and useful Christian community."

J. CLIFFORD.

DILIGENCE.—It is said that when Henry Martyn, the illustrious missionary, was at college, "he was known as the young man who never lost an hour." And though his life in Arabia and Persia was one of great labour and intense self-denial, yet he could say of it, "Every successive year, every successive week, is happier than the former."

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. II.—*Early Efforts.*

BY B. BALDWIN.

In the *General Baptist Magazine* for 1800 a good friend commends the utility of Sunday schools, and urges giving addresses, or short lectures, every Lord's-day, to the scholars; and generously furnishes from his pen no less than fourteen such addresses as specimens, or in fact to be read in Sunday schools; they relate to the privileges and advantages of Sunday school instruction; to the excellence of the Bible; to the character and dignity of Christ; to the nature and consequences of the fall of man; to the importance of public worship; the formation of character, and youthful piety; and to various moral, social, and religious duties, all very plainly expressed, but in too sermonizing a style to be attractive to youth. A sagacious and thoughtful writer of the same date hints that ministers should regard the religious education of the young as only "second in importance in their various functions," (p. 333) and complains that hitherto the young had not been sufficiently instructed in the principles of the gospel, the consequence being that multitudes grew up in ignorance, and died without a saving knowledge of the truth. Such remarks as these led to frequent correspondence on the improvement of Sunday schools, and to appeals for the most vigorous exertions of Christian zeal. As Sunday schools multiplied in the Midland Counties, where they had become in high esteem amongst the churches on account of their number and efficiency, the desire was felt for some means of intercourse between the teachers of the different schools, for the interchange of information and advice, and to stimulate each other in their good work. A meeting of delegates from each school was therefore convened at Kegworth, on April 18 and 19, 1808. Delegates and teachers from twenty-two General Baptist Sunday schools attended, to the number of a hundred—mostly young Christians who had heartily entered into their work. From the accounts given of the schools represented, it appeared that there were 2157 scholars, 395 teachers, and 17 assistants—these assistants being young people who had been honourably dismissed from their respective schools, and were now engaged in their turn in instructing others. The second of these "General Baptist Sunday School Assemblies," as they were called, was held at Loughborough, Sept. 26, 1808; Mr. Frederick Deacon, as on the former occasion, and some subsequent ones, being

chosen chairman; and there were secretaries and moderators, all in due precision and order. Mr. F. Deacon, then a young man, took an active and prominent part in promoting Sunday schools in the Midland district. At this second assembly twenty-five schools were represented, containing 2403 scholars, 434 teachers, and 81 assistants. It was agreed to support the British and Foreign Bible Society. The teaching of arithmetic on the Lord's-day in cases where it could not possibly be taught on week-days, was declared proper. The custom adopted by female teachers in the Nottingham school, of instructing some of the girls on the week evening in plain sewing, etc., was highly commended to the imitation of female teachers in general as a most laudable practice. A request was also preferred to Mr. F. Deacon, that he would write a letter to the churches where a Sunday school had not yet been established. He did this, urging their importance, and commending them both in a civil and religious view, and shewing that by the instruction of poor children in the principles and precepts of Christianity, they were most likely to become good, useful, honest, and happy members of society. He ably combated the idea, which is not quite worn out in some places yet, that the children of the poor ought not to be educated. About the same time Mr. Deacon and Mr. John Gamble undertook the joint authorship of a letter to Sunday school teachers on the motives that should actuate them while discharging their duties, pointing out that "real benevolence" was the only worthy motive, and that "diligence, punctuality, and general propriety of conduct," with an absence of moroseness and levity, ought to be conspicuous in the teacher's conduct.

Loughborough received the third assembly on May 23, 1809. Thirty-three schools were now represented, with 3,111 scholars, 538 teachers, and 33 assistants; and the progress, or otherwise, of each school was reported. Meetings of teachers for mutual improvement in reading were strongly recommended; reminding one of the young man of determined studious habits, who, while hurrying along with books under his arm, was met by a friend, but begged not to be detained, "because," said he, "my German class will be waiting for me." His friend replied, "Your German class! why, you don't know German, do you?" "No," said he, "but I want to know it!"

and thus, while teaching others, he was a learner himself. A Mr. Shipman was appointed to write a paper upon the best mode of communicating religious instruction to the young. This plan of appointing some suitable friend to write a paper on special subjects was frequently adopted; they added much interest to the meetings, and afforded scope for the talent and criticism of the teachers. In an article written in 1809, a wise protest is made against an evil which has grown to a fearful extent, and resulted in much preocious crime in our own day, namely, the reading of pernicious and sensational literature by the young. The writer, after referring to the rapidly increasing number of Sunday scholars, and expressing anxiety as to the kind of books provided for them in those days, says, "The press groans beneath innumerable fictions of the most monstrous complexion and mischievous tendency. The whole class of novels, whether amorous, sentimental, moral, or horrid, ought certainly to be kept out of the reach of children, especially poor children. The sixpenny, threepenny, twopenny, and even penny tales of horror, tales of mystery, Gothic stories, ancient romances, &c., &c., which burthen the book stalls, and darken the windows of many chandlers' shops, are equally pernicious; and being cheap and obtrusive, are more likely to fall into the hands of Sunday scholars. They fill the memory with foolish and unnatural ideas; corrupt the judgment by false and sophistical reasoning; and often, by improper maxims of honour and morality, vitiate the heart." It is refreshing to find our General Baptist predecessors in Sunday school work thus keenly alive to the insidious and treacherous evils which beset the minds of youth. In our day we are beginning at last to check these corrupting issues from the press by the strong hand of law, and I have no doubt that, ere long, there will be a call for far more restrictive and, I hope, suppressive measures to stay the torrent of literary corruption which pollutes, warps, and debases the minds and hearts of youth.

The fourth assembly of Sunday school delegates was held at Loughborough, June 12, 1810. Thirty-four schools reported, containing 3,417 scholars, 586 teachers, and 59 assistants. Attendance on alternate days was a good deal practised, but this assembly recommended teachers to attend every Sunday, as this promoted uniformity in the method of teaching, more rapid progress in the scholars, and inspired a greater degree of zeal in the breasts of the teachers. A gentle and persuasive mode of teaching was also advised. A tract was prepared at the request of the delegates by Mr. F. Deacon, detailing the plan of teaching to read which had been recently adopted in the Friar Lane school, Leicester: this was Lancaster's plan, with considerable improvements. Schools for adults were also advocated and recommended to the churches and teachers by this assembly.

The fifth assembly was held at Loughborough, June 4th, 1811, when the following schools were represented—Barton, Beeston, Barlestone, Basford, New Basford, Bosworth, Castle Donington, Cauldwell, Derby, Diseworth, Hinckley, Hugglescote, Ilkeston, Kegworth, Leake, Archdeacon Lane, Friar Lane, Longford, Long Whatton, Loughborough, Melbourne, Newthorpe, Nottingham, Normanton, Packington, Quorndon, Rothley, Sawley, Smalley, Sutton Ashfield, Sutton Bonnington, Thurlaston, Ticknall, Wymeswold, Wolvey, Woodhouse Eaves—36 schools, with 3732 scholars, 585 teachers, and 53 assistants; the largest school being that at Nottingham, with 300 scholars; the second, Quorndon, with 186 scholars; and the third, Melbourne, with 180. The Melbourne teachers were invited to print a small work in illustration of a new method of teaching reading which they had adopted and found beneficial. A proposal was made to invite the teachers of other denominations to join the assembly, but a majority of these sturdy General Baptists were unfavourable.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. II.—*Looking Up.*

A YOUTH of seventeen, reared amongst country scenes, was suddenly and under most painful circumstances removed to the splendours, excitements, and temptations of a great city. He was the youngest lad but one of a large family, and a true and worthy son of fond and loving parents. His home

lacked no comfort, and his early days were passed in innocence and peace. With a courage that never flinched he had bravely withstood the evil example and bitter taunts of his older brothers. He was sharp, shrewd, and ambitious. He knew something of looking after sheep and tilling

fields; and his bright and sunny life was often visited with cheering visions of coming greatness and prosperity. He aimed high. Grovelling could not content him; for he meant to live a useful life, full of fruit as the richest and ripest shock of the cornfield, and brilliant as the sun when he shineth in his strength. He hated lies with perfect hatred, and was attached to truth and purity with all the ardour of a consuming passion. Best of all he knew the God of his fathers, and intended to serve Him; and as he had learnt to pray to Him, he did not fail of comfort when his first great trouble came upon him like a whirlwind and swept him away from all the comforts and joys of his youth.

He was not, however, long out of work. A gentleman holding a high position under Government, and possessed both of wealth and influence, and therefore able to reward faithfulness and devotion, took him as his servant. It was a most critical time. Everything was new to him. He was very anxious to succeed, and though not without doubts and fears, still he gave himself wholly to his work, resolved, like George Stephenson, the Father of English Railways, to understand every part of it well and to do it thoroughly. His heart was in his daily work. This was soon seen (for employers have quick eyes), and his master, delighted with his capacity, tact, industry, and truthfulness, raised him, in spite of his youth, to a foreman's place, and made him solely responsible for the management of all his affairs.

Alas! the well-earned cup of pleasure is dashed out of his hand just as he is beginning to drink of it. The future, just now all promise, is suddenly overcast. Misfortune swoops, like a carrion bird to its prey, down upon his prosperity. The youth who was straining his eyes for mid-day glories is enveloped with the darkness of an almost total eclipse. A foul temptation was wickedly laid in his path. But true hero that he was, he boldly and defiantly said "No" to his tempter, and leapt away as though he were on the very brink of hell. He had kept his soul pure. Like Daniel, he had been into the lion's den and come out alive. Like the three Hebrew youths, he had been in the fiery furnace, and yet was not consumed. But because he would not yield to the wiles of the wicked one, the exasperated deceiver was cruel and heartless enough to accuse him forthwith to his master of the very crime that he would not commit. Filled with anger at the supposed baseness and treachery of the servant he had trusted so much, his master at once condemned him, and had him thrust into prison.

Could any trial have been greater? There he is, a stranger in a strange land,

separated from and beyond the reach of all communications with his friends, without a solitary word of sympathy to cheer him, falsely accused of a base crime, cast into a dungeon, iron fetters eating their way into his quivering flesh, and nothing to comfort him except the assurance of his purity and the sweet presence of his God. Ah! blessed and glorious exception! Earth's stars ceased to shine, but the light of the Sun of heaven still blazed forth. Better to have the calm peace and gentle joy of a good conscience and of the present God, than the wealth of worlds, the honours of princes, and the loudest fame of all the great. Here is a well of consolation that never runs dry, a fire that can never be put out. Stone walls, iron bars, and human injustice are to the upright as the gates of Gaza were to Samson. They still hold on their way, and carry their barriers with them to the summits of integrity and victory. Out of the deep, dark, damp prison-house the afflicted youth looked up to his father in heaven, poured out his heart before Him, and received the gladdening message that his righteousness, now so utterly beclouded, should go forth as the clear sunlight, and his judgment as the noonday. And though the fulfilment of the promise tarried, yet God was faithful, and under His gracious guidance Joseph, the son of Jacob, was made, at thirty, the Prime Minister of the King and country of Egypt.

A more recent prison scene is so vividly impressed on my memory, that I shall never forget it as long as I live. William Robinson, a youth of fine abilities, came up to London from the Midlands to take his place as a clerk in the Post Office. No one could have promised fairer than he. His training had been pious, his disposition was amiable, and his friends thought that there was something good in his heart towards the Lord God of Israel. For some time he was very regular in his attendance upon the means of grace, and seemed to covet the pleasures of religious society. But bye and bye his visits to the house of God were less frequent, and his appearance when there less happy than formerly, and at length I missed him altogether, and could get no clue to him. About two years afterwards I was asked to visit him at the Old Bailey. Poor youth! how sad and dejected he was, and with what earnestness he deplored the evil hour in which he gave way to temptation. He had, it seemed, fallen in with careless companions, and preferred their friendship to his earlier acquaintances at the house of God. He missed the Sabbath, then he devoted his evenings to sinful pleasures, and as such pleasures were expensive, he suffered himself to take money to pay for

them out of the letters that passed through his hands. I can hear his words now, "O sir, I have ruined myself, broken my poor mother's heart, and forgotten God, and now He has forgotten me! What shall I do?"

Yes, youth is strong, very strong. It burns to fever heat with a generous courage, and blazes into enthusiasm even over trifles. It dares anything and everything. Hope never dies. It thinks little of to-morrow's cares, and rejoices with unstinted delight in its deep-breathing healthfulness. Life overflows. It is full of spring, rebounds after labour with a marvellous elasticity. But my dear young friends, let me beg you to think for a moment that *Youth is not all strength*. It has some weakness, and even much of its strength is like the fatal gift of beauty, a most dangerous possession. Although the glory of young people is their strength, yet if they glory in it, it is their snare; and life becomes a wild rainbow chase if they do not seek help from Him, "without whom we can do nothing." All temptation is not shut up in great cities. Joseph won his battles at home before he triumphed so gloriously in the house of Potiphar. Fierce temptations lurk within the breast. The imagination is evil. The mind has the taint of impurity. It craves pleasures so eagerly that it often prefers the false to the true, and takes hold of Esau's pottage, though at the risk of losing the right to peace and prosperity. Youth naturally lacks experience, is very credulous, and may soon be misled by wicked guides. Dangers crowd around you on every hand, as the Germans round Paris. You need a Divine Helper and Guide. You want the God of Joseph with you. Trust Him. Make Him the guide of your youth. He will be your shield in temptation, and your refuge in trouble. Remember that you are nothing without Him. Meet

the Goliaths of temptation in the faith of David. "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear, and with a shield, but I am come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied."

Look up to God for help, and so change your weakness into His strength. Never let a day pass without many prayers. Strike the key-note of every day with prayer, and send a glance of the soul to God wherever you are. It will help you wonderfully. Prayer is the hand that holds the rudder of your ship true to its course. Fix set occasions and places for communion with God, and seek to make the hour of prayer the gladdest and sweetest of all the day. Trees do not grow without light and air; nor souls without fellowship with God. Flowers seek sunshine. So you seek the Lord in prayer. He who prays well studies well, yea does everything better for it, be it work in the school, the factory, the mill, or the home. Give God your *heart* in prayer. *Think* your prayers; don't merely *say* them. But don't pray mechanically. "If you pray by your watch, probably your watch will soon pray as well as you do." Prayer wants learning. A babe does not talk to its mother straight off, nor a young Christian with God. You must stick at it. Pray short. Say what you want, and then stop. But never give up because you are mocked by your companions. God sees you as well as they. His eye is upon you, and His ear open to your cry. Look up to Him. He loves you. Is your aim right, then. Looking up to Him is the right way to follow on towards the goal.

"Not of human armour boasting,
Do we venture to the field;
In defence so feeble trusting,
Soon we should be forced to yield.
God of Israel,
Be Thyself our sword and shield."

J. CLIFFORD.

DEAN ALFORD.

WITH unfeigned regret we record in our columns the death of Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury. His removal is a great loss to the whole Christian church in these realms. The interests of Christian union and of religious equality could ill afford to spare one whose catholicity of spirit, fearless speech, generous judgment, and fairness in dealing with dissentients, had endeared him to so many hearts. As poet, philosopher, preacher, editor, and above all as an expounder of the New Testament, not less by his beautiful and manly piety than by his books, he has laid the church under perpetual obligation. He was one

of the most earnest, devout, and useful preachers of the Episcopal Church. For eighteen years, as many of our readers in the Midlands will know, he held the vicarage of Wymeswold, Leicestershire; and though it is seventeen years since he exchanged that for the Incumbency of Quebec Chapel, London, his name is still fragrant not only in the recollection of his Conforming but also in that of his Nonconforming parishioners. He died full of works. We cherish his memory as that of one of the ablest expounders of the New Testament, and of the brightest examples of a large-hearted Christianity, seen in recent times.

Poetry.

TEARS.

IN life's most gloomy hour,
When sorrows press me low,
My prayerful tears command a power
To quell my bitter woe.

My speechless penitence
Brings heav'n to my relief,
And God, armed with omnipotence,
Scatters my woe and grief.

When my afflicted heart
Is agonized with pain,
Joy through my flooding tears will start,
Like sunshine through the rain.

When o'er the couch I bend
Of one who's ceased to speak,

Wordless, my tears to heaven ascend,
And help relieves the weak.

When by the grave I kneel
Of a companion dear,
Like my Redeemer, then I feel
The comfort of a tear.

In tears as well as speech
Our hearts can prayer express;
And even prayerful sighs can reach
The God who waits to bless.

He, ever kind and wise,
Knew what our needs would be,
And mercifully formed our eyes
To weep, as well as see.

T. N.

Reviews.

THE TREASURY OF DAVID. By C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. II. 8s. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

IN less than a twelvemonth since the publication of the first vol. (see *General Baptist Magazine*, 1870, page 87) of Mr. Spurgeon's Treasury of David, we are favoured with the second, containing an exposition of Psalms xxvii. to lii. inclusive. This additional instalment lacks none of the merits which made the first so deservedly and extensively popular; and as it comprises some of the choicer portions of the Book of Psalms, such as the xlvi., the grand war song of the beleaguered people of God, ending with the thrilling shout, "the Lord of Hosts is with us;" and the li., David's penitential cry, "hallowed by thousands who have since found it the best expression of their sacred emotions;" and also the xxxvii., the didactic song of the Psalmist's old age; it more brilliantly exhibits the admirable qualities which characterize this remarkable production. The method is clear and effective. After a few introductory words explaining the title, occasion, and subject of the poem, we have an exposition of the authorized version, expressed in terse and homely Saxon language, and full to overflowing of scriptural truth, practical sense, gracious unction, and spiritual force. This is followed by a set of extracts, occupying often twice the room of the exposition, selected with great care and labour, and containing many "feathers for arrows" plucked from birds of every wing. Next we get a series of hints for village preachers, valuable as gems that in thoughtful minds will not

fail to grow and bring forth fruit. The whole is crowned with the book-lore of each psalm.

The spirit of the work is even more excellent, if possible, than the method, and may be described in the one word, Puritanic. The old Puritanic fervour, intense and boiling earnestness, vivid realizing of eternal things, and face-to-face vision of the Deity, appear in the exposition and govern the selection of the quotations. And in this respect Mr. Spurgeon is more fitted than any living writer for the great work he has undertaken. He possesses all those attributes which enable a man to get at the pith and marrow of the Psalms, and which, being in others, have rendered Puritan literature so rich in its contribution to his store of illustrations. The work is executed with unflinching thoroughness, immense painstaking, and enviable accuracy. From our experience of the value of these books, we should urge every minister to get them; and we are sure that Christians of every name will find them amongst the most useful aids to the religious life they can possess.

THE LEADING CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By Gilbert Wardlaw, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

"At a time when infidelity is ever dogmatizing from the chair of science, and scepticism plants its insinuations in every path of literature," well written books on the leading Christian evidences need no defence. And this book is well written. The

author comes to his work with a practical and heart-felt acquaintance with the truths of the Gospel, a mind of vigorous grasp, a just appreciation of the difficulty of passing from doubt to faith, a clear style, and an earnest desire to do good. Therefore he speaks with the accent of conviction, and yet with the tenderness that springs from the remembrance that the moral condition of the objector to Christianity is of prime importance in the estimate formed of any evidence that is offered. Mr. Wardlaw's book is divided into two parts. The first and most original part of the work discusses the principles on which evidences should be accepted; resists, by forcible logic, the now popular but irrational and unscientific demand for "higher evidence," and drives the advocates of science back to their own region of natural law. He refutes the fashionable notion that miracles add to the burden of revelation by proving that revelation itself is a miracle, and shows that as much evidence as can be fairly demanded, *i.e.*, enough for "such practical conviction as can form solid principles of action, command the moral feelings, control the reason and the sentiments, and form a character of true virtue," is completely supplied, so that the rejector is left without excuse. The second part is a brief, cogent, and admirable summary of the evidences themselves; followed by able answers to objectors, and one of the most satisfactory discussions we have seen of the difficult subject of inspiration. We do not know a book that we could so hopefully put into the hands of sceptics, or of those Christians who have lost the freshness and energy of their faith through the poisonous influence of modern doubt.

THE BIBLICAL MUSEUM. By J. C. Gray.
E. Stock.

MR. GRAY is favourably known as an able and indefatigable worker on behalf of Sunday school teachers. This Biblical Museum bids fair to be his best work. The principles of compression and comprehension were never better illustrated than in this commentary on the gospel of Matthew. The greatest quantity of matter, and that of the highest quality, is forced into the least possible space. In the thirty-two pages of this specimen part (price 3d.), carrying the reader to the end of Matthew *v.*, you have an introduction to the New Testament and to the gospel of Matthew, notes critical and explanatory on five chapters, seventy-five homiletic notes, thirty-four anecdotal illustrations, ninety quotations from standard authors, &c., &c. Young men preparing for the ministry and Sunday school teachers will do well to get this Museum at once. How more or

better could be given for the money we cannot imagine.

THEODOSIA ERNEST. New and Illustrated Edition, with an Introduction by J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B. *E. Stock.*

THE most readable book on baptism in existence. It should be in all our libraries, for elder scholars; and in all our homes, both to be read and lent.

GRAHAM'S TEMPERANCE GUIDE.—Edited by Rev. D. Burns. *London: Tweedie.*

THIS book is as invaluable to temperance people, as it is cheap. For sixpence you may know something of the various forms of temperance activity; names of advocates and of abstaining ministers of all denominations; Parliamentary proceedings in so far as they bear on the temperance question, and the action of the churches generally with regard to the repression of the evil of intemperance. It is edited in admirable style.

A WINDING RILL OF THOUGHT IN RELATION TO NATURE, PROVIDENCE, AND GRACE. *Simpkin & Co.*

HEART MELODIES. *E. Stock.*

THESE are two poetical works by a lady, and are characterized by tender devotional feeling, unexceptionable sentiment, evangelical doctrine, and occasional flashes of fancy. The poetry is not of a very elevated order, but would be likely to diffuse a gentle feeling of quiet pleasure that would be acceptable to some minds.

ECUMENICAL COUNCILS. A Course of Lectures. By W. Urwick, M.A., Hatherlow. *Simpkin & Co.*

THIS is an admirable and very reliable digest on the subject of ecumenical councils. Our advice to all men who wish to get the pith of many books without the labour of consulting them, which treat, directly or indirectly, on councils ecumenical, is—make a speedy purchase of Mr. Urwick's book. J. J. G.

THE HIVE, Vol. III. *London: E. Stock.*

WE are glad to renew our commendations of this Sunday school periodical. It retains its old plan, and exceeds in interest, in appropriateness of materials and thoroughness of work, former efforts. It ought to take a prominent place in the esteem of Sunday school teachers.

THE COTTAGER AND ARTIZAN FOR 1870. *London: Religious Tract Society.*

THIS penny periodical is a marvel of cheapness, and is as fit for its work in the homes of the labouring population of the land as

it is cheap. The illustrations are very numerous, and well executed. The subjects are selected with great skill, and treated with efficiency. It cannot fail to throw sunbeams into many a cottage.

THE "FREEMAN."—The *Freeman* newspaper has changed its dress and its price. It is now twopence a week instead of fourpence, and is printed on toned paper. We

are much pleased with the first three numbers, and urge our readers to give it their hearty support.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

Appeal—Baptist Record—Baptist Messenger—Church—The Doctor—Hive—Methodist Temperance Magazine—Old Jonathan—Sunday Magazine—Sword and Trowel.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

MIDLAND CONFERENCE.—The next meeting will take place at Osmaston Road, Derby, on Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1871. Subject of the morning Conference, "Is our present mode of admitting members into our communion based on Scriptural Authority?" Introducer, the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A. To commence at eleven o'clock. C. CLARKE, *Secretary*.

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE met at Todmorden on Dec. 28.

During the morning service Mr. Edward Mitchell, of Heckmondwike, read the Scriptures and prayed, and the Rev. Isaac Preston, of Halifax, preached from Psalms xlv. 2.

A goodly number of representatives assembled for business. By the request of the church, the Rev. R. Ingham, D.D., occupied the chair.

A number of the churches did not favour the Conference with any account of their condition. Reports showed 21 baptized since the previous Conference, and 42 candidates.

It was resolved:—1. That we renew the fifth minute of the last Conference, and earnestly urge the churches of this district to aid the Centenary Fund to the full extent of their ability.

After hearing a paper read by the Rev. R. Hardy, on the subject of training pastors chiefly for village churches, it was agreed ultimately:—

2. That we cordially thank Mr. Hardy for his paper, and that we postpone the consideration of this subject till our next Conference.

3. That we very heartily welcome into this Conference and district the Revs. R. Silby, of Lineholme, and W. H. Allen, of Burnley.

4. That the next Conference be held at Queensbury, in Whit-week, and that the Rev. J. Taylor, of Denholme, be the preacher; and, in case of failure, the Rev. R. Silby. JAMES MADEN, *Secretary*.

ANNIVERSARIES.

CHATHAM.—The annual meeting of the church worshipping in Zion chapel, Chatham, was held on Dec. 9. The pastor, the Rev. Archie M. Kinley, presided. The financial statement was read by Mr. W. Ashby, which showed that all demands had been met, and the debt reduced on Best Street school. The people have given liberally, peace and union prevail, and testimony was borne that the work of the church is prospering. Addresses were given by Messrs. Wyles, Rice, Stote, and the Rev. J. Wardley.

LONDON, *Church Street*.—The annual church meeting was held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 18, when the following results of the year were stated in the report:—The largest number of baptisms in 1870 for several years. The best financial results for all the institutions of the church. The withdrawals and dismissals were twelve persons. The benevolent charities aided by the church (non-connexional) were, Protestant Dissenting Widows, "Aged Pilgrims," "Female Rescue Society," "St. Mary's Hospital," "Western Dispensary," "Female Medical Society," "Christian Almshouses," &c., besides a liberal collection for the "Sick and Wounded" in the present war. It was stated that entire peace and unity pervaded the church.

NORWICH, *Priory Yard*.—Very interesting services were held Dec. 11, 12, and 13, in connection with the celebration of our *bi-centenary anniversary*. On Lord's-day, Dec. 11, three sermons were preached—in the morning by the Rev. W. A. McAllen; afternoon by the Rev. T. A. Wheeler; evening by the Rev. G. S. Barrett, B.A. On Monday we had a special prayer meeting. On Tuesday a public tea was provided in the school-room, after which the bi-centenary meeting was held. The Rev. R. B. Clare occupied the chair. Rev. Mr. Mummery prayed. An epitome of the history of the church from its formation in 1670 by the Rev. Thos. Grantham to the present time was given by our pastor.

The Revs. P. Colborne, G. S. Barrett, B.A., T. A. Wheeler, W. A. McAllen, and J. W. Dowson, Esq., delivered addresses. The services, considering the unfavourable weather, were well attended throughout, and entered into with great spirit by our people. The collections and subscriptions in connection with the meetings amounted to about £20, and efforts are still being made to free our long-established cause from all pecuniary encumbrance.

PETERBOROUGH.—The annual members' tea meeting of Queen Street chapel was held Jan. 9. About 200 members sat down to tea. The attendance after tea was more numerous. Brethren Colman, Pentney, Heath, Watson, Mackinder, and Markham gave addresses. The pastor gave some particulars of the work of the church, and its progress amongst them during the past year. Total number of members 272, clear increase 31. The weekly offering, started and carried out by Mr. Pentney under many difficulties, and not a little distrust by some at first, is found to work most satisfactorily, and provides a very handsome surplus of £52—£50 of which were unanimously voted to Mr. Barrass; also a permanent increase to his salary, for his self-sacrifice and untiring exertions, both in connection with the new chapel, and his devotedness in winning sinners to Christ. A purse of £20 was also presented to the beloved pastor as a new year's gift.

WALSALL.—The annual tea meeting was held on Monday, Jan. 9. The pastor, Rev. W. Lees, gave a short outline of work done during the past year. Weekly offerings, £229. Ordinance collections, £23 8s. 9d. Centenary Fund, £7. Cottage Hospital, £6 10s. Trust Fund, £22 17s. School Dorcas Society and rent for rooms, £30 12s. Organ Fund, £36 8s. Foreign Mission, £36. Building Fund, £214. The amount raised for all purposes is £805 7s. 9d. Since 1860, when Mr. Lees settled here, the church has grown from 33 to 273. The increase of the past year is about the average; 38 having been added. Revs. W. Green, H. W. Bruce, T. Cuseley, and J. Hindley gave addresses. Miss Clarke presided at the organ. In May next a bazaar will be held for the reduction of the debt on the new chapel. Contributions will be gratefully received by the pastor, Rev. W. Lees.

SCHOOLS.

CARRINGTON—*New School-rooms.*—The memorial stone of new school-rooms was laid on Saturday, December 3, 1870. The teachers and scholars, with a few friends, met in the chapel at three o'clock p.m.,

and marched in procession (the children carrying numerous flags and banners) to the ground on which the edifice is being erected. Here a large concourse of people had assembled. The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. W. K. Stevenson, M.A., giving out a suitable hymn and offering prayer. The Secretary, Mr. J. R. Miller, read a statement containing a brief history of the origin and progress of the school, and the circumstances which led to the movement for obtaining new school-rooms. The estimated cost of the land and buildings complete was stated to be about £350, towards which about £60 had been given or promised. Mr. H. Belton then presented to Alderman Herbert a beautiful electro silver trowel containing the following inscription, "Presented to Thomas Herbert, Esq., on laying the foundation stone of new General Baptist schools at Carrington, Dec. 3rd, 1870," and with this, after a few appropriate remarks from Mr. Herbert, the ceremony was performed. After tea, at which two hundred sat down, a large and interesting meeting was held in the chapel. Alderman Herbert presided until seven o'clock, when he had to retire, and W. E. Baker, Esq., was cordially voted to the chair. Letters of apology for non-attendance were received from E. Barwick, Esq., and Rev. F. A. Charles. Addresses of congratulation and encouragement were given by Messrs. W. E. Baker, T. Herbert, J. Burton, and Rev. T. Ryder. A. Goodliffe, Esq., entertained the meeting by giving a brief but comprehensive history of the origin, difficulties, and progress of the Sunday school movement in Nottingham and neighbourhood. Subscriptions, which are urgently needed, will be thankfully received by H. Belton, 10, Pease Hill Rise, Nottingham, or J. Brookhouse, 171, North Sherwood Street, Nottingham.

CARRINGTON.—On Dec. 26, the annual tea meeting was held. Prizes, the annual gift of Mr. J. Westmoreland, were distributed to thirty-three scholars for early attendance. Seven children recited pieces, and several friends gave addresses. The report stated that £15 8s. had been contributed to the current account, £32 to the Penny Bank, and about £80 to the new school-rooms account. The teachers wish to thank the schools forwarding the following sums in answer to their appeal for a penny subscription, Tarporley, 7s.; Crich, 8s. 7d.; Nuneaton, 12s.; Heptonstall, 13s.; Stoney Street, 14s. 9d.; Ruddington, 13s.; Polesworth, 5s. 9d.; Willington, 4s. We wish some of our larger schools would also help us. We are arranging for a bazaar. Articles will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Miss E. Stevenson, High Street, Carrington.

LINEHOLME.—The annual tea meeting in connection with the Sunday school was held on Jan. 2. The number of scholars reported, 250; being an increase of 33. During the year ten have joined the church. The meeting was presided over by the pastor, R. Silby. Speeches were given by Revs. C. Springthorpe and W. Stubbings; Messrs. J. R. Godfrey and J. Greenwood of the College, T. Marshall, R. Holden, G. Marshall, A. Cunliffe, W. Taylor.

RIPLEY.—On Monday, Jan. 2, the new year's gathering of parents and teachers took place. About 350 took tea, after which a Christmas tree was liberally patronized, and a large and happy meeting was addressed by the pastor and some of the teachers. The school now numbers more than 670 scholars and sixty teachers. During the past year eighteen scholars have joined the church. Old scholars and friends of the Ripley school are earnestly invited to help the bazaar by which we propose to extinguish the school debt next year.

SOCIETIES.

RIPLEY.—On Thursday, Jan. 12, a branch of the Liberation Society was formed in the Baptist school-room to organize the efforts of Ripley and the neighbourhood. In the evening the Rev. E. H. Jackson addressed a large public meeting in the lecture hall, and showed to the entire satisfaction of the audience that Mr. Gladstone's reasons for Disestablishment in Ireland applied equally to England. The address was repeatedly applauded, and the following resolution adopted with only six dissentient voices:—"That in the opinion of this meeting, the Church of England should for her own sake be disestablished and disendowed, and this meeting pledges itself to use all lawful means to secure this just measure speedily."

CARRINGTON.—*Benevolent Society.*—The annual meeting was held Dec. 31. Receipts for 1870 amounted to £19 Os. 2d. £17 14s. 8d. have been distributed, and more than 500 visits paid to the afflicted poor by this society during the year.

BAZAARS.

NORTHALLERTON.—The ladies of the congregation at the General Baptist chapel, Northallerton, are preparing to hold a bazaar for the sale of useful articles, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the reduction of the debt on the chapel. Allow us most respectfully but earnestly to solicit the assistance of friends in the above un-

dertaking, and in supplying provisions for the refreshment stall, and books for the book stall. The church, the only General Baptist church in the North Riding of Yorkshire, arose through the divine blessing on the self-denial and persevering labours of one individual, who, for twenty-five years, has preached the gospel of Christ amidst a large population where no other Baptist church exists. The smallest contribution for the bazaar will be thankfully received up to the 29th April, by the undersigned—Mrs. H. R. Smithson, Post Office; Mrs. Hird, South Parade; Miss Flintoff, Market Place; Miss Hare, Market Place; Miss and Miss A. Whittaker, Watergate Farm, all of Northallerton; and Miss Kendall, Sigston, near Northallerton.

LONDON, *Præd Street.*—A bazaar was held in the last week of the old year. About £180 were taken. The weather being exceedingly severe, many articles remain undisposed of. It is therefore intended to have a supplementary bazaar in the spring.

MINISTERIAL.

REV. B. HACKETT will close his ministry at Macclesfield March 26. His address is Bridge Street, Sutton, Macclesfield.

REV. T. H. PATTISON has resigned the pastorate of the Ryehill church, Newcastle, and accepted the call to Hope Street, Rochdale.

BAPTISMS.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Nov. 6, two; Jan. 1, five, by J. P. Tetley.

CHATTERIS.—Dec. 29, two, by H. B. Robinson.

HITCHIN.—Dec. 22, five, by J. H. Atkinson.

LONDON, *Præd Street.*—Dec. 20, three by J. Clifford.

LINEHOLME.—Jan. 1, five, by R. Silby.

MELBOURNE.—Dec. 25, six, by D. McCallum.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney Street.*—Jan. 18, six, by T. Ryder.

RIPLEY.—Jan. 1, two, by E. H. Jackson.

PETERBOROUGH.—Dec. 25, seven, by T. Barrass.

FUND FOR MRS. MEE.

Per Rev. J. Clifford—	£ s. d.
Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, Birmingham ...	1 0 0
"Gratitude," Hinckley Post-mark ...	0 10 0
Per Dr. Underwood—	
Mr. A. Wright, Stoke ...	1 3 0
Mr. Andrews, Morcott ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Clegg, Hebden Bridge... ..	0 5 0

Marrriages.

BUNTING—JOYES.—Jan. 8, at the General Baptist chapel, Freegan Street, Grimsby, by licence, by the Rev. R. Smart, pastor,

John Rose Bunting, to Mary Elizabeth Joyes, both of Grimsby. This is the first marriage solemnized in this chapel.

GREENWOOD—ARMITAGE.—Dec. 31, at the Baptist chapel, Shore, by the Rev. J. Maden, Mr. Ormerod Greenwood, of Kitsonroyd, to Miss Betty Armitage, of Shore.

Obituaries.

BALDWIN.—Elizabeth Baldwin was born at Clayton, Yorkshire, Nov. 21, 1815. She was the daughter of Jonas and Mary Ward, and received from her parents that thoroughly godly training which resulted in her being brought to an early knowledge of salvation. At the age of fourteen she decided to live the life of the righteous, and soon avowed this determination by putting on Christ by baptism in the Clayton chapel. She was a diligent reader of the Bible. God's word was very precious to her, and the songs of Zion were hardly less estimable in her regard. She delighted to aid in the service of praise in the Lord's house. She adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour by piety and devotion in her home, by patience and meekness in affliction; and at length, on the 15th of Dec., 1869, she died possessed of a good hope through grace of immortality and eternal life.

BATE.—Jan. 2, Sarah, the beloved wife of Mr. Charles Bate, of Tarporley, aged 70 years.

BISHOP.—Dec. 26, at Holymoore Side, near Chesterfield, Edward Manlove Bishop, formerly a member of Stoney Street chapel, Nottingham.

HILLER.—Louis Hiller was born, Sept. 25, 1811, in Kunzelsau, on the river Hoher, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. He was blessed with a pious mother, and was trained in a first class school, and brought up in the Lutheran religion. In 1833 he left his father's roof and came to Sheffield. About 1841 he was induced to attend the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Hudson, now of China. From his faithful preaching he obtained great benefit, and when the new chapel in Eyre Street was opened he was one of the first to take sittings, although he did not join the church till 1846. Full of industry and devotion, he was not long out of work. The Sabbath school was the first sphere of labour. Now as teacher, then as superintendent, he added to its usefulness and increased its success. In 1849 he undertook to conduct the "service of song in

the house of the Lord," and held that responsible post till 1868, when failing health compelled him to resign. In 1851 he was chosen a deacon, and in 1854 the treasurer of the church: and he filled both offices with a wisdom, zeal, and generosity, that led the church, in 1863, to present him with a memorial of their esteem and regard. His work being finished, he "fell on sleep," Oct. 11, 1870, uttering the word "Father" as he passed away. He was a good man: always diligent in his business, glowing with devotion in public and private worship, cheerful at home and abroad, and liberal to every good cause. We may well surname him Barnabas.

HARVEY.—Selina, the beloved wife of Mr. Joseph Harvey, 70, High Street, and daughter of the late Mr. John Tyers, Highcross Street, Leicester, departed this life, trusting in the Lord, in the 48th year of her age, Dec. 2, 1870. She was baptized by her father at Dover Street chapel in Oct., 1840, and joined the church under the pastorate of the late Rev. J. Goadby. In 1846 she removed to Loughborough, and was a member of the Wood Gate church upwards of seven years. Removing again to Leicester, she was once more united with the Dover Street church, and continued a consistent and faithful member till her death. Her illness was long, but she was always cheerful, patiently waiting the call of her long and firmly trusted Saviour.

HODGKINSON.—Maria Hodgkinson was born at Newstead Abbey, Notts., in the year 1800. Though she had the advantage of a pious training, she did not give her heart to God till the age of thirty. She was a member of the Scotch Baptist church, New Basford, for many years, but removing from thence to New Lenton she cast in her lot with the General Baptists there. Her piety was steady, consistent, peaceful, and earnest, and her numerous family can bear testimony to her patience and resignation in the hour of severe trial and affliction. She died in peace, having just entered on her seventy-first year.

HUNTER.—Jan. 18, at Elm Avenue, New Basford, the Rev. Hugh Hunter, for thirty-six years pastor of the church at Stoney Street, Nottingham, departed this life, aged 72 years. The *Nottingham Journal* says of our widely known friend—"During this lengthened period (from 1830 to 1867) he was eminently influential in promoting the interests of evangelical religion in the town and neighbourhood, and probably no minister of the denomination to which he belonged was instrumental in bringing so many individuals to make a profession of personal piety. As a preacher he was warm, zealous, and affectionate in manner, strictly evangelical in practice, and on occasions of extraordinary interest fervid and eloquent in his language. His death will occasion a deep sentiment of regret among his former friends, by whom his memory will long be regarded with esteem and veneration."

HURST.—Joseph Bakewell Hurst, the only son of George and Sarah Hurst, was born at Burton-on-Trent, Oct. 9, 1847. When about eight and a half years of age he was sent to school at Barton Fabis, where he continued five years, and was diligent, thoughtful, quiet, and persevering. Having an aptitude for epistolary correspondence, he and his elder sister indulged in a weekly interchange of letters; and as they made their intercourse religious in its character, it was very beneficial. After returning home he soon gave evidence of real piety, and on Sep. 5, 1863, was baptized and united to the church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. R. Kenney, for whom, to his death, he entertained the most cordial esteem. He delighted to make himself useful in the Redeemer's kingdom, and particularly interested himself in the choir, the Sabbath school, and library. But in the midst of his usefulness disease of the lungs presented itself, and it soon became evident, notwithstanding change of air and climate, and all that medical skill and kindness could devise, that he was appointed to die. This, however, did not cause any great alarm, but rather stimulated his confidence in his Saviour. He had a remarkably calm and humble reliance on Jesus as his Friend and Redeemer. To the writer he remarked with the utmost resignation, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." "Thy will, not mine, be done." And in his last note, after describing his extreme weakness, he said, "I am trying to keep near the Saviour, and am waiting His time, endeavouring with meekness and patience to do and bear all His will concerning me." Having still his passion for music, he asked his sorrowing father a day or two before He died

to remove him to the piano; this being done, he played with his trembling fingers the first and last tunes he had played publicly in the sanctuary. After this he appeared to gather up all the strength he could command, and played the music set to "Vital spark of heavenly flame," &c., and shortly afterwards exclaimed, "That was the last effort of nature." During the last night of his life almost his last words were,

"Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

On June 16, 1870, he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, and on the Monday following his mortal remains were interred in the cemetery, Burton-on-Trent, where they await the resurrection of the just.

"When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand."

MATHEWS.—On Saturday, Jan. 21, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Shallett Dale, New Walk, Leicester, the Rev. Thos. W. Mathews, the deeply loved and universally esteemed pastor of the ancient church at Boston since the year 1839, was suddenly called to his reward, in his 73rd year. For a few days he had suffered from a slight illness; but only a few hours before his death he signed a letter to us in which he expressed the hope of preaching at Praed Street chapel in February. Truly as a denomination we may take up the lament of David, "I am distressed for thee, brother; very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." How we shall miss his sunny presence and his genial words from our annual gatherings! Our fathers: where are they? Thanks be to God, we have the answer. We are not without hope. They are for ever with the Lord.

"Tis finished—all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in."

YOUNG—FERNEYHOUGH.—Nov. 7, 1870, in his 21st year, Frederick Elliott Young, at his father's residence.—Also, Nov. 30, suddenly, in his 60th year, John Young, father of the above, and for many years a zealous teacher in the Stoney Street Sunday school, and deacon of the same church.—Also, Dec. 4, suddenly, James Edward, aged 5 years and 2 months; on the 7th, Susanna Mary (Cissy) aged 3 years and 10 months; and on the 9th, of scarlet fever, John Frederick, aged 2 years and 5 months; the beloved children of James and Rebecca Ferneyhough, of Huntingdon Street, Nottingham, and grandchildren of the above John Young. "God knows best."

Missionary Observer.

CONFERENCE AT CUTTACK.

Cuttack, Dec. 7, 1870.

OUR Annual Conference, which has been a very interesting and profitable time, commenced with the public services on Lord's-day, the 20th Nov.; but I must first tell you that on the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th, we had the pleasure of welcoming back to Orissa, Brother W. Bailey again to toil in the Blessed Master's service in this heathen land. We rejoiced to see that he appeared fully recovered from the painful effects of the accident he met with at Bombay, and prayed that his coming might be greatly for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The public services on the Lord's-day were numerously attended and full of interest. In the failure through indisposition of Tama Patra, who had been appointed to preach the morning sermon, his place was efficiently supplied by Shem Sabu. Our young brother had but a short time to prepare; still the sermon had been carefully thought out, and did credit to the head and heart of the preacher. It was delivered, too, with affectionate earnestness and power. The text was Rev. i. 17—18, "Fear not," &c. The application of it to our present depressed state as to missionaries and native preachers was full of consolation and encouragement; and led some of us thankfully to say, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." The life of Christ in heaven for the good of His church upon earth is indeed a delightful theme to dwell on. The afternoon sermon was delivered by Mr. Taylor, from a good old text—a text which has often been selected on such occasions at home—Phil. i. 27, "With one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel." The subject was seasonable, was practically treated, and adapted for general usefulness. In the evening Mr. W. Bailey preached the English sermon, from Acts i. 4—5, on the promise of the Father for which the disciples waited. The discourse was listened to with much interest, and was felt to be a word in season to many. Oh for more—much more of that "power

from on high," which strengthened the first disciples of Christ to accomplish such marvels, and which will be given to us in answer to believing, fervent, united prayer. Altogether we felt that it was "one of the days of the Son of Man." But I have not described all the mercies of the day. On reaching home after the morning service, I found the postman had called during my absence, and several letters which he had brought were put into my hands. Several were at once laid aside, as I had no doubt from the address they were "of the earth earthy;" but there was one addressed to the Secretary of the Orissa Mission, the handwriting of which I did not recognise. Rather hesitatingly, but supposing that the letter *might*, and hoping that it *did*, relate to the work of the Lord, I opened it, and lo!—reader, rejoice with me, and "praise God from whom all blessings flow," it contained a cheque for 250 rupees (£25) for the Orissa orphans—the more welcome as it came from a friend in Christ whose face I had never seen, and whose name I had never heard. I had heard in the sanctuary "good and comfortable words" about Christ living to care for His church, and carry on His cause; and on returning, a practical illustration of the precious truth was supplied; for the cause of Christ cannot be carried on without money, and the Lord knew infinitely better than the donor that the needs which the cheque was sent to supply would soon be pressing.

The examination of the Students and Scripture Readers took place on Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Brooks and Mr. T. Bailey examined the Students, assisted by two competent native ministers, and it was thought that a good measure of improvement had been made, while some deficiencies were pointed out. The Scripture readers and assistants were examined by Mr. Taylor and myself; and, with one exception, we thought the examination very satisfactory, and rejoiced in the evidence it furnished that the brethren had carefully prepared themselves, and were to a gratifying extent increasing in Scripture knowledge.

On Wednesday morning *Conference business* commenced, and we continued,

with necessary intervals, till Saturday afternoon, discussing with unbroken harmony and brotherly love the things relating to the kingdom of Christ amongst us. Mr. W. Bailey was elected chairman, and Mr. T. Bailey was appointed to assist the secretary in writing the minutes. In describing the business, I begin with the important minute on *the state of the Mission, and our urgent need of more help*. I wish I could hope that this would have the earnest attention which from its urgency it merits. Again and again has this vital question been brought before you, but in regard to many I can hardly hope that it has been seriously and prayerfully considered. This is disheartening, and for myself I have sometimes felt that I would be content with telling my anxieties to the Lord, and not trouble you with such appeals again; but when half resolved on this, I have felt like the prophet when he said, "I will speak no more in the name of the Lord," and he soon found that he could not help himself: the Word of the Lord was IN HIM, and it MUST COME OUT; "the burning fire shut up in his bones" could not be restrained. So once more I plead with you in the name of the brethren to ponder your obligations to Orissa, remembering the love of Christ to you, and the hope you have of being for ever with Him when earth and time have passed away. I give without comment the minute passed, only remarking, as the last sentence has a personal reference, that I did not draft the resolution.

"The enfeebled state of the Mission occupied the anxious and prayerful attention of the Conference, and it was resolved to urge the Committee to send out another Missionary with the least possible delay. The brethren would affectionately remind their friends that the care of the churches and numerous christian communities, the education and settlement for life of nearly 1200 orphans, the superintendence of the Press, the revision of the Scriptures, the preparation of educational and religious works, and the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen, as well as in our own language, involve responsibilities which they cannot satisfactorily discharge. They would further call the attention of the Committee to the painful fact that from death and other causes the staff of native ministers is smaller than it has been for several years, and that in consequence

it is impossible to supply all the congregations with efficient preachers on the Sabbath, and they would also remind them that without further help it is altogether impracticable for Brother and Sister Buckley to seek the temporary rest and change which the Committee so anxiously desire them to have, and which, after fifteen years of incessant labour, all the brethren think they so much need."

We next warmly and affectionately welcomed Brother W. Bailey back to Orissa, and recorded our earnest desire that his return might be greatly for the extension of the kingdom of Christ. Many will remember that it is 25 years since our brother entered on his work in Orissa, and all will know that the step now taken involves a temporary separation—how painful is known only to those immediately affected—from his beloved wife and family. May the grace and peace which Christ alone gives be vouchsafed in large measure, and may the pain of separation—felt here as well as there—be alleviated by the remembrance that it is "for the name of the Lord Jesus," and that He is worthy of the sacrifice. Blessed be God, the promise of the hundredfold is firm as the pillars of heaven.

Our Bible work next came under review, and notwithstanding interruptions, progress had to be reported. The Bible Translation Society has again generously granted us £150; and a letter was read from Dr. Rufus Babcock, on behalf of the American and Foreign Bible Society, now amalgated with the Baptist Publication Society, which encouraged the hope that help would be sent before the end of the year. I am thankful to say that we have, or rather when the work now entered on is completed, which I trust will be soon, shall have a larger supply of Gospels than we have had for several years. We have finished to-day another edition of the Acts (3000 copies). It is 18 years since the former edition was separately printed. The reader remembers the suggestive way in which this important part of Holy Scripture opens—"The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach," implying what the reader of this precious portion of the Divine Word should ever bear in mind that we have the *teaching* and *works* of Jesus in the Acts as well as

in the Gospels. Apostolic lips conveyed the teaching, but it was *His*. Apostolic men wrought the miracles, but it was by *His* power, and in *His* name; and the reader may be quite sure that if marvels of power and grace were wrought in the nineteenth century, it can only be, as it was in the first days of christianity, "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth." The new edition of the New Testament, in Oriya small type, will be, I hope, printed in the course of next year, and will be very welcome. The first pocket edition, printed four years ago, has been much prized. We are printing for the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Old Testament in one volume, and also several separate books which are much needed, and will be very useful. The blessing of the Holy One has manifestly rested and is resting on the dissemination of His Word. The Bible is to the christian in Orissa, as well as in England, the fountain by whose waters his thirsty soul is refreshed, and the lamp that guides his path through this dark world to the better country. Blessed Bible! What would life be without thee? And what are gold, silver, precious stones, and all the things that the longing heart of man can desire, compared with thy priceless worth?

Our Tract work was also fully considered. The Religious Tract Society has generously sent us 138 reams of paper (value £46), which I expect will be received here to-day or to-morrow; and the American Tract Society has liberally sent us 200 dollars, which, as the Exchange is more favourable than it has been since the war, has realized £36 16s. 2d. Both these societies are old and staunch friends of the Orissa Mission. I am thankful to be able to report favourably of this important part of our work. We have a better supply of tracts than we have had for a long time past; and probably a larger number of tracts in holy song on our list than any other Mission in India. This is an important circumstance, as nothing attracts a Hindoo like verse. A new prose tract, by Makunda Das, entitled, "The Breach of the Second Commandment," was presented; and arrangements made, by which it is hoped one or more new poetic tracts will be added to the list. Questions relating to much-needed additions to our christian literature in the vernacular, and to educational works, were considered; but it is difficult to see

how much can be done in our present enfeebled state.

We had an unusually interesting meeting with *the native preachers* on Friday afternoon, when the different questions that had engaged our attention were fully explained and their opinions sought. We discussed with them the question—What more can be done to enlist the energies of the church, apart from paid agency, for the spread of the Gospel? Ghanu and Shem made some very pertinent remarks on this weighty question. The latter referred to the text, "The people had a mind to work." He expressed his fear that "the mind to work" was wanting, and said that the all-important question was, how to secure it. Yes, this is *the* question, and very interesting and important it is to many of our churches at home as well as in N. Lat. 20° 28' 55", E. Long. 85° 50"* But this pleasant gathering had its sorrowful memories. We could not forget that at our last Conference Mr. Miller was with us; still we felt that though absent in body he was present in spirit, and longing for the time when he would be present in the body too. Sad and solemn thoughts also occurred to some of us, as we remembered one beloved fellow-labourer, Jagoo Roul, whose familiar face had been often seen at such gatherings, but who had died since our last meeting. I can only now record the deep affection with which I cherish his memory, and the great regret I feel on account of his death, but hope on a fitting occasion, if God permit, to give the friends of the Society some particulars of his life, labours, and death. I may, however, now say that I glorify God for his conversion, and for the unblemished consistency of his christian course, from its commencement to its peaceful close. His mind was much impressed at the beginning of his religious life by Prov. iv. 18, and his holy course and growing conformity to his Saviour were a pleasing comment on this beautiful representation of the path of the just. "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord," who endowed him with suitable gifts, and "counted him faithful putting him into the ministry." I remember with much appreciation his valuable services as Assistant Tutor of the College, and in the revision of the Old and New Testaments. His last breath was spent in ascribing blessing

* The Latitude and Longitude of Cuttack Port Flag Staff.

and glory to Christ, and in speaking of His love to those most dear to him. He completed his forty-second year on the day of his death. The first convert God gave him was his mother; the last was his first-born son, but as this was the fruit of his precious dying testimony, he could not know of it while in the body.

A very interesting and brotherly epistle was read from Rev. J. L. Phillips on behalf of our Northern brethren, to which the Secretary was instructed to reply. Our brethren are vigorously attacking the strongholds of the foe, and their operations are conducted not only in Oriya, but in Santal and in Bengal. Zenana work is also zealously pursued; and they have a Mission press. Like ourselves they have changes; and recently Dr. and Mrs. Bachelor, after many years of holy service, have left for the United States on account of Mrs. Bachelor's illness. It is feared that they will not return.

Arrangements for Piplee occupied our most anxious and prayerful consideration. Mr. Brooks informed his brethren that he felt it his duty to return to Cuttack at the end of the year, and this rendered further action on the part of the brethren necessary; but with our present strength a satisfactory arrangement is altogether impracticable. In addition to the Girl's Orphanage, which our estimable sister, Miss Packer, manages so well, there are other weighty responsibilities, as the care of the church, the superintendence of the Male Orphanage, the making known the precious gospel of Christ to the half a million of souls in the Pooree district, and the watching, with faithful loving care, over the new station at Bonamalipore: but how the difficulties of the case can best be met it is not easy, in our present circumstances, to see. In thinking of this case I was much encouraged by a text which occurred in a proof I had to correct just before the question was discussed in Conference, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." For this light, which at present I see not, it seems to me we must wait. May it soon be bright and clear.

The reports of the stations, while disclosing some discouraging and painful circumstances, showed that a goodly number had been added to the flock of Christ. *Forty-three* have been baptized at Cuttack, and a few at Piplee and Choga; but the report of Berhampore

could not be given, as Mr. Taylor had to leave before the Conference broke up in consequence of the severe illness of his eldest boy. Khundittur was said not to be in a healthy state. Khoorda was reported of by Shem: the people manifested a friendly spirit, and a pleasing degree of interest in hearing the Word, but no direct conversions had occurred. On a general review of the year it must be admitted that there has been *less itineracy* than in many former years. This is much to be regretted; but missionaries cannot do impossibilities, and two of our native preachers at Cuttack have been laid aside most of the year.

The Annual Missionary Meeting was held on Wednesday evening, the 23rd. The attendance was large, and the service deeply interesting. Babu D. R. Rout presided, and addresses were delivered by Ghanushyam, Kumbho, Shem, and Makunda Das. The first speaker made good use of an illustration derived from a steamer which he had seen on his recent tour down the river, and showed that in order to carry on the work of the church efficiently every one must stand in his own place, and do his own work. Kumbho clearly showed what had been done for the evangelization of Orissa by the missionaries and native ministers. Shem followed, and showed how much remained to be done which required the energies of the whole church—a topic which he handled with wisdom and faithfulness. Makunda spoke on the spirit in which it should be done, but the time was gone. It was easy, however, to learn from the hints he gave us how much he had to say that was worth hearing.

It was decided at our last Conference that there should be a brief daily service during the session; and accordingly, on Thursday evening, there was a short and lively service in the College; on Friday evening another at Christianpore; and on Saturday one at Peyton Sac. This was a novel feature of our gathering, but I hope it will be adopted in future years. On Lord's-day, the 27th, we had large and interested congregations; but I need only refer to the afternoon service, when we enjoyed the memorial of our Lord's death. Kumbho spoke in Oriya on the love of Christ, and Mr. W. Bailey in English on remembering the way in which the Lord had led us.

Such was our recent Conference. And now, in once more laying down my pen,

I may tell your youthful readers that it is a quarter of a century since I described, for the benefit of their fathers and mothers, the second Conference I attended in Orissa; and that, through the great goodness-of God, I have described every Conference since with two exceptions only—1853 and 1854, when we were in England. It is a time for me to remember—and well for every reader, young or old, to do so too—the solemn warning given in dear Jagoo's last text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

JOHN BUCKLEY.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE WAR.

THE operations conducted by the British and Foreign Bible Society's agents are maintained with undiminished vigour and success. The Rev. G. P. Davies, of Berlin, has furnished, in the Bible Society's *Reporter*, a further report of what has been effected through his agency, and the following details will be read with the deepest interest:—"I am happy to be once more in a position to give a picture of our war work in a statistical form. The circulation according to language:—

German	348,696
French	72,990
Polish	5,134
Lithuanian	845
Hebrew	173
Arabic	355
Sundries	1,966

Total ... 430,159

"When we look at the above results, we are ourselves filled with astonishment, and are compelled to cry out in the gratitude of our hearts, 'What hath God wrought!' He has prepared minds to receive the Word, and raised up instruments to circulate it. Volunteers have pressed in to join in the labour, and a spirit of self-sacrificing devotedness has been given to our depositaries, clerks, and colporteurs. Many of them have cheerfully followed the armies in the field into a strange land, and among a hostile population, sharing not only the fatigues, but to some extent also the dangers of the war. They have been rewarded abundantly through being

everywhere received as benefactors by the soldiers under arms, the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and the prisoners in the camps and fortresses.

"A military chaplain in Berlin writes as follows:—'Accept my most hearty thanks for the grant of Testaments. They were a great help to me in satisfying the earnest craving for them on the part of the Protestant patients. I observed with joy, that the perils of the war and the fearful earnestness of the soldier's life are leading many hearts to seek the only consolation in that Word which is alone able to quicken and refresh the fainting soul.'

"Another minister told me the following case:—'I was sent,' he said, 'to visit the lazarets of the army blockading Metz. I entered a room where I saw a young man who was wounded, lying reading his New Testament. When I approached him he put down the book, and we conversed for a while on general subjects touching his wounds and the war. At last I said, "But when I entered I saw you reading your New Testament." He said, "Yes;" and added, "I am ashamed to confess it, but it is the truth, from the day of my confirmation till the day I left home for the war, I had never read a line of the Bible. At the station in Berlin I saw a man selling Testaments, and I could not resist the impulse to buy a copy. I took it with me and read it; I have learned to like it. When I was wounded it was the only thing I took out of my knapsack and brought with me here." This young man was highly educated, and a Prussian barrister."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; "put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I

would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I

give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

THE FUND FOR MRS. J. O. GOADBY'S CHILDREN.

	£	s.	d.
Amounts previously acknowledged	98	0	6
Friends at Todmorden, by Mr. J. S. Gill	0	10	0
Do. Wirksworth, by Rev. W. Dyson	0	12	6
Rev. T. Watts, St. Albans	1	1	0
Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., Coventry	0	10	6
H. W. Earp, Esq., Melbourne	5	0	0
T. Horsfield, Esq., Halifax	2	0	0
Friends at Shore, near Todmorden	1	6	0
Mrs. Pegg, Derby	10	0	0
W. Stevenson, Esq., Derby	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
R. Johnson, Esq., Hitchin	10	0	0
Mr. W. Chamberlain, Leicester	1	1	0
J. D. Harris, Esq., M.P.	2	2	0
Mr. Hawley	0	10	0
Mr. Arthur Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. T. Stevenson	1	1	0
Mrs. Staples	1	1	0
W. B. Hutchinson, Esq.	1	1	0
Major Farran, Ilfracombe	1	0	0
Sums under 10/-	0	18	6

Attention is again earnestly called to this Fund. The Secretaries hope to canvass the principal subscribers in Nottingham and Derby, as they have already done those in Leicester; but as the case is so well known, they trust that, away from these towns, friends will send their contributions spontaneously. Ministers can receive any number of circulars on application. Cheques should be crossed Messrs. Smith & Co., Derby, as an account has been opened at their Bank.

HARRIS CRASSWELLER, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.
ISAAC STUBBINS, Fosse Road, Leicester.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Bailey, December 6, 10; J. Buckley, December 10.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from December 18, 1870, to January 18, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
BEESTON—			
Collections and Subscriptions	22	7	6
DERBY, <i>Mary's Gate</i> —			
Collections	21	6	6
HOUGHTON, <i>Hunts</i> —			
Potto Brown, Esq.	7	10	0
HOVERINGHAM—			
Mr. & Mrs. Nall	5	0	0
LEICESTER, <i>Friar Lane</i> —			
Mrs. Case, for Orphan	2	10	0
LOUGHBOROUGH, <i>Wood Gate</i> —			
Collections	11	9	9
OLD BASFORD—			
Collections and Subscriptions	25	3	8
SHEFFIELD—			
Balance	7	16	4
STALYBRIDGE—			
Collections and Subscriptions	28	5	4
STANTONBURY—			
For Orphan	0	19	6

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTION FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.		£	s.	d.
Allerton		0	4	0
Beeston		0	12	6
Birchcliffe		0	11	6
Birmingham		1	0	0
Broughton		0	7	0
Crich		0	4	0
Derby, <i>Osmaston Road</i>		2	4	8
Duffield		0	5	0
Heptonstall Slack		1	0	0
Hinckley		0	7	9
Lenton		0	13	0
Liteholme		0	10	0
London, <i>Commercial Road</i>		1	1	6
<i>New Church Street</i>		4	0	0
<i>Praed Street</i>		3	10	0
Mansfield		0	5	0
Old Basford		1	0	0
Peterborough		1	13	6
Pinchbeck		0	2	6
Sheffield		2	0	0
Smarden		0	14	8
Stalybridge		0	10	0
Walsall		1	1	0
Wendover		1	0	0
Wisbech		2	10	0

MACCLESFIELD, reported last month £8 15s., should have been £10 5s.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. C. PIKE and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, Secretaries, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1871.

THE PARABLE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."—*Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.*

WHAT various and manifold ways our Heavenly Father has adopted to make us sure of His faithful love and constant care! With what gracious condescension He has sought to enter our hearts by every possible door, and to secure His abode amongst the common associations of our thought and fancy; as if to render all life suggestive of His Blessed Presence, and helpful to communion with Himself! How eagerly He must covet our yearning and trustful affection, or surely He would not have put so many windows in Nature through which we may catch glimpses of His power and goodness; nor made our human home-life, with its clustering loves, sweet dependence, and pure joys, after the pattern of His life in heaven? To *seers* "anointed with the eye-salve" of Christ, all things reveal God; and this world, by a divine and scriptural warrant, becomes in all its vast variety and marvellous fulness a beautiful and instructive image of the Lord Jehovah. Hard, unpitiful nature, that sheds no tears, though thousands die on her breast, is made to speak under His inspiration of "His tender mercies:" and even the stable and gigantic mountains that seem as

though they knew no change, preach aloud His faithfulness. The grass that grows under His fostering sun and dew in the field; the sparrow that flies from twig to twig dependent upon His bounty; the sheepfold, crowded with its many inmates, all needing a shepherd's watchfulness; the city lofty in situation, and strong for defence; and last and best, the earthly home, that true Eden from whence we start on our journey through the world; are all *parables of the Divine care*, written for the instruction and comfort of God's children, and intended to urge in their own quiet and forcible way the exhortation of Peter, in which he bids us "cast all our care upon God, because He careth for us."

The words of the song which "Moses spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel," contain one of these parables; and one which the inspired singer found in some eagle's nest, pitched high among the tall and bare rock pinnacles of Sinai. By the image of the monarch of birds teaching her young to try their pinions, and whilst so doing, protecting them from injury with careful affection, he showed the love with which the Lord sped to the relief of Israel, led him out of Goshen, de-

veloped his strength in the wilderness, and placed him on the borders of the land of promise. And by the same figure he reminds us of the *loving care* with which our God and Father trains His children, of the exalted *purpose* He has in view throughout their discipline, and of some of the *methods* He employs to secure His gracious and beneficent design.

"As the eagle stirreth up her nest" and scatters to the four winds the layers of wood, heath, and moss out of which her home has been built, and chases the eaglets, even, perchance, to the edge of a yawning precipice, she seems the most cruel as well as the most powerful of all the feathered tribes. Some, indeed, have charged her with harshness and tyranny towards her young and feeble offspring, and spoken of her as a royal despot, who knows nothing of the grace which moderation gives to the exercise of tremendous powers. But what is the meaning of all this disturbance in the eagle's home? Wherefore is the nest of the callow brood broken up? Not assuredly from disinclination to gather food; for mountaineers have supplied themselves for days from the scattered remnants of the ample store of provisions brought for the two or three members of the eagle family. Nor is it from lack of the parental instinct, for with a loving carefulness she usually makes their nest in the hollow or fissure of some high and inaccessible cleft of the rock that is shielded from the weather by an overhanging crag. Moreover, the young eagles are not driven forth till they are ready for the wing: and then no parents could be more assiduous to train their young in the arts of life and develop their feeble powers by gentle and safe exercise, than are these kingly tenants of the air. So that this apparent severity is but a disguised goodness, a firm and far-seeing wisdom given of God. These young birds have

a career before them needing a strength of wing which can only be acquired by exertion. They are not destined to inactivity. As a lion amongst beasts, so is the eagle amongst birds. No bird has such daring courage, blended with such generous magnanimity. None can fly so high or so far. None can see so far or with such steady vision. They move with kinglike freedom and lightning speed, through the loftiest regions of space. They go on the wings of the wind, dare the raging tempest, gaze straight in the face of the blazing sun, and fly with wonderful rapidity right in the teeth of furious storms. They delight in lofty and precipitous cliffs, and soar in solitude and grandeur over the summits of snow-clad mountains. "She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock and the strong place. From thence she seeketh her prey and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood, and where the slain are there is she."* The eagle is the noblest and royalest of birds, and therefore requires the most severe and perfect training. It is always so. Wise training is suited to the kind of work you want done. One method for the plant that needs a mass of trellis work to sustain it, and another for the oak that is to live for centuries. One system for the barnyard fowls, a higher one for eagles, and higher still for schoolboys; and even amongst these last, the nobler the destiny the more severe the strain, and firm and unrelenting the discipline. The Lord of men and the Saviour of the world was made perfect through the keenest of all imaginable sufferings, those of Gethsemane and Calvary.

And had not the Chosen People of whom this parable was spoken a supreme destiny before them? Did not the Lord separate them from the nations of the earth, and set them apart for Himself, so that they might

preserve His truth for succeeding generations, and become a living centre whence should issue the everlasting gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth? Higher than the eagle majestically wings his way above the range of flight of other birds, Jehovah desired the seed of Abraham to soar above other nations. Truth had failed in the earth; they were to keep it as in a sacred ark. The pure worship of Almighty God had been corrupted by the descendants of Adam and Noah. They were to retain it free from all heathen admixture until "the fulness of time," when that truth, first fixed in a living and personal manifestation of God, and next in a written revelation should so become the indestructible property of the entire family of man. It was thus the glorious prerogative of the Hebrews to be the guardians of saving religious ideas, the depositaries of saving facts, and the disseminators of saving influences. While Greece laid on the altar of human good her art, philosophy, and culture, and Rome her law and government, Israel had to crown and perfect all by the gift of the only true and sufficient revelation of God.

Such was the work they had to do. But now look at these young eagles in their Goshen nest. How they love it! Will they leave it easily? Are there any signs of increasing preparation for the mission they have to fulfil? Not any. They cling to this fertile soil and to this house of bondage as a fond child to its first home, and will not take wing. The fat fields give rich pasture and the people rapidly multiply. But, alas! they are growing weaker day by day, and becoming more corrupt with the increasing weight of their serfdom. They have lost faith in God, in themselves, in their future. Moral paralysis, so often found where slavery abides, seizes them. When lo! God in the strength of His great love comes forth and

breaks up their Goshen home, and makes it a ruin; bears the feeble and wayward people on His strong wings into the wilderness; there, trains them in self-government and submission, patience and purity, faith and hope, and at length carries them into the land of promise to be yet further prepared for the work He has given them to do.

And need I say that the same gracious and loving purpose is at the root of all God's dealings with us to-day? "He has given us all things that pertain unto life and godliness . . . that we may become partakers of the divine nature." Every chastisement He inflicts is part of the discipline of love and perfection. "For the fathers of our flesh chasten us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit that we may be partakers of His holiness." In all our sorrows and joys, losses and cares, afflictions and bereavements, He aims to call into exercise our powers of faith and love, of conscience and courage, of zeal and enthusiasm, so that every movement of our nature may be harmonious with His will, and every faculty of our redeemed and regenerated being responsive to His slightest touch. Some men speak of the dealings of God with them as though they all centred in making them happy, reducing the number and force of their difficulties, and opening wide the door of heaven. Eagles do not fly *for* their young, but they teach them to fly of themselves. A wise father does not do his child's work for him, but incites, directs, and inspires him to do it. And so God works *in* us, not merely to feel pleasant and happy, but to *will* great ends, and *do* great deeds; *i.e.*, He works in us so that we work out our own salvation and that of others. He baptizes us into the Holy Ghost, floods us in every creek and bay of our nature with His energies, raises our faculties to the loftiest pitch of action, so that we

are able to conquer all opposition, bear all trial, and patiently work out His holy will. God has not called us to uncleanness and indolence, but to holiness. Brothers, as we covet earnestly the best gifts, the noblest service for Christ, the foremost places of sacrifice in the battle for the Captain of Salvation, let us cheerfully submit ourselves to God's merciful discipline, even in its most painful and severe processes; feeling assured that His aim is one which His own unerring wisdom and infinite love fully approve; and then we shall never lack either the true key for the interpretation of the change and sorrow and mystery of life, or the knowledge of the goal towards which we are to bend all our energies. "We shall kiss the rod and bless Him who appointed it."

Again, this parable in the eagle's nest teaches us that God's methods of training are *disturbance, incitement by means of example, and a gracious help that is sufficient both for protection and support.* The mother-eagle stirs up her nest and renders the young brood so uneasy that they *must* make an attempt to fly. She will not suffer them to remain in indolence and weakness; but breaks up their early home, and bids them try their wings under her kind guidance and safe protection. So had the Lord dealt with Israel. He had allowed their afflictions to attain a pitch of unbearable severity. They were in bondage, and their bondage was cruel. Merciless taskmasters goaded them to their work, and the cup of suffering was filled to overflowing when the order was issued that their sons should be murdered as soon as they were born. This was enough. They were now ready to try to fly. They felt they must. And so, by their extreme discomfort and misery they were prepared for the day when God sent Moses to lead them forth towards the land of Canaan. And God dealeth with us as with sons who

must be made good in some way or other, and who must, therefore, be disturbed, chastised, and afflicted, rather than allowed to remain in the guilt of inactivity, or sink into the corruption of worldliness. In His very goodness He leads us forth from our comfortable and happy positions, where prosperity sits enthroned, peace sways her sceptre, and happiness is lord of all, into scenes of adversity and gloom, of the loss of goods, or still worse, the loss of friends and kindred dear. Strange it is that we should need such severe discipline! But our hearts are so poor and corrupt that we seem almost incapable of enjoying the blessings of God's providence and grace as we ought before our spirits have been immersed in sorrow, and purified in the fires of trial. Keen desires for holiness, and strong yearnings after God, are oftener produced by crowding discomforts, great unrest, much pain and loss, than by any other teaching however lucid and forcible. Canaan is not an object of fervent desire so long as Goshen is a comfortable home. He who looks with eager eye for the approach of spring, and cherishes the first primrose as an angel of promise, has felt the cold and biting winter's winds, and suffered from the inclement frosts. A girl of full health and natural gifts and beauty, with a strong desire to be useful, loses both health and charms by an accident on her sixteenth birthday, and in her prolonged affliction she receives the answer to her prayer, and learns the ways and will of her Father in heaven as she never could learn before. Martin Luther exclaims, after one of his long trials, "Were it not for tribulation, I should not understand Scripture." Milton's blindness has much to do with his brilliant visions of heaven in Paradise Lost. "The blackness about him was just the great canvas which God gave to him to cover with forms

of life and music. Deep wells of memory burst upwards from below; the windows of heaven were opened from above, and hence the deluge of song with which his soul was flooded, and which he has poured out in a great river to us." It is expedient for the eaglet to be banished from his lofty eyrie, so that it may learn to fly. It is expedient for Israel to be driven from its Egyptian lodging so that it may become a great, God-reliant, fully-developed nation; it is expedient that Jesus should go away, and the disciples be put under the rule of the Invisible Spirit; and so it is often expedient for us, for the purity of our character, the strength of our faith, the force of our spiritual life, that we shall be disturbed in our nests of human happiness, and made to fly nearer to Him who is the strength of our souls, and our portion for ever and ever.

The eagle also "*fluttereth*" over her little ones; flaps her long and strong wings near to them, after she has disturbed their nest and started their fears, and so seeks to coax them, by her example, to attempt the air. In a passage that ought not to be forgotten in illustrating this portion of the figure, Sir Humphrey Davy says, "I once had a very interesting sight above one of the crags of Ben Nevis as I was going in the pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun. It was about midday, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them. They paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as

they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight." And is not this a picture of the way in which God dealt with the children of Israel when they were slumbering in Goshen, or groaning in despair of recovering their freedom? Did He not send Moses, His servant, to rouse them from their "inglorious sloth, to assert their liberty, and to break their chains upon the heads of their oppressors, and so teach them to know their strength?" Did not the pillar of fire lead them by night, and the pillar of cloud by day? Was not their strength developed step by step and day by day, now in fierce warfare with the Amalekite and Moabite, now in the efforts to keep all the words of God's law, and at last in their following of Moses for forty years along the devious paths of the wilderness. But a yet truer fulfilment of the picture of the "fluttering" eagle is presented to us in Christ Jesus our Saviour and example. He comes to us and goes before us every step of our way, so that we never find ourselves in any sorrow or trouble that He does not understand, or perplexed with any mystery that He cannot explain. He is our pattern and example, and He goes before us to make the crooked places straight, or to guide us in walking through and along crooked paths to the city of habitation. Let us yield to His solicitations, and obey Him fully, and every act of obedience will bring fresh strength and culture, until we shall attain the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Finally, this parable shows us how God mercifully aids us in our efforts to do His will, and protects and guards us from our foes. "The eagle taketh them and beareth them on her wings." She rouses them early to exertion, and watches and

directs the first efforts to fly; and if she sees that they are feeble, and likely to fall and be hurt, she swiftly darts underneath them and sustains them on her strong wings; or if they are attacked by the hunter, she will risk her own life in trying to defend them. Audubon, an American traveller, discovered "the eyrie of an eagle in the high cliffs of the Green River, in Kentucky, near its fountain with the Ohio. Two young ones were found loudly hissing from a fissure in the rocks. The female soon came in sight, and, with solicitous alarm for the safety of her young, gave a loud scream, dropped the food she had brought, and hovering over the molesting party, kept up a growling and threatening cry by way of intimidation, and soon forsook the spot, and found means to convey away her young." God says to the Israelites, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself."* His love in its omnipotence had rescued Israel from the dangers and calamities of Egypt and of the wilderness: and the same love now comes to our help and defence in every time of need. "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoary hairs will I carry

* Exodus xix. 4.

you: I have made, and I will bear, even I will carry and will deliver you." God will bear us up above every enemy. He will sustain in every difficult duty. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

Suffering child of God, take this parable into thy heart, and make it as the balm of Gilead. Be of good cheer; holiness is better than happiness; and the walk by faith is safer, though sometimes less pleasant than that by sight. The Lord has not forsaken you. Forsaken you? Nay, rather he is present, breaking up your quiet resting-places, and pulling down your false and ruinous defences, so that He may force you to use your higher energies, and bear you up into His sunny and blissful presence. Let not your heart be troubled, you believe in God, believe in His loving purpose. Trust His everlasting strength, acknowledge His perfect wisdom, and seek to realize the end of all His discipline, casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you.

J. CLIFFORD.

THE BAPTISM OF THE ETHIOPIAN EUNUCH.

BY THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.

"See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?"—Acts viii. 36.

PERHAPS this dark-skinned African was the first Gentile baptized into the faith and church of Jesus Christ, the Lord of all. In the earlier chapters of this book we learn that multitudes of the children of Israel had received Christ; and in the earlier portion of this chapter, that many of the Samaritans had become partakers of like precious faith. But hear we have one of *ourselves*, entering by faith into the life of God,

and by baptism into the visible kingdom of Christ.

Though a Gentile, however, we are not to regard him as an idolator. No. He "had come to Jerusalem to worship" the God of Abraham. Ever since the days when the Queen of Sheba had visited Solomon, this country had maintained a religion closely related to that of the Jews; and this great officer of state believed in the Scriptures, and had

just procured (no doubt at a great price) a copy of the Book of Isaiah ; and seeking to improve his time as he journeyed, and increase his knowledge and piety, was just reading in the fifty-third chapter, the report of God's salvation unfolded in the loving sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the world by the promised Messiah. He read, and read aloud ; but he understood not. The Good Shepherd, who had laid down His life for His sheep, though of another fold, saw his honest, though helpless, desire ; and, in the extraordinary means here narrated, sent him the needed guidance and relief. Philip preached to him Jesus ; told him of the person of Christ, His atoning sacrifice, His glorious resurrection, and His coming judgment. He must also have informed him that Jesus had instituted a society which, by His indwelling life, should keep His ordinances, and thus exhibit and diffuse His saving truth to all mankind through all ages. While holding this vitally important discourse they came to a certain water. Now we are expressly informed that the way was through a desert, where water was scarce. But happily there was *some* ; and the quick-sightedness of a childlike faith discerned the opportunity, and was glad to embrace it without delay. It might be many a mile before another fitting opportunity might present itself. Here is water, said this simple-hearted nobleman, what is to *forbid** my being baptized ?

I. Here was a HAPPY OPPORTUNITY, and we shall do well to consider it ; and

II. AN APPROPRIATE INQUIRY, and we shall try to answer it.

I. The *happy opportunity* was offered by the proximity of water—water enough for the immersion of a man. My books tell me it is still there ; that Jerome saw it in the fourth century, and Poccoke and

other recent travellers since, at a distance of about twenty miles from Jerusalem. Into this pool Philip and the eunuch descended. In *our* regions opportunities abound. Water enough can be found almost everywhere. And wherever it is, it is consecrated for this purpose by "the Lord of the whole earth." Public baths, as at Jerusalem ; or a prison bath, as at Philippi ; or a river, or the sea. If only you are believing in Christ, and willing to receive His ordinance as He appointed, there will be no lack of water in which to be immersed.

2. Here was a means of embodying, in an outward form, the Ethiopians inward faith—"If thou believest, thou mayest." Every spiritual truth must, at least in this world, be manifested in some external form. The God of truth loves thus to exhibit truth. God, who is light, *clothed* himself with light. The sun in the sky is a symbol of His pre-existing invisible glory ; and everything in the universe is just an expression of the previous ideas of His infinite mind. The Incarnation of "The Word" is the supreme manifestation of the eternal love, fatherly interest, and forgiving goodness of God. "The only begotten Son, in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." John i. 18.

This is the genius and principle of all the sacrifices and ceremonies of the Mosaic law. They were intended to *indicate and to cherish the inward disposition of the worshipper*. If the heart were not uttered by these observances, the oblation was vain, the sacrifice an abomination. But woe to the man who, under pretence of *internal* devotion, should neglect the external ordinance. That soul would have been cut off from the people of the Lord. What God has joined together, let not man put asunder. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the tongue confession is made unto

* Forbid : same word as in Acts x. 47.

salvation." Cornelius and his friends had their " hearts purified by faith ;" and then, and therefore, they were " commanded to be baptized in water," the *symbol* of purification. Acts xv. 9 ; x. 47.

Of course the chief value of all forms is the effect they are calculated to produce on *other* persons. A man speaks not to himself, but to others. In the Lord's Supper " ye *show* the Lord's death till He come." Baptism is " the *answer* of a good conscience," that others may hear, answer, and believe it, and obtain similar blessedness. On the individual himself it, no doubt, has a secondary and not unimportant effect. But the direct action is on others. When Jesus was baptized it was not to obtain any good to Himself. I suppose it would be impossible to mention any thing that Christ ever did for Himself. His whole life, and all its powers, every moment, were expended for God and for mankind. " He pleased not Himself. So when the Ethiopian was baptized he rejoiced in God, and went home to convert Abyssinia to Christ." And in that country Christianity, in some form, has ever since obtained.

3. The water gave to the servant of Candace an opportunity of obeying the commands of the supreme authority of God our Saviour. He said, " Go, teach and baptize all nations." " Repent," said they, " and be baptized, every one of you." There are to be found some who say, " Baptism is of no importance." Do not such persons charge God with folly? Why did the Lord Jesus enjoin it, if it be of no importance? They say—" But baptism is not a saving ordinance." Peter says *it is*—" The like figure, even baptism, doth also now save us." If by salvation you mean pardon of sin, I grant it does not save ; but if by salvation is meant heart agreement with the mind of God, then for you to be baptized will

bring you so far into salvation, for baptism is a portion of the revealed mind of God. And if the baptism of one person may tend to the conversion or obedience of another, it is in this respect also a saving ordinance.

4. The water presented the African an opportunity of identifying himself with the glorified Jesus, and with His people who are on their way to glory ; of being baptized into the one body—that body of which Jesus is the head. He, by His incarnation, has engaged Himself to the whole family of man ; and those who sincerely engage themselves to Him, shall reap all the advantages of His condescending mercy. It is simply impossible that any one else should do so. Confess Him, and He will confess you. Deny Him, He will deny you. How dare you run the risk? It seems to me a fearful thing either to decline obeying this ordinance, or to delay it, or to change it. Yet by how many it is perverted! by how many refused—and by how many more deferred.

II. All such persons I recommend to put to themselves very seriously that *appropriate inquiry* which I said was the second thing suggested by the text. Some kind of answer may be expected from all, except the most frivolous characters ; and to these answers I will now endeavour to make a suitable reply.

1. The great majority, if we could only get them honestly to express the state of their heart, would say, " We really do not care about it any way. The baptism may be right, or it may be wrong. Some think it right to dip, and some to sprinkle. We do not mind about, it either way. Let people please themselves. It is all the same to us." If this be not the expression of their lips, it is the language of their conduct. What is to be thought of the moral condition of such persons? What will be their state in the day of judgment?

Surely the answer to this serious question is found in the words of Paul, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maranatha;" that is, "accursed when the Lord cometh."

2. What hinders me, says another, is that I think the religion of Christ is wholly spiritual; and that outward forms are of no moment whatever. I am very sure that no reasonable man can carry out that principle so much as one day of his life in this world. "Can any man forbid water to those who have received the Spirit." "Show me thy faith by thy works." If a poor neighbour wants bread, will it suffice to appeal to the heart searching God, and say, "Thou knowest I pity my poor brother, and pity is what thou requirest me to cherish, not the bestowment of meat and drink. Should we not say that such an objector is a hypocrite? What would the eternal charity of the Son of God have profited us, if He had not "come in the flesh?" In itself "the flesh profiteth nothing;" but as the embodiment of a self-sacrificing, forgiving, and sympathizing mercy, Christ's flesh is meat indeed, and His blood is drink indeed. His flesh was of no conceivable advantage to the Lord individually; but it was indispensable to the salvation of mankind, and therefore needful to the satisfaction of His holy loving soul.

3. What hinders me? says a third. "Why, of course, my baptism in infancy. I have been baptized." But the application of water to your body in infancy was not Christian baptism at all. I mean it was not what the Lord Jesus commanded. Nor was it any act of yours. It did not express anything that was in you. It was only the act of others; and done, not in obedience to Christ, but was mere compliance with the prevalent superstition, with human authority, or with worldly custom. We know

from Holy Scripture that believing penitents, or those who professed to be such, were baptized, and ought to have been; but in the case of infants, neither faith nor penitence can find either place or expression. To baptize them, therefore, is to institute another ordinance, not only different from believers baptism, but wholly incompatible with it, and subversive of it. "Full well ye make void the law of God by your tradition."*

4. What hinders me? Another, if honest, would say, "I do not like the water—the cold water." I am half ashamed to give expression to this frivolous objection. But, alas! it is with some so potent and practical an objection, that they yield to it, week after week, till the weeks amount to years. Like it! Does religion, then, consist in doing as one likes? Did the martyrs of former ages like the tortures they endured? Did the Lord Jesus like the cross on which he was hanged? And do you expect to wear a crown in His glory without bearing a cross for His glory?

5. Another, if he would speak out, would acknowledge that he is hindered by the *publicity* of our baptisms. If this be the case, then let

* It is asserted by some that baptism in the New Testament is a substitute for circumcision in the Old Testament. But such a notion is contrary to the truth. For not only were multitudes of persons already circumcised commanded by the apostles to be baptized, but one who had already been baptized into the faith of Christ was afterwards, by the Apostle Paul, circumcised—Acts xvi. 3. The two ordinances, therefore, are essentially different. The reason will be clear, if we consider that the circumcision of an infant did for it something substantial, valuable, and certain. It gave to it an interest in the Covenant, and without this act the child would have been cut off from among the people of God. The baptism of an infant does not, even in the remotest degree, affect its interest in the Covenant of Grace, or its condition and relation to God. If a child has been baptized, Christ has redeemed it, lives for it, and loves it. If another child has not been baptized, Christ has nevertheless redeemed it, lives for it and loves it, just the same. The Old Covenant being limited to one portion of mankind, it was indispensable that that portion should have on it some unmistakable distinctive mark. But the New Covenant embraces all mankind, Gentile and Jew alike. To pretend, therefore, to make a difference where God has declared there is none is not only a mistake and an impertinence, but is in principle a subversion of the Gospel.

the ordinance be administered privately. Only few were present when the Eunuch was immersed; or Paul, or Lydia, or Cornelius, or the jailor, and their baptism was as valid every way as that of the multitudes that were immersed by John in the Jordan; or those of whom it is written, Jesus made and baptized *more disciples than John*. By all means let your baptism be performed privately—only mind, let it not afterwards be kept secret, lest you should incur the condemnation of those who are “ashamed of Christ in this sinful generation.”

6. What hinders me? Another replies—“The condition of your church. There are so many of you no better than they should be. If that is what is called religion, people will do as well without it. Such dead-heartedness, such meanness, such vanity, such tempers, such divisions. No, I cannot identify myself with such people.” To this I would reply—Jesus Christ *came into the flesh*, not because the world was good, but because He was good, and knew what the world wanted. You are gifted, it appears, to discern what the church now wants, and therefore it is your vocation and your duty to try to improve it. If you wait till the church is perfect, you will wait too long. If you wait till it is such as you would like to see it, you will leave others to do what God has qualified and called you to do; or, what is more likely, the work will be left undone because of your negligence and want of self-denial. No doubt there are counterfeits among our coins. But let us not reject the whole; and if you are able to detect the bad, you are just the person required to aid in its removal from the community.

7. “What hinders me? My love of liberty hinders me. I do not choose to bind myself to any particular sect or company, but to enjoy myself where and when I like. I could not submit myself to your

discipline.” Brother, if indeed a brother you be, you will have to keep the commandments of Christ, else you will never enter in through the gates into the city. And our church requires no more. We might help you, and you us, to keep His commandments; and some of His commands can only be kept by church members. Matt. xviii. 15—18; Romans xii.; and 1 Cor. xii. 12—31.

8. What hinders me? “Well,” says another, “if I must confess it to myself, it is the fear of man. It is the fear of the world. I commend those who follow their convictions; and my convictions are the same as theirs, but I have not the courage to follow them.” It is to be feared this is a very common, though tacit and unacknowledged objection. Christ demands decision and bravery. He was not and is not ashamed of us; and warns us lovingly and solemnly of the danger of being ashamed of *Him*.

9. Another says: “No, I am not ashamed of Him; but what hinders me is that I fear I am not fit to be baptized. I do not feel good enough.” An old writer, in answering this very frequent and insidious objection, says—“Do you feel yourself bad enough? If you do, Christ sees you are good enough.” It would be a strange thing for a child to say, I am not good enough to do as my parents desire; or for a pupil to say I do not think I know enough to be taught; or for a sick person to say, I do not think I am well enough to take the medicine prescribed by the physician. Do you think the eunuch before us acted rightly? and do you suppose he concerned himself to inquire whether he was worthy or fit enough? Was it not sufficient for him to believe himself a needy sinner, and Christ an all-sufficient Saviour? And you believe the same, the very same. What, then, hinders you any more than him to be baptized?

10. "What hinders *me*," says another, "is a fear that I might afterwards, through inconsistent behaviour, bring dishonour on the name of Christ." A salutary fear! May you always cherish it. But consider these two things. You are already every day dishonouring Christ by your *present disobedience*. And "the way of the Lord is strength to the upright." Commit yourself to the Lord in the way of childlike obedience, and He will guarantee you strength according to your day.

11. The last hindrance I will suppose is—"Not to-night. I must

think about it. I must pray about it. Sometime I hope I shall; but not to-night." Can you ensure to yourself a more convenient season. The Lord says—"To-day, if you will hear His voice;" the devil says, "To-morrow." "If the Lord be God, follow Him." "Choose *this day* whom you will serve;" and taste the joy of one who said before you, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments."

[This practical and pithy paper by our departed brother might be made very useful amongst those who are undecided on the matter of Baptism. Let us fully distribute it.—J. C.]

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. THOMAS WRIGHT MATHEWS.

FAREWELL, O saintly, tender, cultured, true;
A deep sweet strain is to thy memory due;
I lift my voice to let my heart have way,
I lift my voice to do the best I may.

A life of many thoughts and busy days,
A life of prayer, love, sacrifice, and praise,
That patient sweetness kept when friends were few,
And to his hurt the shafts of slander flew;
Vivacity and pathos, learning, skill
Of Art, a woman's softness and man's will,
A brave and radiant speech, keen sense to know
The highest voice, and a stout heart to go
Where'er the shrilling trump of Duty blow;
In meekness all, as though his richest hoard—
Best service were unworthy of the Lord;
And so the mellowing years went stealthy on,
Nor found his light, grace, wisdom, pureness gone;
What wanting, but the peaceful end that came
To crown the story of a gentle name?
What wanting, but the grand embrace of death,
To fill the fainting breast with loftier breath?
What wanting, but the opening of the door,
That the tried steward might have further store,
And reap the fields of Life for evermore?

O almost blameless life where love was law,
O noble kindling face all loved who saw,
O rare and gracious man of many parts,
Now the bright memory of a few sad hearts
For whom thy living made fair Earth more fair—
Thy death a Star sets in the Heavenly air.

Good Lord, to follow him as he that ONE
Who never leaves the faithful soul undone;
So work, so love, so bear, so muse, so pray,
As in a dream of heaven day by day;
So trust, so rest, so hold the hand Divine,
When the flesh fails and human lights decline!
*With me so be it when mine eyes shall see
The looming coast line of eternity.*

J. TRUMAN.

THREE MONTHS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE "ATLANTIC FERRY" IN THE SUMMER OF 1866.

No. III.—*Richmond, Cincinnati, Louisville.*

WE left Washington early on Monday morning, the 14th of May. The storm of the previous day had rendered the air cool and bracing. A small steamboat conveyed us down the Potomac as far as Acquia Creek. The river is broad, having pleasant country on either side. Its waters were muddy with recent rains.

Our first stoppage was at Alexandria, one of the oldest of Southern cities. Mount Vernon, the former residence, and now the mausoleum of George Washington, was our next object of interest. We much regretted that we could not pay a visit to the house, of which a glimpse only through the thickly-wooded plantation surrounding it, is obtained from the river. It contains many interesting relics. The property is now held in trust by the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," and sacredly preserved, as its illustrious owner left it. Our approach to it was announced by the tolling of the steamboat bell. This is the invariable custom. It seemed rather childish to me, and unworthy of Washington's unostentatious and genuine greatness. Unhappily, however, the mournful tones were painfully in keeping with the scenes of desolation we were about to visit—the result of intestine war.

On landing at Acquia Creek, the charred timbers of the wharf and warehouses, told of the repeated conflagrations that had taken place there, and thence, all the way to Richmond, by the railroad, we traversed what had recently been one vast battle-field. Rails that had been torn up lay twisted like ropes by the way-side. Bridges which were only partially repaired, after having been burnt to the water's edge, had to be slowly crossed. We could often see where troops had encamped. The remains of stockades, rifle-pits, cavalry fences, the stumps of trees roughly hewn down for war use, and not infrequently broken gun carriages were the common wayside objects of view.

But we are approaching Fredericksburg. If you look at the church spire, you will see daylight through the large round hole by which a shell has pierced

it. Dilapidated houses indicate the severity of the conflict. Sometimes you may observe only the chimneys left standing. The train waited about a quarter of an hour, affording time for a few general inquiries. Not far from the station is the famous wall, from which "Stonewall Jackson" obtained his cognomen, and near it the house into which he was carried when mortally wounded.

I stood the greater part of this journey on the platform of the last carriage in the train. This enabled me to obtain an extensive view over the plains of war. Some American fellow-passengers, standing near me, were well "posted" in all the details of the fighting, and supplied me with much interesting local information. Two young fellows, travelling in company, told me that they had fought on opposite sides; and though now excellent friends, would do so again to-morrow should the war be renewed.

Incidents of this kind were of frequent occurrence. I remember over-hearing one tall gaunt man remark to another, as we alighted at a small station—"I say, did you see where you almost picked me off on the night of such and such a raid. Ah! if you had aimed straight then, I guess I should have been rubbed out there, and no mistake."

It was easy enough to speak thus flippantly after the peril was over, though not very commendable as to taste. Whilst for the moment it amused, there were numberless other mementos of the war that produced only the most profound sadness. Among them, the many crippled young men, some with one or both arms gone; or one and sometimes both legs. Almost every lady in Washington and Richmond was in mourning attire. It was rare in the South to see ladies in coloured dresses.

We arrived at Richmond early in the afternoon. The train drew up, as is not infrequently the case, in the middle of one of the principal streets. The usual traffic, not very great, appeared to be going on. I saw no station, or "Depôt," as it is generally

called. Hotel touters swarmed about us like locusts. We took refuge in the omnibus of the "Ballard House."

The Court House, then all in ruins, was close by. Full a third of the city had been destroyed. Street after street of stores and warehouses had been reduced to mere heaps of burnt and broken rubbish.

The city of Richmond, Virginia, is pre-eminently "beautiful for situation." It stands on the hilly slopes of the James River. The lower portions of the city had suffered most from the fires which were kindled by the Confederates when evacuating. The "Libby Prison," where large numbers of Federal prisoners had been confined, was still standing, but surrounded by demolished buildings. The State House, erected on a fine elevation, had also been saved. The Cemetery, like most others in the States, is very beautiful. Its records of heroism in battle were fresh and numerous. We paid a visit to the house which had been occupied by Mr. Jefferson Davis during the siege, and upon which the flag of the United States was now waving. The general in command had taken it for his residence. Not far off is the church where the ex-Confederate President was at service when the news of Lee's defeat at Petersburg reached him, and compelled a precipitate escape.

A carriage ride to Fort Harrison, eight miles distant, enabled us to see the lines of entrenchment by which Richmond had been defended. Traces of the war were very abundant. Broken gun carriages, and occasionally the remains of dead horses, together with immense quantities of battered canteen boilers, lay scattered about. We could often see the place where some weary soldier had made for himself an impromptu shelter, and beneath it a rough sort of bedstead formed by a few transverse stakes raised about a foot from the ground. Part of our way was over corduroy roads, constructed to bear the heavy weight of the artillery. But it was still evident that the deep mud had sometimes proved more than a match for the horses' strength.

Fort Harrison itself is a strong earthwork. It was, we were told, ultimately taken by a negro regiment, after some very desperate fighting. We ascended its now deserted defences, and walked about the interior. An

old negro was the only person we found there, of whom we purchased a few bullets and other portable relics. At some distance from the Fort, we observed some men at work on the open plain. On inquiry we were informed that they were making a Cemetery, and removing into it the bodies of soldiers who had been hastily buried on the spot where they had fallen. On our way back to Richmond, we met four waggon loads of coffins, intended for these interment purposes. We little thought then, how soon a far more devastating war was to lay waste a country much nearer home.

Our carriage was hired of a negro who had been a slave. He sent a brother negro with us as driver and guide. Both the men were exceedingly civil and intelligent. With much feeling, the owner of the carriage told us of the wretchedness he had experienced, when, during the days of his slavery, his master came to him one morning, whilst at work in the stable, and said to him, with as much unconcern as if only alluding to one of the horses, "Jos, I guess I have just sold your wife." The poor fellow replied, "No, Massa; you don't mean that." "I guess I do though," was the cool and cruel answer, "and you can soon get another." Jos, however, thought otherwise. He worked overtime, and with the help of friends, obtained money enough in six months to buy his wife back again; "and," said he, with a hearty grin, "we have never been separated since, and *no one can do it now.*" This reminds me of another humorous fellow we met with in Richmond, who informed us that he had bought himself off from his "old missus," for 2,000 dollars. We expressed our surprise at his being able to obtain so large an amount. "Well," he said, "you see I paid her in Confederate notes. A friend of mine who knew what they were worth got them for me; and three days after they were worth nothing. Poor old missus," he said, "I felt sorry for her; how she did storm!"

The coloured population in Richmond appeared to preponderate. We looked into some of the "slave pens," as they were called, where daily sales of men, women, and children used to take place. Nearly every other house a little below our hotel had been a

"commission agent's sale room," for this is the more polite name that was painted over the doorway.

One of the largest churches in Virginia is at Richmond. It is the First Baptist Church, and belongs to the negro believers. As we passed one hot afternoon, we saw crowds of coloured men and women hastening in. On entering we found that a funeral service was in progress. The coffin had been placed in front of the platform, and the minister was delivering a fervid funeral oration. He sometimes addressed his audience in a half-singsong tone, to which they responded by beating time with hands and feet. More than once he apostrophised the corpse, speaking to it in great scorn, as a now untenanted and useless abode of the immortal spirit. Then, as if addressing himself to the unseen spirit, he exclaimed, in eloquent allusion, no doubt, to some of the recent war experiences of many present: "Ah! sister, you are beyond the reach of the devil's gun-shot now. He cannot touch you now." Then turning to the congregation: "Oh! see," he cried, "she is clothed in the white robe of righteousness now, and it fits her! it fits her! it fits her!" The excitement was often very intense; and at each fresh burst of rhapsody the people, especially the women, gave a loud, sharp hysteric sob. After the body had been removed, and those intending to follow it to the grave had left the church, a prayer meeting was announced for such as liked to remain. My attention was arrested by the vigour with which a poor old woman was shaking hands with a young one; their countenances were radiant with delight. It seemed a strange contrast to the funeral lamentations. To resist the infection of their keen enjoyment was impossible. The hand-shaking must have gone on for at least five minutes, when one of the brethren came up and put a stop to it; otherwise, its cessation appeared hopeless. On asking for an explanation, a reply was given me which might serve to rebuke our ecclesiastical stiffness. "Oh!" said my informant, "the young woman has just found Jesus, and the old one is giving her a welcome." Though few could help smiling at the oddity of the scene, it probably presented a far more beautiful spectacle

in the eye of the Redeemer than the most stately ceremonial. The genuineness of the emotion was unmistakable.

We left Richmond for Baltimore by steamboat. It was a long and tedious voyage. The boat selected proved to be one of the slowest, and rolled heavily across Chesapeake Bay. The weather was "dirty." Happily, in the James River, for the first 100 miles, as far as Fort Monroe, it threatened only. A melancholy interest attached to this part of the voyage. We passed many wrecks of steamers, gunboats, and other craft, which had been disabled during the war. Chimneys, masts, engine shafts, broken boilers, and hulks peered up out of the water in ghastly array. The navigation had not long been restored, and was in some places exceedingly difficult. There were also many remains of pile bridges, which had been used for the transit of troops. But one of the most affecting sights of the James River was the dead forests on its banks. Their destruction was attributed to the inundations made through the embankments having been broken, followed by the severe frosts of winter. It is difficult to imagine any scene in nature more depressing, than these gaunt-looking trees, without a vestige of foliage in the height of summer, deserted by all birds except buzzards, which were hovering mournfully over their bleached branches in great numbers.

The different forts on the river were pointed out to us by a very well-informed captain, whose kindness and attention made all the compensation in his power for the tediousness and other disagreeables of his vessel. Some of the pontoons used by General Grant, when he took his 200,000 men across for the final conflict, lay stranded on the banks, indicating the exact spot where this decisive military feat was accomplished. Many small white headstones marked on either side some soldier's grave.

A drizzly evening was drawing in when we passed Monroe fortress, where Mr. Davis was at the time a prisoner. The night on board was lamentably dreary; the more so, as we had no great confidence in the seaworthiness or any other worthiness of our steamer. We were afraid, moreover, that we should be too late at Baltimore for our train westward, which would have

doranged our plans very materially. However, we just managed to catch it, by quitting the boat at the first wharf at which she touched for the purpose of landing some freight, and driving as fast as "hack" would take us to the train. We had been thirty hours on board. Our aim was to reach Cincinnati by the following Sunday.

Passing out of Maryland into Pennsylvania, I was amused by observing that the first station in the latter free state, bore the very appropriate name of "Freedomland." The country was in many places exceedingly picturesque, especially on the banks of the Susquehanna. We crossed this river both on entering and leaving the town of Harrisburg, the flourishing state capital of Pennsylvania. The crossing was made on pile bridges, over which we went very cautiously, calling to mind the advice given me before leaving home, by a friend who had travelled much in America: "Always thank God," said he, "when you have passed safely over an American railway bridge."

We halted for the night at a neat little town called Altona, at the foot of the Alleghany mountains. The houses were of wood, painted white, and with their green outside blinds, had a cheerful look as they mounted above each other on the hill-side. Beds at the hotel were obtained with great difficulty, as the train was well filled.

Early the next morning, our journey was resumed. The train ascended slowly the zigzag railway, at an incline of 95 feet to the mile. The mountain scenery was wild, but hardly so imposing as I had expected. A mountain breath of air, however, is always refreshing. The descent on the western slope of the Alleghanies was rapid. We began now to meet with newly-formed settlements, where the forest primeval was being cleared for the first time. We reached Pittsburgh in the afternoon, and remained there that night. This is a thriving, bustling city, but as dirty and smoky as I suppose a manufacturing town ought to be. It is the centre of extensive coalfields, and is admirably situated at the junction of two rivers, the Alleghany and the Monongehala; and which when joined form the commencement of the Ohio. It thus affords a good illustration of that "admirable arrangement of Providence,"

which so forcibly impressed the mind of the elderly lady, who remarked that, "in the course of her travels, she had observed that all the great rivers flow past the great cities."

Pittsburgh seemed the very opposite of the sleepy places, such as Richmond and Washington, which we had just quitted. The energy of industrial life was everywhere apparent. We felt as if we had entered a different world. The clang of steam hammers and rollers, and other volcanic sounds was incessant. Then we had only to cross the river by a handsome suspension bridge to find ourselves in Birmingham, for so the opposite town is appropriately named. Strolling through the streets, I noted two stores adjoining each other, bearing somewhat diverse sign-boards, painted in large staring letters—the one being called "Cash store"—the other "Coffin store." They suggested some moral proximities that are sometimes too much forgotten. The latter store is often more euphemistically called "Casket store." The store-keeper also frequently advertises himself as "embalmer of the dead."

As our next railway journey from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, involved a night "on board," we secured at starting berths in a sleeping car. The comfort of such cars depends upon the character of the structure. On this occasion the best was bad, being shaky, dusty, and noisy. But on a subsequent occasion, we had the opportunity of travelling by one of "Pulman's Palace sleeping cars." This deserves its name. It has double windows, excellent ventilation, broad spring mattresses. Each berth is curtained off, and a good toilet room is provided at one end of the carriage. It is divided into compartments, called "State rooms," each room with upper and lower berth. During the day, the upper berth is fastened back out of the way, and the lower used as a sofa, the joint seat of the two occupants of the compartment. At dusk, a dusky attendant comes round and makes up the beds, and a good night's rest may be obtained. In the morning you find your boots cleaned, and yourself ready for breakfast as soon as it can be obtained. We reached Cincinnati in good time for this morning meal. The "Queen city of the West," on the banks of the Ohio, made a pleasant resting-place

for another Sunday. We stayed at the "Burnet House." The streets are broad, and the stores well furnished. Some noble mansions and picturesque villas are placed in the chief suburb of the city called Mount Auburn. The scenery is very beautiful from this point. I was glad, after the Sunday's rest, with its refreshing devotional services, to spend a long morning in the Merchants' News Room, where I found the latest editions of all our best English newspapers. I was the more anxious to do this, as on the second morning after our arrival, the startling announcement of "Bad news from Europe," placarded in the entrance hall of the hotel, had created much uneasiness. The news was that of the disastrous commercial panic of 1866. It produced great excitement. The mention of names well known to us and highly esteemed, as being among the principal sufferers, greatly depressed us, and suggested the possibility of our having to hasten our return home. Later in the day, however, letters were received which considerably diminished the first anxiety.

Everybody knows that Cincinnati is celebrated for its great hog killing and bacon-curing establishments. I reserved making myself acquainted with these American marvels in "killing" and "curing," until my visit to Chicago, which I believe ranks as *prima donna* in this elegant accomplishment.

Our next stage, on leaving Cincinnati, was down the Ohio, to Louisville, in Kentucky. We secured berths on board a magnificent river steamer, subsequently, alas! destroyed by fire, causing the loss of many lives. We were mercifully preserved, though the starting of an opposition boat at the same time did not increase our sense of safety. No "snags" were encountered. These "snags" are fir trees, whose heavy roots have embedded themselves in the shallow bottom of the river, and thus rendering them as formidable as a bayonet charge to any boat that may heedlessly bear down upon them.

Our steamer drew only four feet of water, but with a free board side of full 30 feet. It had 300 berths on board, arranged in double tiers round the saloon, which extended from one end of the boat to the other, and could not have been less than 20 feet high. The decorations were very gorgeous.

We reached Louisville soon after daylight, and as I was desirous of catching an early train for a journey of some 80 or 90 miles, in order to visit the "Mammoth Caves," of which I had read some deeply interesting accounts, I could not do more than hurry from the landing stage to the Railway Depot.

The account of my visit to these vast caverns, extending many miles underground, must be reserved for my next paper.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN LONDON THEATRES.

THE gospel preached in a theatre? Why not! Well, twenty years ago, the bare idea would have been resented as the depth of profanity. Not one would have regarded it as a feasible method of carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing masses of this modern Babylon. And even now all objectors are not silenced. Still, after eleven series of services have been held in the theatres and music halls of this metropolis, and eleven reports issued bristling with plain, uncoloured facts, showing the beneficent results attending these extraordinary endeavours, some are doubtful of their propriety; and if they do not speak, sagely shake the head in token that they fear all is not right.

One thing, however, is certain. No aspect of the work of Christians is so distressing to the minds of those who yearn for the *salvation of the world*, as the slight

effect produced by the Church of the Lord Jesus upon the myriads who congregate around, but always outside our places of worship. Go to fifty houses in any thickly populated neighbourhood near you, and gather up the results of your ministry as churches. What are they? Where are the sheaves of corn fully ripe? Where are the jewels of the Lord plucked from the mire of sin? Alas! whilst we have enough reward to stimulate and encourage us, yet what an immense area without a single seed-corn of the gospel; what hosts of human hearts that never thrill with the love of God! The ordinary, and even such extraordinary means as we have adopted at present, have failed to win over to Christ the occupants of the vast moral wastes of our large city. London teems with people who never go to chapel or church, who regard religion as an affair between ministers and their sup-

porters, and pay little or no heed to the claims of God, the concerns of the soul, or the solemn realities of eternity. Moreover, as Lord Shaftesbury said a short time ago—"There is a great increase of infidelity among the people. Missionaries have more than ever to grapple with infidelity; and there are large numbers of men going about who have sufficient powers of oratory, and sufficient command of facts, to deceive people who were only too ready to be deceived. The appetite of scepticism and doubt prevails very much among the people, and a large proportion of them fall into error. Our duty is very plain, and it is that every man, woman, and child should bestir himself and herself for the purpose of spreading the gospel among the people." There is no doubt of it. Every church should be an evangelizing centre, and should not be content with the ordinary round of activity; but by wise and intelligent and well prepared open-air preaching, by getting the aid of men specially qualified for evangelistic work—such as our friend Mr. Varley—and by going to buildings where the people will come, should earnestly and importunately beseech men to be reconciled to God. These theatre services prove this, at least, that the people will come to hear the gospel when it is preached to them in their own dialect, in places above all suspicion of caste influences, and by men who are plainly in earnest.

The buildings opened during the last course of services were, the Royal Amphitheatre, High Holborn; Britannia Theatre, Hoxton; Pavilion Theatre, White-chapel road; Sadler's Wells Theatre, Clerkenwell; New Standard Theatre, Shore-ditch; Asley's Theatre, Westminster road; Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgeware road; and Oxford Music Hall, Oxford street.

In these places 187 services have been held, attended by about 200,000 persons, making in all, from the commencement of this effort, 1,654 services, attended by 2,228,100 persons. Through the liberality of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, in making most liberal grants of tracts, 1,781,300 handbills, containing, with a notice of the services, a brief statement of some leading Christian truth, have been distributed.

The service is conducted with great simplicity and naturalness: and we can bear witness that the attention is as fixed, and the order usually as good, as in any church or chapel. Generally, it does not last for more than an hour and a quarter; though subsequently a prayer meeting is held, at which many frequently stay. There are stewards who have the work in charge, and who, along with other Christian men, seek to follow up the good work done in

the preaching of the cross by conversation with any who remain behind. Thus one writes of the work:—

"During the past season I have given those who are concerned about their soul's salvation an opportunity of speaking with me, either before or after service. More than twenty persons, men, women, and I may say, children, have come to me more or less convinced of sin, asking, 'What must I do to be saved?' One evening before service a man named Kenny, an Irish Romanist, came to me, and said, 'Mr. P——, I have accepted of your kind invitations, but hope you will excuse me the liberty. Nothing but a fear of going to hell and destruction has induced me to come to you. My case is a very bad one, and I need your advice.' I asked him to tell me his history, which he gladly did. He is in the army, and has served in India, Canada, and other parts of the world, and at the present time is in charge of some new barracks. He has a wife and one child; and from his statement it appears she induced him to come to the preaching, and from the first time he was convinced of his sins, and resolved to forsake them; but one sin, drunkenness, was too much for him. He had tried over and over again, but could not escape it. Having told me his difficulties, I said, 'My advice to you is, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and sign the pledge.' I prayed with him, and after the preaching he came to me again and said, 'Mr. P——, I do believe on Jesus; and now I want to sign the pledge.' I introduced him to one of the stewards, who took his name and address. From that time up to the present I have reason to believe he has been living a godly life. Both he and wife became regular attendants at my week-night prayer meeting.

"Another encouraging fact in connection with our service, is the prayer meeting after the preaching. From five to seven hundred of people stay in till nine, sometimes half-past nine o'clock. On the last Sunday in March I invited all the people to stay with us at the prayer meeting, and said there would be an opportunity given to any person to make a statement respecting any good received from the preaching during the past season. About one thousand persons stayed with us until past ten o'clock, the proprietor having very kindly given permission for us to stay as long as we wished. Six persons—four men and two women—gave their testimony to the good received through the preaching of Christ's gospel at the Britannia Theatre. One of the women, Mrs. —, of Fleming Street, Hoxton, said, 'I thank God I was induced to come here last year, and from the first service I attended I was impressed about the salvation of my poor soul. I believed

on Jesus, and have reason to hope I am saved through His precious blood. My husband's salvation was then the next thing I prayed for. By God's help I brought him here, and he is now a saved man and a sincere Christian.' During the past winter her husband has been helping me, as one of the stewards, and Mrs. — herself is also working for the Master, in visiting the sick and distributing tracts. The testimony borne by others was equally encouraging; but not knowing their names I have not reported them.

"This season, the same as last, I have held a meeting every Wednesday evening for those who are seeking the Lord, and I am glad to say my average attendance has been fifty persons."

Mr. Sawday's church is in the neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells, and he states that he believed not fewer than 200 persons have come under his own observation who have attributed their first religious impressions to attendance at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and who are now members of his own or other churches.

As one case among many which might be given, he told the following, which had occurred when preaching in the "Wells" two or three winters ago. Among his hearers that night there was a poor woman. For eight years she had "walked the streets" around the Angel, till within the last month or so. At that period she had married a man recently arrived from Australia. She was, however, almost as sinful as ever. Sitting that Sunday night with two or three other women as wicked as herself, one of the party said, "Let's go for a spree to Sadler's Wells, there's preaching there." They went, and fearing to be seen, went to the gallery. But that night the theatre was unusually full. They could find no seats, and cursing and swearing, according to the woman's own statement, they descended to the centre circle. They were still unsuccessful in obtaining seats. They came down to the pit, where at last seats were obtained. "Just then, I," said the preacher, "was uttering those gracious words of Jehovah to His people, 'Come now, let us reason together, &c.' And then I added, 'Come, Mary Magdalene.' At this invitation the poor woman started to her feet and rushed out, for strange to say her name was Mary Magdalene B—. After awhile she came back, and leaning against yonder pillar, the same words echoed again in her ears. The following Friday night she followed me to our prayer meeting, and there I believe found the Saviour. Both she and her husband became members of the church, and in a very special manner this woman became useful in laying hold of her unfortunate sisters, and rescuing them from the fangs

of the destroyer. One morning I met the husband with a coarse black band round his hat, and seeing him looking very sorrowful, asked what was the matter? The Lord had taken this jewel plucked from the dirt of the London streets to himself; and on inquiring how she had died, the man replied, 'Oh, a bright death, sir; eh, a bright death.'

James Stevenson, Esq., of Bromfields Largo, Ayrshire, in sending a donation to the committee, gives another very cheering instance, showing the way in which the Theatre Services have been remarkably blessed:—

"A sailor who was in my employ last year had a few months before returned from the diggings, and while strolling along Whitechapel, I think, wandered into a theatre, lighted up, as he thought, as a place of amusement. The words of the preacher took such hold upon his mind that he became a thoroughly changed character; indeed, one of the most earnest Christian men I have known. Latterly he has become a missionary, I believe in London, and as he adds to zeal considerable powers of cogent address, I have no doubt he will be eminently useful."

During the present series of services, Mr. B. H. Cowper, a man qualified in a high degree for the work, is delivering five addresses on the evidences of the Christian Religion, at each of the buildings in succession, with a view to counteract the aggressive efforts of secularists. As an encouragement in such work, the following instance may be cited from the account of the service in the Oxford Music Hall:—

"At the close of one of the services a man, a very fine-looking fellow, remained to the prayer meeting, and was soon in great distress, weeping like a child. He asked for some one to go home and pray with him. As we were going he said to me, 'I am convinced nothing but Christ will do for me. I have tried infidelity, having been one of its leading advocates with Thomas Cooper, but it has failed in giving me peace of mind. Oh! sir, I must have Christ. If I did but feel that He is mine!' When we got inside his room he pointed all round and said, 'Do you see those broken chairs and this nearly empty room? That's a drunkard's home,' he continued, pointing all round. 'Oh! the misery of mind it gives me. Why, sir, I've been in all the hospitals of London with delirium tremens, and in one of them I was told that if I touched drink again it would drive me to madness. My life too has been that of a prizefighter; I have fought with Tom King and others. There was not a man in the ring that could touch me; but here's the punishment and fruit of it. Is there hope? Can I have

Christ? Oh! as the preacher said, "There's peace to the troubled conscience in Christ." Do pray for me.' We knelt down, he responding, 'Lord help me.' I left, and wished him to continue praying. I may add that he has been a constant attendant at my open-air services, and has been to the present services again carried on at the Oxford."

These are only a few of the illustrations that might be given of the results of this Christian work. To the poor the gospel is preached, and God accompanies the word with the demonstration of the Holy Ghost and power. Divine love seeking and saving the lost is proclaimed. Jesus is lifted up, and men are as of old drawn unto Him. Brethren, let not souls be ruined because we are hurried so deep in the

grooves of our ordinary activity that we cannot reach them. Consecrated men doing consecrated work is consecration enough for any building. By all means let us save men. This is our work. Sorrowing over their great loss, rejoicing in the hope of enriching them with the riches in Christ Jesus, let us do it, bending custom and opinion to our energetic will and work, and not bending ourselves and our labours to them. God said to His servant of old, "Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." Have we this true mark of the servants of God?

J. CLIFFORD.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. III.—*Results.*

BY B. BALDWIN.

At the sixth of these United School assemblies, held at Loughborough, May 19, 1812, the subject of improved modes of teaching writing was discussed; and a practice was strongly enforced, which in our day we should think it strange to omit, viz., that of opening and concluding the school with prayer. It was recommended as an essential part of Christian duty, tending to impress the minds of the scholars with seriousness, and to direct their thoughts to the Great Fountain of every good. In the afternoon the Rev. T. Stevenson, afterwards the always ready and energetic pastor of the Loughborough church, delivered a very animated address to the teachers, encouraging them to proceed with zeal and ardour in their important undertaking.

After this date I have not been able to meet with any continued record of these assemblies of delegates at Loughborough; and whether they were still held or not I cannot say, but a meeting was held at Loughborough on Monday, June 19, 1815, to form a Sunday School Union Society, embracing schools of different denominations, at which nineteen of the General Baptist schools already named were represented and joined this newly formed Union. The Rev. T. Stevenson presided on this occasion. Accounts of the schools were given, and addresses delivered by several ministers and friends. In the evening, after prayer by the Rev. Mr. Felkin, of Kegworth, the Rev. R. Alliot, of Nottingham, preached a sermon from John xvii. 21. This sermon was of so appropriate and excellent a character, that it was printed

at the urgent request of the Committee of the Union.

This general view of our Sunday school progress in the Midland Counties might be almost indefinitely extended, but it will suffice to show that the churches of our Connexion were striving to fulfil the duties so forcibly indicated by Dan Taylor in his letter to the churches at the Association held at Loughborough in July, 1801:—"Not only let us to the utmost of our ability encourage and assist Charity schools and Sunday schools, but let us exert ourselves by every means, 'in season and out of season,' to take all occasional and incidental opportunities to inform the minds of youth, and engage their hearts to attend to 'the things which belong to their everlasting peace' and felicity. We trust, brethren, that you will have pity on the children of your neighbours, and even of your enemies, and will unite with us in doing all that can be done, that they may be brought to the knowledge of 'the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent,' whom to know 'is life eternal.'" Thus early did this good and far-seeing man depict that which must ultimately become the sole object of Sunday school instruction. This plan of mutual conference soon became common. In 1810 a union of the Sunday school teachers of Nottingham and its vicinity was formed, and the Rev. T. Stevenson, of Loughborough, preached a sermon at their assembly, which was said to contain "too many oratorical flourishes," but was printed for general circulation. The teachers belonging to South Lincolnshire

and part of Cambridgeshire also established a union in 1814. By these means, and by the frequent insertion in the denominational magazine of Sunday school information, letters on the necessity for religious instruction for the young and ignorant, suggestions as to the best means of communicating it, the work of the schools was increased in its efficiency and usefulness. And though the teacher was compelled at first by the sheer ignorance of the scholars to spend his time in the merest A B C of instruction, it soon became questioned whether there was not a more excellent way. Rev. Robert Hall wrote a vigorous article showing the necessity of seeking the salvation of the children by teaching them the religion of Jesus Christ.

Conscious of this being the grand aim of their work, the teachers of our Sunday schools, the rank and file of the battalions of the Lord's hosts, have bravely and patiently toiled on from week to week, from year to year, with varying but with sure success. They have adopted a religious machinery, which, combined with that of fellow-labourers in other sections of the church, has in the short space of little more than half a century changed the whole moral aspect of the country. Their quiet plodding work has not brought them into public prominence, and therefore few special names can be mentioned, although in several districts in our Connexion there seems to have been one servant of God manifestly raised up and specially qualified for this service. Many earnest, self-denying men and women having given themselves to this sphere of labour, are now inheriting the faithful servant's reward; and many more are now in like manner patiently serving their generation, the church, and God. As we thus look upon their labours, and feel a thankful pride in what has been accomplished by them, one cannot but feel amused at some of the quaint customs and modes of government in their earlier history; such as the giving to boys shoe-buckles, and to girls pieces of ribbon, as prizes for good attendance and rewards for diligence. At one unmentionable place, not a hundred miles from Leicester, the school was conducted in the large kitchen of an old-fashioned farm-house, in which was a capacious oven for the family bread-baking, and probably for the neighbours also. Into this oven a refractory boy would be placed, and with the culprit a gander was sometimes also shut in, so that the frightened bird might peck his fellow-prisoner for his sins! In these old times it was not uncommon for Sunday school teachers to be paid for their services; but I record it to the honour of our

General Baptist schools that I have not met with a single instance of a school being taught by any but voluntary teachers. The information handed down to us in the records of our General Baptist schools, which I have been able to gather, and facts treasured up in the memories of many of our aged friends which have been communicated to me, shew that these institutions have proved most important agencies and auxiliaries to our churches from the time of their adoption unto the present day.

(1.) They have exercised an important influence in inculcating a more reverential regard for the Lord's-day, and an observance of public worship. (2.) They have not only created a vast demand for the printed word of God, but have been a most extensive means of the circulation of the Bible in all parts of our denomination. (3.) They have done very much, but more during the last twenty-five years than ever, in familiarizing the minds of the young with Bible history and gospel truth. (4.) They have taken no small share in inspiring amongst the rising race an ardent attachment to religious liberty, and freedom of thought and worship; and thus have widened the basis and strengthened the position of our hearty and generous nonconformity. (5.) They have awakened and incited to activity the dormant intelligence and talents of our churches, by offering a fair and inviting field in which they might find ample scope and exercise—a field which presented the tempting, virgin soil of the youthful mind; and it is no small advantage to the Sunday school teacher to be oftentimes the first—before the parent, before the schoolmaster, and before the minister too—to sow in such fair and untenanted soil the seeds of religious truth. (6.) They have laid claim to the most kindly consideration and generous help, by being, as they are often termed, "nurseries to the church;" for I believe it will hardly be questioned that of the thousands who have been gathered into our churches during the seventy years past of the present century, the majority have passed through our Sunday schools. (7.) They have proved spheres of labour which have brought out the latent talents and capacities of many who have become ministers of our churches, and ambassadors for Christ amongst the heathen. (8.) They have also constituted a sphere which our Christian sisters have found especially adapted to their warm-hearted zeal, their tender love, and patient energy, and in which they have been able to render signal and eminent service in the cause of Christ. Here they are not forbidden to speak, and they have used their opportunity well. They have been,

and still are, most worthy and devoted helpers of their brethren, who have gladly and cordially welcomed them as invaluable co-labourers in this holy and useful toil. (9.) It would be ungrateful not to record the pleasing fact that our Sunday schools have rendered most reasonable and substantial help to our Orissa Mission, not only in furnishing several of our devoted missionaries, but also by giving material pecuniary aid. They support many orphans in our Mission Asylums, besides contributing largely to the general fund. Our last year's Mission Report acknowledges considerably more than £200 as direct contributions from our Sunday schools; and I have no knowledge of how many hundreds more are raised by our Sunday scholars under the headings—"Little Books," "Juvenile Society," "Missionary Boxes," &c.; and I may not without reason ask, "What would the treasurer of our Orissa Mission say, if the amount raised through the instrumentality of our Sunday scholars were suddenly to be withheld?"

But the blessed influences of our Sunday schools have not been bound by the limits of our English "rock-bound coast," for I suppose there are few of them from whence some have not gone to distant lands, and they have been followed by the earnest sympathies of those whom they have left behind them in the father-land. Oh! that it were possible to summon here to-day, not those who have already crossed

the Jordan of death and are safe-landed on the everlasting shore, gratefully and for ever wearing their starlit crowns of victory. Not these! we would not bring *them* hither again, even for a moment, for our communion and joy to-day is not comparable to their ecstatic and unspeakable bliss; but I would that we could gather with us on this unique occasion, those who have gone forth from this land, and from our own Sunday schools, and in the far East and the nearer West, in distant Northern and in sunny Southern climes, are now filling spheres of usefulness and honour, having carried with them into their chosen homes, away from the land of their fathers, that stern, unyielding, General Baptist love of liberty, of God, of His Gospel, His House, and His ordinances, which has been burnt into their hearts, and woven into the habit of their lives, by the earnest words of Sunday school teachers, in the old England of their bye-gone days. Doubtless many of them are thinking of us, as we are here gathered in Leicester in this Centenary year, and we will also think of them, grown up as they are into stalwart bearded men, and motherly women; and while we pray for their faithfulness to their convictions and their God, we will see in them the bright prospect of harvests of souls in foreign soils, and the gleaming of the approaching day, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deep."

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. III.—*In the Desert.*

"MOTHER, I really can't endure this tormenting thirst much longer. It is devouring me. All this day you have been telling me we shall come upon a well, and yet it seems as far off as ever. Are there no springs in this desert?"

Such was the plaintive and impatient appeal of a youth of some fifteen summers to his affectionate and sorrowing mother, as they wandered foot-sore and heart-sick, oppressed with a weary sense of homelessness and hopelessness over the hot and parched soil of a dreary and desolate wilderness. For years they had revelled in the warm and genial shade of an abounding prosperity; and had scarce known a single want, or felt a solitary grief. A generous father had loaded their table with benefits, and made their cup run over with good; but owing to a slight domestic disturbance, occasioned by the lad's behaviour towards his younger brother, they were driven

rudely and harshly from their hospitable home into the unfriendly desert. With strange feelings, partly of daring independence, and partly of real grief, they set out, shouldering a bottle of water and a store of bread, and sustained by the hope of finding a home and a table spread for them in the wilderness. But they were soon disappointed. The water was quickly spent, and the bread consumed. And being the end of summer, the herbage which covered the region with a rich verdure in the early spring was dried up, and thickly powdered with the dust of the chalky soil. The streams that leaped from stone to stone then were now swallowed by the thirsty ground. The wells were empty. The air was hot. The pitiless sun shot his fiercest rays upon the thirst-stricken wanderers, and the dry, half brown, half white earth reflected his heat as from so many mirrors up into their pale, thin, and

sunken faces; till the youth, losing all heart, cried out, as well as his swollen tongue would let him—"Oh, what shall I do! I'm dying. This tormenting thirst is fast killing me."

"Be patient a little longer, my boy," says the distressed mother, getting strength to battle with her own pains from her warm love and eager efforts for her son, "let us walk on and we shall find water soon. I remember, years gone by, before you were born, wandering in a neighbouring desert for hours, but at length I refreshed myself at a fountain in the wilderness. God sees us, and He will not forget us."

Soothed a little by this statement, which he had heard so often that it was becoming a familiar strain, they walked a few paces further: and then, almost crazed with the maddening fever of his thirst, he fell prostrate on the ground, muttering in an indistinct manner, "I'm dying, oh! mother, I'm dying."

Her heart breaking with anguish, she hastes away to every patch of green herbage within sight, fondly hoping to find the life-giving draught; but at length, recalled by the pitiful moans of the dying lad, she returns, almost exhausted by her fruitless efforts, and in her despair moves him from the hot glare of the sun to the shelter of a kindly protecting shrub, and then, for she cannot bear to see his death-agonies, she moves off a little distance till the fierce struggle is ended.

Burying her head in her lap, the mother, doubly desolate, laments the loss of her only hope and joy in all her wanderings. Why should such a cruel fate overtake me? Was it not enough to be banished from my home? Must I also be robbed of my child? When lo! she starts! A gentle voice is heard, in sweet and winning tones, calling her by name, and saying, "What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is! Arise, see yonder is a well of water; fill your bottle again, and give the lad to drink." With an energy born of heaven, away she starts for the well of water, and bounds back to her son, swift as an arrow to its post, and just in time to save him from the grasp of death. Thus the life of Ishmael was preserved by God; "and God was with the lad, and he grew and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer," and the chief founder of the great Arab nation.

Could anything picture to us a richer pity or a deeper compassion? Is there a scene anywhere that shows so forcibly the tender heart of God our Father towards the distressed and suffering? The lad did not even pray. No supplication escaped him. He is too much rent, and torn, and

agonized by his thirst for that. He simply moans out his anguish, and his cries and tears reach God in the heavens, and He comes out of His place at once, and tells the despairing mother where the waters flow. God is very pitiful towards the young and feeble, and needy. He delighteth in mercy. He will help in your extremity, for he is full of compassion. Things that you can do yourselves He will not do for you: but He will surely send you aid when other sources fail, and water when other streams are dry. God secures a friend for the baby-boy that is cast into the river Nile, and Moses gets in Pharaoh's palace part of the skill and the wisdom that enable him to deliver Israel from Pharaoh's iron rule. He gives back to the weeping widow of Nain her one and only son from the coffin, without a prayer, without a sigh from her or her friends, and from the simple impulse of his deep compassion. Josiah Wedgwood, the founder of the Staffordshire potteries, lost his father when he was eleven years old, but God took care of him, and made him a great and good man. Samuel Drew, bereft of his mother and neglected by his father, was left in the hands of God, and he became a clever writer and a useful member of the Wesleyan Church. Joseph Hume's father died whilst he was a mere child, and he was sorely put to it to gain a livelihood, but he toiled on, became a Member of Parliament, and made himself a name and a fame for persevering energy that could not be defeated. Hugh Miller's father was drowned at sea, and he was left to be brought up by his widowed mother, but not without many witnesses to the care of his Father in heaven, and he became a famous geologist, a skilful author, and a good man. Francis Chantry, the Sheffield sculptor, William Smith, the father of English geology, Fowell Buxton, the friend of the slave, John Kitto, the workhouse boy, who became the writer of many good books; and hundreds more who, like Ishmael, have been cast forth into the desert of poverty and suffering, have found that God has been with them, supplying their needs and making them prosperous. Never doubt God's compassion. Cling to His mercy to the last. It is infinite. It endureth for ever. "Tis sure in God the fatherless and forlorn may find mercy." "When my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up." With a special care he watches over and provides for the young. Look up to Him and fear not. Trust His love in Jesus, and do His will, remembering—"It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

J. CLIFFORD.

Reviews.

THE MEMORIALS OF THE REV. W. BULL, OF NEWPORT PAGNELL. By J. Bull, M.A. Cheap Edition. *Elliot Stock.*

THE Rev. William Bull was a man endowed with more than ordinary powers, of more than ordinary industry, and blessed with an intense, fervid, and zealous piety. He was (and this is his chief claim to live amongst us still by this interesting biography,) the centre of much of the Christian activity of this kingdom during the latter part of the last century and at the beginning of this, in so far as that activity was not associated with Methodism on the one hand, or Dan Taylor and his colleagues on the other. His familiar friends were John Newton, the eminent preacher at St. Mary's, Woolnoth, London; William Cowper, the poet; Rowland Hill, of Surrey Chapel; Thornton, the wealthy and generous Christian merchant, and their letters, as well as his own, preserved in this volume, reveal the genuine piety by which they were distinguished. William Bull, amongst other qualities, possessed a keen wit, and did not fail to exhibit it at College. On one occasion when the beer had become unbearable, the students unanimously voted, that it was not only small but dead; and that being dead it ought to be buried. A large can of the liquor was obtained and carried at the head of a procession of all the students, wearing the tokens of mourning, preceded by William Bull, arrayed in a surplice formed of sheets of white paper, who delivered a funeral oration over the departed beer. Again, preaching to his afternoon congregation, and observing many asleep, he took out his Greek Testament and began to read. The sleepers were at once aroused; and then looking up from his book, he said, "Well, I thought you could understand Greek as well as English when you were asleep." This is a fascinating piece of Christian biography: well adapted to minister to religious zeal and earnestness, as well as to give a vivid picture of the movements of some of the most notable Christians of our land from 1770 to 1814.

A HISTORY OF WESLEYAN MISSIONS. By Rev. W. Moister. Second and Revised Edition. *E. Stock.*

COULD any other body of Christians send forth such a volume as this? From first to last it is a clear, methodical, and intelligible record of work for the Lord, of earnest, self-sacrificing, high-principled and successful endeavour to preach the message of God's universal love to the

uttermost ends of the earth. The names of the sections of the work show the widely extended fields traversed by the enthusiastic followers of John Wesley. They are as follows: Europe, America, West Indies, Western Africa, Southern Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Friendly Islands, Figi Islands, India and China. Where are they not? May God bless them abundantly! They carry the precious and incorruptible seed, the true gospel of Divine Love, and we rejoice with no common joy in their harvest. Why (this book suggests to us) should not we have a brief, racy, and vigorous history of our Orissa Mission, sold say for ninepence or a shilling? The tale is worth telling: for the beauty of the Lord our God has been upon us in the mission field in an extraordinary manner. Will not some well-qualified brother write it at once? It would be sure to do great good.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN THE LIFE OF KING DAVID. By Chas. Vince. *Elliot Stock.*

WE give a cordial welcome to this elegant and useful volume. It is, so far as we know, the first that Mr. Vince has published. May it soon have a companion! The discourses are of high merit, characterized by freshness and force of thought, felicity of illustration, occasional flashes of wit, chasteness of language, and fervour of feeling. They are genial, attractive, and suggestive, full of practical wisdom, and eminently devout. Readers of these sermons will discover, amongst other things, the intrinsic value and superior character of the Old Testament Scriptures, and will have their minds fortified to meet the depreciators of Hebrew history, by the reception of imperishable and ever-needed truths gathered from the career of the Psalmist King.

THE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST. By W. Stroud, M.D. Second Edition. *Hamilton, Adams, & Co.*

FOR several years past we have anxiously looked on every book-stall we came across in this city, and inquired at not a few book-sellers for a copy of *Stroud* on the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ; but all in vain. Having borrowed the first edition, published in 1847, and read it with great satisfaction and profit, we ever afterwards wished to possess it. The appearance of a second edition is very welcome. It is a most able and exhaustive treatise, intended to prove that the immediate cause of the death of the Lord Jesus was—medically

speaking—laceration or rupture of the heart; that, indeed, he died not as the mere result of crucifixion, nor still of the spear being thrust into his side, for that was after his death, but from a broken heart. Dr. Stroud refutes the erroneous notions which have been entertained on this subject; piles up the evidence for his position with conclusive skill, shows how such an explanation of the death of Christ elucidates the Scriptures in their types and prophecies, doctrines and precepts; and also supplies a witness of the truth of Christianity. This edition is enriched with a letter on the same theme from the pen of the late Sir James Simpson.

ONE THOUSAND GEMS FROM THE REV. H. W. BEECHER. Edited and compiled by G. D. EVANS. *Hodder and Stoughton.*

No preacher in Christendom, we might even add, no preacher of any age of the Christian church, has produced so many gems as the famous Brooklyn orator. He is a man of "imagination all compact." His sermons and papers sparkle with precious and beautiful thoughts to an incomparable degree. Nowhere may gem-seekers look so hopefully as in this field. Mr. Evans has set his "One thousand gems" in admirable style. Gems of every colour and hue, of every shape and shade, and of every degree of brilliance, are found in this compilation. The characterization of each treasure is good, and sixteen pages of well-arranged "index" add greatly to the value of this attractive and useful volume.

THE SCOTTISH KIRK: ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT POSITION. Liberation Society, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street.

We ought to have noticed this work much earlier; but circumstances that we could not control have hindered us. At a time when everything bearing upon the question of State establishments for the support of religion is of unusual importance, this exposition of the present condition of the Church in the North of this country is very opportune. The history is told in an interesting and instructive style, and the evils of patronage (the bitter and perpetual gall of the Scotch system), are fully and fairly set forth. Now that State-churchmen in the North are trying to get rid of the patronage rights, and keep the State's pay, it is more than ever necessary that we should be well-informed upon this subject. We warmly commend this able volume to our readers.

BIBLE PALM TREES. *London: E. Stock.*

ONE would imagine that a book with such a title would contain something about the

botany of the palm tree of sacred lands. Of this, however, we have not a word. The author seeks to illustrate the Christian life in what are called "its embellishments, such as faith, love, and obedience, in its fruitfulness, in its perfection, in its relationship, in its privileges, and in its duty and success." Such an arrangement of material as this is enough in itself to create suspicion as to the literary workmanship of the book. Faith is much more than an "embellishment" of the Christian life. The style is as feeble as the method is ill-judged. Still there are some good thoughts in the book, and some apt quotations that may fit it to realize the intention of the author, which is to comfort Christian hearts.

PAMPHLETS, SERMONS, ETC.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NONCONFORMITY. By T. FISK. (*Stock.*) A bold, manly, and faithful statement of our case. It should be in the hands of every young Nonconformist; and it might also be useful to any amongst us who see no reason for difference between Pædobaptists and Baptists.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES, AND WHERE ARE WE? By J. JOHNSTONE. (*Edinburgh: J. Thim.*) Mr. Johnstone thinks that "we are" in the three and a half years in which the two witnesses of Rev. xi. 3—15 are dead. Those two witnesses being, according to his view, the principles of Christ's headship over the church and over the nations. We have read this pamphlet over thrice, and found in it some error; scarcely a whit of sound biblical interpretation; and agree with the writer in little besides his new translation of the passage in question. To us Christ's headship over the church was never, since the time of Constantine, such a living principle as it is now. And as for His sovereignty over the nations, that is not yet, and will not be till the church and the nations are one.

PLAIN TRACTS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE. J. H. WOOD. (*Winks.*) Our friend here breaks a lance with the Romanists on the doctrine of the Forgiveness of Sins. The victory is with him. This tract is admirably suited to counteract the pernicious heresy of the Romanists.

BAPTIST HAND-BOOK, 1871, (*Yates & Alexander*), is the fullest and most accurate of any issue we have seen.

The following sermons have been received:—

IN MEMORY OF DEAN ALFORD. By J. F. STEVENSON, LL.B. (*Reading: Burcham & Beecroft.*) A timely, wise, and thoughtful discourse.

REUDEN'S INSTABILITY. By J. Lewitt. (*Winks*.) The evils of instability are shown in a practical and pungent manner. A good sermon for the young.

"THE ACCURSED THING IN OUR MIDST." THE SPIRIT AND CHARACTER OF BARNADAS. By J. Burns, D.D. (*Stock*.) The first of these two discourses is a vigorous and vehement denunciation of alcohol; a description of the place in which it is found, and an earnest and much-needed dissuasive from the use of it. The second is a sermon on the decease of our dearly-loved friend, T. W. Mathews, and contains an exposition of the character of Barnabas, and many lengthy and interesting details of Mr. Mathews life.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ESTIMATE OF LIFE. By J. C. Pike. (*Winks*.) An earnest and devout address on the words, "To me to live is Christ."

THE PECUNIARY SUPPORT OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By W. Walters. (*Stock*.) A lucid exposition of 1 Cor. ix., and a forcible and well-sustained claim based thereupon for a cheerful and liberal support of Christian ministers. We commend it to the members and officers of our churches.

The Appeal, Church, Hive, Congregational Miscellany, Old Jonathan, Sunday Magazine, and Sword and Trowel, are ably conducted, and full of interesting matter.

Correspondence.

BOOKS FOR OUR UNDER-SALARIED MINISTERS.

To THE EDITOR—

Dear Sir,—I intend this year to present 500 volumes of Theological Books out of my over-crowded library to brethren whose salaries preclude any increase to their literary stock. I purpose to give from twenty-five to thirty volumes to each applicant. I only require to know how they

shall be forwarded, and for the recipients to pay carriage. I shall not be responsible in all cases for the state of the binding, or the exact orthodoxy of all the sentiments contained in them. A line, *in confidence*, will be early responded to.

I am yours truly,

J. BURNS, D.D.,

Church Street Chapel, Edgware, Road,
London, N.W.

Church Register.

CHAPELS.

DEWSBURY.—The foundation stone of our new church was laid on Shrove Tuesday. The weather was fine, and although similar ceremonies were being performed in two other parts of the borough at the same time, a very large crowd assembled, and throughout the day the numbers of friends who flocked to our meetings equalled the expectations of the most sanguine amongst us. At half-past three o'clock a procession was formed at our preaching room by the numerous ministers and distinguished guests, headed by the mayor of Leeds. On arriving at the site of the building, a hymn was read by the Rev. B. Wood, and sung heartily by the crowd. The Rev. J. Mursell read the Scriptures, and the Rev. W. Gray described certain memorials contained in a bottle, which he placed beneath the stone. The

minister read a brief paper, telling the story of the rise and progress of the church; after which Mr. Joshua Mitchell delivered a very appropriate and admirable address, and in the name of the church presented to the mayor of Leeds a silver trowel bearing the usual inscription, and a very beautiful mallet—the latter being the gift of Mr. Jesper Rushworth, of Bradford. His Worship, having declared the stone duly laid, delivered a speech, which impressed all hearts by its earnestness and manly tone. Referring more particularly to the cause in whose interests we were assembled, the speaker urged upon his hearers the importance of personal practical religion.—The Rev. W. Best, B.A., offered the dedicatory prayer, and Dr. Underwood delivered an address explanatory of our position and principles. It was very attentively listened to, and

was felt to be wise, witty, and of good effect. At the close of the service, on the invitation of Dr. Ingham, the people deposited their offerings of gold and silver on the stone.—Tea was served to a large company at five o'clock, in a room kindly placed at our service by one of the Congregational churches; and at half-past six a public meeting was held in our own room, which was highly decorated by our friends. The mayor of Leeds presided, and made a capital speech, the most practical point in which was a promise of £50. The mayor of Dewsbury had promised to be present, but was prevented. Good and characteristic addresses were given by Revs. J. Mursell, B. Wood, C. Springthorpe, W. Gray, Dr. Albrecht, and the ministers of the town, and by Mr. Councillor Oldroyd, who took the chair which the mayor of Leeds vacated early in the evening.—Will our friends kindly assist us to open this building free of debt? It is to cost, with the land, £3000. The Yorkshire Conference has promised us £1000, and we have gained another without going away from home. One family, consisting of three brothers (Messrs. Oldroyd), have given us £400. Others have given us hundreds, twenties, tens, and fives. But we want £950 more, and we hope to get this during the present year. The building is much needed. We cannot find room for the children who flock to our school. Our site and design are admired by every one, while the cheapness of the structure, for the accommodation it will provide, is universally acknowledged. Contributions, however small, shall be thankfully acknowledged, if sent to me. Articles for our bazaar in October will be welcomed; and we have some photographs of the new church we shall be glad to send to any friend for thirteen stamps each.

N. HERBERT SHAW.

BURNLEY, Enon Chapel.—A magnificent new organ, built by Messrs. Wordsworth & Maskell, of Leeds, has just been erected in this chapel, to commemorate the Centenary Year of the General Baptist Association. It is a remarkably fine-toned and powerful instrument, containing thirty-five stops, and is blown by hydraulic power. The sweetness and delicacy of the voicing, as well as the skill displayed in the mechanical arrangements, reflect the highest credit upon the builders. The total cost was £450.

BERKLEY ROAD CHAPEL.—The new chapel built for Rev. G. T. Edgley, of Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm, was opened on Wednesday, Feb. 15. Rev. Dr. Landels and A. G. Brown were the preachers. The chapel is in a good position, commodious, and elegant.

MINISTERIAL.

REV. T. R. STEVENSON, of Luton, has intimated his intention of resigning his pastorate at Union Chapel. The *Luton Advertiser* says:—"The numerous friends of the Rev. T. R. Stevenson will regret to learn that that gentleman has resigned the pastorate of Union Chapel, over which he has so successfully presided for the last six and a half years, and during which time he has actively associated himself with every movement having for its object the welfare of the people at large."

REV. B. HACKETT will close his ministry at Macclesfield, March 20. His address is Bridge Street, Sutton, Macclesfield.

BAPTISMS.

BIRMINGHAM, Longmore Street.—Feb. 8, ten, by L. H. Parsons.

BOSTON.—Oct., two; Dec. 2, four, by the late T. W. Mathews. Dec. 25, four by H. Jolley.

HISTON, near Cambridge.—Jan. 23, five, by W. Piggott.

LONGTON.—Jan. 21, three, by H. Wood.

LOUGHBOROUGH, Woodgate.—Jan. 29, seven, by J. Alcorn.

PETERBOROUGH.—Jan. 29, three, by T. Barrass.

Total Reported in first quarter, 1870.. 137
" " " 1871.. 106

FUND FOR MRS. MEE.

Per Alderman Wilkinson— £ s. d.
Rev. E. Bott and friends, Sutterton... 2 10 6
T. Horsfield, Halifax 2 0 0

Marriages.

COTTON—HIRD.—Feb. 1, at the General Baptist Chapel, Crowle, by the Rev. J. Stutterd, Mr. Robert Cotton, of Crowle Wharf, to Miss Charlotta Hird, of Keadby, Lincolnshire.

DARK—BURNS.—Jan. 25, at New Church Street Chapel, London, by the Rev. Dr. Burns (grandfather of the bride) Henry Sidney Dark, of St. John's Wood, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Burns, of Elgin Road, St. Peter's Park.

HOOD—MOORE.—Jan. 21, at St. Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby, by the Rev. H. Crassweller, B.A., Carey, son of the Rev. W. Hood, Baptist minister, Ford, Bucks, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Moore, watchmaker and jeweller, Derby.

KING—STRANGWARD.—Feb. 14, at Queen Street Chapel, Peterborough, by Rev. T. Barrass, Mr. William King, of Hilgay, to Miss Emma Strangward, of Peterborough.

Missionary Observer.

EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF THE COMMITTEE.

THE Foreign Missionary Committee met at the Osmaston Road Chapel, Derby, on Tuesday, the 14th ult.

The Minutes of the late Orissa Conference were read by the Secretary.

Resolved,—That we receive, with much interest and pleasure, this report of the work of God being carried on in Orissa; that we sympathize with our brethren and sisters in all their varied and useful labours, and pray that the much-needed help may soon be sent to them.

A letter was read from the Rev. J. Buckley, D.D., in reference to the frequent attacks of illness from which Mrs. Buckley had been suffering, and the necessity of a change, and suggesting that, in his opinion, it had better be to England, since it would be easy to spend as much money in travelling from place to place in India, as would be incurred by a voyage home, and without deriving much permanent benefit.

Resolved,—That the Committee deeply regret to hear of the impaired state of their dear sister Mrs. Buckley's health; and feel that after fifteen years of arduous toil, should a change to England be necessary, that they cannot but give a most hearty and affectionate welcome both to her and her esteemed husband.

The question of sending further help speedily to India, was then earnestly considered. Attention was directed to the Rev. William Hill, a former beloved and devoted missionary of the Society. A resolution inviting Mr. Hill to place himself at the disposal of the Committee was adopted. A small sub-committee was appointed to confer with our brother, who having presented their report, Mr. Hill stated some of the exercises of his mind, and Mrs. Hill's, in reference to their returning to India, and especially as to their family; but in answer to the thrice repeated invitation of the Committee he now said, "Here am I, send me."

It is believed that this decision, both of the Committee and brother Hill, will afford much satisfaction to the friends of the Mission generally. It was strongly urged that this crisis of the Mission was not the time for deliberation, but for ACTION. At the same time all were most anxious that the Society should not be again involved in debt—and it need not be. The good news was telegraphed to India the same night.

JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT OF INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. W. BAILEY TO THE TREASURER.

Cuttack, Dec. 2, 1870.

THE narration of a few incidents connected with my journey across the continent of India, and my arrival at Cuttack, will perhaps be interesting to you and

your friends. I left Bombay on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, by the mail train. Our Indian railways are quite equal, if not superior, to many of the lines in England. As this was the first time I had been on the line, I took special interest in all that I saw. The construction of the line over the Ghats is a remarkable triumph of engineering skill; in the course of eight or ten miles you ascend 2,000 feet, and so

perfect are all the arrangements, that it is almost impossible for an accident to occur. Every accommodation is provided for through passengers to Calcutta, and the first-class passengers have every convenience for sleeping, and there is a small dressing room attached to each carriage. Breakfast is provided at certain stations, and dinner at others, and the moment the train arrives, the covers are all laid and the servants in attendance. At every station there is an abundant supply of water, and a man goes the whole length of the train with a vessel and a glass, so there is no need for the passengers to leave their seats. The table land from Egutpoora to Jubblepore, a distance of 530 miles, is so level that I never saw an embankment more than three feet high; it would almost seem that nature had intended this part of India for a railway. In fact, the whole line, from the Ghats to Calcutta, with the exception of the bridges over the great rivers, has been more easily made than most of the lines in England. On some parts of the way to Jubblepore you pass through immense forests, where no signs of human habitation can be found, and where even the woodman's axe had never been heard until the engineer made his appearance. For about 200 miles west of Jubblepore, there are extensive tracts of cultivation; the soil is deep and rich, and were it in the possession of English farmers instead of native ryots, the surplus grain would be enormous. The villagers were very busy with their oxen, sowing or rather drilling wheat; the ploughs were of the most primitive kind, and with the exception of the bamboo tube attached to the plough, into which the grain was dropped by a woman or child, and which served the purpose of a drill, must have been the same as Cain used when he tilled the ground. For hundreds of miles not a single grain of rice is to be seen. The customs and habits of the people in Western India are altogether different from those in Bengal and Orissa. The stations on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway are very pretty, and the gardens attached to them filled with beautiful flowers and evergreens, make them very attractive to the traveller. The railways in India are of incalculable advantage to the government, as the officials can reach their destination in so much less time, and

with so much less fatigue and expense than they could in days gone by, and in case of an outbreak in any of the large cities in either Northern or Western India, European troops could be concentrated in a few hours. The rail from Bombay to Allahabad, and from Lahore, Delhi, Cawpore, Lucknow, and Benares, to Calcutta, has almost annihilated distance. While the railway officials are rather considerate about European and native habits and prejudices, there can be no question that the rail is doing much to remove the barrier between the two races, and is fast destroying the power of caste. At present all the trains have European drivers and guards, but in the course of time natives will in all probability supplant them. From the commencement of this month the mail train is to run from Bombay to Calcutta in sixty hours, including all stoppages, and as the distance is 1500 miles, it will give an average speed of 25 miles an hour.

I stayed four days at Allahabad, the capital of the North-West provinces; and was very hospitably entertained by Robert Corn, Esq., the deacon of the Allahabad Baptist Church. I preached twice on the Sabbath in the very elegant and commodious chapel which this gentleman has erected, and very much enjoyed my intercourse with the people. Allahabad is the finest station I have seen in India. The barracks for the troops are like immense palaces, and the whole city, with its beautiful roads, avenues, and gardens, looks almost like an earthly paradise. The climate, too, is so bracing; in December and January they have frost every night. There are two Baptist Missionaries stationed here, both of them men of the right stamp; but their success at present is, I regret to say, painfully small.

I tarried for two days at Benares, a city celebrated for its learned Brahmins, and the sanctity of its shrines. The gentleman with whom I stayed kindly took me to all the places of interest. I was somewhat startled when he proposed that we should go inside the golden temple, but he said there would be no hindrance, as the priests affirmed that it was so holy that no one could pollute it. The people are intensely superstitious, wholly given to idolatry. The emblems under which Seeb, the third person in the Hindoo Trinity, is worshipped, are

so numerous that it would take weeks to count them. Benares has special attraction to the devotees of Hindooism, and on the bank of the river there are temples and resting places that have been built by nearly all the princes in India. I saw one building that had been erected by the notorious Nana Sahib. The Hindoos from all parts of the Empire bring the ashes of their deceased relatives, and these, after certain ceremonies and incantations from the priests, are placed in the river. We witnessed the ceremony, and had a painful sight of the blindness of Hindooism, and the hardened rapacity of the priesthood. Benares is called "the city of pleasure," and perhaps there is no other city in Hindoostan where the princes and nobles have such opportunities of feeding their passions and lusts. The scenes of revelry and debauchery that are witnessed here during the hours of night can never be described. In the centre of the city there is a large college, with a staff of European and native professors, the cost of the building and maintenance has been given by native princes. During my stay I visited two Zenana schools, that are supported by his Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram; the children are all the daughters of high caste natives, and as I was the first gentleman, with the exception of the Maharajah, that had had ever crossed the threshold of these schools, I was rather curious to see how I should be received. Strange to say there was no shyness, and all seemed pleased to see me. They allowed me to question them, and their knowledge of geography quite surprised me; they sang a hymn, a translation of one of our nursery rhymes, and they showed me specimens of wool work they had done, which would have been a credit to any school in England. I found nearly 200 children in these schools, and the effects of the education they are now receiving, must have a powerful influence on the homes they will occupy in four or five years to come.

Missions have been established here for half-a-century, but the converts from heathenism are very few. There are only ten or twelve native communicants in connection with the Baptist Mission, and I fear some of the other societies are not in much better condition. I should be sorry to cast a shadow of reflection upon the work of any man, but I think I

ought to say to you, as the Treasurer of the Orissa Mission, that I have neither seen nor heard of anything in my journeyings of nearly two thousand miles that can be compared to the work in Cuttack. The Mission here has obtained a permanency and a power, which is a matter of the most devout thankfulness to us, and a marvel to missionaries of other societies. A missionary in Calcutta said to me, "We have, I think, the largest native church at our station — in this part of India;" but when I told him that our church at Cuttack contained about treble the number, he was startled with the statement. Our congregation here would fill Stoney Street Chapel, Nottingham. Amid all the anxieties and trials through which our brethren have passed during the last four years, which no pen ever can write, there has been unmistakable progress. I can perceive it at every turn. With *all my heart and soul*, I say, all honour to the men and women who have laboured with such courage and zeal, and have borne without a murmur burdens which in prospect they feared would completely overwhelm them. One of our band said to me, "If any one five years ago had told me what I should have to do, I should have shrunk from it as an utter impossibility." While there have been so many controversies and conflicts at home about financial matters, there has been a different scene abroad. Men and women have been battling every hour, almost night and day, with every form of disease and death. In one month forty-six children died at Piplee, and in another thirty. If there is a reward for clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and visiting the sick, then that reward our brethren and sisters here shall receive to the full. Time and space forbid me saying anything about my visit to Calcutta, and my visit to the Brahma Somaz, and the sermon by Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen. I reached Cuttack in safety on Saturday, the 19th of November: our good brother, Dr. Buckley, had stationed a man on the river bank to watch for the arrival of the boat. As soon as we were within speaking distance from the shore, a voice called out, "*Is Bailey Sahib there?*" And as soon as an answer was given in the affirmative, away went the man as fast as his legs would carry him, to convey the news to the brethren. Time had changed the countenances of

some, but I found that their hearts were as full of kindness and love as when they welcomed me to their homes twenty-five years ago.

THE HOLIDAY OF THE ORPHAN GIRLS AT PIPELEE.

HOLIDAYS in India are very different from what they are in England. Hindoo holidays are all of an idolatrous character, and, until a comparatively recent date, the only holidays recognized by the Government of India were of Hindoo origin; and even now twenty one days are set apart for Hindoo festivals, and only seven for "New Year's Day," "Good Friday," "Queen's birthday," and "Christmas."

Owing to the climate and customs of the people, and especially lack of facilities for travelling, it is difficult to give the children in our asylums a change of scene and a day of pleasure. Miss Packer had long been anxious to give the girls under her charge a holiday, but as the number is so large, and many of the children small, it was not an easy task to fix upon a spot, and make all necessary arrangements. About six miles from Pipelee there is a christian location, and it was determined to take them there. As soon as the matter was settled, and the girls were informed what was in store for them, there was such an outburst of joy that was most delightful to hear. When some of the youngest were asked, whether they would be ready at the appointed hour? they said, with a sparkling eye, and a very significant shake of the head, "*we shall wake early to-morrow morning, and shall have no fear of the cold.*" All seemed to vie with each other in making preparations, and none could see either trouble or difficulty in the journey before them. Long before day dawn all was astir. The little ones were placed on two native carts, and were packed about as close as bees in a hive, but they all avowed that they were most comfortable, and had plenty of room. About sunrise the girls, of their own accord, began to form into groups, and march out of the Mission compound. The little companies with their variously coloured garments, stretching on the road for nearly a mile, presented a sight which we had never before witnessed, and when we remembered their pitiable condition only four

years ago, saved almost as by a miracle from the horrors of starvation, our heart was filled with gratitude and praise. Four years ago such a journey would have been fatal to most of them, but they are now as merry and blithesome as lambs; then they were so utterly prostrate that the power of speech was almost gone; but now, they make the morning air ring with their songs as they march along. This sound of song scarcely died away for a moment, until we had reached our destination. Some of the girls sang very sweetly, in English, "There is a happy land," and "O be joyful," and the expression was very creditable. The natives, women as well as men, came out to see us pass, for such a sight was as novel to them as it was to us. We did not tarry to hear their comments, but we have no doubt, as they have such a terrible remembrance of the famine, that they would heap blessings upon some one's head for feeding the hungry and clothing the naked!

As soon as we reached the christian location, the girls were told to roam about at pleasure, and seek enjoyment in any way they please; and as there was no heathen community near the settlement, this permission could be given without fear. Some wandered to the rice fields, and as they looked on the crops, varying in fruitfulness according to the nature of the soil, and industry of the occupants, wondered which would be their portions when they got married? The greater part of them, however, went into the jungles and gathered flowers, evergreens, and certain leaves which the natives like to put in their curry. There was a hill near, which most of them climbed, and when they had reached its summit, they sang a hymn, and did what many excursionists do not, knelt down and offered prayer. When wearied, they grouped themselves beneath the shade of the trees, and one and another gave us scraps of information about their native homes and early life. One who has ever watched over them with the deepest solicitude, and tenderest care, pointed out several that were so emaciated that it seemed impossible for any human power to save them. One girl stood by our side who was the *only survivor* out of a batch of *thirty-five*. The sad scenes of the famine will never be written, no pen will ever describe the anxious toil and unwearied watchfulness

of those who took the children under their care. The care of nursing these poor famished children had to be undertaken both at Cuttack and Piplee by the sisters of the Mission. One of them told me that for weeks "she rose every two hours during the night to administer stimulants or restoratives to the children!" I have looked over the school-roll at Piplee, and I found that *one hundred and ten* had died in three months! If there be a record of disinterested and faithful service, then that will be made manifest, and receive a reward another day.

Nothing happened to mar the day's pleasure, and when the time for our departure came, the children were as anxious to return home as they had been to set out. They were all ready for their evening meal, which had been prepared for them by two christian women. They all slept soundly, and did not wake so early as they had done on the previous morning. These famine orphanages, which contain so many hundreds of children, and which have received the highest commendation from men of all ranks, and which form such an interesting part of the Mission, are sustained without any cost to the society in England. The Government sought the Missionaries as the only proper guardians to take the children, and the local authorities continue to take a deep interest in them; and, so far as we know, *without a solitary exception*, have shown the warmest approbation. A goodly number of the children have eaten of the living bread, and are now giving evidence of a renewed life. Several have been married, but to provide homes and occupation for the large number that remains, with our feeble band, will be a tax upon our ability, time, and patience, and strength, which we have never yet known. Still our hope is in God, and though human sources of help may fail, He will not leave His servants desolate.

W. BAILEY.

Cuttack, Jan. 14, 1871.

P.S.—On Thursday last, we had an interview with the General who has come to "review" the regiment at this station. He had been requested to see and report upon the site in the cantonment that had been chosen for a chapel. He told us *he* could see no objection, and promised to recommend the Commander-in-Chief to place it at our disposal.

IPSWICH, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR—

Dear Sir,—Having received the *General Baptist Magazine* for the month of September, I notice that it contains a letter written by Mr. James Swan, of Brisbane, to the Rev. Mr. Mathews, of Boston, setting forth the position of the Wharf Street Baptist Church, Brisbane, over which the Rev. B. G. Wilson presides; and only that he appears somewhat partial, I should not have cared to notice it further. But I do think that the church in Ipswich, of which I am a member, and was one of the seven members who formed it, including its pastor, the late Rev. Thos. Deacon, of Bourne, should not be ignored. He came out here to join his only son, who had been a student in the Leicester Academy, but who was obliged to leave on account of ill health, and who came here and arrived about the beginning of the year 1849. The Ipswich Baptist church was formed under the pastorate of the rev. gentleman in the year 1859, Mr. Wilson preaching the opening services; and, I beg to state, that it still lives and flourishes, by God's blessing, under the ministry of the Rev. Thos. Stephens Gerrard, who left England about six years ago, and who became our pastor last June twelve months. I am sorry to say that the amount of support which we are able to give him is but a mean pittance compared with our rev. brother's in Brisbane. If we could give him half as much as Mr. Wilson has we should feel thankful beyond expression, and it would add very considerably to his comfort and happiness in a temporal way; but he never complains. Since he has been with us, however, the Lord has blessed and increased us, and we are now able to give him nearly twice as much as when he first came amongst us. Our additions by baptism, since his arrival in Ipswich, have been eleven, and eleven by certificate of membership from other Baptist churches, chiefly from home. Our members live very much scattered, and some at a great distance, amongst whom we have established three preaching stations, which we supply to the best of our ability. Our Sunday school, though not very large, is in a healthy condition. Should you think this letter, or any part of it, suitable for

a place in your Magazine, I shall feel a pleasure in keeping you informed of our future progress, at least once a quarter; and several of our members, I am informed, will take the Magazine next year, and will feel some satisfaction in seeing that our existence and progress are acknowledged through your columns.

I remain, yours faithfully,
THOS. WOOLLEY,
 Secretary of the Baptist Church, Ipswich,
 Queensland, Australia.

November 26, 1870.

[We shall be very pleased to hear from our friends.]

BAPTISMS AT CHOGA AND CUTTACK.

Oct. 23, one young person was baptized at Choga, after a sermon by Mr. T. Bailey.

Nov. 6, two were baptized at Cuttack, after a sermon by Khumboo from Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death," &c. The address in the afternoon was delivered by Mr. T. Bailey, from 1 Thess. v. 23. One of the persons baptized had

been connected with the nominal christian community more than twenty-six years.

ANNUAL COLLECTIONS AT CUTTACK.

Our annual collections for the cleaning and lighting the chapel have recently been made, and the amount realized has exceeded 260 rupees (£26). Of this sum more than 100 rupees (£10), was contributed by the native congregation.

MISSION SERVICES.

WALSALL.—On Sunday, Jan. 29th, Rev. H. Wilkinson preached two sermons on behalf of the Mission. On Monday evening a missionary meeting was held. Johu Brewer, Esq., presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Burrows, H. Wilkinson, J. T. Jones, W. Miller, and W. Lees. Collections, £15 14s. 7d. Subscriptions, books, and boxes, made the total £30 up to the present. **W. L.**

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from January 18, to February 18, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
BARROW-ON-SOAR—			
Collections and Little Books	5	7	10½
BELTON—			
Collections and Little Books	2	16	10
BURTON-ON-TRENT—			
Collections and Subscriptions	43	2	0
CASTLE DONINGTON—			
Cash on account	9	0	0
FLECKNEY—			
By Mr. George Coltman	0	12	0½
LEICESTER, Victoria Road—			
Young Women's Bible Class	0	16	6
LYNDHURST—			
Subscriptions	4	10	0
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD—			
Subscriptions	1	1	6

	£	s.	d.
WHITTLESEA—			
Boxes and Little Books	2	12	4

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Clayton	0	7	0
Cropstone	0	6	0
Hitchin	1	1	0
Hurstwood, near Todmorden	0	11	7
Killingholme	0	8	0
Long Sutton	1	14	0
Longton	0	10	0
Maltby	1	10	0
Rothley	0	3	6
Sutton-in-Ashfield	0	8	0
Tarporley	1	5	0
Tydd St. Giles	0	2	6

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. C. PIKE and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, Secretaries, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1871.

A PLANT OF RENOWN.

BY REV. W. CHAPMAN.

Ezekiel xxxiii. 29.

IN the number, variety, and significance of the names and titles given to Jesus in the Bible, we have one strong proof of His divinity. The mere human being has yet to be born to whom a title of those names, in their absolute reality and broadest extent, could with propriety be applied; and some of them, if thus applied, would involve the most positive and glaring contradiction. The fact, then, that these names, so various and expressive, are given to Jesus, is one proof among many that in Him are united the divine and human natures. "What think ye of Christ?" We can neither know nor love Jesus as we ought, unless we are familiar with His names, and the perfections of character which they represent. Just so far as our knowledge of these is limited and imperfect, so far is our knowledge of Christ defective; and just so far do we limit ourselves in knowledge, comfort, and spiritual power, and so far as we limit these do we dishonour Christ. We cannot understand His glory, His awe-inspiring grandeur, and magnetic attractiveness, unless we are familiar with the whole of His character. We must know that

VOL. LXXIII.—NEW SERIES, No. 16.

the Christ is not only the babe of Bethlehem, but the Mighty God—not only the child born, but the everlasting Father—not only the Son of Mary, but the Prince of Peace. To describe His worth, and to set Him fully forth, the entire circle of social, professional, and scientific life is laid under contribution by the inspired writers. The starry heavens remind us that He is the sun of righteousness, the light of the world, the bright and morning star. The vegetable world reminds us that He is the tree of life, the living vine, the fruitful olive, the fragrant cedar, and the plant of renown. The animal world that He is the lion of the tribe of Judah, and the lamb of God. Even the hard and impenetrable parts of nature speak forth His praise, for that *rock* was Christ. Social life reminds us that He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Ecclesiastical life, that He is our prophet and priest. Legal life, that He is our advocate. Military life, that He is the captain of our salvation, who will bring us off *more than conquerors*. Medical life, that He is our physician. Pastoral life, that

He is our shepherd. And Royal life, that He is the King of kings and Lord of lords. But,

Join *all* the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

To one, and only one of these significant names would we ask your attention on the present occasion, viz.—“And I will raise up for them a plant of renown.”

You will perceive that we have assumed that the text is a veritable Messianic prophecy. Although there is some diversity of opinion, the reasons in favour of this interpretation appear to us the stronger. It is one of a class of figures of speech which bring out in the most clear and striking manner the amazing contrast between what Jesus appeared to be as the man of sorrows, and what He would become as the great redeemer of the human race. Assuming, then, that the text is a prophecy concerning Christ, we remark, in regard to this plant of renown, that it was,

1st, A TENDER PLANT. Thus it is designated by one of Ezekiel's predecessors in the prophetic office: “He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a shoot from a decaying root.” And was not Jesus, in regard to His human nature, at His birth, a tender plant? Though, as the branch of the Lord, He became “beautiful and glorious,” yet exceedingly humble was His origin, and very frail appeared to be the tenure on which He held His precious life. That plant so tender had no sooner broken the ground, and began to unfold its buds, and to develop its beauty, than it was exposed to the vindictive policy of jealousy and hate, and to the bitter winds of persecution. To preserve it alive, it was needful to transfer it to the fostering shelter of a neighbouring nation. “The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream,

saying, ‘Arise, and take the young child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him.’ And he arose, and took the young child and His mother by night, and departed into Egypt.” In Egypt, then, in a foreign land, that tender plant was sheltered, and preserved in life. Not only did it live, but,

2nd, IT WAS RAISED UP. Under the fostering care of Jehovah this plant thrived, and was raised to an elevated and commanding position. In a higher and wider sense than was true of Israel of old, this plant was brought out of Egypt, and was planted in Canaan, where it took deep root and filled the land—the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly Cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. The wrath of man, like the death-dealing simoom, often blew its hot scorching breath upon Him, but what was meant to destroy was so overruled that it fed, and strengthened, and beautified. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers took counsel together against the anointed of the Lord, yet was He set upon the holy hill of Zion. He was raised up. None of the purposes of Jehovah were frustrated. The joining of hand in hand by Roman governors and Jewish priests was rendered utterly futile. In spite of every opposing influence He was raised up.

3rd, THIS PLANT BECAME A PLANT OF RENOWN. You will perceive that no botanical name is given to this plant. From among the myriad descriptive terms used by botanists, not one is selected to describe the renown of Messiah. The reason is that no one plant could bring out the entire character and fame of Jesus. Some plants are renowned for their beauty, as the lily; some for their fragrance, as the rose; some for their healing

qualities, as the balsam; some for their shade, as the cedar; and some for their fruitfulness, as the palm. But Jesus is renowned for all these excellencies, and many more. There is no one plant that I know of which possesses so many resemblances to Jesus as the palm. The palm is very beautiful, with its upright stem and coronal of leaves; it is very fruitful, and useful in every part; and it "developes its umbrageous foliage in just those regions where it is most required for shelter from the heat of the sun." To bring out this part of our subject we remark—

(1.) That Jesus is renowned for *His beauty*. By beauty we do not mean physical beauty. On this subject the Scriptures are remarkably silent. No one can tell us what was His stature or contour, whether His countenance was ruddy like David's, or "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," as we may suppose Paul's was. Why this reticence? The probability, the almost certainty is, that if a description had been given of Christ's physical appearance, we should have thought and talked more of that than of His moral perfections; we should have worshipped His humanity. Now moral beauty is the highest kind of beauty, and in moral beauty Jesus was perfect. There was not a single feature of moral beauty lacking in Him, and there was not a single feature but what was perfect. He was altogether lovely. So true is this, that even infidels, whose mental vision is often very oblique, and whose moral taste is often fearfully perverted, have been awed into respect and admiration of the character of Jesus. Renan says: "Jesus was the glory of the people of Israel, who crucified Him." Again: "Mankind in its totality offers an assemblage of low beings, selfish, and superior to the animal only in that its selfishness is more reflective. From the midst of this uniform mediocrity, there are pillars that rise toward the

sky, and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the highest of those pillars, which show to man whence he comes, and whither he ought to tend. In Him was condensed all that is good and elevated in our nature." His childhood was unspotted; and when He "grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace and beautifying power of God was upon Him, we look as on the unfolding of a sacred flower." This plant, then, is renowned for its beauty.

(2.) It is renowned for *its fragrance*. "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." There were two kinds of ointment made and used by the Jews, which were very precious and fragrant, and to which a peculiar sanctity was attached. So precious and sacred were they that "whosoever should make like to them to smell thereto, should even be cut off from the people." One of these was composed of the principal spices, pure myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia and oil olive; another was composed of sweet spices, stacte, onycha, and galbanum, with pure frankincense. To bring out their perfume to the extent of which it was capable, these ingredients were salted, and some of them beaten or pounded. The graces displayed by the Lord Jesus in His life are to His name what these spices were to the ointment—they composed it. And as the perfume of these spices was not only given out spontaneously, but was increased by salting and pounding, so the fragrance of the name of Jesus has been marvellously increased by the severity of His trials, and His sufferings even unto death. And there is none like it. It stands alone in the elements of which it is composed, and in the preciousness of its perfume.

Each scented flower has its own peculiar fragrance, and an intelligent and discriminating sense can easily distinguish the perfume of one flower from that of another. Some odours

are pleasant and refreshing, some are soporific. The fragrance of the plant of renown may be detected by its definite and distinct character; by its strength, and by its reviving and refreshing influence. Whether we take our walks in the garden of theology or geology, of philosophy or general literature, we can easily and speedily discover whether the rose of Sharon be among the flowers, or the plant of renown be among the trees. There is a subtle, powerful, penetrating, unmistakable something in Christian literature which the dullest sense can detect and the most obtuse intellect can appreciate. It is the name or character of Jesus. Let a subject be imbued with the spirit of Jesus, and it gives to that subject a sweetness and power as superior to that of every other as was the strength of Samson to that of an ordinary man. Take that Spirit away, and though literature do possess the name of Christian, its strength will depart, and it will also, like Samson, become one of the ordinary type. What Christian cares about a Christless history, or poetry, or science, or theology? The more thoroughly all these are permeated by the character and spirit of Jesus, the more attractive, sweet, and reviving are they. This plant, then, is renowned for its peculiar and powerful fragrance.

(3.) It is renowned for *its healing powers*. In the time of the prophets there was a balsam in Gilead which was renowned both in Judea and in the neighbouring nations for its marvellous healing qualities. Traders from Egypt and Arabia visited Gilead from the earliest times. A faculty of physicians was established there, who were celebrated far and wide for their wonderful cures. Renowned, however, as was the balm of Gilead, the plant of renown is immensely more so. Its voice has gone out into all the earth, and its fame to the ends of the world. There were diseases which Gilead's

balm could not cure, but there is no disease beyond the power of the plant of renown. Sin in Scripture is often compared to a disease, and the most frightful diseases, and incurable by human skill, are employed as emblems of sin; but in the Gilead of the Gospel there is a balm and a physician equal to every emergency and every need. Let one come like the cruel and bloodthirsty Manasseh, and the lion will be changed into a lamb. Let one come burning under the influence of a fierce, fiery hatred like Saul of Tarsus, and with as much ease as Jesus cured Peter's wife's mother of her fever, will He heal such a one. The plant of renown has removed diseases odious in appearance and most dangerous in their nature. It has cured some of pride, and made them humble—some of revenge, and made them compassionate—some of cunning and deceit, and made them open and truthful—some of covetousness, and made them generous—and some of selfishness, and made them philanthropic. It has not only removed moral deformity and weakness, but has given moral beauty and strength; and it has done all this, not in one age, but in every age—not among one people, but among every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue. The leaves of the tree are indeed intended for the healing of the nations. The world was a vast lazaret-house, and in the plant of renown we have a specific for every one of its wretched and dying inmates.

(4.) It is renowned for *its fruitfulness*. The palm, the olive, and the vine were all very fruitful, but in each case the fruit was only of one kind, and limited in its quantity. The fruit of the plant of renown is richer in quality, of endless variety, and inexhaustible abundance. In all these respects, Jesus answers to another of His names, "Wonderful." He is renowned as the source of all spiritual light and life, of all holiness, grace, and mercy, of all Christian

and moral excellence. It is from Him that we derive our entire spiritual being. He is the source of all power, and might, and majesty, and dominion in all worlds. All the truth, all the mercy, all the grace you have or ever will have come from Him. All the holiness and happiness enjoyed by saints below and saints above flow from this plant of renown. Look to heaven at the just men made perfect, in all their beauty and blessedness, living amid the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, bathing in seas of heavenly rest, inhaling the perfume of never withering flowers—harping upon their harps, or listen to the jubilant songs of these ransomed ones before the throne, "loud as from numbers without numbers, and sweet as from blest voices uttering joy;" all these blessed experiences are the golden-hued fruits of the plant of renown. Separated from Christ, all these would become barren, withered, dead.

(5.) It is renowned for *its rarity*. Other plants are numerous. Some remarkable for their beauty, variety of form, and splendour of colour, some for their fragrance, and some for their fruitfulness, may be found in abundance in many parts of the world; but "trace the globe around and search from Britain to Japan,"

and you will find but one plant of renown. Examine minutely as ye may the myriad islands of the sea, the lofty mountains, the Himalayas of the East, the Andes of the Western world, the prairies of the North, and the pampas of South America—the vast equatorial forests; collect a specimen of every variety of vegetable and floral form from pole to pole, and amid the ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of plants, you will find but one plant of renown. Go where ye may, either into this or other worlds, and you will find but one Christ, one Saviour, one Immanuel; only one who is high as heaven and low as earth; only one who has spanned the gulf between heaven and earth; only one who has united the two natures of God and man. Go, if you will, from star to star—

"From world to luminous world,
As far as the universe spreads
Its shining spheres,"

and you will find but one Redeemer, one refuge from the wrath to come, one tree of life, one plant of renown.

Looking, then, at the exceeding beauty of Christ's character, at the fact that His name is as ointment poured forth, at His healing power, and fruitfulness and rarity, is not Jesus, with great beauty, force, and propriety, designated by the prophet a plant of renown?

CHURCH FINANCE AND CHURCH PIETY.

BY REV. W. E. WINKS.

A PROSPEROUS state of Church Finance is both a *consequence* and a *cause* of vigorous religious life in the church. It is very easy to see it in the latter of these two aspects; for, as a rule, an improved exchequer is one of the first and most marked symptoms of a revival of spiritual health in religious communities. This rule is so generally acknowledged, that in the majority of

the Free Churches the treasurers' accounts are regarded as the churches' pulse. And nothing is more common with those who take a hasty and superficial view of the subject of Christian beneficence than the supposition that the best, and, indeed, the only proper way of getting the finances of a church into a flourishing condition is to seek first of all to renew its spiritual life.

"Only bring the people to love the Saviour more, and they will be sure to give to His cause. Look after the piety of the church, and you may leave the pence to take care of of themselves." Such remarks are common enough amongst us. I had almost said they are *fatally* common. For if they are accepted as sufficient to convey the whole account of the matter, they will assuredly lead us into error. The community which regards the subject of finance in this light exclusively, and never allows itself to discuss "ways and means" in a candid business-like Scriptural manner, because, forsooth, its members "ought to be above such things," and "their piety and principle should be a sufficient guarantee for their doing all they can," will certainly be led astray, find disappointment come to its hopes, and have to face at times a heavy balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

Of course we admit the truth of such observations viewed as a general principle. But there is another side to this grave question; a side which is often ignored; if, indeed, its existence be not altogether denied. Every truth, like a sphere, requires two hemispheres to make it complete. These two sides taken apart, often appear incompatible and contradictory in the extreme. Consequently we frequently take up our abode in one of them, and deem it an error ever to venture into the confines of the other. Our views of truth may therefore be correct *as far as they reach*, but they are at the same time as far from *completeness* as the East is from the West. Now, in order to get a perfect grasp, and a complete solution of the question and problem of Church Finance, we need to reverse the terms of the proposition to which the members of our churches so readily give their assent, viz., "give us a larger piety and you shall have a larger liberality," and to admit, on the other hand, that *a better mode, and a more*

liberal spirit in financial matters, will serve greatly to increase our piety and zeal; that while love prompts to giving, giving intensifies love; that, to repeat the statement with which we commenced this article, a prosperous state of Church Finance is a *cause* as well as a consequence of vigorous religious life.

The history of numerous churches establishes the truth of these assertions beyond all fear of disproof. The elucidation of Scripture principles, and the adoption of the scriptural method of giving have in numerous instances been the means of stirring a church to the very depths of its religious life, raising it from the dust of despondency and sloth, and bringing about an unwonted condition of spiritual prosperity. Many a church has been brought to its senses, so to speak, by the introduction and free discussion of the teaching of God's Word on this topic. Tried by the touchstone of this grace of beneficence, it has found itself sadly wanting. It never knew before the extent of its deficiency in the spirit of love and self-sacrifice. But the introduction of this new theme has thrown a flood of light on the whole spiritual condition of the church; she has arisen at the dawning of that light and walked in newness of Christian life. Hence the incalculable good conferred upon hundreds of churches throughout the land by the devoted and persistent efforts of men like Dr. Cather and Mr. Ross. It is safe to affirm that the adoption of the scriptural principles and plans which these advocates have laid down has saved numbers of churches not merely from financial but from spiritual decline and death.

We firmly believe that the low condition of finances in many Non-conformist churches, and the injurious influence which this state of things is found to exert on their religious tone, are due to a want of proper teaching on this subject

rather than a want of Christian principle and of the spirit of liberality. I allude now to that portion of the finances which affects "the support of the minister," and the "defrayal of incidental expenses." For it is a remarkable fact, that, in many cases, other objects are well supported—Foreign missions, Sunday schools, &c.—while "the minister" is poorly, yea, *miserably* paid, and the "incidentals" have to be met by a tea meeting. We have even known instances where churches have shown at once their extreme liberality and their extreme ignorance—I can call it by no other name—by subscribing £80 at the Annual School Sermons, while their minister was compelled to try to live on a salary of £50 or £60; where the Foreign Mission or Home Mission has been supported to the admiration of all the neighbouring churches, and *the minister!*—why, to the daily distraction of his anxious wife. Surely we who have nothing to complain of personally ought to speak plainly about these things; for those who may be in the circumstances alluded to maintain a noble and patient silence. And what is the cause of all this disproportionate, unequal, and unreasonable beneficence? Simply the want of faithful scriptural teaching. The School, the Mission, the College, do not lack, because their claims are constantly presented to the people, and the duty of maintaining them plainly and boldly shown. But on the other "*very delicate subject*," the minister is "muzzled," either because it is a personal concern, as folks say, or because his hearers have been so long accustomed to be let alone as regards the duty of regular systematic proportionate giving to God, as one of the integral and essential graces of the Christian character, that when the subject is first introduced, they are startled from their propriety and good temper, and per-

haps, with affected sanctimoniousness, request him to stick to the Gospel and let such things alone. What can be plainer, therefore, than the fact that this state of things, wherever it exists, is due to ignorance. Taught aright, the people give, and give liberally as a rule. How needful, therefore, that the general question of Christian beneficence should be fairly and faithfully discussed in our pulpits, and that *liberality* in giving to God's cause should be looked upon in the light in which Paul presents it to the Corinthians in the eighth chapter of his second epistle, viz., as a grace of God (v. 1 and 2), a grace of our Lord Jesus Christ (v. 9), and, consequently, a grace of the Christian character, which is the Divine likeness in the soul of man (v. 6 and 7). Without proper teaching our graces cannot grow, our spiritual life cannot develope. The two are essentially united. Knowledge is the soul's food. If knowledge be not communicated, the Spirit's powers are dwarfed and destroyed. "But grow in grace and in the knowledge," &c. It is therefore manifestly erroneous to affirm that if members of churches are in a lively spiritual state the finances will not suffer. Even the best of Christians need instruction. Young converts are constantly being added to our churches. Surely we have none whose piety is more ardent than theirs on their first introduction to the church; yet how often do they bring no addition to the funds, simply because "they knew nothing about them." Paul, who certainly was acquainted with the nature and evidences of the Christian life, did not argue that the pence may take care of themselves if the piety of churches be duly nourished and maintained, for we find him, in the epistle alluded to, giving his converts instruction on these matters, and even prescribing a method for their adoption.

And all this to men who *did* abound in other graces of the Christian life, "faith," "zeal," "love," &c. Let this subject be taken up then in an apostolic spirit, a spirit at once bold, faithful, and affectionate. Let ministers and members of churches face

it candidly and earnestly; let the apostle's teaching be listened to and adopted; and our churches assuredly will reap the spiritual benefit which always attends upon the reception of the truth.

THE SMALL THINGS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. J. WOOLLEY.

THE Egyptians, and, following them, the Greeks, regarded Nature as a series of rings or revolving circles, forming a vast chain which links the Deity with His humblest creatures. Hence the golden chain of Homer, the rings of Plato, and the ladder of Celsus and Zoroaster. In a truer and loftier sense than could have been dreamed of by these philosophers, God is connected with His creation. Not only does He begin and end the chain, but His spirit pervades all nature, and "in Him all things live and move and have their being:" for to speak of something which exists, is to speak of something which derives its existence from Him; to say that He is present everywhere, is to say that every living creature and every atom of matter is preserved in being, and guided in all its movements, by infinite power, wisdom, and benevolence. Descending from the place of the first archangel, through all the intermediate ranks and conditions of being, we come to man, to the beast of the field, to the fluttering insect and to the crawling worm, to the tree and the tiny flower, to the rock and the grain of sand. And yet from the greatest to the meanest, nothing has an independent existence, or an origin different from that of any other object in the universe.

Neither is there anything which does not manifest His glory. We are accustomed to regard the heavens as affording the greatest and sublimest effects and illustrations of the divine power. But to the observant and thoughtful mind, there are equally numerous and astonishing proofs of that energy in the minute. What man, or what number of men, by their combined efforts, could make a single seed

—an object so small that hundreds may lie on the palm of the hand, and so light that a gentle wind or even the breath can blow it to a considerable distance; and yet so marvellous in its nature, that out of it, under certain favourable conditions, shall arise food suitable for human sustenance? It is beyond human power; and since these results are actually produced before our eyes year by year, they are manifestly the work of Omnipotence: they suggest that an energy has been exercised to which there is no limit; they declare that He who can provide for us in this manner can do anything. What a grand idea of the power of God do we also derive from a consideration of the countless myriads of living creatures with which the world has been, and is continually being, peopled! I have here a piece of chalk. I brush a portion off into water, and examine the sediment by a microscope; and though I have but drawn my finger over the chalk, yet I find that it consists of the shells of thousands of minute animals, which ages ago sported in the full activity of life. Or I examine a piece of flint, and discover that it contains in every part the remains of numberless animalcules, each of which is stamped as decisively and grandly as possible. A grain of marl, the saking of a dried sponge, or a handful of sand from the sea shore, will exhibit to us countless millions of sepulchres of living beings. The chalk hills of Kent and Surrey, and the beds of Northern and Southern Europe, consist almost entirely of the shelly coats of these creatures, although they are so small that a million distinct structures are computed by Ehrenberg to be contained in the space of a cubic inch.

The towns of Richmond and Petersburg are built upon strata composed, in a great measure, of the shells of different species of marine animalcules. The celebrated French capital owes its architectural beauties to the minute fossils of which its buildings are composed. The pyramids of Egypt, which have from remote ages been reckoned among the wonders of the world, rising to the height of 600 feet, and covering eleven acres of ground, are chiefly built of a limestone which is almost entirely formed of Nummulites. Not only have vast deposits been traced in Egypt and Palestine, in Arabia and Hindostan, but whole ranges of mountains, such as the Pyrenees, are also formed of these fossil remains; so that we may well ask with the poet Young—

“Where is the dust that has not been alive?”

Nor is the divine energy less emphatically declared by the countless creations of the present. Before me is a drop of water, taken from a small pool, in which a great deal of sub-aquatic vegetation has been growing. The microscope tells me that this drop of water is a world, peopled with countless atoms, actively, happily, and intelligently alive. Nay, so full of life is this earth of ours, that the very atmosphere is laden either with invisible living organisms or with their invisible germs: for if vegetables be steeped in water in which no trace of animal life can be discovered, and the air have free access, in a few weeks that same water will be full of curious living forms. If the vessel be kept air-tight, no organized bodies will be produced; but even if the infusion should be boiled, and air afterwards admitted, in a short time it will be filled with all kinds of minute and interesting creatures; proving not the truth of the theory of spontaneous generation, but that the created germs previously existed in the atmosphere, and were under suitable conditions developed. Let us suppose that we are looking through the tube of the microscope upon some of these curious creatures. As we gaze, our wonder and admiration increase to a ten-fold degree, for we find that they multiply in a most extraordinary manner, and to a most incredible extent. The particular animalcule upon which we are

supposed to be looking is called the *navicula*. In the course of five or six hours, we discover this *navicula* in the act of separating itself into two parts, and at length perceive two creatures as perfect in every respect as the original one. In the space of twelve hours, each of these is again divided into two; and thus this division and multiplication proceed until, at the end of the month, we have upwards of eight hundred millions of living things where at the beginning we saw only one. Nay, sometimes a *navicula* will divide itself not into two, but into sixteen, and even more, in the short space of time to which I have referred, so that the mind labours under the thought of multitudes of millions, and the spirit is overwhelmed with the idea of the wonderful energy of the Divine Being.

Nor is the *wisdom* of God less displayed than His power in these minute creations, for sufficient has been discovered to show, that a life-time is too short to learn all that may be taught by the meanest of them, and those that have the simplest organization. How great is the wisdom that guides the planets in their complex yet harmonious movements; and yet the same hand is visible in the construction of a weed or a worm. A powerful lens tells me that the piece of coal which I have placed on the glass slide, once existed in the form of a tree, and by the wise providence of God has been stored up for the use of His creature man. The mould, the blight, the mildew, the mosses, and the ferns, the very dust upon a window that for a long time has been left uncleaned, all display the skill of the great Creator. The blood, with its millions of red and white discs, the various vegetable and animal tissues, the rich endowments of the living beings, within the limits of the microscopic world, show that from the man to the monad, and from the monad to the dust, there is “the same Creator and the same creation.” Some of these tiny creatures have an elegance of form, unequalled by the larger animals which graze in our meadows or swim in our seas—a brilliancy of colour and splendour of plumage unrivalled by our tropical birds, and an elaborateness of structure not inferior, perhaps, to that of the human body.

"Truly," says one, "the skill of the great Architect of Nature is not less displayed in the construction of a Sea-Urchin, than in the building up of a world." What can be more beautiful than the Scallop—"the butterfly of the sea," with its elegant valves, and its eyes that shine like rubies; or the lovely Sea-Cucumber, with its waving plumes? What can be more glorious than the crowned Eolis; or the orange-disc Anemone; or the rosy Feather-star; or the exquisite Cydippe—

"A diamond clear,
Shaped as bard's fancy shapes the small balloon
To bear some slyph or fay beyond the moon.
From all her bands see lucid fringes play,
That glance and sparkle in the solar ray
With iridescent hues?"

If, as Galileo said, a straw be sufficient to prove the existence of an intelligent Creator, what superabundant proof have we on every hand—in the hooks of a bee's wing; in the tongue of the limpet, which, though twice the length of its shell, lies coiled up in its throat; in the 24,000 eyes of the dragon-fly; or in the air-tubes and spiracles of insects! One eminent naturalist, speaking of the exquisite structure of a bee's mouth, said that to represent it to the life would "far exceed the utmost efforts of human knowledge." What a miracle of skill is the throat of the leech, the leg of the beetle, the spinning apparatus of the caterpillar and the spider, or the fine dust from the wing of the moth or butterfly, which, on examination, is seen to be composed of countless scales! How wonderful are the resources of Divine wisdom, and how feeble must be our highest conception of the "fulness of Him who filleth all in all." How weak are all our efforts in comparison, and how vain our boasted intelligence! Haughty looks and a proud spirit surely do not become such as we are, but rather humbleness and docility, faith and loving obedience.

The question may be asked—Why has the Almighty brought all these myriads of living creatures into existence? Not surely altogether for man's service and enjoyment; for his eye never beholds many of them, nor has he even a knowledge of their existence. Many a flower for example, is left "to

blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." Then

"Wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with suppremost grace,
Upspringing day and night;
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passeth by?"

They were made, no doubt, in part for the pleasure of the Creator. Indeed the Scripture assures us of this—"Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." And again—"All things were created by Him and for Him." And yet it is as evidently the desire and purpose of God to multiply happiness around Him; for He is not only careful to give life, but also to make that life enjoyable. He is lavish of His favours to the very meanest, being not regardless of the fall of the sparrow, nor unmindful of the wild flower and the weed. How precious, therefore, in His sight are those for whom His Son intercedes, pleading the merits of His death! Will His child fare worse than the moth, or His redeemed than the tender grass? Nay, this cannot be, for these lesser creatures are his servants—the cattle on the hills, the birds in the air, the fish in the sea, the corn in the fields, the clouds in the heavens, the dew on the grass, the animalcules in the water, whose mission is to keep clear man's dwelling place by converting the refuse they gather into food. And if He be thus careful for the body, will He take no thought for the soul? Rest assured that He will not pass you by if you are His, however poor you may be in this world's wealth, or lightly esteemed of men. Your ailments, your weaknesses, your sins, are all known to Him; your tears, your needs, your prayers, He will at all times regard. God the Creator reveals Himself to us in Jesus the Christ. The Divine energy and wisdom are associated with the Divine love in the spiritual as in the natural creation. We behold Divinity and humanity in harmonious combination; we see Jehovah stooping to our necessities, and lifting our frail and sinful natures to the immortal and godlike; we see strength in union with tenderness, majesty incorporated with love. The hand that garnished the heavens rests on the head of a child; the voice that

called worlds and systems into being speaks words of sympathy and consolation to the weary and the strengthless; the mighty God says to the feeble worm—"Thou shalt call me Father, thou shalt be my son. I will meet the thought, the solicitude, the yearning of thy heart for me; I will lift thee up from the dust. Thou shalt be no longer a stranger, outcast and desolate. Thou shalt come near to me. I will

open my arms, and thou shalt run to the shelter of my breast. I will love thee with a love surpassing human affection; I will care for thee with a mighty and tender regard." Let us commit ourselves to the keeping of this strong and wise God, in whose heart there is love for the humblest, and by whom the tear of the meanest falleth not unregarded.

THREE MONTHS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE "ATLANTIC FERRY" IN THE SUMMER OF 1866.

NO. IV.—*The Mammoth Caves of Kentucky.*

ARRIVED at Louisville, after a night's rest on board the steamer from Cincinnati, I started by the first train for a station called "Cave City," and whence, I had been informed, the Mammoth Caves could easily be reached. The distance was ninety miles, chiefly through forest and thinly populated country. We crossed the Green River at a spot which had recently been celebrated as the scene of Morgan's raids. A long and rough Kentuckian sitting by my side told me that he had belonged to his band; and pointed out one or two places in a deep ravine where he had taken part in some "smart fighting."

Our rate of speed did not exceed fifteen miles an hour, so that it was past midday when the train drew up at my destination. "Cave City" was written up in big bouncing letters, but the city itself was evidently in the future. About two dozen wooden shanties sufficed apparently for its inhabitants. The railway station was also dignified with the name of "City Hotel." I had hoped to find myself within a stone's throw of the Caves; and, on this supposition, I had planned to return to Louisville by the evening train. This, however, soon proved to be impossible. The Caves were ten miles distant, and the only conveyance would not start for at least three hours. I thought of walking, but was assured that I could not possibly find my way; beside which the thermometer was decidedly at variance with pedestrianism.

In due time the stage was brought out. It was a heavy lumbering vehicle, not unlike an old French Diligence,

professing to carry nine inside and three outside passengers. I secured one of the outside places, behind the driver, with my feet on his cushion. We were a long time in arranging the preliminaries of the start. Sundry casks of provisions had to be fastened on behind. This, our coachman assured us, would help to keep our balance all right—and before long it became evident that keeping one's balance was no easy task. We had four strong horses, who tugged us over the roughest road I have ever traversed. Driver and horses, however, seemed to understand each other; but what with big boulder stones, stumps of trees, deep ruts, sharp turns, steep inclines, in addition to the risk of being caught, like Absalom, in some huge over-spreading branch, all one's stock of "muscular Christianity" was requisite for keeping both one's seat and one's patience. We were about four hours accomplishing the ten miles. I thought sometimes that if I had been all flesh and no bones, it would have been a great mercy. The only commiseration received was the apropos suggestion, "I guess, you should have left your bones at home!" Happily there were degrees of bumping and thumping, so that occasionally one had respite sufficient to admire the glories of the forest primeval, through which we were passing, and especially the bright scarlet plumage of some of the birds, and rich blue of others. We were told that rattlesnakes abounded, but did not see any.

About six in the evening we alighted at a wooden chalet, erected at the en-

trance of the Caves. It is a bare and desolate looking place. The rooms are upon the ground floor—some half dozen or so in number, and with two or three beds in each. The guide-book, however thus describes it:—"The Cave Hotel is capable of accommodating between four and five hundred visitors. The rooms are furnished in the best style, and the table is not surpassed by that of any hotel in the Union," &c. On reading this, it struck me that the accommodation could only have been arranged on the hospitable principle of "plenty of room outside."

As other visitors beside myself were anxious to make the most of the time, we persuaded the landlord to allow a guide to go with us at once, so that those who wished might return the next morning. This did not altogether suit his notion of the respect due to his hotel; but by offering an extra fee we gained our point, making up a party of nine gentlemen and one lady. The name of our guide was Frank de Montbrun, a most obliging and well informed man.

There are two routes in this underworld, called the "Long" and the "Short" routes—the former extending nine miles into the interior, the latter five. The time at our command compelled us to take the latter.

Each of the party was provided with an oil lantern, fastened to a swing handle, so that it could easily be carried in the hand. The guide harrangued us at the entrance with many earnest entreaties not to separate from each other, enforcing his appeals with one or two alarming stories of persons who had been lost through disregarding this instruction. We had also an extra supply of blue lights to be used in the most interesting parts of the vast interior. It was about seven o'clock on a lovely summer's evening when we entered these realms of silence and darkness.

The entrance is about twenty-five feet in height, and thirty feet in width, and the descent at first somewhat steep. A few general remarks, culled chiefly from a pamphlet bought on the spot, may here be of service.

The temperature of these caverns, summer and winter, is uniformly 59°, and the atmosphere remarkably pure and exhilarating. This renders the fatigue of exploring much less than

might be anticipated. The lady of our party could scarcely believe that she had walked so great a distance as ten or eleven miles during the six hours we were underground. "The Mammoth Cave," says the authority referred to, "breathes once a year." That is to say, in summer, when the temperature of the external air is above that of the cave, the current sets outward. The cave is thus an entire summer in making an expiration. On the other hand, when the outer temperature is below 59°, the cave makes an inspiration, or draws in its breath, which it accomplishes during the winter. And to carry out the metaphor it may be said to hold its breath when the thermometer stands at 59° without as well as within. Hence in spring and autumn there is often no motion of the air in either direction at the cave's mouth.

There was a perceptible expiration as we entered—but after walking about half a mile the main avenue enlarges so rapidly that it acts as a reservoir, where a current of air from any direction is neutralized and absolute stillness prevails. We found the air exceedingly dry, and we were told that decomposition of animal matter is in consequence very slow.

After passing through a small archway, called the "Narrows," the main cavern is entered. It is six miles in length, and varies from forty to one hundred feet in height, and from sixty to three hundred in width. Grotesque, but often appropriate names have been given to the various chambers of which this cavern consists, and through some of which we were about to pass. The "Rotunda," a vast dome 100 feet high and 175 in diameter, is entered on leaving the "Narrows." Here our blue lights were first used. On the floor were scattered about the remains of vats, waterpipes, and other materials used by some saltpetre miners in 1812, when gunpowder, on British account, was unhappily much in demand. The wood showed no signs of decay. An avenue, called "Audobon's Avenue," to the right of the Rotunda, has next to be traversed. The great naturalist whose name it bears devoted much time to its exploration. Strange to say, here we came upon the remains of small cottages which had been built many years ago for some consumptive

patients; an eccentric physician having suggested that their burial alive in a uniform and dry atmosphere, would be a sure preservative from death. But they soon found that life without light was impossible. Three of the patients died there, and those who remained presented a frightful appearance when "brought to bank," as our miners would say. The face was bloodless, eyes sunken, with the pupils dilated to such a degree, that the iris ceased to be visible, and all colour was rendered indistinguishable.

Quitting the "Avenue," we entered the "Methodist Church," eighty feet in diameter, forty in height. Here from the gallery, or pulpit, which consists of a ledge of rock about twenty-five feet high, some Methodist itinerant minister once conducted religious services. The benches or logs still remain, and occupy the same position which they did when placed in this part of the cavern some sixty years ago. I could discover no special reason, beyond a love of sensationalism, for this strange procedure. The preacher, I should think, could never have felt at a loss for a good illustration of preaching to "spirits in prison." The most interesting thing in the church is the "organ." "It is formed of stalagmite layers of stone, curving over one upon another to the number of nine or ten. Each is hollow, and has the appearance of an organ pipe, and each yields a separate tone when struck with a mallet. The series C, D, D sharp, E, F, G, G sharp, comes in successive layers, and by remembering the sounds of the other pipes, which are irregular, one can easily beat out a simple tune."

A slight detour is now made in order to visit the "Giant's Coffin"—a huge rock forty feet long, twenty wide, and eight deep, and when viewed from a given point closely resembling a mighty sarcophagus. An opening at the foot leads into the "Deserted Chamber." On the ceiling, as we peep in, there is the appearance of a giant ant eater. It is formed by the efflorescence of black gypsum upon a background of white limestone. A little further on we have another group of figures representing the giant, his wife and child. They are in a sitting posture, and the giant appears to be passing the child to his wife. Not far off is the resemblance,

formed in the same way, of a colossal mammoth.

We next came to the "Star Chamber"—of all the caverns the most beautiful. Its name is derived from the resemblance which the dome presents to a brilliant starry night when the lights of the party are judiciously thrown by the guide upon it. This chamber is 60 feet high, 70 wide, and 500 long. The ceiling is composed of black gypsum, studded with innumerable white points, which have all the appearance of stars shining in the darkness of night. These points are produced, in part, by an efflorescence of Glauber's salts beneath the black gypsum, which causes it to scale off; and in part, by throwing stones against it which detaches it from the white limestone. In the far end of the chamber a large mass has been separated, by which a white surface is exposed called "the Comet." As we entered this magnificent hall, I thought at first that we must have emerged into the open air, and that I was looking from the profound depths of the cave at the midnight sky. The guide here requested us to take our seats upon a low ledge of rock, against one of the sides of the chamber in order to watch, as he said, the approach of a storm. To produce this effect, he took our lamps away, and gradually descended with them behind some rocks, by the shadow of which a dense black cloud is made to pass slowly across the dome. After producing the storm illusion, the guide disappeared altogether through a lower archway, several hundred yards in length, and left us in total darkness. He had previously told us to preserve perfect silence. The profound stillness was appalling. I could hear nothing but the beating of my own heart. One felt stifled—not for want of air, but want of light. The words of Job came irresistibly to mind. "Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." At last, as upon a distant horizon, light began to dawn. Stealthily our guide was creeping back from some lower depth into which he had descended. It seemed like the re-

turn of early morning after sitting in a darkness that could be felt. The effect was thrilling. I believe Emerson conceived his Essay on Illusion under the influence of a visit to the Star Chamber. To add to the sense of returning life as well as light, our guide made a good imitation of chanticleer's shrill crowing, which was speedily responded to by some of the younger members of the party. "Impressive was the lesson of higher and lower. What I tread underfoot may be, it seems, a star sown sky, to some lower earth."

It would be wearisome to attempt a minute description of the many other chambers traversed during that, to me, memorable night. The mere mention of some of the names, with just a passing remark or two, must suffice.

Out of the Star Chamber we passed onward through "Floating Cloud Room" into "Proctor's Arcade," which is three quarters of a mile in length, and when illuminated by a Bengal light at its western terminus presents a most imposing aspect. Then into "Wright's Rotunda," 400 feet in its shortest diameter, exciting the utmost wonder as to how the roof can have strength to sustain a superincumbent weight of fifty feet or more of earth above it. Next the "Black Chamber, 150 feet wide, twenty high, with walls and ceiling encrusted with black gypsum, fit only to be the residence of Erebus himself; no cavern was more gloomy and sombre than this—not a ray was reflected from our lamps.

Here there were two avenues leading off to our right. The one communicates with "Fairy Grotto," which contains a grand collection of stalagmites. It is more than a mile in length. The other, with "Solitary Cave," at the entrance of which is a small cascade. Then, further on, is the "Rocky Pass," leading to the "Chief City," 200 feet in diameter, forty feet in height, the floor of which is covered with larger and smaller masses of rock, looking like the ruins of some ancient city. Another interesting chamber was "Wooden Bowl Cave," where a wooden bowl, such as was used by Indians in former times, was discovered. This brought us to "Martha's Palace" (who Martha was I could not find out), entered by a steep declivity, called the "Steeps of Time."

From the palace we passed by "Side-saddle Pit" into the glories of "Minerva's Dome." "The palace has in it many crystals of fluor spar, which light up splendidly; and Minerva's Dome must have been so named by some one of classic tastes who saw in the superior whiteness of its pillars formed by the gradually blending of descending stalactites, with ascending stalagmites, and a certain simplicity in the hall, something of the Greek character."* Stepping on to a strong wooden bridge, called the "Bridge of Sighs," our guide told us that we were now standing over the very centre of the "Bottomless Pit." It is a vast hole, some twenty feet in diameter, and as round as if it had been mechanically drilled. A flaring red light is let down into its abyss, and for a while we are content to imagine that its depths are really bottomless. But our guide-book says that 175 feet is the measurement. I believe some venturesome explorers have descended into its awful gloom, and assert that other galleries lead from it into still profounder regions. A similar feat to this, at a place called the "Maelstrom," which I did not see, has been celebrated by a poet of Kentucky in the following lines—

"Down, down, down
 Into the darkness dismal
 Alone, alone, alone
 Into the gulf abysmal;
 On a single strand of rope,
 Strong in purpose and in hope,
 Lighted by one glimmering lamp
 Half extinguished by the damp,
 Swinging o'er the pit of doom
 Into the awful stillness,
 And the sepulchral chillness,
 Lower him carefully,
 Lower him prayerfully,—
 Lower, and lower, and lower,
 Where mortal hath never been before;
 Till he shall tell us, till he shall show
 The truth of the tales of long ago,
 And find by the light that his lamp shall throw
 If this be the entrance to hell or no."

"Reveller's Hall" is the welcome chamber into which we pass, after the horrors of the bottomless pit. Here refreshments are supposed to be needed. Our guide's stores are opened forthwith; and though our revelling is of a very mild order, it was nevertheless, perhaps all the more, very refreshing. Thus invigorated we are prepared for the "Scotchman's Trap," so called from the canny caution with which some Scotchman dissuaded his party

* "The Underworld," *Fraser's Mag.*, Dec., 1866.

from entering this passage. A low archway, only four feet high, called the "Valley of Humility," leads to it. The ceiling is as smooth and white as if it had been artificially polished. The trap is a circular opening through which it is necessary to descend. Over this opening a huge rock projects threatening to fall at any moment and so close up the trap forever. This would shut off the avenue leading to Echo River. Close by is a curiously shaped rock called the "Shanghai Chicken." Then comes "Fat Man's Misery"—a narrow slimy passage fifty yards long, and varying from a foot and a half to three feet wide, and often as low as four feet in height. We all had to squeeze and crawl as best we could through this interminable alley. Occasionally ropes are used and the party tied together. This however, I presume, is only adopted when a genuine John Bull has to be tugged through. An American seldom has much difficulty. "Would I were an eel," is reported to have been the gasping exclamation of a respectable English matron as she wriggled through. A story is told of another lady too modest to wear a bloomer, and who tried to go through in her crinoline. She herself, it was said, succeeded, but the crinoline never did.

"Great Relief," a fine spacious chamber, repays us for the humiliation of "Fat Man's Misery." This again opens into "Bacon Chamber"—a small room from the ceiling of which hang innumerable blunt stalactitic rocks resembling bacon hams hung up for winter store. A rocky road of some distance leads to the "Dead Sea"—a pool of water twenty feet deep, fed, probably, by some subterranean fountain. It is as gloomy as its name indicates. Had time permitted us to continue by the Long Route, we should have reached, in due course, the "River Styx" and "Lake Lethe," and thence round to "Echo River," where the water sometimes rises to the height of sixty feet. Here a boat is provided for the convenience of visitors. Here, also, the eyeless fish is found. It has "a skin like that of the eel, a mouth like that of the cat-fish, and various sauroid characteristics." Its average length is eight inches. Mere rudimentary marks occupy the place of the eye. I believe experiments have been

made with the view of cultivating these marks into eyes, but without success. When captured, it refuses to eat, and does not thrive long. It is perfectly white. I felt much tantalized at being so near the Hall of Rhadamanthus, and yet obliged to turn back without giving Charon a chance of receiving his fee. But there was no help for it.

Our return route took us through "Martha's Vineyard," reached by ascending a ladder. Its walls are covered with black nodules resembling grapes. Thence we descended into "Snowball Room," past "The Last Rose of Summer," into "Diamond Grotto," and some other fine chambers, remarkable for flashing many sparkling colours as our lamps were reflected from their jagged walls—until (such is life) we found ourselves at the bottom of "Dismal Hollow," a dreary, rayless dungeon.

Our final exploration was the "Gothic Arcade." Its architectural effects were very grand. Various objects of interest were pointed out by our guide. Up yonder is the "seat of the mummy," a niche in the rock just large enough for a human being to sit in, and where the body of a female Indian was found dressed in the skins of wild animals, with the trinkets usually worn by her tribe. A few feet distant the body of an Indian child was discovered. At another place the guide forcibly struck the ground, and a dull hollow sound was heard, indicating vaults and passages even deeper and deeper still. This arcade is the fitting approach to the "Gothic Chapel." Before entering the chapel the guide took our lamps from us and arranged them upon its marvellous stalactite and stalagmite columns. We were then admitted, and the effect was admirable. No very vigorous imagination was required to suggest the idea that we had suddenly come upon the ancient crypt of a cathedral. An amusing story was told, for the truth of which I cannot vouch. A sentimental girl having made with her silly self a vow that she "would never marry any man *on earth*," wheedled the unfortunate youth who wooed her into having the ceremony of marriage performed in this chapel, and thus saved her conscience by being married *under* the earth, and not *on* it.

Whilst walking along Gothic Arcade we were shown the spot where a gen-

tleman who had wandered from his party was lost. By some accident, in his alarm, his lamp became extinguished. He grew so hopelessly excited that reason fled. Crawling behind a large stone, he remained there forty-eight hours. Although the guides in search of him repeatedly passed close by his place of concealment, and called him by name, he gave no answer. When discovered, he endeavoured to escape from them, but was too exhausted to move. Not a year passes but the guides have to go in search of persons who have been foolhardy enough to think that they could find their own way out of these dark labyrinths.

It was just upon one o'clock in the morning when we came into real and lovely starlight. The watch-dogs were the first to welcome us. Supper was in readiness at the hotel; and though a bed-room to myself was not to be had, I managed to get a few hours rest on a comfortable bed. Early the next morning the same lumbering coach was drawn out for the return journey to Cave City. The satisfaction of having accomplished this long desired expedition, together with the cooler atmosphere, and it may be also greater insensibility of cuticle, ren-

dered the repetition of the four hours thumping and bumping somewhat less wearisome. It was tedious enough, however. On reaching Louisville in the evening I found that I had reached also the full tether of my strength. But by six o'clock the following morning we were crossing the Ohio to the railway depot in Indiana for a long, long day's journey, right through that State to Chicago, where we arrived well nigh famished late in the evening.

Leaving the account of my visit to this remarkable specimen of rapid American development, and thence to Niagara, Canada, and the New England States, for a future paper, I will only add respecting the Mammoth Caves, that about one hundred and fifty avenues had been entered in 1866—how many since I know not—and that the total length of these avenues was computed at about one hundred miles. In fact, more or less, all Kentucky seems thus perforated.

"There are," it has been said, "none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon." If any one doubts it, let him shut himself up for a day or two in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky.

GINX'S BABY AGAIN.

THE weird and tragical story of *Ginx's Baby*, after sketching the mournful and miserable history of that unfortunate mortal, and showing how he was bandied from pillar to post, from priest-ridden Catholic to creed-bound Protestant, and from poor-law officers without heart to legislators with little or nothing else than vapid sentiment, until he is driven at last to throw himself off a parapet of Vauxhall Bridge into the greedy Thames, ends with the sorrowful and satirical wail: "Philosophers, Philanthropists, Politicians, Papists and Protestants, Poor-Law ministers and Parish officers—while you have been theorising and discussing, debating, wrangling, legislating, and administering—Good God! gentlemen, between you all, where has Ginx's Baby gone to?" Ah! where indeed? The appalling question recurs again and again, but finds no answer. Where are the children of the poor and destitute in our ever-enlarging cities and towns going to? What is their future? What will become of the masses huddled together in the wretched dwellings of our

back streets, and dirty slums, and malarious alleys, festering in crime and rioting in vice, ignorant of all that is good, but terribly sharp and grimly clever in all that is bad? What sort of men and women will be made of these pallid, pinched, and hungry children, wandering along with limp and colourless rags hanging upon them, with no idea of government beyond what is expressed in a policeman's staff, and no notion of God save what is gained from the oaths and curses of their elders? Is there no way of stopping this fearful demoralization? Can nothing be done to check the ravages of moral and physical death? A writer in the *Missing Link Magazine* says—"There are hundreds of children in garrets and cellars always dying a slow death because their parents cannot give them enough to eat." Year by year thousands die that need not, and thousands more live on in misery and disease, and prepare to graduate in crime, that ought to be brought by the Christian church within the range of her beneficent ministries, and to the enjoyment of the

light and love of the gospel of Christ. Oh, how pitiful is the moan for help that comes up to us from the purlieus of White-chapel, from the grim regions of Bethnal Green, Shadwell, and Westminster, and from the noisy streets about Drury Lane and Lisson Grove!

But as if the scenes were not black enough, and the swift march of heedless destruction needed to be accelerated, "Every day through this wealthy country there are men and women busy marring the little images of God that are, by and by, to be part of its public—shadowing young spirits, repressing their energy, sapping their vigour, or failing to make it up, corrupting their nature by foul associates, moral and physical. Some are doing it by special license of the devil, others by Act of Parliament, others by negligence or niggardliness." It is too true, sadly true! Garish gin palaces suck up all "the means, the lives, the eternal destinies of the wrecked masses about them," with fatal eagerness. Cramped and narrow rooms, reeking with foul air, covered almost beyond moving with persons of different sexes, make purity impossible, disease inevitable, nervous depression a habit, gin a cardinal solace, and death a welcome visitor. And yet the Christian church, appointed to save, works with a slack hand, hesitates and cowers before the multitudinous forms of suffering and wrong, tries to repair where she should pluck up by the roots, spends thousands of pounds over copes, albs, and stoles, and quarrels over sectarian differences instead of going out to seek and save the lost with an enthusiasm that is never daunted, a simple compassion mighty to heal, a burning zeal that never flags, and a self-sacrifice that keeps back nothing that is necessary to work out the salvation of the wretched myriads dying at our doors.

Still there is another side to the picture. Ginx's Baby is not without real and wise friends. There are others, thank God, in our cities and towns, beside Sister Suspiciousa, bustling Mr. Trumpeter, and fussy Sir Charles Sterling, who have him in their care, and are sedulously working for his good. Sympathetic and loving hearts have studied his needs, and for the sake of Christ their Lord, have devoted themselves with beautiful simplicity, unobtrusive goodness, and heroic courage, to the work of his redemption from the cruel wrongs into which he, poor child, has been born. Only yesterday we saw a capital illustration of this sort of work at Number Sixty-six, Earl Street, Lisson Grove. Number sixty-six is a house hired some eleven years ago by a kind-hearted and beneficent lady, for the purpose of spreading therein, three times a week, a

good and substantial dinner for "invalids," in fact, for "the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." The institution is pre-eminently Christlike. Jesus came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and in his abundant labours gave the precedence in order of time to the more palpable and more impressive necessities of the body. He went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing *all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people*. The work is as sensible as it is Christian. Its principle commends itself to our common sense as much as to our sympathies, for it is that of doing good to the "suffering body, and then sowing the seed of the kingdom into the softened soil." Medical missions grow out of the same feelings and follow the same law. The practice of training Bible women to the duties of nurses of the sick has the same commendation. The first work is to nourish the feeble body, and to give physical relief, whether the spiritual counsel be accepted or not—a plan infinitely superior to the degrading system of making the reception of religious instruction the necessary condition of receiving temporal aid. So good an organization was sure to grow. Hence, under the fostering care of the Lady Superintendent, there sprang up, five years ago, an adjunct by its side, called the "Sick Children's Dinner Table."

A room in Number Sixty-six was fitted up in a simple and useful way, and in that room, last year, no less than 2,206 dinners were eaten by little children in different stages of convalescence or of actual sickness. Besides that, above 200 shilling orders on the dairyman, and about 70 sixpenny orders on the butcher, were given on behalf of children who were either very ill, and so unable to leave home, or else suffering or recovering from infectious diseases. And all this, and even more, has been done for less than a hundred pounds. The author quoted above says, with only a little less truth than satire, "In an age of luxury we are grown so luxurious, as to be content to pay agents to do our good deeds for us; but they charge us 300 per cent. for the privilege." Here the blessed work of feeding the hungry and restoring the sick is done without delegation, and with all the elevating energy of personal love, and therefore shows its working expenses reduced to a minimum.

It is truly a most pleasing sight to a philanthropic heart, to see the poor little shrunken creatures coming into the institution one by one, bright and cheerful with the anticipations of the good meal they are about to enjoy. One thinks of

the homes and the scenes they have left. Eager, with a hunger born of returning appetite and health, they have asked in vain at home for nourishing food; here they may eat without stint of the very best. Often oppressed with the fearful melancholy and terrible coarseness of the life in the cellar, they now bask in the sunshine of cheerfulness and piety, and are themselves gladdened and raised by it. Passing along in single file, they go to the "upper room," deliver to the lady who presides for the day, the ticket, which is their warrant, together with a halfpenny, and then seat themselves side by side at the table, which runs along two sides of the room. Soon the well-cooked beef and potatoes appear. All join in asking the blessing of God upon their meal, and then in quiet earnestness, and for some minutes almost without a word, the happy children proceed with the pleasant work. Dinner over, they turn round, and sit with their faces towards the lady seated at the table in the middle of the room. The voice of thanksgiving is now heard; and then a verse of scripture is learnt and repeated, first by each one, and then by all in concert. Then comes the dessert, in the

shape of oranges, apples, figs, &c. This being preferred to puddings for several reasons, the main one being that the children eat so heartily of the meat that it is undesirable to allure them to use their masticating powers much further. Such works as these need no commendation, and it is a pity that they should ever lack assistance. They aid the poor just at the moment when the need is most urgent, and by a method which secures the whole benefit of the charitable act to the right person. They check the spread of disease, and give the feeble another chance of independence, and of making their own way through the world; and lastly, they afford a practical commentary upon, and enforcement of, the principles of the Gospel of Christ. This brief sketch of what one Christian lady has done in one little corner of this great city, shows at least this, that if the followers of the Saviour would only do all that lies in them to enlighten the ignorant, to repress evil, to counteract the effects of poverty and disease, and to banish the temptations to vice and crime, the world would be much happier, and the fearful problem, "What shall we do with Ginx's Baby?" would be a little nearer solution. J. CLIFFORD.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. IV.—*Kegworth, Barton, and Melbourne.*

BY B. BALDWIN.

THE history of individual schools in our body, presents a chapter of Christian labour of the deepest interest to all who are anxious to see the world brought to Christ. It is an instructive and humiliating narration of conflict with prejudice and ignorance, but full of hope and encouragement, which should nerve us all to renewed and persevering diligence and self-denial.

From all I have been able to ascertain, Kegworth has the honour of being the first amongst our churches to establish a Sunday school. Accounts vary a little as to exact date, but it seems most probable that it was about the year 1789 or 1790, that a Mr. William Holmes, a zealous friend of the Baptist cause at Kegworth, who manifested a deep concern for the education of poor children, took an active part in raising a Sunday school, comprehending in its plan the children of dissenters and those of the Established Church. This good man was also a friend to the education of young men for the ministry; for in the records of the General Baptist Academy for 1798 the following minute appears:—"The thanks of the committee are presented to William Holmes, of Kegworth, gent., for his liberal

donation of £10 to this institution." For several years he laboured indefatigably on behalf of the newly-formed Sunday school, and helped it greatly by his purse. He was the soul of it: it prospered, and he rejoiced in it. Circumstances occurred, however, which he did not approve, and Mr. Holmes thought it might be best to form one specially for dissenters; and about 1793 the one in connection with our Kegworth Church was opened, principally through his instrumentality: his heart was in it, and though now between 60 and 70 years of age, and thus not able to bear the personal labours he had devoted to the original school, he delighted in it, and supported it liberally. About the same time, Dr. Parkinson, rector of Kegworth, began a Sunday school in connection with the Established Church: it was not *in opposition* to the Baptists, for the rector and Mr. Holmes were intimate friends. Dr. Parkinson sometimes visited the Baptist school, and assisted in teaching; and Mr. Holmes reciprocated the favour by giving instruction to the church scholars. Every fourth Sabbath the church scholars went in procession to the Baptist Chapel, accompanied by their teachers, and there

was a periodical return of the compliment. The children of both schools met for instruction in their respective rooms, at eight o'clock on Lord's-day morning—a feat which I think we should find difficult to accomplish in these days. At Christmas they were treated with plum cake and elder wine!—a system in defiance of the objects of the present popular “Band of Hope” movement. Mr. Holmes provided the funds for the Baptist school at first, but afterwards it was supported, as at present, by annual collections.

This useful pioneer in the Sunday school enterprise, William Holmes, died in the year 1808, leaving a little property for the use of the Baptist Society. He had made it his practice while living to devote one-sixth of his income to religious and charitable purposes. A woman is still living in Kegworth who was one of the first scholars in the school, and a Methodist gentleman of the same age well recollects a good deal of its early history. The present school-room was partly built in 1815, and there have been repeated enlargements since. There are now two good-sized rooms against the chapel. The school, with its branch at the neighbouring village of Diseworth, now contains about 160 scholars and 50 teachers.

Although our friends at Barton inherit all the fame and honour of the “Mother Church,” they cannot lay claim to having given birth to our first Sunday school. Engaged, as was the Barton church, in important evangelical and denominational labours, we are not to be surprised that some other churches took precedence of them in the work of Sunday schools. Still, so early as the year 1800, they entered upon this work also, urged to it by circumstances something like the following:—At that time a couple of the friends from Barton went to a neighbouring church to get married, and when called upon by the clergyman to sign their names, they could not, because they were unable to write. Though not an unusual circumstance in those days for young couples to be compelled to make “his mark” and “her mark,” yet the clergyman made a remark which appeared to cast a reflection upon the Barton friends. They were not only stung by his sarcastic expression, but stimulated thereby to action, which should, if possible, wipe away the cause of the opprobrium and reproach which was too gladly embraced by their enemies to their discredit. They at once determined to try to impart instruction to the young, and as the Sabbath afforded the most convenient opportunity, the children were gathered together on that day, and for several years were instructed in a private house. Ciphering, as well as reading and writing, was

taught on the Lord's-day; and it is said that one friend, who in those days, and even at Barton, took in a newspaper, used not unfrequently to impart information on political subjects to the assembled school. The advantages of Sabbath school instruction soon had a salutary influence not only upon the tender minds of the young, but also upon the gates and hedgerows of the village and neighbouring farmers. On one occasion, when one of these successors of Jabal (Gen. iv. 20) was asked for a subscription towards the Sunday school, he at first declined; but when his wife reminded him of the advantages of Sunday schools, and how much less their hedges were broken, their gates left open, and their cattle let out to stray, than formerly, he agreed to contribute a sovereign a year to so useful an institution. Imitating the example set at Barton, schools were established in many of the adjacent villages where there were churches in connection with the Barton church. There are now Sunday schools in connection with this “Mother Church,” in six different villages, containing about 400 scholars and 71 teachers. The late Rev. Joseph Goadby, of Loughborough, was connected with this Barton school in his youth. So also were Mrs. Stubbins, Mrs. Buckley, and Mrs. Thomas Bailey, three ladies whose lives and services will ever be remembered with gratitude in connection with our Orissa Mission. The late John Orissa Goadby, whose life and labours were sacrificed, by far too early to our human view, to the benighted land whose name he bore, was several years a teacher in this school.

About the year 1794, our friends at Melbourne appear to have taken the first steps towards raising a Sunday school, which was conducted upon the Derby Road. This first effort seems to have been abandoned, in consequence, it is supposed, of the death of Mr. Samuel Robinson, who had taken a zealous and active part in its conduct. In 1809, however, the school was re-established, in an old building near the chapel. In the first year there were 150 scholars, and public collections were in that year made on its behalf amounting to £20. The school so prospered that the friends were induced to build new rooms in 1810; and these were enlarged in 1835. In 1851, with the praiseworthy and notable liberality of the Melbourne church, the debt upon the old school-rooms was cleared off, and in 1852, two new school-rooms were erected. Mr. John Brooks, who laboured in connection with the Orissa Mission about ten years, and Mr. William Brooks, who is still rendering invaluable aid to the cause of Christ in that land were connected with this school.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. IV.—*In the Studio.*

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
 With his marble block before him;
 And his face looked up with a smile of joy,
 As an angel dream passed o'er him.
 He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
 With many a sharp incision;
 With heaven's own light the sculptor shone:
 He had caught that angel's vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
 With our souls uncarved before us,
 Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
 Our life's dream passes o'er us.
 If we carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision,
 It's heavenly beauty shall be our own,
 Our lives that angel's vision.

HAVE you ever been into a sculptor's studio? Have you seen that strange and miscellaneous assemblage of casts of heads, of medallions, cameos, intaglios, busts, monuments, groups of figures, and I know not what besides stored away in his large workshop? Above all, have you witnessed the sculptor at his work, giving blow upon blow to the hard marble, until the shapeless block has assumed a form of grace and loveliness, and stood forth lacking nothing but life? He does not, as you might have supposed, begin his work by chiselling the huge block of stone. That would never do. He has a long and sometimes a most difficult labour to perform before the instruments are fixed, and the first blow is given. You know you can dig a garden and set potatoes better if you have a line to guide you. Crochet-work requires patterns in the outset, though the nimble fingers may become independent of them after a while, because the pattern is so clearly printed on the mind. The rules of arithmetic are rarely easy till you have had an "example," showing in detail how the rule is applied. Before that, "rules" are mostly puzzles. The apprentice sees a skilled and experienced workman or master make a door or a window frame, and sets about the task better prepared for his work than bushels of books or talk could ever have made him. He has seen it *done*, and the eye is the chief inlet of knowledge. It is always much easier to work out a result when you know what that result is to be. How often we used to look at the end of the book for the "answers" when we had a difficult problem to solve? Yes! patterns are powers. Sage indeed was that man who invented the steam engine; but he need not be the wisest of men who copies what is thus originated. The sculptor must *first* know what he is to cut out of the stone before he can begin his work. He must have a MODEL. And therefore he either makes a picture in his mind, as of "Charity," or "Pity," or the "Reading Girl," or "Venus," or else he obtains a photograph, as of "George Peabody," or Sir Robert Peel." He does not take up his mallet and chisel, and begin hitting aimlessly at the stone, not knowing whether he is to produce a man or a lion, a grave-stone or a bust.

At the outset he makes sure of his ideal, and then he sets it forth for the first time in soft clay; and after many a touch, and much measuring, until he has brought his pattern as near to perfection as may be, he sets to work on the stone itself.

"Sculptors of life are we," and our first and great necessity is a true and faultless model. Clearly and definitely should we fashion to ourselves, guided by the Good Spirit of God, the work we have to do, the character we have to form, and the destiny we hope to enjoy. Every one has a capacity for being and doing good; but we require a faithful pattern of life, as well as heavenly grace, to enable us to shape ourselves after the Divine likeness. Such a pattern, you know, we have. We are not left to create our own model. Christ Jesus, Son of God and Son of Man, has left us an example. We are to be conformed to His *Image*. That is our main business here. And that Image is known to us by four photographs, taken with matchless skill, and preserved for men in all ages in the four Gospels. They give us the model. That great Biography sets before us the pattern-life; a living, loving, perfect life, first used for others, and then given up for their salvation. Make yourselves, my young friends, familiar with every feature of it. Do not pass by a single trait. Look again and again: you cannot study it too much; and seek to catch the inspiration for noble and unselfish work it contains. Master the *whole* of the Image. Compare John's photograph with Matthew's, and Mark's with Luke's, so that you may know the Divine Original most completely. Be as much at home with His Acts as with the alphabet. Breathe His Spirit. Love Him fervently, and adore Him with all your heart. When Guido was looking at some of the masterpieces of the great Michael Angelo, he felt the kindlings of ambition within him, and exclaimed, "and I, too, will be a painter." So you, gazing upon the face of the Saviour, steeped in sympathy with His work, say, "and I, too, by God's grace, will do my Father's will. I will go about doing good; I will be meek, and patient, and true, and self-denying; I will live for others, and not for self." Leave no portion of the model unstudied,

not a solitary line of it unattempted. Count no point of resemblance to Christ, however slight, a trifle. M. Angelo was once explaining to a visitor in his studio, what he had done at a statue since his previous visit. "I have re-touched this part—polished that—softened this feature—brought out that muscle—given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But," said the hasty and heedless critic, "these are trifles." "It may be so," answered the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make up perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Aim, therefore, at a thorough knowledge of your model, the Lord Jesus. Let His Image dwell in your imagination richly, and seek to reproduce in your life a perfect likeness to Him; aye, even in the details of your life, and what may seem to be its trifles; and then, though your work be faulty, it will not fail to find a place at the last great day amongst the products of the noblest and best moral sculptors that have ever lived.

It must not be forgotten, however, that you may get some valuable aid from good copies of the One Original. Every sculptor makes originals his study where he can, but failing them, he obtains the best imitations, photographs, or representations that exist. Bad copies should be strenuously avoided. I have read of a painter, Sir Peter Lely, that he never would look at a bad picture if he could help it; for he felt that the evil was contagious, and that his mind would be tainted and his pencil go astray. So we say, avoid bad copies of Christ. Never put them in your studio for imitation. Reserve every corner of it for the best productions the Christian church contains. Start with such a copy

as Paul, or John; and then add such as Luther, Melancthon, Baxter, Bunyan, Wm. Carey, Wm. Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Dan Taylor, Dr. Thomas Arnold, Hugh Miller, and others, from amongst the most recent Christian Biography. See how they lived the Christian life. Behold Christianity *in action*, and learn the labour which awaits your hands. Sir Wm. Jones read the works of Cicero through every year, that he might fashion his style after that model. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, re-copied the history written by Thucydides no less than eight times, so that he might secure a perfect mastery of his terse and concise mode of expression. Familiarity with the lives of good men will quicken zeal, rouse a holy ambition, and prove a powerful incentive to energetic living. Still, do not read every biography that comes in your way. Get some of the best, and read them well. A small garden worked thoroughly, is better than a large farm full of weeds. Lord Eldon took for his motto—"Not many things, but much;" and it makes a world of difference which way a youth's life is pointed, whether to the *many*, or the *much*. A few of the best copies, known as familiarly as household friends, and their deeds often thought over, will help you immensely in the effort to form a beautiful and Christlike character. This, then, is your plan in the studio of life. Lovingly study Christ Jesus, the one original model, first and foremost; next master the best copies of Him given in the lives of the Saints of God; and then, work with a will, resolved that, by God's grace, "no day shall pass without a line" of closer resemblance to the Great Pattern.

J. CLIFFORD.

Reviews.

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM: ITS SUBJECTS. By R. Ingham. London: E. Stock. Price 9s.

SOME time ago we called the attention of the readers of this Magazine to an instalment of the present work, published under the title of "The Theology of the Commission."* With a perseverance which may never meet with an adequate pecuniary reward, but which must win the heartiest commendation of all true Baptists, our brother has continued his literary labours, and has condensed the results of them into a volume of six hundred and fifty closely-packed pages! Placing this book by the side of his previous work, the "Handbook of Baptism," we are provided

with a treasury of facts and arguments pertaining to this disputed New Testament ordinance, such as never before existed. Every Baptist minister may not be able to procure this treasury; but where this inability is known, every Baptist church, or some friend in every church, should see that no young minister's library is long without it. For the information of those who have any curiosity to know what this new volume contains, we specify its leading topics. Those topics are arranged in thirty-three sections, starting with John's baptism—Christ's baptizing by His disciples—Christ's commission to baptize, and Apostolic baptisms. Then follow all the explicit references to baptism, and all the *supposed* scriptural confirmations of infant baptism. Here nothing is overlooked

* See *G. B. M.*, 1868, p. 270.

which belongs either expressly or by implication to the subjects of the ordinance. Dr. Ingham next examines the pleas for infant baptism, founded on the divine covenant with Abraham—the covenant of circumcision and the covenant of grace. He demurs to the application of the name of church to the Hebrew nation, and denies the existence of any hereditary right to baptism. After meeting the argument in favour of it from its not being formally prohibited, he treats of infant citizenship and membership, and considers what authority exists for speaking of infant baptism as monumental, symbolical, regenerating, dedicatory, and spiritual. He next inquires into the real essence of baptism and the proper fitness for it. Much space is allotted to the historic testimony, both inspired and uninspired. The advantages of infant baptism, as alleged by its advocates, and the evils of it, as they are deemed by its opponents, are discussed. Then follow concluding remarks, which do not really close the volume, for it ends with a copious appendix, and with a complete index of authors, subjects, and scriptures. The reader has only to run his eye over the latter—the index—in order to see what a vast amount of research has preceded and accompanied the composition of the work, and what kind of authorities are cited in support of the sentiments maintained in it. If the citations had been fewer, and some of the quotations shorter, the work would have been less bulky, but equally convincing. Nearly a thousand writers are produced as witnesses in favour of the principles sought to be established, and of the practices which are advocated, many of them re-appearing with a frequency which is not quite pleasant. An undue importance seems to be attached to human opinions, and an excessive use has been made of other men's writings. To what the author has himself written, little exception, if any, can be reasonably taken; and for the spirit which pervades the whole, great praise is due to him. Considering how much the points insisted upon have been disputed, he was compelled to write, not simply as an expounder of truth, but as a controversialist; yet there is none of the bitterness which is ingenerate in controversy perceptible in his pages. The graces should never become scolds, and righteous men should never rail. "Purulent spittle," says the oracle, "argues exulcerated lungs." He to whom God has given "the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind," will be careful to employ temperate language, even in replying to opponents; and this "excellent speech" has been studiously employed by Dr. Ingham throughout his massive polemical treatise. May his

good example be invariably followed by all who hold his principles; and may his patient labours be productive of permanent benefits, not to the Baptist denomination only, but to the whole Church of God!

W. U.

CHRIST'S HEALING TOUCH. By A. Mackennal, B.A. *Stock.*

MR. MACKENNAL has produced a volume of admirable specimens of biblical exposition. A patient and thorough investigation of the text, and a scrupulous fidelity to the real meaning of the Holy Spirit in the Word, supply the basis of each discourse. The superstructure is plain, unpretentious, not richly ornamented, but in every instance solid and good, and in some cases strikingly original. There is a lack of imagination; but owing to diligent study of the oracles of God the style is always refreshing, and the teaching rich in thought. We earnestly commend these sermons as examples of a mode and spirit of treating the Bible not too common amongst us.

GEMS FROM THE CORAL ISLANDS. By W. Gill. *E. Stock.*

THIS is a new and cheap edition of a deeply interesting work on the progress of the gospel amongst the savages of Eastern and Western Polynesia. It is full of incident, graphically described by one who, as a missionary of the London Missionary Society, was an eye-witness of much that he narrates. The gospel proves itself to be the power of God to the salvation of these dark and untutored savages; and the story of the transformation is enough to encourage the hearts of all who are labouring for the enlightenment of the myriads who are still in the shadow of death; and ought to banish the doubts of any who are dubious about the universal sway of the Messiah. The book is, moreover, beautifully illustrated. The young people of our families and schools should be encouraged to read this instructive and fascinating volume.

FIJIAN COTTON CULTURE AND PLANTERS GUIDE TO THE ISLANDS. By W. C. Pechey, M.D. *Jarrold & Sons.*

WHO wants to go to Fiji and grow cotton? Let him get this Planter's Guide, and he will have an interesting companion who knows the art of telling a story, and a faithful guide, who speaks with all the confidence of personal observation and experience. Dr. Pechey has seen the islands with his own eyes, and not with those of previous travellers, and his little book is pervaded with good sense, practi-

cal wisdom, and business-like directness and force. He scatters the winds the nonsense about the "noble savage" and the "dignity" of uncivilized man in a very masterly way, and calls in question not a few current notions about distant lands; *e.g.*, he says the bread fruit is, to his taste, infinitely inferior to a good turnip. The work gives a good idea of the capabilities of the islands, and much sound counsel on the best way of turning them to a good account.

CHANT-BOOK. By G. O. Bate and R. N. Ingle, M.D. *E. Stock.*

ONE good feature about this book is that it does not fit the music to be sung to the words chosen, but leaves it to congregations to make their own selection. Another is the effort to secure a better rendering of the words by printing words and parts of words in italics; though in some instances this is over done. On the whole the book compares favourably with some that are in general use. C. G.

Correspondence.

BOOKS FOR OUR UNDER-SALARIED MINISTERS.

TO THE EDITOR—

Dear Sir,—Be so kind as to give me space for a few lines in reference to the books I offered to those of our brethren whose salaries precluded the purchase of books. I had thirty-one applications, to whom I forwarded 885 volumes. I had applications from one whose letter came too late, and from an Independent and a Primitive Methodist minister, whose requests I had to refuse, and also from several Sabbath school teachers, to whom my offer did not apply. I had one application from a minister of the Old General

Baptist Connexion, to whom I sent a parcel with great pleasure. I never did anything in the gift line that has afforded me so much satisfaction; and if our brethren who have large libraries will act in concert with me, and will raise 1,000 volumes for our village preachers by Christmas next, I will turn out 250 vols. more. My chief difficulty has been in sending the parcels off, and not in parting with the books.

I am yours truly,

J. BURNS, D.D.,

Church Street Chapel, Edgware, Road,
London, N.W.

March 20, 1871.

Church Register.

BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Chairman—REV. W. ROBINSON.

THE Annual Session of the Baptist Union will be held on Monday, April 24th, and Thursday, April 27th.

Monday, April 24th, 11.0 a.m., Baptist Library, Castle Street. Devotional service, conducted by the outgoing chairman. Inaugural address of Chairman, Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool.

Thursday, April 27th, 10.30 a.m., Walworth Road Chapel. Devotional service, by Rev. C. Larom, Sheffield.

Report of Committee.

Paper by H. M. Bompas, Esq., M.A., of the Middle Temple, on "The best means of evangelizing the masses of our population."

Paper by S. R. Pattison, Esq., on "Arbitration between churches in cases of dispute."

The ministers and delegates will dine at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by invitation of the London Baptist Association. Names of gentlemen intending to be present to be sent to Rev. J. H. Millard, at the Mission House, not later than 22nd of April, 1871.

E. STEANE, D.D.,

J. H. MILLARD, B.A.,

} Secretaries.

CONFERENCES.

THE next CHESHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Audlem, on Tuesday, April 18. Rev. W. March to be the preacher; or, in case of failure, Mr. R. Pedley, jun. Service at 11.0 a.m., and business at 2.30 p.m. Rev. R. Kenney will introduce for consideration of the representatives the subject, "How we may best promote, in this district, the interests of the Baptist denomination generally, and of our own denomination especially." W. MARCH, Sec.

The MIDLAND CONFERENCE met, the first time under the new arrangements, at Osmaston Road, Derby, Feb. 28. The Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., being Chairman for the year.

The morning meeting commenced at eleven o'clock with devotional exercises. At 11.45 Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., read a paper: subject—"Is our present mode of admitting members into our communion based on scriptural authority?" Thanks were presented to the writer for his luminous and judicious paper, and he was requested to forward it for publication in the *Magazine*. Several brethren took part in the subsequent conference on the subject; and so interesting and important did that subject appear, that the discussion thereon was adjourned to and resumed at the afternoon sitting.

The afternoon meeting commenced at 2.30. Resolutions passed—

1. That written and oral reports from the churches be received at the spring instead of the autumn Conference.

2. Inasmuch as thirty-three, or more than half of the churches of this Conference are destitute of pastors, and of these nearly all are village churches, and inasmuch as many of them find increasing difficulties in the way of their prosperity, resolved—

(a.) That this Conference respectfully suggests to our village churches the importance of securing pastoral help, and the desirability, in some cases, of neighbouring churches being grouped to this end.

(b.) That a paper be prepared for the afternoon meeting of the next Conference upon the practicability of these suggestions.

(c.) That Mr. Lacey be the writer.

(d.) That our brethren who are occasional preachers in the midland district, whether associated or unassociated, be specially invited to attend and assist our deliberations.

3. That this Conference heartily approves of the resolution which Mr. Miall intends to move in the House of Commons on the Disestablishment of the English Church, and recommends our friends to request their representatives in parliament to give that resolution their support.*

4. That a paper be prepared for the morning sitting of the next Conference on—"Church fellowship, its nature and objects, and how far such objects are at present realized amongst us." That the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., be the writer.

At the evening meeting the Rev. E. H. Jackson, spoke on, "The church's work

* In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the resolution, Mr. Miall says, "In prospect of a very arduous undertaking I am much encouraged by the sympathy of the non-established religious bodies."

with the young;" the Rev. J. P. Tetley on "The conversion of our young people;" and the Rev. J. H. Lummis on "Our prayer meetings; their relation to the spiritual life of the church."

The Summer Conference will be held at Sawley, on Whit Wednesday, May 31, 1871. The annual collection on behalf of Conference expenses will then be made.

CHARLES CLARKE, *Secretary*.

MIDLAND HOME MISSION.

THE Secretary begs respectfully and urgently to remind the churches of the midland district of the engagements entered into by the committee. £80 per year have been voted to Longton, Staffordshire; £40 per year to Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent; and a grant of £200 has been made to the church at Longmore Street, Birmingham, to be paid in three annual instalments on condition that within the same period of three years the church raise £300 for the reduction of the debt on the chapel. This offer has been gratefully accepted by the friends at Longmore Street. The committee felt justified in pledging the generosity of the midland district to this amount, viz., nearly £170 per year. Churches! please remember your collections before June. Old friends! forget not your subscriptions. Non-contributors! recollect that it is by the many small contributions that our voluntary and religious institutions are sustained.

CHARLES CLARKE, *Secretary*.

CHAPELS.

ALLERTON.—The second anniversary of the opening of our preaching room at *Copy* was held, Jan. 28 and 29. Tea was provided in the room on Saturday for about two hundred persons. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Councillor Robertshaw, of Bradford. Revs. Messrs. W. H. Bugg (Independent), Thos. Gill, J. Roberts, J. S. Gill of Todmorden, and others, gave suitable addresses, which were interspersed with songs and choruses by the choir. Miss Gray presided at the harmonium. On the following day Mr. J. S. Gill preached twice.

SCHOOLS.

CARRINGTON.—Our new school-rooms were opened with much rejoicing on Shrove-Tuesday. One hundred and fifty partook of tea. A public meeting was held afterwards, Mr. Thomas Hill being in the chair. Mr. J. Fussell (a churchman) earnestly advocated secular education by the state, and religious education at home and in our Sunday schools. The Secretary, Mr. J. R. Miller, read the report, which

stated that only about £100, towards £350 or £300 which would be required, had been received. Mr. H. Belton stated the purposes for which the school-rooms might be used, as specified in the deeds, and the doctrines to be taught in the Sunday school. The Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., spoke of the additional study which would be necessary on the part of Sunday school teachers when the Education Act came into active operation. Mr. Charles Stevenson, jun., said, punctuality, patience, and perseverance, were necessary to success in teaching. During the evening selections of music were sung by Mr. A. Stevenson's Tonic Sol-fa Class. On the two Sundays following opening services were held in the chapel. The preachers for Feb. 26, were—morning, Rev. W. M. Parry; afternoon, Mr. A. Goodliffe; evening, Rev. Joseph Barker. For March 5—morning, Rev. J. Wolfenden; afternoon, Rev. A. McCurdy; evening, Rev. J. Wolfenden. The services were very interesting, and the collections realized £11 15s. Further contributions are very much needed, or the heavy burden pressing upon us will materially cripple our efforts, therefore we earnestly appeal to those friends who are in a position to do so to send us help.

LONDON, *Church Street, Edgware Road.*—Our Sabbath school anniversary sermons were preached on Lord's-day, Feb. 26th, forenoon and evening, as usual, by the pastor, Dr. Burns. In the afternoon an address was given by a Christian philanthropist, Miss Annie McPherson, of the Home Refuge for Boys in the East of London. The collections were considerably in advance of last year. The congregations were delighted with the pieces sung by the children.

Præd Street.—March 12. Preachers, Rev. J. Clifford, and Rev. J. Keed, of Acton. Rev. W. Stott gave an address in the afternoon. Collections and subscriptions over £30. Tea-meeting on the Monday. Addresses by Rev. J. H. Atkinson, J. Keed, R. H. Davis, T. P. Dexter, and A. Towers. The report stated, amongst other things, that thirteen had been added to the church from the school, and that the condition of the school was never better than now.

MINISTERIAL.

Rev. W. DYSON.—Many of our Wirksworth readers will doubtless be sorry to learn that the Rev. W. Dyson, Baptist minister, of Wirksworth, is about to leave, he having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Old Basford, Nottingham. At a church meeting recently held, Mr. Dyson was unanimously requested to stay, but he declined, as he

had previously accepted the invitation from Old Basford. Mr. Dyson, who, we understand, will leave on the first of May, has been connected with the Wirksworth Baptist church about twelve months, and during that time his untiring labours have been attended with success; and his leaving Wirksworth will be lamented by all connected with the church.—*High Peak News.*

THE REV. B. HACKETT has closed his ministry at Macclesfield. Address, 68, Great Alfred Street, North, Nottingham.

BAPTISMS.

ALLERTON.—March 12, eight, by T. Gill.
CHELLASTON, near Derby.—March 12, ten, by G. Slack.

KILLINGHOLME.—Dec. 4, one, by a deacon.
LINEHOLME.—March 12, seven, by R. Silby.

LONDON, *Commercial Road.*—Feb. 26, five, by J. G. Pike.

Præd Street.—March 15, nine, by J. Clifford.

LOUTH, *Northgate.*—Feb. 26, seven, by W. Chapman (five from the Sabbath school).

Eastgate.—March 2, three, by W. Chapman, (Mr. Cantrell being absent through domestic affliction).

MANSFIELD.—March 8, two, by Mr. Parkes.

NEW LENTON.—March 5, eleven, by J. Fletcher.

PACKINGTON.—March 8, three, by C. Clarke.

TODMORDEN.—Feb. 27, two, by J. Manning.

MRS. MEE'S FUND.

LADIES and gentlemen who have received subscriptions for this fund are respectfully requested to remit the amount in hand to Alderman Wilkinson, Westfield, East Retford, without delay.

Marrriages.

POCHIN—STEVENSON.—March 8, at Osbaston Road chapel, Derby, by Rev. John Stevenson, M.A., (uncle of the bride) assisted by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., Mr. Edward Davis Pochin, of Ellesmere Place, Manchester, youngest son of the late Mr. Pochin, of Wigston Magna, to Carie, daughter of Charles Stevenson, Esq., Clifton Villa, Derby.

GREENWOOD—CRABTREE.—At the Baptist chapel, Shore, by Rev. J. Maden, Mr. John William Greenwood, to Miss Grace Crabtree, both of Shore.

WILLING—CHAPMAN.—March 15, at the Baptist chapel, Cotton Street, Poplar, by the Rev. B. Preece, Albert George Willing, to Sarah Tyers, fourth daughter of the late Mr. William Chapman, of London.

Obituaries.

BARKER.—Mrs. Henry Barker, of Beeston meadows, died of premature confinement, Feb. 26, 1871, at the early age of twenty-eight, leaving five children. She was received into the Baptist church at Beeston when very young. She was amiable in spirit, and much beloved, not only by her natural relations, but by her Christian connections.

CLIFFORD.—Mrs. Clifford, after passing slowly through all the stages of consumption, peacefully expired, March 8th, 1871, aged 56. She was a native of Sawley, Derbyshire, daughter of Mr. Stenson, who was for many years a useful member of the Baptist church there, and sister to the Revs. Silas and Elam Stenson, the former of whom died at Retford in 1831. Mrs. C. was baptized when very young, and continued faithful to the Lord throughout her life. Removing to Beeston she was transferred to the church in that village. The loss of her husband in 1866 painfully affected her spirits, and apparently injured her health. For the last fifteen months she was almost wholly confined to her house; but during her long affliction her mind was eminently serene. She was followed to her grave in the Beeston chapel grounds by her sons and daughters, and other relatives, the Rev. J. Clifford being chief mourner.

W. U.

NEWTON.—Jan. 9, Emma Newton, aged 22, after a short illness, borne with remarkable calmness. Though her affliction was very painful, she never murmured. During her childhood she attended the Sabbath school at Pode Hole, afterwards removed to Spalding, and she very soon, while in her dear friend Miss Lavender's class, gave her heart to God and her hand to His people, and was baptized, April 2, 1865, by the Rev. J. C. Jones. Her short walk was a very calm and quiet one. Her last days testified she had built her hopes on Jesus. A few hours before she died she was singing a hymn about Jesus, but her throat being affected, her friends could not understand what hymn it was. She calmly passed from earth to heaven.

NORTHARD.—Dec. 8, 1870, at West Butterwick Lincolnshire, Mrs. Dinah Northard, aged thirty-five, the beloved wife of William Northard, captain of the *Emperor* steamship, trading betwixt Hull and Hamburg. Blest with a pious grandfather and uncle, she was led by them from her infancy to the ordinances of His house, and her mind received some gracious impressions when but young. From about her fifteenth year she appeared to possess a saving conviction

of her need of a Saviour, by which she was led to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. She was accepted as a member of the church of Christ at Butterwick, when she and her beloved uncle were baptized together, June 6th, 1867, by the Rev. W. M. Anderson, of Epworth. Her health was deeply affected by an internal cancer, which baffled the skill of several eminent medical men, and the last six months of her life she was declining in strength. In the month of July last she was in London, and attended the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and heard her last sermon on earth from the lips of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. She returned home to sicken and die, was confined for many weeks to her chamber, bearing her painful affliction with singular patience and devout resignation to the will of her heavenly Father. In her dying illness she frequently exclaimed, "O! the spotless righteousness of Christ." Happy in God her Saviour, she experienced an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Her God sustained her in her final hour;
Her final hour brought glory to her God.

STEVENSON.—March 18, Mary, the beloved wife of the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, aged 58 years.

TUNNICLIFFE.—Susannah Tunnicliffe, of Newton Regis, departed this life on Jan. 25, 1871, aged ninety-one years. She was indeed an old and faithful disciple; and through a long life loved and honoured her Saviour. Her attachment to His house, people, word, and ordinances, was very manifest. She possessed many virtues and excellencies, and was deservedly held in very high esteem by many who have long since passed away. She outlived all the friends of her youth, and was not only the oldest member of the church at Austrey, but was the last of those who were united together at its formation sixty-two years ago, by the Rev. S. Deacon, of Barton. Her piety was simple and unaffected, her love sincere and ardent; and all who knew her felt that she *lived* the holy gospel she professed. Her confidence in her Saviour was firm and unshaken to the last, and she could say, "I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." Her mortal remains were interred in the burying ground adjoining the chapel (where she so long worshipped), amid her sorrowing friends and relatives. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

J. G. A.

Missionary Observer.

IMPROVED HEALTH OF MRS. BUCKLEY.

A letter from Mr. Buckley, dated Cuttack, Feb. 18, states that he had received the telegram from the Secretary, and adds—"We much appreciate the kindness of the Committee; but Mrs. Buckley is so much better, that we prefer labouring on if the Lord give us strength to do so. While there are so few in the field, it would be a serious thing for any of us to leave, and such a step could only be justified by its necessity. At the same time, if compelled to take the step, we shall feel that we may hope for an affectionate welcome. I think the Committee have done well in deciding to send Mr. and Mrs. Hill."

The interesting letter that follows from Mrs. Buckley, will show why it is that our friends cannot leave their post, except for the most urgent necessity.

LETTER FROM MRS. BUCKLEY, TO THE REV. W. AND MRS. ORTON, OF BOURNE.

Cuttack, Dec. 25, 1870.

How difficult it is in India for us to realise this is Christmas Day, with the bright sun over head, and our garden with its gay appearance of beautiful flowers of every hue and colour. It is nearly two o'clock. I have been spending more than an hour with a class of fifty of my dear children; five of these dear ones have recently been baptized. The other forty-five are, I trust, seeking after the one thing needful. Oh! how my soul goes out in yearning love to them, and prayerful desires that they may be born again of the incorruptible "seed which liveth and abideth for ever." More than 350 immortal souls to feed, clothe, educate, train for eternity. I, in my feeble health, feel it at times a crushing responsibility. The joys and sorrows of this great work, only those who labour in it can fully comprehend. To do our work properly there must be the daily taking up the cross, the not pleasing of ourselves. We need greatly to be borne on your hearts in earnest prayer, that our faith fail not.

Jan. 16.—Thus far I wrote you on Christmas Sunday. When interrupted,

I had not been well for some time, but was that day feeling better and my spirits more cheerful. I soon had a relapse, and at midnight on New Year's Day became much worse. Medical aid and keeping my bed a few days again revived me. The doctor is most urgent for me to have a change and complete rest; he always tells me I am working beyond my strength. I have pressing invitations from several dear christian friends to visit them. But my difficulty is, I have no one to carry on my work. We all feel in our own department we have more work to do than we have strength, and therefore know not how to undertake each other's work even for a short time. It is three years since I had the privilege of spending a few weeks on a missionary tour with my dear husband—a kind of work I have greatly enjoyed, and always felt had a beneficial effect on my health. My only change during the last three years has been going on the river in large country boats for a few hours with the girls. When we had the use of Mr. Stubbins's large tent, we crossed the river and spent a few days at our new station, Macmillan Patna; but since Mr. Brooks's return he has had this large tent, and we are without accommodation for sheltering our dear girls for the night; even a change of this kind does us all good, though there is a good deal of fatigue and expense connected with it. We have had a long rainy season, and the weather unusually sultry and prostrating at the close of the rains. Then in one night we had a change of ten degrees, and it went on till it became for India remarkably cold. The weak suffered from this great change. My attacks of sickness and severe pain have been frequent. I have suffered more during the night than in the daytime, and the restless, painful nights have affected my strength and had a depressing effect on my spirits. It is very sad that our Society does not seek to exert itself more energetically to send us more help. There is a large field of labour for devoted christian women, whether married or single. Oh! that the Lord would put it into the heart of some beloved christian sisters to come over and help us. The natives are

everywhere being roused to feel the importance of female education. Through the great kindness of J. P. H. Walker, Esq., and J. Macmillan, Esq., my husband and I have the loan of a small steamer and barge belonging to Government, accommodating a hundred of my elder girls and ourselves. Over a hundred and fifty of the smaller girls the native christians have taken into their families to board during our week's absence. We left home last Friday, the 13th. The parting scene was very trying, all the girls wanting to go and see the sea and lighthouse. The weeping of those who remained behind was very abundant. Thus far we have had a very enjoyable time of it. I am feeling wonderfully better; I quite relish my food, and have been entirely free from pain. I slept better last night than I have done for weeks: it is very cold; and though there are twelve of us during the night in one small cabin, we are not too warm nor feel it to be close. The dear girls are full of life and merriment, though they have to rough it; but thus far they are inclined to look on the bright side, and make the best of everything. The Mahanuddee is a great and noble river; it passes by our house at the distance of a mile. Until the Irrigation Company took it in hand, its vast flowing waters during the rains were the cause of many anxious fears for the safety of Cuttack; and at one time it was thought a higher portion of land must be selected and the town removed. Now the danger has been removed by engineering skill, and this great river, which formerly was gazed upon with fear and awe, because of its terrible inundations, has in a few years been made to increase commerce, to fertilise the land by canals and distributaries; and has not only warded off famine, but so fertilised the plains as to enable them this year to supply many ships with rice from their surplus stores. A friend of ours was recently at the port we are on our way to visit, and counted thirty vessels all filling with rice to take to other parts of India, where there has been great scarcity, owing to drought. We did not get on board till four o'clock in the afternoon, the water at the ghat nearest to our house was not deep enough for the steamer to come, but we soon reached her. In crossing the river we passed by the new location, called Macmillan Patna, where a number of

the orphan boys are located, learning farming; others support themselves by weaving. The shrill whistle of the steamer indicated we were approaching a lock; through its gates we entered a canal, whose water is supplied from the Mahanuddee for forty miles. The shades of the evening were now drawing upon us, but the air was so pure and bracing, and the scenery on the banks of the canal so pleasing, I and many of the girls sat on the poop till very late, and were up again long before day dawn. Government has had cocoa-nut trees planted for many miles along each bank of the canal, which in a few years will be a refreshing shade, and if well managed will yield considerable profit. On each side of the canal the villages were very numerous. I counted in one place no fewer than seven villages all at a sightable distance. The large rice plains had been cleared of the paddy, but all along the canal banks, the broad strip of land between it and the river was cultivated, or being ploughed for other crops. We saw large patches of land where mustard seed, cotton, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and a variety of oil-producing plants, were growing. Also plantations of different kinds of palm trees. In the forty miles of canal we passed through eight locks. All was new and wonderful to the girls. The long shrill whistle which was given as a sign of our approach, for those in charge to be ready to open the gates; then the closing of the gates, and the rushing in of the water, or the rushing out of the water, according as required for the equalising of our water rout, as well as the working of the steamer, were sources of unceasing interest to the children. I took sewing with us, but I found them only inclined to use their voices in singing hymns and their eyes in watching the varied changes. Some of the girls pointed out villages where they lived before the terrible famine. On Saturday night we reached the end of the canal, and here determined to spend the Sabbath. Early on Sunday morning we had a prayer meeting, then cooked under a tree, and my dear husband conducted an open-air service. After that I and a number of the girls decided to take some tracts and visit a village, which we found to be a considerable size. We formed two parties. Miss Thomas taking part, went to one end of the village, and I and my

party to the other. Two of my girls had an uncle living here, and the interview was very touching. We were received in the kindest manner, and men, women, and children surrounded us. The girls sang a portion of the Jewel Mine of Salvation and the Widow of Nain. After they left off singing, a woman said—"Repeat to us again what has been sung, and explain." And one of the girls went through the history of Christ raising to life the widow's son, and explained how we were all guilty and in danger of eternal death. How the Lord Jesus became incarnate, and died to save sinners; how vain and foolish idol worship was, and pleaded in earnest tones with them to forsake their idols and love and worship God and Jesus Christ, who was the true incarnate Saviour. The woman said—"I am sure what you say is true; I don't worship idols." I said, have you heard this good news before; have any of your countrymen preached the gospel in this village. "No," they said, "no one has preached in our village, but a short time ago, at the markets, we met with those who told us about these things; and those of us who can read have received books, and are reading them, and would like more." One man said—"At this end of the village we are all poor and ignorant, and few of us can read, but in the brahmin street many can read. Go with me, and I will show you the way." I was obliged to decline, because if we missed the tide, we should have to remain so many hours longer, and our food would not hold out. I found, however, Miss Thomas and the other girls had been to that part of the village, and they were delighted with their reception, and the eagerness for books. They gave to those only who could read, and gladly the young men proved their claim for a book by reading. Several who could read, but had not obtained a book, walked with us half-a-mile to the steamer to get books. Hymn books and the Gospels were the books they were most anxious to get. Daye's uncle and family were very pleased to see her, and asked her many questions about her school life. She heard her mother was living in a village not far off.

Whilst on our way to the steamer, we heard the shrill whistle, and had to hasten onward. We were soon on board. The tide had come in, and we could see

the water rising in the river; and passing through a lock, we left the canal, and entered again on our noble river, to go onward for another forty miles, until the Mahanuddee mingled her waters with the ocean. It was a lovely evening. The steamer and barge went abreast, and the girls and ourselves gave utterance to our joyous feelings in singing sweet hymns in the Oriya language. Near the banks of the river, for ten or twelve miles, were very large villages—larger than any I had seen before in Orissa. O how I longed to visit them, and speak to the people of a Saviour's love! I could not refrain from weeping as I thought of the spiritual wants of Orissa. Were it not for my pressing home duties, I should feel it to be a great privilege to spend the cold season in communicating the good news of salvation to the heathen women, and should be helped in my labours by some of my pious elder girls. I believe, too, this would be a means of renewing my health and strength more than visiting my native land. O that the Lord would hear our prayer for more help to be sent to Orissa!

As we went onward the appearance of the river was strikingly grand—so deep and broad; and branching off in different directions were broad channels, hedged in on each side by dense jungly forests. I was told that this jungle and dense forest extended for more than thirty miles—not a bit of land cultivated, or habitation for man; but the wild beasts are very numerous. If the water could be confined to proper limits, I should think this land could be made abundantly fruitful. I was surprised to see how thick and high the grass was.

Early on Monday morning we woke up to find ourselves at anchor in a narrow channel with the jungle on each side of us. The water was so salt we could not cook, and there was little prospect of our getting a cooked meal before evening, for we could not go on till the tide came in. I had a good supply of bread and some oranges, parched rice and coarse sugar, and a few vessels filled with fresh water. The girls amused themselves in going into the jungle as far as they dare, and walking about in the shallow salt water, trying to catch fish and curious insects. Whilst waiting for the tide, Mr. Buckley and I received a kind message from the gentleman in charge of the lighthouse,

saying a jolly-boat was at our service, and would take us on at once to his house, but we felt we could not leave the dear children, and therefore declined accepting the kind invitation. We were, however, glad to see the dry land disappear, and our vessels once more floating, and very soon the girls cried out, "The light-house is in sight." We did not come to anchor till about six o'clock. Mr. W. was at the ghat, and though we were personally unknown to him, gave us a very hearty welcome. Most kindly he allowed the girls to cook under a large tree in his compound where there was plenty of fresh water, and sent us five loaves of bread, several pounds of delicious butter, and a large jug of milk. The butter was a great help and treat. It enabled the girls to cook themselves a nice supper of dall and rice. Mr. W. offered us and our large family the use of an empty house, but we preferred sleeping in the barge and steamer, that we might be ready to steam out early in the morning to the sea. It was the first time the girls had seen the sea, and they were almost wild with joy. The shells, too, were very attractive, but our time for walking on the shore was limited on account of the tide. Another great attraction was going to the top of the light-house. One of my girls found her uncle in employment here, and we had a number of educated natives anxious to obtain books, hear the girls sing, and talk with us about the "true religion." Two of the natives made us a present of a large quantity of fish. The time passed pleasantly and quickly away, but some of the girls seemed anxious to set their faces homeward. They remarked to me, "Now, mamma, we have seen everything, and our minds fly homeward." We gave away all our books. Our journey homeward was very pleasant, and the scenery in many parts quite new to us, because we passed over by daylight what in going we had missed seeing during the night. All went on well until the last night we were on board. We were in the canal and at anchor; the day had been cloudy, and the evening and night were so close, and the insects so annoying, I could not remain in the cabin, nor sleep. There was no moon—not a breath of air. I noticed several of the girls sleeping on the top of their barge, and two who were sleeping near the side of the barge I roused and

made them move to the middle. I continued walking about until the dew began to fall, and then went into the cabin. I found it was two o'clock. I had lain down only half an hour when my servant called, "Mamma, one of the girls has fallen into the water, and we cannot find her." Poor child, she had got up intending to go below, and had slipped in going down the ladder, struck her head against the boat, and fallen in the water. The body was not found until several hours after the accident. She was an unusually intelligent girl, and had that evening sat near singing some very sweet hymns. She had been very much out of health, and for weeks specially cared for and watched over by me, but had been better of late. I had not intended taking her, but she got one of the girls who was to have gone to remain, and allow her to go. This she told me after I got on board. During her illness she was patient, and showed to me a very grateful, loving spirit, but I do not know if she really loved the Saviour. She was loved by her school-mates, and many were affected on hearing of her sudden death. I hope and pray that it may lead all to feel the importance of being prepared for eternity.

Feb. 1.—I am now alone, busy from early morning till late at night; but I am, through mercy, much better, and I have had three or four letters from my beloved husband, who is out in the district preaching the gospel. The weather is not favourable now; we are having dense fogs, and they bring fever. Two of my school girls are very ill. They are lying in the next room to my bed room, where I can see them. One is in a decline, about eight or nine; she is happy, trusting in the Saviour. The other is suffering from dropsy; she has been affected with it several times, and has got better. I have not now much hope of her recovery.

Fourteen of my famine girls cease this year to be supported by Government. I think in this matter Government is not doing the right thing; it is making our burden heavier. I trust the Lord will raise up friends to care for us. He has brought us thus far through much toil and suffering, and sustained us; He will never leave nor forsake us. It is midnight; I must conclude. Remember us affectionately to all our dear christian friends and relatives.

AN EVANGELICAL CHURCH IN ROME.

It is cause for gratitude to God that, in so short a time after the opening of the City of Rome, we should have to report the formation of a church, founded on the pure and simple truths of the Gospel. The following letter from Mr. Wall is full of interest. It is dated Rome, January 30th, 1871:—

The difficulties of the work here are becoming more apparent. The priests are taking alarm, and raising their voice, both by means of the press and the pulpit, against us, as wolves and dragons come to devour their flock. This, together with the secret persecution which they are carefully organising against all who attend our meetings, has chilled the zeal of some, and constrained others to adopt the policy of Nicodemus. The Jesuits have been emboldened to this by the recent inundation, by the increasing misery in Rome, and by the indecision of the Government, which seems fettered in its action by pressure coming on it from other countries.

I have been somewhat hindered in outdoor evangelistic work by the almost incessant rains of the past weeks, which, with the mire of Rome, and the mud left by the late flood, has almost reduced the streets to the condition of a swamp. Indoor work, however, has been encouraging. My room has been so filled that fears were entertained for the safety of the floor. The tenant, who has a store of lamps on the ground floor under us, has warned us, and I have restricted the number of attendants to the limits of security. This renders it all the more needful for me to have a house, in which I may be able to receive all who may come unto me. I have not the means of taking such a place at present, because, now Rome has become the capital, rents are exorbitant.

A CHURCH FORMED.

Last Monday, in company with some American brethren—Mr. Cote, Drs. Broadus and Randolph, all Baptist ministers—I conducted some Roman converts to the catacombs, and showed them the ancient baptistry where many of their martyred ancestors were immersed. We stood near the water, and read some Scriptures, and prayed the

Lord to re-establish the early Roman Church. On Saturday last, and on Lord's-day morning, eight of these converts were baptized by Mr. Cote and myself. Several others desire to follow their example. On the same morning I explained to the brethren assembled (from Acts ii. 37—47) what seemed to me to be the Divine order in the development of a truly Christian Church. The points were—

1. Joyous reception of the Word—ver. 41.
2. Baptism—ver. 38, 41.
3. Assembling together—ver. 41.
4. Continuance in apostolic doctrine.
5. Communion—ver. 42; 1 John i.
6. Breaking of the bread—ver. 42.
7. United prayers—ver. 42.
8. Community—ver. 44, 47.

After this discourse, the brethren present agreed to walk together in the order thus laid down, and to trust to the Lord to lead them into the position of the early church. The American brethren assisted on this occasion, and Dr. Broadus' and Dr. Randolph's addresses were received with tears of joy, especially when they referred to the affection with which the churches in America would sympathise with us in the good fight we have commenced in the name of the Lord. We sent our salutations to America, and through you we desire to send them to sister churches in England. At the present moment, though there are several rooms open for the preaching of the Gospel, there are but two churches. The one is the scarlet woman, drunken with the blood of martyrs, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having the golden cup of abomination in her hand, and 'Babylon' upon her brow. The other is a virgin, but yesterday espoused to Christ. He is the Rock beneath her feet; He is the lamp of light in her hand; He is the robe she wears; His name is on her brow, and her eye is raised to Him in supplication for grace to tread in the footsteps of apostles and martyrs, in the narrow way of separation from the world and faithful testimony to God.

May the faithful and great Shepherd tend this little flock, and shield and guide this church, that she at last may be presented to Him as a chaste virgin!

—*Missionary Herald.*

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Is 1500 miles long and nearly 2000 years old. It is said to contain material sufficient to rear all the dwelling-houses in England, Wales, and Scotland, and whose very towers would erect a city as large as London. It runs round the North and West of the empire of China, for a distance of 1500 miles, from near Sonchow to near Peking, and was erected about 213 years before Christ, 2083 years ago, in the reign of the Emperor Tsin-shi-hwang, 50,000 workmen being employed on it.

The Chinese now speak of the world as a whole, and say, "it is one family—one family, all brethren." These are new words for the Chinese to use, who have hitherto called all nations "the outside barbarians." All hail to our new brothers! who in themselves form one-third of the great family. And what gift have we sent them as a token of our acknowledgment of the relationship? A million copies of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

They are deeply in want of this precious gift. They do not possess, at present, the best translation of the Scriptures. Let us, therefore, give them the best translation we possess, and teach those to read it who cannot do so, and this is

the noble idea that will break down eventually the great wall of China.—*Missionary News.*

MISSIONARY SERVICES have been held during the past few weeks at Leicester, Nottingham and neighbourhood, Louth, Leake and Wymeswold, and other places, with encouraging results. Brethren Ryder, of Nottingham, and W. Hill, of Barton, were the deputation to Leicester. The missionary meeting was held at the Archdeacon Lane chapel—John Stafford, Esq., the Mayor, in the chair. On the Tuesday morning there was a public breakfast at the Friar Lane school-room. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Nye (Superintendent of the Wesleyan Methodist Circuit), S. Tamatoo Williams (son of the Martyr of Erromanga, and minister of the London Road chapel), J. Ker, M.A., (Presbyterian minister,) W. Hill, and others. Brethren Stubbins and Wilkinson, with the ministers of the town, also rendered valuable assistance.

REV. J. BUCKLEY.—We are informed that the degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred upon our excellent brother the Rev. John Buckley, of Cutchack, by the authorities of Bates's College, Lewiston, Maine.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Dec. 3, Jan. 3, 20, 27, Feb. 18.
 " T. Bailey, Dec. 2.
 " W. Bailey, Dec. 2, Jan. 12.

CUTTACK—W. Brooks, Jan. 21.
 PIPELEE—T. Bailey, Jan. 20.
 " W. Brooks, Dec. 1.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from February 18 to March 18, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
Bacup	1	0	0
Belper—for W. and O.	0	5	0
Bradford, Tetley Street	12	9	0
Burnley Lane—for W. and O.	0	15	0
Coalville	2	1	6
Donnington, Lincolnshire	3	0	0
Downham	3	3	0
Hitchin	15	15	0
Hugglescote	18	0	0
Ilfracombe	2	0	0
Kirkby-in-Ashfield	13	4	0
Leicester, Friar Lane	49	10	9
" Archdeacon Lane	72	17	0
" Dover Street	37	6	4
Llantrissant, Wales	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.
London, Praed Street—for W. and O.	3	10	0
Long Whaddon	1	10	6
Loughborough, Woodgate—for W. and O.	2	0	0
Louth, Eastgate	23	8	5
" Northgate	25	0	0
March—for W. and O.	1	15	0
Nottingham Auxiliary—complete list will appear next month.			
Quorndon—for W. and O.	0	7	0
Smarden	1	1	0
Sutton St. James—for W. and O.	0	7	0
Thurlston	6	4	0
Wheelock Heath	13	19	0
Wysall	2	9	4

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. O. PIRKS and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, Secretaries, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1871.

MR. MIALL'S MOTION FOR DISESTABLISHMENT.

BY THE REV. S. H. BOOTH.

In a few days after this number of our *Magazine* is in the hands of our readers, Mr. Miall will move the following resolution in the House of Commons: "That it is expedient to apply to England and to Scotland the policy of Disestablishment already adopted by the legislature with regard to Ireland." The debate upon that motion will as assuredly prove the "beginning of the end" on this side the channel as that in 1856 did of Disestablishment in Ireland.—There may be this difference however, we may not have to wait for fourteen years, as in the case of Ireland, before the downfall of these other great establishments is accomplished. Events are moving in our day with ever accelerating speed. With much labour and suffering the stone may be rolled to the edge of the precipice, but when it has reached it, it bounds over the edge, and soon falls with flashing leaps into the valley below. Such was the history of the Irish Church question. Such may be the history of the Episcopalian Church in England, and of the Presbyterian Kirk in Scotland. In the results which Mr. Miall's motion contemplates, every one within and outside these established churches, and every political

party, is vitally interested. It will mark a new era in the religious life of our land, and it will be the emancipation of our civil government from a burden, and the removal from it of a scandal which have long since become intolerable—a burden which has always hampered the State—a scandal which is now threatening, through the attitude of certain distinguished members of the English Establishment, and the recent letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury—counselling masterly inaction, in a series of emasculated platitudes—to bring into discredit the Highest Court of Appeal.

Of the Kirk of Scotland we shall say but little, for it does not present so formidable a front, nor does it contain such shameful anomalies as the Church of England; nor, in the face of such antagonists as the Free Churches of Scotland, could it stand a single session of parliament if the wealthier and more powerful Establishment of England were separated from the State. But there is an element of hope infused into the wider controversy by events in the northern church. The question of Patronage, which led to the disruption in Scotland in 1846, is obtruding again. Mr. Forsyth says,

"Opinion has ripened more in one year than in twenty years previously." The leading ministers of the Kirk are crying out for the abolition of Patronage in order that "the National Church may rest on the broadest popular franchises." But the hope is utopian. There is no National Church in Scotland, any more than there is in England. "The name may remain: but the thing is gone, and gone for ever. The so-called Church of Scotland is but a sect in Scotland, and one that includes only a minority of the people." But the disturbance in men's minds there will augment the movement everywhere; and it is one of the signs which impels and justifies all the Free Churches, ourselves among the number, to take up arms to destroy patronage and every other form of State support of religion throughout the empire.

No one can have watched the course of events in ecclesiastical matters during the past few years, without being alarmed at the development in the Church of England of the Comprehension Scheme, which, like a huge pantheon, has been gathering within its omnivorous walls every "ism," from broad Deism to rank Romanism, and every conceivable intermediate shade of opinion. Such a spectacle as that which the Rev. J. C. Ryle aptly compares to "a cage of clean and unclean beasts," is an offence to every true disciple of the Lord Jesus, especially to those who, like ourselves, maintain that the Scriptures are the sole rule of faith and practice. But when the law stepped in and pronounced against Comprehension—the judges of the land, who are the keepers of every Churchman's conscience, ruling that the English Church is neither Deistical nor Romanist—the judgment was scoffed at by clergy whose opinions and practices were thus proscribed. It is time that something should be done to cleanse this Augean stable, where, since the days

when they persecuted us, they "bite and devour one another," and rid both the State and the Church of this disgrace and shame.

This is a grave issue. It is one which we, as Baptists, cannot regard without deep interest, either as Christians or as citizens. The impending struggle demands our earnest thought, resolute speech, and uncompromising action. The end we have long hoped for—for which our forefathers suffered, and many of us have faithfully laboured "hoping against hope"—is now in sight.

Auxiliary forces within the Church herself—not less efficient because they are controlled by various impulses, are helping us on, and we have only to buckle on our armour once more to assure ourselves, under God, of a speedy and final triumph. Woe be to us if we refuse the call. Principles we have always held as fundamental in the Master's kingdom, are suddenly making converts where we least expected them; and we are not disposed to inquire too curiously concerning the process of their conversion, nor criticise too fastidiously the reality of their convictions. The law has an iron heel, and has now trodden upon others, just as hitherto it was accustomed to tread upon us. While Dissenters only were trampled on, and our rights only were denied, there was little hope of parliament listening to our enunciation of abstract principles, or declaring, in response to our appeals, that the relation between Church and State was incestuous and unholy: but when the law laid its hand on two great sects within the Establishment itself, declaring that the Creed of the Church of England (whatever that may be), must be respected, and her formularies observed, then a new light suddenly broke on minds hitherto in worse than Egyptian darkness in respect to these essential principles of the Kingdom of Christ. Forthwith the cry arose, with unmistakable significance,

"Disestablish the Church." What Broad Churchmen will do is not so clear. Mr. Voysey's ejection is but an isolated case. But the Rev. J. Bennett, of Frome, speaks for the High Church party when he says, "We must have freedom—not the chains and entanglement of a State protection which while it embraces kills, and while it flatters poisons, but only the freedom of the children of God." A cry like this will make itself heard; and we shall be traitors to our high trust as Baptists if we do not swell the cry, and give to these newer sounds their distinct and determinate sense. Churchmen who write and talk like this, only half understand the want they express. It is a new watchword to them, the meaning of which they scarcely comprehend. It is one which we have learnt from our forefathers, and we must teach these new recruits its full significance and power: for had the law in certain recent trials been on their side and against the Evangelicals, the demand for Disestablishment would never have been raised by such lips. They are striving to throw off the yoke of State control in order to fasten again upon our shoulders the intolerable yoke of priestly despotism. We are fighting to win back for Emmanuel His crown rights in the church.

It is a strange thing to observe that the cry for liberty within the English Establishment comes from those whose doctrines we abhor, and with whose ultimate object we have no sympathy whatever. The movement in this direction is supported almost exclusively by the High Church party, which is rapidly adopting the practices of the Romish Church, and of whom our Evangelical brethren say, "My soul come not thou into their secret." But it is not the Evangelical clergy who demand Disestablishment. We are grievously disappointed in the attitude they assume

on this question. We fear that we are justified in saying that they stand by the State Church principle only because recent judicial decisions have been in their favour. They are dazzled by a partial and transitory success: but unless we succeed in pulling down the whole political fabric about their ears, the day may come when recent decisions may be reversed, and the Romanist party become dominant in their place. Is it possible to conceive how frantic the denunciations of the State Church principle would then be by those who now defend it as an ordinance of God? It appears to us that their blindness on this point is inexcusable. Should they succeed in driving out the High Church party, as many of their leaders say they will now attempt to do, they will strengthen immeasurably, under a sense of injustice and persecution, the hold which that party already possesses of a large section of the community. If we have to fight out the question of Disestablishment side by side with a religious body with whom we have no real communion, let the responsibility rest on the Evangelical clergy, who thus virtually repudiate all reverence for the Redeemer as the sole Head of His Church. But Disestablishment we must and will have. We deeply deplore the attitude of the Evangelical clergy. If they were wise, they would frankly accept the inevitable. Whatever they may now think, the time is not distant when they will look back with astonishment at the ardour of their attachment to slavery, and their dread of emancipation. We can assure them there are grapes in Eshcol better than all the fleshpots in Egypt. If allegiance to Christ has no weight with them, self-interest may warn them, for the city where they dwell is doomed. Rightly or wrongly it is doomed. The tide of democracy is rising around us, and if we have no better refuge than a Church Establishment, we shall

speedily and righteously be overwhelmed. The hope of this country—its political and social greatness—lies in the advancement of popular rights against all mediæval systems, among which the most obnoxious is a Church supported and dominated by the State. It is antagonistic to the spread of Christian truth, and must be swept away. It is opposed to liberty, both civil and religious; and in the rising flood of modern progress must inevitably be destroyed. It is built upon the quicksand of political institutions which are themselves rapidly changing; and there are frequent signs that it is being engulfed. It is like a city built at the foot of a volcano. Its stateliness and power are at the mercy of subterranean fires already bursting forth. If our brethren within the Establishment, with whom we agree in doctrine, would range themselves on our side, and demand Disestablishment, not only would the next general election decide this question once and for ever, but they would be accepted as the leaders, by the vast majority of the nation, in the new world which would then suddenly spring to life. It has always been our opinion that if they were to take this stand they would absorb a large proportion of Nonconformists who hate State-Churchism but not Episcopacy. For long years we, as a denomination, would be left, as we have ever been, in the minority. But we warn these our brethren against arousing popular hostility by fighting on the side of the last great remnant of legalized tyranny in this land. If they knew their real strength and true interests better, they would take courage from Paley's axiom, that "a Religious Establishment is no part of Christianity." Let them show that they really believe what they teach—that a church is a congregation of faithful men, and prove their consistency by leading their people into

the fairer fields of Free Churchism. They need not regret the loss of political prestige and power, for fidelity to their divine Master would be sure to be rewarded by an accession of spiritual strength, which His approbation alone can bring.

But while we are willing to unite with the High Church on this question of Disestablishment, we have no love for their distinctive dogmas, We neither forget nor disparage the leading argument in the controversy, that man is personally accountable to none but God for his religious belief, and that therefore the civil power has no right to interfere in matters of conscience: but because we also regard with dismay the increasing power of the High Church party—which the Establishment has by its Papistical formularies directly fostered—we are willing, in the hope of destroying their stronghold, work with them for Disestablishment. On this ground, therefore, we challenge the faithful and earnest co-operation of all our Baptist churches. There are things being done by the Ritualists in the Church of England to-day, that made our forefathers, when Archbishop Laud ruled the Church, draw the sword and revolt. The great revolution which brought about the establishment of our civil liberties, had its foundation in the movement towards religious freedom. The pure Word of God had become adulterated with Romish traditions. Dignitaries of the church had set up altars, and crucifixes, and candles, and the Confessional, and the Puritans would none of them. No more will we. We want no altar, save that on which the Son of God was offered up. We want no candles burning in a "dim religious light," when we can stand in the full blaze of the Sun of Righteousness. We want no "upholstery work," as Thomas Carlyle calls it, when the question is, How are men's souls to be saved? Beneath those stoles,

and albs, and altar-cloths, there lurks a spirit which is not of God, which in past times made itself drunk with the blood of the noblest and the best. Its name is Tyranny—kings, and presbyters of endless name have been its priests, and the people have been its victims; but never more, we trust, in this land. For if we are faithful to our principles; if we prove ourselves wise men, able to “discern the signs of the times,” and “to know what Israel ought to do;” if, believing in our high mission we realise the fact that we have “come to the kingdom for such a time as this,” we shall, by His help who is head over all things to His church, establish on a firm foundation this truth, that in His church Christ, and Christ alone is Priest and King.

There is one danger against which we must guard. It is the political weakness of the Liberal Party, that each member of it claims and often exercises the right to think, and speak, and act for himself. Under another view of it, it is of course, our strength. We are now reaping the fruit of our personal

independence, in the way in which the House of Commons, in the recent Education Act, transmitted the religious difficulty to the country, and this ought to make us watchful, lest from the same cause we weaken our attack upon these State Churches. The certain consequence would be to postpone Disestablishment, and when it comes to magnify beyond all due bounds, the subsequent endowments of the disestablished church. We should then repeat, on a larger and more dangerous scale, the re-endowment clauses of the Irish Church Bill. If there be divided counsels, if some of the leaders of Liberal opinion hold aloof from the agitation, from whatever cause, our antagonists, ever wary and astute, will snatch the sword from our hands, and hinder and harrass our success. Like Highlanders, our motto must be “shoulder to shoulder,” and then in the next general election we shall see the Disestablishment of the English Church carried to the front rank of all political questions, and the triumph of our principles will inevitably follow.

A RENOWN-GIVING PLANT.

BY REV. W. CHAPMAN.

Ezekiel xxxiii. 29.

WE now call special attention to the fact that the plant of renown is a renown giving plant. “I will raise up for them a plant of renown,” *i.e.*, for the purpose of making them renowned. But who are meant by them? The persons meant are described, in the 11th and following verses, as the flock of the Lord, or the second person in the Godhead. Jesus, the plant of renown, is called in the 23rd verse, “their Shepherd.” Looking at these expressions in the light of New Testament teaching, we conclude that by *them*, in our day, we are to understand believers, disciples

of Jesus, followers of the Lamb. These are to be made renowned.

A favourite theme with preachers and theologians has been “*the benefits of redemption*,” and we wonder not at it. It is a glorious theme. Thoughts brilliant with heavenly light, and glowing with hallowed fire, have been both uttered and written on the benefits of redemption—the heavenly calling, pardon, justification, adoption, sanctification, grace here and glory hereafter. But there is one benefit to which, so far as I know, but little prominence has been given, *viz.*, that one great pur-

pose of the incarnation and atoning work of Christ was to bring good out of evil, and so to defeat the malignant purposes of the devil, that those whom he aimed to deprave and ruin should become *renowned* for their glory and blessedness. *Renowned*, mark: that fame, with her thousand tongues, should speak of them amid the myriad rational creatures of God, not only on earth, but in heaven, and through eternity. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory."

But how can these things be? In a variety of ways can Christ make his disciples renowned. 1st, by renewing their nature, and making them like Himself.

The great design of Christianity is to make its recipients Christ-like; to reprint God's image on the soul (that image which had been obliterated by sin), and to issue humanity in a second and fairer edition than that published in Paradise. All who receive Christ are engrafted into Christ; they live on Him, and in Him, and He in them. In our growth we greatly resemble the food on which we grow, and being made partakers of Christ, and living in and on Him, Christians become like Him. He thus makes them—

1. Renowned for the *beauty of their moral character.*

The Word of God says a great deal about beauty of character. "Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem!" "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." "Thy beautiful flock." There is then such a thing as beauty of character. Now moral character is like the impression on wax received from a seal; the more perfect and beautiful the seal, the more perfect and beautiful will be the character left by it. Jesus stamps His likeness in all its parts upon His dis-

ciples. By His word, and Spirit, and ministry, and providence, is He doing this more and more. Every day is the believer under the plastic influence of this Divine moulder—the transforming and beautifying working of this Divine sculptor. How beautiful have been some of the products of His hands! Paul could say—"I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." How elevated have been the affections of many both in ancient and modern times! How dead to the world! How self-denying! How generous and large-hearted! How courageous, and faithful, and diligent! How humble, meek, patient, and devout! And how determined their perseverance in well-doing! Multitudes have evidently wished to know nothing but truth, to feel nothing but love, and to do nothing but righteousness. Their characters have been formed in the mould of their beloved Lord. They were "living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men." They have so acted as to compel those who knew something of their Master, but who were strangers to themselves, to take "knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

By renewing their nature, and making them like Himself, He makes them—

2. Renowned for the *fragrance of their piety.* The fragrance as well as the beauty of Christian character is often referred to in the Word of God. In Hos. xiv. 5—7, it is said—"I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." Here we have not only exquisite beauty, but the richest fragrance. Elsewhere the church is compared to "a garden

of spices." Paul says—"We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ." As the aroma of spices pervades the garments, so does the savour of Christ pervade the life of the believer. Only let the grace of Christ be poured into the heart, and the spirit of Christ breathe upon the soul, and the odours of piety will flow out, in praise and prayer, in an edifying conversation, and a holy life; and the savour of the knowledge of Christ will fill the entire sphere in which we move.

"When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
Which tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
As when a ship, well laden with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled,
In some safe haven of our Western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us laden with the scent."

Jesus makes them—

3. Renowned for their fruitfulness and usefulness.

All Christ's disciples are at the same time trees of righteousness, and they bring forth fruits of righteousness. Of these fruits we have a list in Gal. v. 22, 23. They are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." All these fruits are of a golden hue, an orient brightness. Like the olive, believers often flourish in most unlikely situations, and yield their fruit to rich and poor.

Fully developed Christians are as useful as they are fruitful. They are the light of the world, the salt of the earth. They are kept in the world not to prevent the world from getting worse, but to make it better. They are the health-giving element in human society. The world is corrupt, and they are to regenerate it. Under their divine teacher many of them have already done much. They have healed the sick, cast out devils, given sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, restored palsied members to the proper exercise of

their functions, and even raised the dead. Myriads have by them been turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God—have received forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance amongst them who are sanctified through faith in Christ.

Now the whole of this beauty, fragrance, fruitfulness, and usefulness, have been derived from Christ. Separated from Him, even such men as Paul, and Peter, Whitfield, and Wesley, the Taylors and Deacons, the Lacey and Suttons of our connexion would have been as fruitless and useless as a branch severed from the vine. But united to Jesus, receiving of His fullness, His love filling their hearts, and His image stamped upon their souls, He has made them renowned.

When the King of Babylon descended to Hades, its myriad inhabitants came from their places, gathered around him, and asked in ironical surprise, "Art thou become like unto us?" I can fancy that when some child of sin and sorrow, renewed by the grace of God, kept by the power of God, and dying in Jesus, enters the spirit-land, myriads of holy angels would come from their places, and ask in wondering, yet grateful, not ironical, surprise, "Art thou become like unto us?"

"Raised from the dead they live anew,
And justified by grace,
They shall appear in glory too,
Before their Father's face."

But 2ndly, Jesus makes His disciples renowned, by elevating them to the very highest social position in the universe.

In the Epistle to the Romans, chap. viii., we have one of the most glorious sorites on record. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God; and if children then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.

What efforts and what sacrifices will not some make to gain a posi-

tion in society. The height of their ambition is to rise out of the lower into what are called the higher classes. But taking *the entire universe of God*, and looking at the subject in the light thrown upon it by Divine revelation, who constitute the higher classes? Do the men of wealth, pleasure, fame, honour, the Barons, Dukes, Princes, and Kings of earth, rank *as such*? Certainly not. There are many of these among them, but as men of wealth, &c., merely, they are not the higher classes. Are they the angels, the thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers of heaven? Not even do such occupy the very highest social position. Highest among the highest is the sincere and earnest-hearted Christian, whether his social position on earth be among the wealthy and the great, or the poor and despised. At first man was made a little lower than the angels, and sin made the distance immensely wider, but from that lower depth, redeeming love raised the believer to a position immeasurably higher than even that of the angels. Grace not only undoes what sin has done, but does for man what the retention of his primeval innocence could not have done for him.

"For what, in yonder world above,
Is ransomed man ordained to be?
With honour, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorned than he.

Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise,
While wondering angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise."

Beloved now are we the sons of God." Now, just as we are; nothing changed, nothing added, nothing taken away. Not, we may be, but beloved now *are* we the sons of God.

If children then heirs, heirs of God. In earthly families all children cannot be heirs. Only one can be the heir. In God's redeemed family all the children are heirs. There is no room for envy here. In earthly families the greater the number among whom an inheritance is

divided, the less is there for each one. Not so is it with God's redeemed family; not one will be impoverished by the enrichment of the others. Paradoxical as it may appear, each one will be enriched by the enrichment of the others. Heirs of God: and therefore to all He possesses. We should not dare thus to speak of the matter, were it not a fact of revelation. We should, however, only be dishonouring God, as well as ourselves, were we to lower the position to which he has raised us, and to diminish the magnitude of our expectations. We are heirs of God, and therefore all His possessions and resources we shall share and enjoy as much as if they were our own. But some humble child of God may ask—"Is not this too much to expect?" No, brother, it is not too much. Stronger language still is employed to express our elevated position and blessed relationship. If we are heirs of God, we are "joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Now, to what is Christ heir as the God-man? What may not he expect? Looking at what He is in Himself, at the love of the Father toward Him, and at the promises made to Him, would it be possible to exaggerate His expectations and prospects? Well, whatever that prospect is, however large, diversified, valuable, *we* are joint heirs with Him.

We are also to be "glorified together." In heaven Jesus is exalted far above all principality and power, and is surrounded with the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. That glory we are to share. He is coming again, and when He shall appear, *we shall be like Him*, for we shall see Him as He is. We shall be like Him in holiness, love, beauty, glory, without a sin to stain, or a sorrow to cloud. His own imperial ascendancy, bringing with it our promotion the higher He rises, and the wider the sphere

He fills, the greater will be our renown. In every believer we see, what—a disguised prince—an imprisoned angel; that disguise with many will soon be laid aside, and from that prison-house many will escape, and so will they be for ever with the Lord, wearing

"Bright tints in heaven,
From graces wrought by poverty and toil."

3rd. The renown of the believer will be as extensive and lasting as the knowledge of the work of redemption.

The most grand and glorious spectacle among the ancient Romans was a triumphal procession. A province or nation having been conquered, or some signal and important victory having been gained, the leader of the armies was honoured with a triumph. The procession was a magnificent one. The king, princes, nobles, of the vanquished nation, were led in fetters before the general's chariot, along the sacred way, up to the capitol. Scaffolds were everywhere erected, the streets were crowded, and the entire population intoxicated with joy. A long train of waggons laden with the rich spoil of the conquered nation preceded the triumphal car. The entire city was a scene of festivity. The spectators were clothed in white, the temples were adorned with garlands, and filled with clouds of incense, and the richest perfumes. Hecatombs of victims were slain, and the most sumptuous entertainments were given. In the glory of such a triumph the whole army would share.

But what is this spectacle compared with what will be seen when the work of redemption shall be completed, and the judgment of the great day pronounced; when Jesus, with all His holy angels, and all His redeemed ones out of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue, shall return to heaven, and take possession of His kingdom? There are allusions in scripture to that

event, which convey the idea to my mind that it will be the most magnificent triumphal procession that the universe has ever seen. But mark, in that procession believers will not be present merely as servants of Christ, or soldiers of the cross, but as friends of Christ; as joint heirs with Christ; and they will be glorified together. Many think of the second coming of Christ, and of the judgment, only with solemn awe, if not with absolute terror. But there is another side to the event that we should do well to understand and remember. Jesus will come to be glorified in His saints, and His saints in Him, and to be admired in all them that believe. As subjects of that redemption thus consummated—as those who have taken an active part in rendering the redemption effective to the end designed—as the friends of Jesus—as the sons of God—as joint heirs of Christ—amid the serried ranks and glad hosannahs of myriads of angels believers will enter heaven.

The knowledge of the history of redemption is not only not confined to our world, but it may not be confined to heaven and hell; it may be known in every one of the myriad worlds of the universe. But wherever known, there the fame of believers reaches. In heaven redemption is a subject of absorbing interest. It was one who was once a holy angel who seduced our first parents, and was the means of obliterating in their souls the image of God. The relation, therefore, between the rebellion of heaven and that of earth being so intimately connected, angels could not but desire to look into the plan of redemption, to watch its progress, and to rejoice at its completion.

The renown thus co-extensive with the knowledge of redemption will also be lasting as eternity.

The history of the Redeemer and

His mighty work will never be forgotten. We cannot suppose that a lethean draught will ever be given to all God's rational creatures, and that the grandest and most glorious divine work with which we are acquainted will ever be blotted from the memory, and buried in oblivion. Can the most fertile fancy fancy that? If the disobedience of Adam, the drunkenness of Noah, the falsehood of Abraham, the deceit of Jacob, the folly of Solomon, the denial of Peter, were thought by the Divine Spirit to be of sufficient importance to be handed down from generation to generation to the end of time, surely a work like the work of redemption, a Redeemer like Christ, redeemed ones like the saints, will be themes for celebration during eternal ages. The renown of the saints then, began on earth, will be perpetuated through eternity.

Brethren, let these remarks suffice. We have but imperfectly expounded a subject full of Christ, and full of alimnt fitted to strengthen Christian life, and animate Christian hope.

With such a prospect hold your heads erect. The Christian on earth is not the poor foolish being some take him to be. To some it appears a trifling thing to be a Christian. Many think that to embrace Christianity would be a barrier to an elevated position in society. But the reverse is true. Nothing ennobles, nothing elevates like Christianity. The Christian is not a citizen of earth, but an heir of heaven. For him brighter hours are on the wing than any he has experienced yet. Beyond the troubles and storms of life he looks forward to a kingdom which cannot be moved—an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Even the most intelligent saints but partially apprehend the dignity of their position, and the glory of their future. Some few realize it

more vividly than others. I knew two poor men who had been working in the fields during a specially cold, wet, dirty day. As they were returning from their work one of them paused, and looking at the other, remarked, "Tummas, no one looking at me now would take me to be the son of a King, would they? But I be though." Yes, the poorest believer is a child of God, an heir of heaven, a child of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

"Why talk we now of earthly things,
The wealth of empires, crowns of kings,
Or aught below the skies?
Can crowns or sceptres be compared
With that exceeding great reward
On which we fix our eyes?"

A godly man was once on board ship with a nobleman who was talking and conducting himself in any but a becoming way. When they had landed the Christian man watched his opportunity, and seeing the nobleman at a little distance from the rest, went up to him, and putting his hand on his shoulder, remarked, "My lord, remember your dignity, and respect it." So, to every believer, we would say—Remember your dignity, brother; remember your dignity, sister, and respect it. Never forget *whose* you are. Never forget *what* you are. At home, abroad, in company, at your daily employment, in all your transactions with your fellows, remember your dignity and respect it.

In conclusion we would ask any who have neglected a salvation so great, and rejected a Saviour who is so able and willing to give them renown, why is this? Sometimes the word of God appeals to our fears, at others to our love, at others to our self-interest; here is an appeal to our ambition, our love of fame. Who would refuse to become renowned? What other sphere of action will bring you such renown as that which you will secure by becoming a Christian? Will the forum, the senate, the army? Will

the walks of literature, of science, or the arts? Become a Christian, and you will become more renowned than Alexander or Wellington, than Pitt or Canning, than Homer or Milton, than Demosthenes or Cicero, than Newton or Herschell, than Canova or Chantry, than Blackstone or Coke. Receive Jesus as your Saviour, submit to His claims, sit at His feet and learn of Him, and you will be renowned among the saints of earth and the hierarchies of heaven, and

possibly among the inhabitants of myriads of other worlds—renowned for the grand and glorious change effected in your own characters and prospects, and for the wondrous transformations which you have been the means of effecting in others, and for your relation—the intimate and endearing relation you sustain to Him who has on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, viz., King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THREE MONTHS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE "ATLANTIC FERRY" IN THE SUMMER OF 1866.

No. V.—*Chicago, Niagara Falls, Montreal.*

THE journey from Louisville to Chicago was the most fatiguing experienced. We started by an early boat across the Ohio, and spent a long and wearisome day "on board" a railway car. Many stoppages were made, frequently at places that had the appearance of being newly-formed settlements, but no substantial refreshment could be obtained. A boy with hickory nuts, and figs, occasionally put in an appearance; and once, when we halted to reload the engine tender with logs of wood, we found some fine wild raspberries, with which most of the passengers regaled themselves.

We skirted the prairie for many miles, before reaching Chicago. The sunset, as the weary day declined, was most resplendent. About ten o'clock p.m. we arrived at our hotel, thankful to find that a friend from Cincinnati, who had preceded us, had secured us comfortable quarters.

The great wonder of Chicago is its rapid growth. Forty years ago it was little more than an Indian village. The newspapers were amusing themselves at the time of our visit with the joke, that recently "one of the oldest inhabitants, a young lady of thirty-three, had been married." It has now a large and thriving population. Its principal streets are broad and well paved. They have all been raised six feet above their original level. On the outskirts this elevating process was in

progress. The ascent and descent of the streets was in consequence very peculiar. The object of this improvement is to secure better drainage. Lake Michigan can now be used as an outfall. No doubt the present healthfulness of the city will in consequence be promoted; but probably, before long, this waste of sewage will be deemed inexpedient. The pollution of the shore cannot fail also to be prejudicial. To secure pure water, a tunnel two miles in length was being constructed into the Lake. I was surprised to see some of the best suburban villas deprived of all view over the Lake, by a railway embankment. Engines continually shunting to and fro, were the chief objects to be seen from the windows. It was generally admitted that a mistake had been made in allowing the railway thus to spoil the best building sites. But "business first and pleasure after" was the uppermost thought at the time of its construction.

More marvellous by far, than the raising of the roadways at Chicago, was the raising of all the houses that were sufficiently substantial to bear it. Wooden houses could of course easily be managed. They are frequently removed from one part of the town to another. This must surely help to keep ground landlords on their good behaviour. I saw a large wooden church being moved bodily to a new

and better site. It had a good-sized steeple, and I was told would accommodate some 700 or 800 people. It had been under-pinned with a stout framework, and placed on rollers. Strong posts, with pulleys attached, were fixed in the road, and as the church was drawn to them, removed forward. I knew nothing of the doctrine usually preached in this church; but I can certainly testify that it was *en route* from *low* to *high* in situation. But the great feat was the raising of some massive brick and stone buildings from the low to the high level. Of course, in these cases there could be no change of site. Our hotel had been thus lifted. I had an opportunity of seeing the work in progress at another large hotel called the Brig House. The foundations had been under-pinned with strong beams of timber. About a thousand jacks were being used for the lifting process. Hydraulic screws were also employed. When everything was ready for a fractional upward movement, a shrill blast of a trumpet secured the requisite concerted action of the workmen. The brickwork of the new foundation was then as speedily as possible made good. I should think this hotel covered an area nearly as large as our own Mansion House in London, and had all the appearance of being as solidly built. The business of the hotel was going on as usual, though I confess that I should have felt some hesitation at staying in it. I was assured, however, that there was really no danger, as every precaution had been taken.

We arrived on a Saturday evening. I was too fatigued and unwell to attend divine worship on Sunday morning, but in the evening I went to Dr. Evert's church. It is a noble structure, and has cost a very large sum. At the close of the service, the ordinance of baptism was administered. The arrangements were excellent. After the doctor had retired from the platform upon which he had stood whilst conducting worship and preaching, it was moved back without the slightest noise, by invisible machinery, into a recess behind. The baptistry was thus opened. The candidates took their places at the side, received a brief and appropriate address, and after prayer and praise were baptized. I was also

greatly delighted with the Sunday school-rooms attached to this church. In the centre of the principal room stood a handsome fountain, around the basin of which the children were encouraged to place bouquets. The scent of the flowers and the music of the water gave a most refreshing coolness to the room. The classes were partitioned from each other by moveable glass screens, so that whilst each class was undisturbed by the general hum of voices, the congregationalism of the school was not sacrificed. The superintendent could, of course, see at a glance all that was going on. What a boon a fountain and flowers would be in some of our own dingy and crowded school-rooms! Surely He who said, "Consider the lilies of the field," and whose sweet and winning words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," are the motto of every Sunday school, would approve.

We paid a visit to the New University buildings. They had been but recently opened, and of course presented a somewhat unfinished appearance, both within and without. The great telescope was the principal attraction.

On the afternoon of the same day we went by railway a few miles out, to a place called the "Stockyard," an immense enclosure for prairie cattle. Here they are collected from time to time, and prepared for market. A lofty tower in the centre of the enclosure affords a fine view over the undulating expanse of the vast prairie stretching out westward. I gathered some prairie flowers in memoriam.

A couple of very pleasant days were spent in Chicago. We met with much warm-hearted hospitality. Visits were paid of course to the great hog killing and curing establishments, where poor piggy goes in at one end, in all respects himself, and comes out at the other almost ready, as good fat bacon, for breakfast the next morning. We saw also the granaries, and their ingenious contrivance for loading the holds of vessels with so many bushels of wheat, in well-nigh less than no time. Economy in labour, with promptitude in despatch, seemed to be the ruling principle of this progressive city—a principle, too, that one could almost see written on the countenance of every genuine Chicago man.

On the evening before we left, what was called a "re-union" meeting was held in our honour. The meeting was held in a spacious school-room, and many were the discoveries made of mutual acquaintances at "home." After the friendly speech-making was concluded, and we thought we were about to go quietly to our hotel, the chairman gave an invitation to every one present to come to the platform and shake hands with us. The invitation was heartily responded to, and though the manual exercise was severe, we could not but cordially reciprocate the kindly feeling it expressed.

Twenty-four hours of consecutive railway travelling, over the Michigan Central and Great Western of Canada Lines, brought us to the place, which of all others we were most anxious to visit. Need I say that I refer to the Falls of Niagara?

I shall never forget the strange feeling of nervous excitement which I experienced as our train drew nearer and nearer to the spot where our first view of this mighty cataract would be obtained. It is ever a solemn moment in one's experience, when the realities of fact have to take the place of the long-cherished fancies of the imagination. It is a new birth, and though we pass in it from death to life, from error to truth, the transition is seldom without its fears and disappointments. I remember well, how the minutes seemed hours, as the question was repeatedly asked, "how much further is it to Suspension Bridge?" To increase the excitement, a rumour prevailed at one or two of the preceding stations, that all transit over the bridge which connects Canada with the States had been stopped that afternoon, in consequence of anticipated Fenian disturbances. Happily the rumour proved false. We were detained and searched only, but not stopped.

The Suspension Bridge spans the River Niagara about two miles below the Falls. It is 800 feet in length, and, as the Guide Books say, "crosses at the height of 230 feet one of the maddest streams on the globe." A carriage-way runs beneath the railway, and foot passengers can use either the one level or the other of the bridge.

It is from the centre of this bridge

that travellers from the West obtain their first view of the Falls. The train crosses very slowly. I had heard that no position could be more unfavourable for realizing the grandeur of Niagara. I half resolved not to avail myself of it, but to wait until I could see them nearer and from below. I did not want to be disappointed. But there was no help for it. I stood on the outside platform of the car, looked down at the foaming billows of the river, rushing impetuously beneath me, hemmed in on either side by the precipitous rocks, on the summit of which the Bridge is suspended, heard a voice near me say, "There they are!" looked up, and saw in the distance a bright cloud of misty spray, hovering over an apparently motionless, broad, but not very lofty sheet of water. I wished I had kept my resolution. I thought I could read the same wish in the countenance of my friend. We said nothing. Happily, we were no sooner over the bridge than we had to busy ourselves in getting our luggage passed at the Custom House. A "hackman" was secured to convey us to the Cataract Hotel, a distance of two miles, where we had determined to "rest and be thankful" for the next five or six days.

Again and again, when urged to protract our stay in other localities, we had replied, "No; we must have a week at Niagara." This resolution was kept. Double the time would have been better. The longer we stayed, the more we seemed to realize the magnificence of the scene. I was never weary of visiting, at almost all hours, those spots which afforded the most impressive views.

As we drove to the hotel, the full, deep thunder-voice of the Great Father of Cataracts became more and more audible. Once or twice we caught sight of its waters, through the fresh green foliage of the wood skirting our road on the right. And when at sunset we stood on the brink of the "American" fall, with a portion of the great "Horse-shoe" Fall also in view, all disappointment was for ever at an end.

The Cataract Hotel is on the American side of the river. It is a spacious building, and we had it pretty much to ourselves. The window of my bedroom looked out upon the rapids on

their tumultuous descent to the American Fall. I was almost over them. Goat Island, which separates this fall from the "Horse-shoe," lay opposite. Its quiet loveliness was in beautiful contrast to the turmoil around it. I could sometimes fancy that I heard its mute voice attempting to say "Peace be still." All, however, that it can do is to break a little the tremendous force of the rapids before they meet again in the vortex below. The island forms also a most charming retreat for visitors.

The impression produced at the moment will, I think, best be conveyed by an extract or two from letters "home," written on the spot. "I am becoming," I wrote on the 4th of June, 1866, "familiar to their music, for we have now been here four days. Day and night it is ever the same, yet never wearisome or monotonous. There is no sound, perhaps, less fatiguing or more soothing, than the 'sound of many waters.' Fierce as the current is, a bridge has nevertheless been thrown across it, giving access, *ad libitum*, on a single payment of a dollar, during the whole of our stay, to Goat Island. Here I can sit on the rocks, as close as nerves permit, to either cataract, or retreat, if I prefer it, to the shade of the overspreading trees in their first summer verdure, with which the island is canopied. This afternoon I have been down to the 'Cave of the Winds,' a broad but not deep cavern, extending under one edge of the 'American' fall. The roar was deafening. Both here and on the Canadian side of the river, at the edge of the 'Horse-shoe,' it is possible to penetrate for a short distance beneath the Falls. A waterproof dress is essential. I was most struck with the peculiar appearance of the sunlight, as seen from the inner side of the overflowing mass of water. Perhaps, also, this was the best position for estimating their titanic force; but it was too drenching, and turbulent, and slippery to be pleasant. Each morning since our arrival, I have risen with the sun for the purpose of watching the exquisitely beautiful rainbows playing on the spray. At sunset the same may be seen on the opposite side. One morning I saw all but a few degrees of a circle completed. I think, how-

ever, nothing has more surprised or charmed me than the great variety of tints with which the water itself, as it descends, seems coloured. I was sitting an hour or more yesterday morning, trying to photograph these diverse hues upon my memory. The centre of the Great Horse-shoe Fall, where the torrent, as it curves over, is reckoned to be 20 feet in thickness, is bright emerald green. It is as smooth as glass at the summit, then frescoed with sparkling lacework tracery of purest white, until lost in the dense clouds of glistening spray ascending from beneath. Where the thickness or solidarity of the torrent is not so great, some of its descending waters are a paler green; others, owing possibly to the colour of the rocks over which they are majestically pouring, are a darker or lighter shade of orange, blended with bright lemon and most delicate lilac tints; and over all, the same ever-changing diamond mantle of crystal streamlets.

The contrast between the waters above and the waters below their terrific plunge, is remarkable. *Above* the falls, the river is surging and boiling along at the rate of thirty miles an hour; but immediately *below*, within a short distance from the vortex, it seems perfectly at rest. Whilst *above*, a boat has small chance of escape, if drawn within two miles of the fall, *below*, the little steamer, called the 'Maid of the Mist,' was wont to run within a comparatively few yards of the descending torrent—sufficiently near to soak her passengers with the spray. This calmness below is occasioned by the force of the backwater. I crossed repeatedly these 'still waters,' in a ferry boat. Immediately at the base of the falls, the river, as soon as it can be seen through the mist, looks like a lake of milk. A little lower down the stream, huge flakes of foam, like floating snow islands, may be seen gently gliding along, sometimes almost motionless, on the now jet black surface. These fairy islands frequently assume most fantastic forms, and sparkle brilliantly in the sunshine, as if studded with gems and rosettes. Beneath them, but unable as yet to disturb them, a fierce under-current is rushing onward. This under-current does not make its way to the surface of the river until it

reaches Suspension Bridge, and there, two miles from the vortex, it surges up with wildest fury. Past the bridge the channel between the rocks considerably narrows, and about a mile lower down, the river has scooped out for itself on the Canadian side a kind of reservoir, forming a whirlpool, where I have watched huge trees making many a circuit before able to escape. The channel then becomes still more compressed, and the waters are forced up at their centre in the form of an arc, to such an extent, that a person standing on one side of the margin of the river, would be entirely concealed from any one standing on the margin of the other side. It widens as it reaches Lake Ontario, and by the time the lake is entered, the river has resumed the placid calmness with which it left Lake Erie."

The little steamer, "The Maid of the Mist," used to ply over the smooth portion of Niagara River, between Suspension Bridge and the Falls. She was constructed on the spot. But unfortunately she did not pay. To escape seizure by United States sheriffs' officers, she ran one of the wildest blockades ever ventured. Only her captain and the stoker were on board. Steam was got up. The captain took the helm, under pretence of crossing to the other side. After manoeuvring about for a short time, and keeping the stoker well at work, he suddenly fastened down the hatchment, and steered downward for Suspension Bridge. The little craft was soon rolling heavily in the boiling current. The stoker could only guess at the awful risk which was being run. The captain kept a steady hand on the helm, and steered his boat actually past the whirlpool, through the narrows, and into Lake Ontario, and away to Toronto, beyond the reach of seizure. He was afraid to propose his neck-or-nothing audacious scheme to the stoker beforehand, but was able very handsomely to reward him, out of the large sum which he at once obtained for his adventurous little "Maid." So the story goes. I can only confirm its truth by very positively asserting that the steamer was not to be seen when I was there.

The sole drawback to the intense enjoyment of our stay at Niagara, was

the senseless Fenian raid, which at that time was made upon Fort Erie. We were but a short distance from the fighting when some of the Canadian Volunteers were killed. We had also several prisoners in the train which took us to Toronto. The most disagreeable feature of the raid to ourselves, was the general suspicion it evoked. We were also disappointed in being compelled to go by rail instead of by steamboat to Toronto. The steamers were either afraid to run, or chartered by Government for troops. We spent a Sunday at Niagara, a quiet peaceful day so far as nature was concerned, but the excitement among the people was considerable. During morning service, orders had been received to discontinue the ferry boat and the trains, and in fact to cut off all communication between the States and Canada. I walked down to the boat-house, and found one poor woman crying bitterly at being unable to get back to her family. Later in the day, the order was countermanded. It was at morning service on this Sunday that we had one of the strangest musical demonstrations I ever heard. After the sermon, the solemn hymn was given out—

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

The congregation stood up, as if to sing, but, to our intense astonishment, instead of singing, remained silent, whilst a choir of four persons in the gallery, took respectively, one the first line of the hymn, another the second, a third the third, and then all four together the last; and so with the remaining verses. It was the oddest parody of congregational psalmody that we met with, even in America.

The beautiful city of Toronto was both literally and figuratively veiled in gloom on the day of our arrival. A damp and dismal fog darkened the atmosphere. The shops were closed, business was suspended, as all the citizens were engaged in paying their last tribute of mournful respect to the Volunteers who had fallen in the fight with the Fenians at Fort Erie. The procession was just over when we arrived. The day following was spent in the library of the University, among

a very choice collection of books. At night we attended an enthusiastic public meeting, for the organization of additional Volunteer Defence Associations, and thus had a good proof alike of Canadian energy and loyalty.

Our next stage was Kingston. The Grand Trunk, which had then a bad name for accidents, happily carried us there safely, though not without a breakdown in the last car, by a wheel coming off. A few passengers only were slightly injured. The little town was as full as it could be of troops. We had great difficulty in obtaining a night's lodging, and to our annoyance we were compelled to stay for two. The Fenians again were the cause. On inquiring what were the places of interest worth visiting, we were told, "Nothing but the gaol and the lunatic asylum." We selected the latter, and were very courteously conducted by the kind-hearted doctor through all the wards. Almost every patient gave him a cordial welcome, and those who were well enough received from him a friendly word, or humorous repartee. Nothing would satisfy a brawny old Indian, who had taken many a scalp in his earlier days, but our listening to his recital of the Romish mass service, which he had been taught by some Jesuit priests. He did it with great solemnity and pathos.

A brilliant day from sunrise to sunset, down the St. Lawrence, brought us to Montreal. The scenery amid the Thousand Isles was enchanting; the rapids every now and then to be descended very exciting. The La Chien Rapids are the most formidable. An Indian pilot came on board just before we approached them. As we entered the foaming swirling waters, steam was turned off, and we felt that our safety depended greatly upon the steady eye and sound judgment of our pilot. I took my place at the vessel's prow. The channel we had to pass had not more than six feet of margin on either side. A rock a-head, over which the water was dashing, seemed an impassable barrier. We shall surely be upon it! No! our pilot has brought us round just at the right moment. The stern grazes a little, but no damage is done. Round again, or we are over a perpendicular descent of some six or seven feet, and

shall be in a worse plight than yonder poor lumber men, who have wrecked their timber raft, and are now sending it down the river piece-meal, instead of entire. And round we come, still racing along, sometimes rolling heavily, and often getting a good shower bath of spray. "Well, what think you of the St. Lawrence Rapids now?" was the question which most asked, and all variously answered, as we resumed our steam, and once more moved steadily on in smooth water. Use had evidently become second nature to our captain; but even he confessed that he always felt a sense of relief when the rapids were passed. He told us that the steamer we were on board had been to the bottom; but then we had for our comfort the very obvious fact, that she had certainly come again to the top.

Perils, real or imaginary, over, we found that we were close upon our destination. There lay Montreal before us, a little to our left, with the "Royal Mountain" for its fine dark background. But we must pass under one of the greatest of modern engineering works, the Victoria Bridge, before we can land at the quay. The mighty buttresses tell their own tale of spring-tide warfare with the huge descending blocks of St. Lawrence ice. The bridge is more marvellous than elegant. Being a railway bridge, it is without any curved lines of beauty. All Canadians, who do not happen to be shareholders, are very proud of it. Its erection is a great boon to their country, and let us hope that young Canada will live to pay some future old England its enormous cost.

A very pleasant week was spent with kind and hospitable friends at Montreal, during which time a visit was paid to Quebec, and the Falls of Montmorency. Our rides around Montreal and Quebec, especially the latter, gave us an opportunity of seeing many French Canadian hamlets. The "habitans," as the population is called, are remarkably tidy. Their windows were well stocked with flowers. The children were comfortably clothed, and everywhere there appeared signs of substantial prosperity.

My concluding paper will narrate our visit to the New England States, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

SPRING.

BY THE REV. W. EVANS.

"Read nature: Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is Christian: preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed."—*Young.*

"In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God."—*Milton.*

THE study of nature, under whatever aspect she presents herself, is to the devout mind a source of the highest satisfaction. Spring, robed in freshness and beauty; summer, with its more mature and refulgent glory; autumn, with bounteous lap filled with corn, and fruit, and flowers; and winter, rugged winter, wrapped in snow, all speak to us of Him who has "made everything beautiful in His time."

Each season has lessons and pleasures peculiar to itself; but no other impresses us so strongly, or is so full of pleasure, as the spring.

The change is so much greater from winter to spring, than it is from spring to summer, or from summer to autumn, that it attracts greater notice; and so great an influence does it produce, not only in the face of nature, but also in our own bodies and minds, that we can scarcely forbear giving expression to our wonder and delight. There is such—

"A bursting into greenness, a waking as from sleep,
A twitter and a warble, that make the pulses leap;
A sense of renovation, of freshness, and of health,
A casting off of sordid fear, a carelessness of wealth,
A watching, as in childhood, for the flowers, that, one by one,
Open their golden petals, to woo the fitful sun;
A gush, a flash, a gurgle, a wish to shout, and sing,
As filled with hope and gladness, we hail the vernal spring."

While, however, we enjoy the beauties of the season, let us not be unmindful of its lessons. Mark, then, this annual miracle. The bursting into life of every hedge-row and tree, the putting forth of myriads of tender blades, till the earth is carpeted with verdure. Have we not in all this as great a wonder as in the budding of Aaron's rod? Men talk about nature, and natural laws, as though the mere use of such terms explained everything; forgetting that the operation of these laws can be nothing less than the continued putting forth of God's power. All the power and wisdom of all created beings combined, would be

insufficient to cause one blossom to appear on the trees, or one daisy to spring from the sod. Gaze abroad, then, upon the face of nature, and as the warm breath of spring fans your cheek, mark the change which has come over the landscape in so short a time; a change which we could neither hinder nor hasten. The trees and hedges which but a few weeks since were rugged and bare, are now clothed with foliage. Myriads of insects sport in the sun, and exult in their newly found life and powers. The blossoms on the trees, and the green corn waving in the breeze, banish from our minds all corroding care regarding the future. The flocks and herds sport and gambol under the influence of warmer skies, and more abundant pasture. The lark upspringing from his grassy nest, warbles forth his hymn of praise at heaven's gate, and the whole feathered choir join his lay, till the air is resonant with song. The rivulet which of late was bound in icy chains, now flows over its pebbly bed with lulling, murmuring sound, while its inhabitants disport themselves in its sunny waters. Surely these scenes and sounds bear to us some message from the great Father, and he must be a dull scholar who does not learn therefrom something concerning His wisdom, power, and love. As we thus contemplate the infinite varieties of life and beauty that meet the eye, at this spring-tide, the words of Milton almost instinctively occur to our minds—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous
then!
Unspeakable! Who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power
divine."

But our wonder and admiration are increased, and our sense of God's power and majesty deepened, as we think how *silently* the wondrous change has been wrought. We cannot weave a

yard of cloth, or do the least thing without a deafening noise, but God "renews the face of the earth" without a sound.

"Noiselessly as the daylight comes back when night is done,
And crimson streak, on ocean's cheek, grows into the great sun;
So noiselessly the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves;
And all the trees, on all the hills, open their thousand leaves."

Just as in the building of the temple no sound of axe or hammer was heard, so the restoration of the great temple of nature is accomplished, amid a sublime and majestic silence.

Were it otherwise—did the spring burst upon us as suddenly as a flash of lightning—were all nature convulsed as she gave birth to so much life and beauty—with what intense interest and excitement we should look forward to the time, and how much more deeply should we be impressed. But does it not argue both insensibility and want of thought on our part, that we are so lightly affected by what we see, and that our thoughts are not oftener led "from nature up to nature's God?"

In addition to this general view of the change which has come over the earth, there are some particular objects which arrest our attention, and which bring to the Christian mind and heart special messages from the great God. Amongst the most prominent of these are the *flowers*.

These gems of nature have always something to say to us that is worth our hearing and heeding. They tell us of God's desire to minister to our enjoyment and make us happy.

Of what use are the flowers? They are not food. Myriads upon myriads spring up, and bloom, and die, with no apparent use, except to fill the air with their fragrance, and delight us with their beauty. The great Architect and builder of the universe would not be satisfied without decorating the works of His hands; nor did He deem it sufficient to supply men with necessities only, such as would suffice to keep them in being, but in His abundant goodness, has provided numberless luxuries for the gratification of our senses, and among the rest flowers. And who will undertake to say to how great an extent they minister to our joy? They are mingled with the earliest recollections of our childhood.

They grace with their presence all our seasons of festivity and joy. So essential do we deem them, that when flowers of God's making are not to be had, we do the best we can to imitate them. We garland the head, and strew the path of the bride with these symbols of beauty and purity. We scatter them on the cold remains of those whom we love, as if to tempt the spirit back to its house of clay, or plant them on their graves in the spring-time, to remind ourselves, that they, like the flowers, though buried long, will bloom again in a sunnier clime.

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by the most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with childlike credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

Some of the foregoing remarks are equally applicable to *birds*. They, like the flowers, minister in no small degree to our pleasure. Doubtless they might have been created mute without diminishing in the least their enjoyment of life. Why, then, were they made to trill forth their music if not to delight our ears? How wonderful is the harmony of these numberless songsters! However keen your ear you will detect no discord in God's great orchestra. However numerous the choir, and varied the notes, all blend in harmony, because all have been attuned by a master hand. Since, however, Christ pressed these dumb orators into His service, they have a special message concerning our Father's care over the meanest of His creatures, and His greater care for man. Where were the flowers which we now see all the winter long? Out of our sight, but not forgotten by Him who made them. He gave snow like wool to protect them from the biting frost, and then sent the rain, and dew, and the sunshine, till, under these influences they budded and bloomed. Can we, then, doubt His care for us who paints the lily and tends and waters the daisy at our feet? The twitter of the sparrow on our window-sill, interpreted by the Saviour, brings with it comfort and hope. Who cared for him when the earth was covered with snow? Who heard his plaintive cry for food? He who to encourage our faith said, "Are

ye not much better than they? Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not *one* of them is forgotten before God. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Let these evidences of our Father's care and love, so abundant at this season, awaken in our breasts a grateful and loving response. Let the resurrection of the flowers from their winter

sleep, and the general awakening into life which we see on every hand, find their counterpart in our hearts and lives, in our awaking to a new spiritual life—

"And God, our cold ungrateful hearts
Teach Thou to feel and know
How much Thy bounteous hand hath blest
This world of sin and woe;
How deep the debt of gratitude
Which unto Thee we owe."

MAY BLOSSOMS.

HERE, on this bright May-day, is the familiar pear-tree, a perfect picture of loveliness and beauty once more. It is one mass of snow-white bloom, tinged in the centre of each blossom almost imperceptibly with a delicate pink, and set in a frame of pale green leaves; and as it waves in the wind, or sparkles in the sunlight, its fascination is complete. I have gazed on it from above and from beneath, from one side and from another, at morn and at mid-day, and everywhere and always the gaily drest tree stands forth like a candidate robed for some grand festival. At early dawn ten thousand little cups are filled with the sweet and refreshing dew, which the silent night, like a gentle and gracious Lady Bountiful has left on her journey: and as the day wears on and the sun draws up the moisture as an acceptable sacrifice, each little pitcher spreads in thankfulness a broader surface to receive his life-giving beams. Thrice this gay scene has invited and charmed the heart, and yet the tiny blossoms, cut to the quick by keen winds or biting frosts, have fallen to the earth, and the summer sun has shone for them in vain. No fruit was gathered in those "lean years." No fruit! Well, scarcely so! True, the branches have mourned their barrenness, and the store-room has been empty. But surely all that wealth of beauty was not for naught. Nor has that very unfruitfulness been altogether unprofitable. Nothing in our Father's world is without service to His children. "Lilies" and "angels" are "sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation," and May-bloom discoloured and dashed to the ground, and never to be followed by ripe and mellow fruit, is not without a place amongst the teachers of such as are willing to learn.

Of several parables suggested by this fallen blossom let us take one. It is May-day in the family. Home rings with the merry laugh of childhood, and the house is mirthful from basement to summit with the frolicsome joy of young and overflowing life. There is a sweet simplicity that carries us back to Paradise, and a frank innocence

that opens the gates of the kingdom of heaven. These are the days of exuberant promise. Everything is in blossom. We feast on hope. Balmey spring baptizes the family with joyful anticipations of maturing blessings in the near future; and we breathe a more joyous and trustful life as we receive back from our children the energy and hopefulness that dwell in them.

But the scene changes. The footfall of disease is heard stealthily marching through the home, and the bright blossoms, so full of promise, are shattered at our feet. Desolation sweeps through our hearts like a whirlwind, and for awhile the very heavens seem dark as the grave. Yet it is not all loss. The blossoms have not given place to the fruit of a perfecting manhood as we desired or expected; but the sights we had of their beauty are still sweet in the memory, and the fond recollections are cherished as sacred treasures, and gradually we learn "'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." Our hearts are bigger for our grief, and we have more room for the love of others than we had before. The child that is gone is not loved any less; less!—how much more, and with what greater purity God knows; but the affection for the surviving children has become at once more intense and holy. Heaven is nearer to us, and *we* are already in it, in the persons of our beloved ones who are ripening in the world where "everlasting spring abides, and never withering flowers." And so the light of heaven streams upon us through our sorrows, and we ourselves are become fruitful in love, and trust, and purity, through those very blossoms that fell at our side, only to appear with a richer beauty in the garden of the Lord above. For of these we may surely say

"They all shall bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by thy care;
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.

O! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the bloom away."

J. CLIFFORD.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. V.—*Plodding versus Genius.*

THE other day, in the course of my pastoral visitation, I called at the house of my friends the Holtons, in hope of finding Mr. and Mrs. Holton at home, and was disappointed to learn that they had gone out for a while. But Cissy, their daughter, a bright girl of some fifteen summers, pressed me to come in and have a little chat with her brothers and herself, who, she said, were all alone. This invitation I readily accepted, and after we had discoursed on things many and various, high and low, great and small, we found ourselves sailing towards a favourite topic amongst young people, viz.—the difference between plodding and genius; and Richard, the eldest son, brought us fully to anchor by putting the definite question—"Don't you think, sir, that a young man must have a special genius for any profession, or even for a trade, if he is ever to attain any great eminence in either?"

"That depends," I replied, "very much upon what you mean by the word *genius*. You know words should be our servants, and not our masters; and in order that we may make them serve us readily and thoroughly, we must know their exact meaning, and keep it before our minds when we employ them. If by genius you mean merely capacity for work, the power of sticking to a plan, or a project, from the beginning right on to the weary or joyous end, an ability to plod away, never halting because of failure, never turning aside because of suffering, then I should say, certainly such genius or 'power of taking trouble,' as some one calls it, is indispensable to any success that is worth having. But if you mean by genius, a special facility, or aptness, native or inborn, for a trade or profession, then I judge that though it may be very useful, and may render work easy and pleasant, yet there are few departments of life in which real and eminent success could not be obtained without it, provided you have wisdom and patience, and unwearied industry. You remember that Sir Benjamin Brodie had a very strong antipathy to your favourite profession of medicine, and at first objected to becoming a doctor, but when he saw that his lot was cast with physic, he gave his whole heart to it, and persevered until he took the first place among the men of his profession."

"Yes, that seems quite possible," said Cissy, "where a man has only to examine bones and muscles, and nerves, and such like, but do you think any one could compose pieces of music like Handel's *Messiah*, or paint pictures, like Holman Hunt's

Light of the World, or write poems, such as Tennyson's *May Queen*, and Enoch Arden, without a special genius for that work. I always fancy that the old saying is true, that poets, and I would add, painters, sculptors, and composers of music, are born, not made."

"Doubtless, Cissy, there is weight in that, and indeed I think you have, with your usual sharpness, seized the point, where, if at all, genius does differ from mere capacity for work. Whenever the result obtained depends upon the power of the *imagination*, upon the fleet and nimble forces of the fancy, as in painting and poetry, it seems that some extraordinary degree of imaginative power is requisite."

"Yes, but," said Frank, a youth about 13 years of age, a bold, out-spoken lad, with beaming face and lips firmly compressed, and countenance that in all its lines told of stern resolution, "very few of us have to get through the world as poets and painters; and for my part, I don't see why they may not be left out in our talk on this matter, and indeed if they were out of the world altogether, we should not be much worse off. What young people want is plenty of pluck, and then they may be what they like. Look at Livingstone. Before he was ten years of age he had to go to work at a cotton factory in Glasgow, and was hard at it from six in the morning till eight at night; but he meant to do something, and even then he worked away at his books at night, as well as often getting a glance at them from his "spinning jenny in the day." And after that he went to the University in the winter, supporting himself by working at cotton in the summer. I shall never forget what he said when he was in England the last time. I copied it down, and I carry it about with me, and I will give it you. 'It is not by grand meetings, fine speeches, and much excitement, that anything great is done, but by *hard working*—working in quiet, under an abiding sense of God's presence.'

This was read out with great gusto, and with an air of conscious triumph, that to Richard and Cissy seemed a little too strong, and they cried out "Bravo! bravo! Frank," as he wound up with his eloquent quotation, and looked into our eyes as if to ask us if we could venture to deny that he was right. After a moment's silence, Cissy struck in, with a slight tone of sarcasm in her manner, "I thought we should have your great hero, Livingstone, brought out again; but I do wish you would sometimes give us another word for that very

strong, but not very elegant monosyllable, 'pluck.'

I could see Frank was in a hurry to reply, and being a little fearful lest he should show his pluck in terms of still greater strength, I at once took the lead, reminding Cissy, "You know Frank does not care about elegance, so long as he has strength. Still you will remember, Frank, I am sure, that 'pluck,' though a very fine thing, is not all that is required for a pure and noble life. To be courageous and fearless is only a part of our duty, and he who has only 'pluck' will very likely be one who has, as we say, 'good points,' or is good in 'bits,' but not all through, and all over, and all round, and at every point. Gentleness, tender-heartedness, kindness, and patience are as much needed as courage. But to come back to our subject. The word pluck is closely connected with the word plodding, and the thing itself is necessary, not only in facing lions in the wilds of Africa, but in keeping steadfast to a task for long years because it is right to do so, though no success allures and no smiles cheer the worker. So that when Frank says, 'let there be pluck, and you may be and do what you like,' he tells us, that whatever genius may be it does not count for much without plenty of plodding."

"Oh! as to that," said Richard, "I am quite agreed. Even painters and poets must work, and I should almost be ready to admit that so far as the necessity for toil is concerned, the only difference between men with genius and men without it, is in the amount of labour requisite. I have read somewhere that Sir Isaac Newton said he had no genius, and that all he claimed to possess was a power of fixing his attention."

"Quite right! and I may add that even Reynolds, a distinguished artist, as you know, Cissy, was of opinion that any man might be a painter or sculptor. And 'rare Ben Johnson,' writing of Shakespere, says—'He who casts to write a living line must sweat, and strike the second heat upon the Muses' Anvil. . . . For a good poet's made as well as born.' At the word "sweat" I saw Frank and Cissy exchange very knowing glances, as much as to ask if that were not as inelegant as "pluck," but I went on. "I am sure that genius cannot afford to be idle. It must work. I have seen in my short life a few young men of 'genius,' so called, come up like mushrooms, only without ever being half so useful. Indeed, I believe in neither man nor boy, woman nor girl, that will not work. Very doubtful am I of young 'sprigs' of 'genius,' but I have an endless faith in the hard worker. I would say—'See first that the design is wise and just,

That ascertained, pursue it resolutely, do not for one repulse forgo the purpose that you resolved to effect."

"I am reminded," said Richard, "by your saying 'Genius cannot afford to be idle,' of Ary Scheffer. Cissy and I went the other day to the Royal Academy, and saw that exquisite picture of his of St. Augustine and his mother Monica. We spent more time looking at it than at all the others there. And that Scheffer had genius is proved by the fact, that before he was twelve years old he exhibited in the saloon at Amsterdam a picture which attracted much attention; but then his was quite a *hardworking* life; and, indeed, he died almost in the act of finishing his great picture of the 'Angels rolling away the Stone from the Tomb.'"

"By the bye, Richard, I found some lines yesterday on 'Ary Scheffer,' that are very simple and beautiful." "Let us have them, Cissy," said Richard and I at once. Cissy reached her scrap-book, and read—

ARY SCHEFFER.

On the wall of brick and plaster,
Running down the garden walk,
Little Ary drew a picture
With a piece of pointed chalk.

For a man it was intended,
But it looked—oh, such a sight!
On its left hand but three fingers,
And but two upon its right.

It had neither knees nor elbows,
And its body was so small!
Both its feet were bent and twisted,
And it had no mouth at all.

As he drew it, cousin Gretchen,
With her doll, was standing by;
And she said, "You'll be an artist,
My dear Ary, if you try."

Truly spoke his cousin Gretchen,
For, while yet a little boy,
His great diligence and talent
Filled his mother's heart with joy.

Much that mother longed to see him
Grow to be a good, great man.
"I have little money, Ary,
But I'll spare whate'er I can.

"I will pay the best of masters,
Who shall teach you all they know.
'In all labour there is profit,'
Honours too from labour flow.

"Let not earthly fame or glory,
Ary, be your end or aim;
Let the glory of your Maker
Have the first and highest claim.

"Then I doubt not, darling Ary,
If God spare you, you shall be
First and foremost of the painters
Which the present age shall see."

Truly spoke his loving mother.
A great artist he became;
All the world now loud in honour
Speak of Ary Schoffer's name.

Vast and varied were the subjects
Which his skillful fingers drew—
Smiling infants, merry children,
Men and women good and true.

And he loved to paint the Saviour,
With the children round his knee

And the multitudes that gathered
Round the shores of Galilee;

And the sick ones crowding round Him,
But to touch His garments' hem;
And that Saviour, in His sorrow,
Weeping o'er Jerusalem.

Children, ne'er forget the precept
That fond mother taught her son—
*Whatso'er your task or labour,
To God's glory be it done.*

"That line, 'His great diligence and talent,' puts the matter," said I, "in an admirable way. It is just so. Every one has ability; but no one must trust to that. Hard work, plodding is necessary, even

for the most gifted. But with a right aim, a loving trust in God, a loving fellowship with Jesus Christ, and plenty of hard work, even those of feeblest gifts may do much good to others, and obtain much happiness for themselves. Some men have genius, but all successful men must be plodders. Why, look into such a book as Smiles's *Self-Help*, and you will find numberless illustrations of the glorious rewards of application and perseverance."

I was just about to give some of these "cases," when Mr. and Mrs. Holton returned, and the conversation diverted into another channel. J. CLIFFORD.

Reviews.

A MANUAL FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS. By Edward Dennett. *Stock.*

THE young Christians amongst us need more special care than they at present receive. Frequently they have not been so well grounded in scriptural knowledge, nor so fully instructed in the principles of the gospel and of the Church of Christ, as is necessary for their stability and progress; and then afterwards no appropriate efforts are made to compensate for these disadvantages. A work like the above, so devout in its tone, scriptural in its statements, clear and chaste in its style, and wise and weighty in its counsel, will be most acceptable to pastors and elders, anxious to give advice and direction to young believers; and to all who receive it, it will prove a faithful guide to their path, position, and service.

THE PRACTICAL MORAL LESSON BOOK.

Edited by the Rev. Chas. Hole, F.R.G.S.
Longmans, Green and Co.

THE object of these books (for there are to be three) is to secure for moral teaching that attention in our schools which the importance of the subject demands, and to methodise and illustrate those truths which are the basis of the various duties of life. The plan of the work is to treat of the duties men owe to themselves first, then of those they owe to one another, and lastly, of those they owe to God. The First Book is given here in two parts, one devoted to the body and the other to the mind. In the first we have a somewhat full statement of the chief facts and principles of physiology, the laws of life and conditions of health, presented in language for the most part simple and clear, and illustrated by various examples, some from history and others from observation. A

section is devoted to things injurious to health, as opium, tobacco, alcohol, tea, and coffee, and the whole is wound up with a selection of moral lessons from the Scriptures, and moral sayings from the wise and good. Duties concerning the mind are treated in the same way.

But it is apparent that a work of this kind must be reserved for a somewhat late period in the education of the young. Children must have advanced a considerable stage before they can understand Deduction, Induction, Analysis, Synthesis, Intuition, Syllogism, &c. As a book for the last year at school of those who are favoured with a long term, the Practical Moral Lesson Book would be very acceptable and useful.

THE ROYAL WEDDING—THE BANQUET AND THE GUESTS. By C. H. Spurgeon.
Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS beautifully got-up pamphlet commemorates the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and consists of four sermons on the Parable of the Marriage of the King's Son. These discourses are marked by a vigorous analysis of the various details of the parable, and a faithful expression of its spirit and purpose, illustrated with great pith and point, and applied in that homely, earnest, and forcible manner so characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. Much good would result from distributing these "acceptable words" amongst such as have not yet been to the Royal Banquet of God's love.

GEMS OF SONG, WITH MUSIC. Compiled and Edited by G. T. Congreve. *Stock.*

HERE are some 200 hymns, and 165 melodies, well printed and bound for 1s. The

tunes are selected with good taste on the whole, from a wide range; from the Union Harmonist of forty years ago, to the American Singing Pilgrim of recent date.
C. G.

Bye-paths in Baptist History. By J. J. GOADBY. (Stock.) We have received No. 1. of this serial. Mr. Goadby's work is to be published in twelve monthly parts, at threepence each. This first number consists of thirty-two pages, and gives "Early traces of Baptists in Britain, notices of the Oldest Churches, and an account of the origin of the Baptist Denomination." The work evinces much research, and special aptitude for historical writing; and as it proceeds will, we believe, cover nearly all the paths of Baptist History, though lingering somewhat longer along some of the more interesting ones. We heartily commend this history to our readers.

The Fight Ended; or, Mother Nature's call on Dame Europa. By Rev. J. H. G. A forcible plea for universal brotherhood

and peace. Infinitely superior in tone to Dame Europa's School.

The Biblical Museum. (Stock.) Parts three and four fully sustain the praise we gave to part one.

The Sunday Drink Traffic in its bearing on Sunday Schools. Rev. C. GARRETT. (Stock.) Every Sunday school teacher in the land should read this at once.

Henry Alford. By T. W. HANDFORD. (Abbott, Bolton.) An earnest and animated discourse on the death of the late Dean of Canterbury.

Careless Daughters. By G. D. EVANS. (Stock.) A practical sermon to young women, describing different varieties of carelessness, and exhorting to seriousness.

Poor Little Charlotte. (Partridge.) A pleasing temperance tale for girls.

RECEIVED.—Hints to Servants on manners—Appeal—Brooklet—Congregational Miscellany—Hive—Old Jonathan—Pilgrims and the Anglican Church—Sunday Magazine.

Correspondence.

THE GENERAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Dear Sir,—I almost fear I am too late to obtain admission to your pages of an invitation to our New Connexion brethren to our Assembly at Worship Street Chapel next Whit-Tuesday. The advertisement on your cover gives all needful particulars.

Our Assembly is, as I believe, the oldest General Baptist organization—we can trace back to 1654—it will naturally possess some interest for your readers. Let me add that it is catholic in its character, being open to all General Baptists. Dan Taylor himself attended it for many years as representative of your Association, and was repeatedly Preacher or Chairman.

The presence of your delegates the last two years gave us great pleasure; and I can appeal to you, as one of them, to testify to the cordiality of your welcome. I believe that your presence is conducive to that growth of evangelical religion among us on which, I believe, our continuance depends. Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH CALROW MEANS.

21, New North Road, N., April 10.

THE ASSOCIATION OF 1871.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Dear Sir,—As the friends meeting in Queen Street Chapel, Peterborough, desire

to promote the comfort of all who may attend our forthcoming Association, it is earnestly requested that intending visitors should apply for beds on or before June 7.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

April 17, 1871. THOMAS BARRASS.

P.S. Applications to be addressed, "Rev. T. Barrass, Peterborough."

MINISTER'S RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Dear Sir,—Permit me to call the attention of those ministers who have come into the body during the year now nearly past, to the existence of the above committee, and their relation to it. It consists of six brethren (see Minutes, 1870, page 11): the Rev. T. Barrass, Peterborough, being convener.

In order that our newly arrived brethren may be received by the Association, and duly enrolled in the Year Book for 1871, all applications and credentials should be in the hands of brother Barrass by the last week in May.

I am, yours faithfully,

SOLOMON S. ALLSOP,

Association Secretary for 1871.
March, Cambs., April 10, 1871.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE will meet at Queensbury, Wednesday, May 31, at 11.0 a.m. Preacher, Rev. J. Taylor, of Denholme. J. MADEN, *Sec.*

The LONDON will be held at Chesham, Tuesday, May 23. Order of meetings: 11.0 a.m., Devotional service; 2.30 p.m., Business, and a paper by Mr. J. Wallis Chapman on "The Limits to Individual Thought and Action in the Church and in the Denomination." 6.30, Sermon by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B.

C. PAYNE, *Sec.*

The MIDLAND SUMMER CONFERENCE will meet at Sawley, Whit-Wednesday, May 31. At 11.0 a.m., a paper by the Secretary on "Church Fellowship, its nature and object, and how far such objects are at present realized amongst us." At 2.30 p.m., paper by Mr. Lacey on "Our Village Churches; the practicability of securing pastoral help, and in some cases of neighbouring churches being grouped to this end." Occasional preachers in the midland district, whether associated or unassociated, are especially invited to attend and assist the deliberations in the afternoon. The annual collection will be made.

C. CLARKE, *Sec.*

The CHESHIRE CONFERENCE met at Audlem, on Tuesday, April 18.

In consequence of the indisposition of the Rev. W. March, the Rev. H. Wood, of Longton, preached from 2 Timothy ii. 19. The Rev. R. Kenney, by request, presided at the business meeting, and the Rev. E. K. Everett was appointed to act for the absent secretary. The following were the transactions:—

1. The Home Mission operations being stated as satisfactory, a discussion took place as to the new chapel project at Nantwich. The difficulties were laid before the Conference, who advised speedy proceedings to be taken by the trustees, in union with the Home Mission Committee.

2. That the Rev. E. K. Everett be appointed to represent Cheshire at the Annual Home Missionary Meeting of the Association next ensuing.

3. That the churches of the Conference be requested to have annual sermons, when collections shall be made for the Cheshire Home Mission Fund, and that the Secretary, Mr. R. Pedley communicate with the churches for that purpose.

4. That the hearty thanks of the Conference be presented to the Rev. H. Wood, for his profitable sermon.

5. That the next Conference be held at Macclesfield, on October 10th. The Rev. E. K. Everett to be the preacher, or, in case of failure, the Rev. R. Kenney. Twelve were reported baptized, and eight candidates, since the last meeting.

The subject announced for discussion was then introduced by the Rev. R. Kenney, viz.—"How to further the interests of the Baptist Denomination generally, and our own in particular." Some spirited speaking was elicited. Among the speakers were the Revs. R. Kenney, H. Wood, E. K. Everett, T. Clarke; and brethren R. Pedley, Bolton, Higginbottom, &c. Incidental reference was made to an extreme spirit of denominational bias, the essential publicity of baptism, the circulation of our own literature, &c.

At the close of the orders of the day, two petitions were adopted by the Conference, to be signed on its behalf by the Chairman and the Secretary, viz., one in behalf of Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Bill, and another to support Mr. Miall's efforts for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the English Episcopal Church. E. K. EVERETT, *Sec. pro. tem.*

The half-yearly meeting of the WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Lombard-street Chapel, Birmingham, on Tuesday, April 11. The morning sitting commenced with devotional services; after which the Secretary read a paper on "The best means of developing and utilizing the various gifts of the church." Conversation followed, in which brethren Lees of Walsall, Macallum of Melbourne, Cosens of Cradley Heath, Harrison and Parsons of Birmingham, took part. The writer was "Cordially thanked for his excellent paper."

In the afternoon, Rev. J. Harrison, minister of the place, presided. Brethren Macallum and J. Lawrence engaged in prayer. Reports from most of the churches were of a cheering character. During the half year fifty-nine had been baptized, and twenty-three remain as candidates.

The following business was done:—

1. Brethren Lees and Rollaston reported respecting introducing a "Cause" in *Dudley*. The way not being sufficiently open, they requested that it might stand in abeyance. Report received.

2. *Mr. Miall's motion in the House of Commons on "The Disestablishment of the English Church."* It was unanimously resolved:—"That this Conference, comprising the pastors and members of the General Baptist Churches of Warwickshire, believing all State Patronage and control in

matters religious, to be contrary to the spirit and teachings of the New Testament, subversive of the rights of conscience, and hostile to the progress of truth, hereby records its profound sympathy with Mr. Miall's motion for the Disestablishment of the English Church, and its earnest hope that the bill may become law."

3. The church at *Netherton* made an inquiry as to whether anything could be done towards aiding them in obtaining and supporting a suitable minister. The chapel is capable of seating 500 persons, and is well situated in the midst of a large population, so that there is a prospect, providing a suitable minister could be obtained, of a flourishing church speedily being established. They were cordially recommended to apply to the committee of the Midland Home Mission.

4. *Next Conference* to be held at Longford First Church on the second or third Tuesday in October. Mr. J. Lawrence, of Birmingham, to introduce for discussion "The advantages and disadvantages of bringing Sunday School children to the regular service in the chapel," at the morning sitting. Evening preacher, the Rev. J. Harrison.

In the evening the Rev. G. Cosens, of Cradley Heath, preached an earnest sermon from 2 Cor. iii. 18. H. Cross, Sec.

NEW CHAPELS.

DERBY.—*Junction Street.*—On Easter Monday, the interesting ceremony of laying the two memorial stones of this new chapel took place. Rev. H. Crassweller, B.A., presided, and delivered an address. The stones were laid, with appropriate observations, by Mr. W. Abell and Mr. Joseph Hadfield. Our friends are familiar with the particulars of this new building from the advertisement in last month's Magazine. £17 were collected on the day of laying the stones. Funds are urgently needed.

MARCH.—In our last Association Report, we stated our hope to raise a permanent memorial of the Centenary Year at March. We expect to open our "Centenary Chapel" on the 25th of May: the Rev. H. Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, to preach. The Sunday following, the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., of London. We expect many friends from Wisbech, Whittlesea, Peterborough, Chatteris, Huntingdon, Spalding, Bourne, "and all the region round about." We shall be glad to see them; and hope to have their prayers and help in this great undertaking, for so small a congregation. Personally I am a poor beggar; and am not over fond of travelling chapel cases: but I do hope, as we are trying to help ourselves, that our neighbours and friends will help us too.

S. S. ALLSOP.

SHORE.—Increasing congregations have led the friends at Shore to enlarge their borders, and towards providing funds a Bazaar was held on Good Friday, and the following Saturday and Monday. G. Shepherd, Esq., of Bacup, gave the opening address. About £250 were realized.

CHAPELS.

KIRTON-IN-LINDSEY.—On Good Friday, a public tea meeting was held in the above chapel. In the evening, the Rev. Giles Hester, of Sheffield, delivered his popular lecture, entitled "The Fall of Jerusalem and the Siege of Paris." The chair was taken by H. George, Esq., M.D., a member of the congregation.

LONDON, Praed Street.—It is intended to hold the Supplementary Bazaar on the 24th and 25th of May.

MACCLESFIELD.—Our chapel anniversary sermons were preached on Lord's-day, March 19th, afternoon and evening, by the Rev. J. Maden, of Shore, and who was for upwards of ten years a former beloved pastor of the church. Both services were well attended, and the collections good.

NORWICH.—We held our half yearly tea meeting on Easter Tuesday. The public meeting afterwards was addressed by the pastor, R. B. Clare, who presided, and the Revs. W. Mummery of Cossey, Moore of Necton, R. Key, and Mr. Bacon and Dr. Roach of Norwich. This was altogether one of the most interesting meetings we have had for a long time past.

SCHOOLS.

CARRINGTON.—In aid of the School Building Fund, a tea meeting, soiree, and sale, were held on Easter Monday and Tuesday. The attendance was large, the arrangements gave general satisfaction, and the undertaking proved a success. The proceeds, with a few subscriptions, were £23. A Bazaar will be held at Christmas for the same object. Gifts will be thankfully received by Miss E. Stevenson, High Street, Carrington.

CLAYTON, Yorkshire.—The school here has long suffered for want of proper accommodation. Ground has now been purchased, containing 1700 square yards, for about £500, and it is intended to erect upon it a school, at a cost of about £1000. The case is commended by the neighbouring ministers, and assistance will be received thankfully by the pastor, J. A. Andrews, or the treasurer, J. Whitaker.

COVENTRY.—According to the custom of the Coventry schools, the children of Gosford Street, numbering more than 450, held their festival on Easter Monday. The chief incident of the festival was the presentation of "Taunton's History and Antiquities of Coventry," by the members of

the Senior Bible Class to their teacher, Mr. Barton.

HALIFAX.—School sermons were preached at North Parade, Halifax, by the Rev. Dr. Price, of Aberdare, on Easter Sunday. Total contributed £40, which is considerably in excess of any previous year. A movement is on foot for building new class rooms; the overcrowded state of the school necessitating more accommodation.

MINISTERIAL.

REV. H. CROSS, *Coventry*.—The annual meeting of the congregation took place on Easter Monday, when the great features of the evening were presentations to Mr. and Mrs. Cross; the former with a beautiful time-piece, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. H. Cross, on his eighth anniversary as the minister of Gosford Street Chapel, by the ladies worshipping in that place, as a token of affectionate esteem, and a memento of faithful labour for the spiritual welfare of man and the glory of God. April 10th, 1871." And the latter an elegant silver teapot, which bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mrs. Cross, by the ladies of the church and congregation worshipping in Gosford Street Chapel, Coventry, as a token of their Christian love and esteem. April 10th, 1871." These presents were from the ladies of the church and congregation. Mrs. Kelsey and Mrs. Mealand made the presentation. An inkstand was also presented to Mr. Cross, by the young women of the Senior Young Women's Bible Class, which was presented on their behalf by Mrs. Liggins, their respected teacher. In his reply, Mr. Cross alluded to what had taken place since he had been their pastor, and gave some statistics, which showed that in 1863 there were 76 members, but now 197. During the eight years of his ministry they had received into Church-fellowship 211, and out of that 211 he had baptized 182.

REV. B. HACKETT.—*Farewell Meeting*.—An interesting meeting was held on March 31st, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mill Street, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. B. Hackett, who has resigned the charge of the Baptist Church, and is removing from the town. The gathering was composed both of members of Mr. Hackett's church and congregation, and of friends of other denominations. In the unavoidable absence of the Mayor, James Dawson, Esq., presided, and in the name of the subscribers presented to the Rev. B. Hackett a testimonial, consisting of a purse of 25 sovereigns, as a slight mark of their high regard for him as a Christian and a minister. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Nicholson and G. J. Allen, and

J. Wright, Esq., regretting Mr. Hackett's removal from the town, and expressive of their good wishes towards him for the future.—*Macclesfield Observer*.—Mr. Hackett's address is 68, Great Alfred Street North, Nottingham.

Rev. C. PAYNE has resigned the pastorate of the General Baptist Church, Chesham.

THE COLLEGE.

Applications for admission to the College should be made without delay to the Secretary, the Rev. H. Crassweller, B.A., Derby. The rule prescribes that they are to be accompanied by a recommendation from the church to which the candidate belongs, by a written statement of his religious views, and by a medical certificate as to the state of his bodily health.

BAPTISMS.

AUDLEM.—March 1, three, by E. K. Everett.

BOSTON.—Feb. 19, three; Feb. 26, two; by J. Jolly.

BOURNE.—Nov. 29, one; Feb. 22, one; April 2, four; by W. Orton.

COVENTRY.—April 3, five, by H. Cross.

HALIFAX.—April 2, six, by I. Preston.

LINEHOLME.—April 9, three, by R. Silby.
LONDON, *Præd Street*.—Good Friday, six, by J. Clifford.

NANTWICH.—Jan. 24, one, by E. K. Everett.

NORWICH.—April 16, two, by R. B. Clare.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney Street*.—March 29, five, by T. Ryder.

PETERBOROUGH.—Feb. 26, three; March 26, six, by T. Barrass.

PORTSEA.—March 12, four, by R. Y. Roberts.

WHITTLESEA.—April 2, two, by T. Watkinson.

WIRKSWORTH.—April 2, six, by W. Dysoun.

WISBECH.—April 5, five; April 26, five; by W. E. Winks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLEGIATE HONOURS.—At the late examination at Christ's College, Cambridge, Mr. Joseph Wilson, of King William's College, Isle of Man, son of Mr. Daniel Wilson, of Halifax, obtained a £50 Scholarship in mathematics.

Marriages.

WALE—NIXON.—March 21, at Keyworth Congregational Chapel, by the Rev. J. B. Kaye, by licence, John Henry Wale, of the Lodge farm, Wymeswold, to Eliza Ann, only daughter of Mr. Nixon of the former place.

BROOKHOUSE—ABBOTT.—On Good Friday, at the G. B. Chapel, Old Basford, by Mr. Joseph Burton, Mr. James Brookhouse to Miss Emma Abbott.

Obituaries.

CANTRELL.—March 2, 1871, after suffering a long and painful affliction, Mrs. Cantrell, in her 52nd year. She was a native of Glenfield, near Leicester, and in early life attended the Wesleyan chapel in that village. In December, 1838, she was married to Mr. George Cantrell, whose parents were for many years connected with the church at Barton Fabis. In 1847 she removed, with her husband and family, to Burton-on-Trent, and soon after attended the ministry of the Rev. R. Kenney, whose genuine Christian character and faithful labours commanded her highest esteem—an esteem that never abated in the least. In November, 1851, before she had witnessed an immersion, she and her husband were immersed by Mr. Kenney, and she remained a devoted member of the church at Burton until her death. For eight years she suffered from spinal curvature, and two years from chronic bronchitis. After the death of her husband in 1856, she had a severe illness, and after that was never able to move herself without assistance. Early in the present year she was seized with diarrhœa, and became greatly reduced. Until ten minutes before she died her sufferings were most acute. But her long and painful affliction was endured with a patience seldom witnessed under such circumstances. She was never heard to utter one complaining word, but to the last had perfect confidence in the wisdom and kindness of the Lord. She was followed to the Burton Cemetery by her son (the Rev. E. W. Cantrell), her daughters, and other relatives, where she was interred in the presence of a large number of friends—the Rev. J. P. Tetley officiating.

E. W. C.

EVANS.—April 7th, in his 68th year, suddenly, the Rev. B. Evans, D.D. He commenced his ministry at Scarborough in 1826, and was a popular, useful, and laborious minister. He was also an author of some note, and wrote on "Popery," and the Early English Baptists. He was Editor of the *Baptist Record*, a quarterly periodical, and also discharged the duties belonging to the Department of History at the College, Bury.

GRAY.—Nov. 12, 1870, suddenly, in the 55th year of his age, William Gray, of Fleet. He was blest with pious parents, and their house being the home of ministers passing from Fleet to Gedney Hill, and Sutton St. James's, our friend in early life was cast in the way of ministers, who often spoke to him of the need of salvation. He referred afterwards to these

conversations with great pleasure, and to the deep impressions they made upon his mind at that early period. On leaving home he earnestly wished to get a situation where he could enjoy the means of grace, and was willing to make great sacrifices to secure this object. Houses of prayer were at that time far apart, but his employer so highly esteemed him as to accommodate him with a horse, or else to take him in his conveyance to the house of God. Although he obtained great good from the ministry of a clergyman of the Established Church, yet he was not led fully to decide for God till he heard the late Rev. J. Jarrom, of Wisbech. Soon afterwards he was baptized, and joined the Fleet Church, Oct., 1809. First he began S.S. work, and then took to visiting the villages, and holding services, reading sermons to the people in a very acceptable way. His fervent and humble prayers will long be remembered. As a servant of the church he was very useful in visiting candidates, discipline, &c. In such a long life he was called to pass through many trials. His bereavements were numerous and painful, but the desire was always uppermost that they might be sanctified. Our aged friend was with us on the first Sunday in November, and recalled the fact that 61 years had passed since he first enjoyed that privilege. The next Sabbath he spent in heaven. In a letter written just before to his son, the Rev. W. Gray, of Birchcliffe, he expresses his full hope in the Lord Jesus, and his desire to enter upon the "rest" of the people of God.

KEED.—After a very brief illness, the Rev. John Keed, the much loved pastor of the Baptist church, Acton, well known to many of our readers, departed this life April 11, aged 61. He began to serve the Lord Jesus early, and was baptized when about eighteen years of age at King's Lynn. For a long time he was engaged in preaching amongst the Wesleyans. For nearly five years he ministered at Chatteris, then removed to Zion chapel, Cambridge, where he laboured about nine years. The remainder of his ministerial career was spent at Acton. He was one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men, and laboured with great zeal and assiduity for the salvation of men. In many circles he will long be remembered with a warm and real affection.

ROBERTS.—On April 15, Sarah, the beloved wife of Charles Roberts, junr., of Peterborough, and daughter of Mr. John Wherry, late of March, Cambs, aged 29 years.

Missionary Observer.

APPEAL FOR A NEW CHAPEL AT CUTTACK.

THE ORISSA BAPTIST MISSION commenced its operations at Cuttack, Feb. 12, 1822, and the present Chapel—which is the oldest Protestant place of worship in Orissa—was built in 1826, and enlarged to its present size twelve years later.

Owing to the increase of the native christian community, a new chapel has been felt for more than ten years past to be very desirable; but after so large a number of famine orphans had been received, what had been previously felt to be highly desirable became indispensably necessary.

Since that time much inconvenience has been felt, owing to the chapel being much too small for the native congregation; and it is believed that many have frequently absented themselves from the lack of comfortable accommodation. As the only way of remedying the inconvenience so strongly felt, three services have been regularly held on the Sabbath for four years past in the Mission College and in the School-room at Peyton-Sae, in addition to the two native services in the Mission Chapel. The delay in making this application has solely arisen from the difficulty in obtaining a suitable site, a question which has occasioned us much anxiety and perplexity. As we were unable to obtain the land in Cantonments, for which several applications were made, we have recently succeeded in securing a site which will, we believe, in a good degree, answer our purpose, and we are anxious to begin building at once.

The cost of such a chapel as is indispensably requisite for the requirements of our native christian community, which exceeds 1,300 persons, cannot be less than 10,000 rupees (or £1,000), but will probably exceed that amount, as it is desirable to erect a more permanent building than the present one, which costs a considerable sum annually in repairs. We felt that we could not ask the help of our friends till those more immediately concerned had contributed according to their ability. The native christians, who are warmly interested in the object, have each promised a month's salary towards it. This amount will exceed 1,500 rupees, part of which has been already given; and it is gratifying to add, that the orphan children have promised, out of personal earnings and good conduct allowance, 256-3 rupees. The total amount received or promised exceeds 5,600 rupees (£560), of which 3,822-5 rupees is already in the Treasurer's hands. This includes an appropriation from the Orphanage Fund collected by D. J. McNeile, Esq., of 1,038 rupees, and an appropriation from the Ayr Bazaar Fund of 665 rupees. The additional amount required will probably exceed 5,000 rupees, and for this we earnestly appeal to our friends in different parts of India and in England. It will be an additional favour if the help rendered be speedily given.

In presenting the present appeal we feel it necessary to state that we attach pre-eminent importance to the great principles of "the common salvation," in which all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity are substantially agreed. We believe that the great verities of the christian faith lie at the root of all spiritual light and life and progress, and we ask the help of those who are equally persuaded of their infinite importance.

Signed in behalf of the Mission,

JOHN BUCKLEY, WILLIAM BROOKS,
Cut tack, March 15th, 1871. WILLIAM BAILEY, FREDERICK BOND.

P.S. Contributions in this country may be paid to the Revs. W. Miller, I. Stubbins, W. Hill, the Treasurer and Secretaries of the Mission.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED OR PROMISED.

	Rs.	as.	p.		Rs.	as.	p.
Appropriated from M'Neile Orphanage Fund	1038	0	0	Rev. W. Miller	100	0	0
" from Ayr Bazaar Fund,				W. Brooks, Esq.	100	0	0
per Col. S. D. Young	685	10	0	Captain A. T. Woodhouse	20	0	0
" from sale of articles sent				Messrs. Sykes & Co., Calcutta	100	0	0
by Major H. D. B. Smith	100	0	0	W. Fiddian, Esq., B.C.S.	100	0	0
F. Bond, Esq.	1000	0	0	R. H. Greaves, Esq., B.C.S.	50	0	0
Rev. J. and Mrs. Buckley	500	0	0	Small sums, & donation appropriated	152	0	0
Rev. W. Bailey	50	0	0	Native Christians	1500	0	0
				Orphan Children	258	3	0

BRAHUISM, AND THE BRAHMA SOMAJ.

As Brahmism has excited so much interest in England, and as it has been so frequently referred to by the Press, and been the topic of so many missionary speeches in London and the provinces, we have prepared a summary of the facts and incidents connected with this remarkable movement for the readers of the *General Baptist Magazine*.

"Brahmism may in some sort be regarded as a development of christianity. Christianity suggested it to the Hindoo mind, and but for christianity it would not have been." Brahmism owes its origin to Rajah Ramohun Roy. This native Prince gave much time to the pursuit of the Shastres and the Koran, and he accompanied the study of these books with the reading of the English Bible. He was gifted with rare honesty of mind, and he soon found that his faith in traditional Hindooism had dwindled to nothing. As soon as this was known he had to encounter severe persecution; and notwithstanding his high social position, he was mobbed in the streets of Calcutta, and for some time his life was in danger; but this treatment did not deter him from his inquiries. He studied the Hebrew and Greek languages, that he might read the Bible in the original tongues, and enter more completely into the spirit of Hebrew and christian devotion. He organized a society for the studying of the Vedas, and for the propounding of theistic doctrines. Such, however, was the opposition to this movement, that it did not survive long. In 1830, the Rajah's views having somewhat expanded, he established a "prayer meeting," which may be regarded as the nucleus of the Brahma Somaj. A building was erected for the purposes of this prayer meeting, and the trust deed provided that it should be for people of all sorts and conditions, without distinction as to creed or colour—"that it shall be for all sorts and descriptions of people, without distinction, as shall behave and conduct themselves in an orderly, sober, religious, and devout manner, for the worship and adoration of the eternal, unsearchable, and immutable being, who is the Author and Preserver of the universe; that no graven image, statue, or

sculpture, carving, painting, picture, portrait, or the likeness of any thing, shall be admitted within the said messuage, building, land, tenement, &c.; and that no sacrifice, offering, or oblation of any kind or thing shall ever be permitted therein; that no sermon, preaching, discourse, prayer or hymns, be delivered, made, or used in such worship, but such as have a tendency to the contemplation of the Author and Preserver of the universe, or to the promotion of charity, morality, piety, benevolence, and virtue; and that such worship be performed daily, or at least once in seven days."

Ramohun Roy, however, very soon found that he was much in advance of the most enlightened of his countrymen. He felt his position to be a false one, and his sense of isolation prompted him to leave India and take up his abode in the West of England, where he lived greatly esteemed till his death in 1835. After he had left the country, the Brahma Somaj dragged on a dubious existence till the year 1841, when an effort was made to inspire it with a new life. Babu Debendronath Tajore assumed the leadership; he provided the Somaj with a press, established a native paper to advocate the movement; in fact, he relinquished his prospects in business that he might give his whole time to the work.

A brief summary of the Calcutta Brahma Somaj, published in 1868, will give a good idea of the doctrinal position of the Brahmists ten years ago:—

I. "The Book of Nature and Intuition form the basis of the Brahma faith."

II. "Although the Brahmans do not consider any book written by man the basis of their religion, yet they do accept with respect and pleasure any truth contained in any book."

III. "The Brahmans believe that the religious condition of man is progressive, like the other parts of his condition in this world."

IV. "They believe that the fundamental doctrines of their religion are at the basis of every religion followed by man."

V. "They believe in the existence of one supreme God—a God endowed with a distinct personality, moral attributes equal to His nature, and intelligence befitting the Governor of the universe; and worship Him—Him alone. They do not believe in His incarnation."

VI. "They believe in the immortality and progressive state of the soul, and declare that there is a state of conscious existence succeeding life in this world,

* The summary contained in the former part of this paper has been prepared from an elaborate article in a recent No. of the "Calcutta Review."

and supplementary to it as respects the action of the universal moral government."

VII. "They believe that atonement is the only way to salvation. They do not recognize any other mode of reconciliation to the offended but loving Father."

VIII. "They pray for spiritual welfare, and believe in the efficacy of such prayers."

IX. "They believe in the providential care of the Divine Father."

X. "They avow that love towards Him and performing the works He loveth, constitute His worship."

XI. "They recognize the necessity of public worship, but do not believe that they cannot hold communion with the great Father, without resorting to any fixed place at any fixed time. They maintain that we can adore Him at any time, at any place, provided that time and that place are calculated to compose and direct the mind towards Him."

XII. "They do not believe in pilgrimages, but declare that holiness can only be attained by elevating and purifying the mind."

XIII. "They do not perform any rites and ceremonies, or believe in penance as instrumental in obtaining the grace of God. They declare that moral righteousness, the gaining of wisdom, Divine contemplation, charity, and the cultivation of devotional feelings, are their rites and ceremonies. They further say, govern and regulate your feelings, discharge your duties to God and to man, and you will gain everlasting blessedness, purify your heart, cultivate devotional feelings, and you will see Him who is unseen."

XIV. "Theoretically there is no distinction of caste among the Brahmas. They declare that we are all the children of God, and therefore must consider ourselves as brothers and sisters."

With the recognition of a personal God, the Brahma Somaj received a new life. The creed grew into a conviction, and with the conviction came a stirring up of the religious nature. The spiritual in man began to be cultivated, with a view to communion with the Divine Being. New wants began to disclose themselves, and in proportion as honest conviction deepened, the feeling that Brahminism and Puranic orthodoxy could not hold together, began to assert itself. The one God had made all nations of one blood, and this doctrine struck at the root of Hindoo society. This was the point at which the religious belief of the Brahmists came into contact with the social economy in which they had been reared. This was the moment when, as

honest men, they must commit themselves to the task of social reform.

Up to this point Babu Debendronath Tajore had been the leader, but when he found that the ground he had reached was a battle field, and not a resting-place, his prudence overcame his better judgment, and he declined the conflict. It is only an act of justice to state that the Somaj owes much to Babu Debendronath Tajore, for its numbers, strength and respectability. For a quarter of a century he has laboured in this cause, at great sacrifice of time and money; and the obligation that the Somaj owes to him is gratefully acknowledged by all who are identified with the movement. From this time the leadership devolved upon Keshub Chunder Sen. The time had arrived when Brahminism, if it was a power, and not mere talk, must do battle with the system of caste distinctions. The first step in this direction taken by Keshub was the celebration of a marriage between persons belonging to different castes. Keshub Chunder and his followers, not content with this, took another and more important step: they threw off the sacred thread that distinguished them as Brahmas, and insisted that all who desired membership should consent to renounce caste. This at once stamped Brahminism as a power in the land, and not an idle theological speculation. But decided as was this step, it did not cause so wide a breach between the advanced party and the orthodox Hindoos as might have been expected. The ranks of Brahminism are so numerous, and are recruited from so many families of high birth and respectability, influence and wealth, that to declare open war against it, when Hindooism is becoming sensibly weaker every day, and has no power to beat back the tide of influences settling in upon it, and threatening its destruction, would be to invite the fate which it is hoped may be warded off for some time to come.

In the month of November last, we were invited to attend the Sabbath evening service of the Somaj in Calcutta, and as Keshub Chunder, who had just returned from England, was to be the preacher, we were most anxious to avail ourselves of the opportunity. When we reached the building, we found numerous conveyances around the entrance, an unmistakable indication that the attendants were from the upper classes in native society. We made our way to

one of the side doors, and though it was not yet the time of service, we found the place crowded, and we began to doubt whether we should gain admission. After waiting a few minutes one of the members arose, and very politely offered us his seat, Were it not for the thin coloured gauze purdahs around the galleries, to screen the female members, a stranger might have imagined that he had entered a Nonconformist place of worship. There was not the least semblance of any idolatrous custom or observance; in fact, the Brahmist temple or church is as far removed from heathenism as it is possible for it to be.

Punctual to the time Keshub Chunder ascended the dais, which was in the centre of the building. After seating himself, according to the custom of Asiatic teachers, he bowed his head for some moments in silent prayer. He then announced the number of the hymn from their own "service of song," and the tune was sung by a choir accompanied by native music. Then followed the "Invocation," which is as follows:—

"He who hath created this universe, and governeth it, who doth protect with unbounded mercy all the different numberless beings in it, and is the only Saviour of sinners, He is the one infinite God. He is present at this place of worship; we, in humble spirit, join our hearts to worship Him. May He for that purpose graciously send forth holy reverence and love in our hearts, and may He answer our prayers."

Another hymn was then sung, and then all the congregation, bowing themselves reverently, offered the following "Adoration:"—

"Thou art the true and living God. Thou art the life of the universe, and the source of all animation in animated beings; without thee we cannot exist for one moment; thou art present within and without us. O, thou Infinite Truth, the life of our lives, we bow down to thee. Thou art present in person before us. Being omniscient, thou seest our outward condition, and the sins which lie in the inmost recesses of our hearts. We cannot hide anything from thee. O! thou omniscient indweller of our hearts, we bow down before thee. Thou art the Eternal God; there is no limit to thy nature on any side. Thou hast no beginning, no end. There is no bound to thy attributes. Thou art great and glorious; thou art incomprehensible, all pervading, and perfect; how can we grasp thee with our human hearts?"

O thou great and infinite God, we bow down before thee. Thou art the source of life, joy, and peace. Thou removest all afflictions, and givest happiness to all created beings; sorrow-stricken hearts receive rest and consolation in thy communion; thy worshippers enjoy tranquility by the very utterance of thy blessed name; there can be no true happiness without thee. O Thou Source of all delight and Giver of all peace, we bow down before thee. Thou art infinite in mercy; with a father's affection thou dost protect and support us. Thou savest us from danger and illness, and dost apply various means to save us from sin. Thou art the help of the helpless, and the Saviour of great sinners. O thou merciful Father, we bow down before thee. Thou art holy. Thy nature is immaculate; not a single sin can touch thee. Thou savest sinners, diffusing the glorious light of thy holiness. The hearts of sinners become holy in thy presence. O thou sinless holy God, we resign ourselves unto thee, and humbly depend on thee. We bow down to the dust before thee, knowing thee to be our Father, Protector, and Saviour."

This was followed by "Meditation;" and amid the deepest silence all endeavoured to feel the living presence of God. We never saw more reverence in any assembly. This form of worship, which is much older than Brahmism, might be introduced into our religious assemblies with manifest advantage. The next part of the service was "Simultaneous Prayer." All the worshippers arose from their seats, the preacher left the dais, and united with them in offering aloud this prayer:—

"Lead us, O Lord, from untruth to truth, from darkness to light, and from death unto life eternal. O thou Infinite Truth, manifest thy living presence unto us. Thou art the merciful God; protect us always in thy unbounded goodness."

The preacher then read suitable selections from various authors; and not unfrequently some of these are from our own Scriptures; on this occasion the well known verse from Psalm xxvii. was chosen—"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple." The sermon was on "Union with God," which he said could be realized by knowledge, faith, and devotion. Those who heard Keshub Chunder in England will easily imagine how effective he would

be in his own language. The sermon, which lasted nearly two hours, was closed with the benediction, "May God, our Saviour and our Father, fulfil our prayer, and bless us so that we may enjoy heavenly peace and holiness of heart for ever and ever."

The Brahmists have adherents in almost every state and province in the empire. In some cities their disciples are most active and zealous, and there is everywhere life and power in this movement which cannot be mistaken. If in thirty years, or a little more, they have annihilated caste in their communities (one of the mightiest barriers to religions progress the world has ever known), and severed themselves from every vestige of idolatry, what they may accomplish in the same number of decades the wisest among us cannot foretell? Thus far they have proved themselves earnest seekers after truth; and if this spirit continues, they may yet comprehend that which as yet they fail to see, "That there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all." Should they reach this stature

(and who can say they will not) they will exert a power over the myriads of the East which the teachers of the West have as yet failed to command.

W. BAILEY.

MISSIONARY SERVICES,

Since we last reported, have been held, and attended by deputations as follows:

Birmingham and Longford.—Revs. H. Wilkinson, W. Miller, and W. Hill.

Boston, Coningsby, Sutterton, Wisbeach, March, and Chatteris.—Revs. W. Miller and W. Hill.

Billesdon and Stoke-on-Trent.—Rev. W. Miller.

Sileby.—Rev. H. Wilkinson.

Loughborough, *Baxter Gate*.—Rev. J. C. Pike.

In addition to the above, brethren resident in the various localities have rendered cheerful and efficient aid. With scarcely an exception the attendance has been good, the meetings interesting, the pecuniary results encouraging, and the missionary spirit of an improving character.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—G. Taylor, March 4.
CUTTACK—W. Brooks, March 10.

CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Feb. 24, March 18.
" Miss Guignard, March 10.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from March 18 to April 18, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Nottingham Auxiliary—							
Stoney Street	45	3	4	Barton—for W. and O.	1	15	0
W. and O. Fund	1	10	0	" T. Webster, Esq.	1	0	0
Broad Street	54	0	11	Birmingham, <i>Lombard Street</i>	63	0	8
W. and O. Fund	1	10	0	Burnley, <i>Enon Chapel</i> —for W. and O.	1	0	0
Mansfield Road	41	19	9	Burnley Lane	4	14	7
Hooveringham	9	15	2	Hose—for W. and O.	0	6	0
New Basford	15	0	2	Gorton, near Manchester—per Mr. A. F. Winks	4	9	5
Ruddington	4	9	5	Leake and Wymeswold	15	2	4
Arnold	1	11	0	Leeds, <i>North Parade</i>	44	0	0
Daybrook	2	10	6	Leicester, <i>Victoria Road Church</i>	5	15	6
Leiton	7	4	5	Mrs. Livens, for orphans	6	0	0
Eldon Street, Sucionton	3	16	1	London, J. P. Bacon, Esq.	10	10	0
Carlton	3	12	9	Longford	14	0	0
Prospect Place	4	4	0	Louth, <i>East Gate</i>	1	14	0
Total	196	7	6	Norwich, <i>Surrey Road</i> —for N. P.	8	10	0
Arnold—for W. and O.	0	5	0	Sileby	1	8	6
Billesdon	10	10	8	Stantonbury—for Orphan	0	19	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. C. PIKE and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, Secretaries, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 JUNE, 1871.

THE COMING ASSOCIATION.

IN a few days we shall gather at the Association which completes and crowns the first year of our New Century as a denomination. Nothing could be more appropriate than that our meetings should be held at the growing cathedral city of Peterborough. For while we claim direct descent from the oldest Baptist heroes of this country, and like other Christians, only as we fondly judge with a stronger right, mount up even to the Primitive Church of the New Testament for our original, yet we are a "New Connexion" of General Baptists, just started on the second hundred years of our existence. How timely, then, that we should go for our annual gathering to a city and a church which weave the old and the new in their history in a similar manner, and present the edifying spectacle of youthful and aggressive vigour surrounded with the fascination of time-honoured associations! Peterborough fixes the period of the foundation of its monastery as far back as 655 A.D. The Cathedral is, according to Britton, of the Norman style of architecture, and is said by its monastic historians to have been raised be-

tween the years 1117 and 1250. And yet it is only since the approach of railways that the town has attained any considerable size and importance. In 1851 there were less than 7,000 inhabitants. This year the Census reports a population of 15,496. And as with the city so with the church which cordially invites us to its new and spacious chapel, and offers us its generous hospitality. It is not wanting in age, and yet it has only recently stood forth in its strength, and made itself a name. The first Baptists of Peterborough did not pause to think that they were making history, or they might perhaps have left fuller records of their doings. Even the hour of their appearing is not registered, and their earliest movements are unknown. But in the prolific days of the good and brave Oliver Cromwell some General Baptists came to the front, and from that day to this have, with very varying experiences, continued in existence. In 1845 the church was reduced to five members, and the congregation rarely rose above half-a-dozen. Then came a change. The Lincolnshire Conference took the "little flock" under

its wing, and through the devout and earnest ministry of our beloved brother Barrass, at length brought in an era of steady and sound prosperity. And now the old church, numbering near upon 300 members, renewed as with youth, and assembling in its new house, is a forcible example of the spirit and policy which should animate and guide our evangelistic efforts, and an eloquent witness to the kind and degree of success we may justly expect. May He who maketh all things new so quicken our hearts with His gracious presence as we gather amid these scenes and memories, that our assembling may be a means of spiritual renewal to all our churches.

Our last Association was one of joyful reminiscence. The many strings of memory's harp were touched by skilled fingers, and the sweet music of adoring praise ascended in harmonious strains to Him who through a hundred years "has done great things for us." We listened to the stirring recital of deeds of valour and self-denial with a kindling glow of enthusiasm, and felt our faith freshened for worship and zeal inflamed for service. Other exercises await us now. The centre of interest is changed. The Centenary Association was a memorial and a jubilant song. The forthcoming gathering is a summons to arms and a prayer to the God of battles. At Leicester, our fathers, their work, and the lessons of their lives, engrossed our attention. At Peterborough, our posterity, and the deepening needs of men for the Message of Infinite Love, should confront us. In 1870 it was the suggestive past. In 1871 it is the all-demanding future. Last year we gathered up the records of what was done. This year it behoves us to lay the foundations broad and deep for what remains to be done. As we journeyed to the metropolis of our Midland Churches a year ago, the

voices of sage and saintly men were heard calling our thoughts backward and saying, "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee." In approaching this 102nd Association, we catch the ringing tones of one who, though "Paul the aged," never lost his youth, but sang out in his last year, and that in his Roman prison: "Forget the things that are behind. Reach forth with straining eagerness to those that are before." We must heed this voice. We must look to the long years ahead, and think but little of the few inches already spanned. We have not yet attained. There are better times for us; times of more work and purer service. The future needs us, and for it we must think, and pray, and live. For what is all the work done by the side of the huge need that remains? Not more than the labour of the feeblest coral-reef builder contrasted with the creation of the world, or the cry of a sickly child in the night, compared with the outburst of inspiring song from hundreds of gifted singers in the choruses of Handel or Mozart. That past that seems so broad and imposing to us when looked at alone, is unutterably dwarfed, when visions of the nearer and remoter future fill the soul! A poor paltry chronicle is the story of our labours when put on the shores of that weltering sea of sorrow and misery that belts our churches round and round. The work our fathers did, noble and true as indeed it was, will no more regenerate the diseased and perishing society of this day, than the dinners of last year make it possible for us to dispense with food now. On the 19th of June, then, we meet, not for congratulation and review only, though these will have their place, but mainly for patient and wise efforts to readjust and more completely adapt ourselves and our machinery to our present and coming work.

And it is no small advantage that the narrow lines of duty before us are rendered more visible by the light cast upon them by the "spirit of the age" and the circumstances of the times. As *Baptists* we see more clearly than ever that we have to hold our ground with unflinching firmness against the merest rag of ritualism, as well as against full-blown or "flat Popery," and make a distinct and decided protest against every theory and practice, however respectable or abundantly patronized, that is opposed to the cardinal law of personal and conscious discipleship to the Lord Jesus. We have no place for unconscious Christianity in our churches. And, as *General Baptists*, we have to bear aloft the banner with the heaven-wrought device of "Salvation through Jesus Christ provided for, and therefore offered to every one without any difference, without any reservation, mental or otherwise, without any trammels from decrees of God or fancies of men." These two truths, and others springing out of them, bind us together. And now we ought to look into the means we adopt for their promulgation, to see not merely how effectively they served our fathers, but in what degree they are fitted to do the work that is actually now, or is about to be required. *We have the true message of the King of men to deliver.* Is the trumpet's passage clear, and the sound distinct in its note and thrilling in its force? *We have a union of churches.* Are we working it so as effectually to prevent the waste and paralysis of energy, the decay of churches through strife and bitterness and ill-will, and the loss of the merest fragments of regenerated power? Have we solved the difficult problem raised by congregationalism of nourishing the individualism of the churches without permitting zeal to run riot, ignorance to manacle wisdom, and passion to rule over justice and truth? Are

the advantages of our associational action at their maximum? *We teach, and we train teachers.* Is the ministry as comprehensive, spiritual, cultured, and enthusiastic, as it might be? Are we rearing the men the churches need; for the village as well as the town, for the town as well as the village? Can we not do more with our staff of zealous and useful local preachers, and raise to a higher degree of efficiency the willing workers in our Sabbath schools? Specially it behoves us to ask, are we extending and developing our strength *at home*? Are we bringing our countrymen to Christ, and folding them with his peaceful flock? This is the most vital question just now. Every aspect of the work before us forces upon us the necessity of strenuous exertion to carry the gospel to those sitting at our very doors. We say nothing now of aggressive and fascinating ritualism, the thickening depravity in hamlet, village, and town, the increasing contentment of the middle classes with mere material progress, and the fierce storm of scepticism, into the very focus of which England is thrust. Even the needs of our Foreign Mission alone are sufficient to urge us to "seek first" the increase of the number of those who, filled with the love of God, shall take warmer interest in, and be ready to make sacrifices for, the recovery of the people of Orissa from the degradation of heathenism. Not a fraction less for the Oriyas, but more, very much more, is required for England. We must "begin at Jerusalem," if we would "preach the gospel to every creature."

Nothing but hard, patient, brave, wise, self-sacrificing, and prayerful work will bring us through such duties as these questions imply, raise our denomination to the level of its privileges, fill with new strength its weak parts, heal its backslidings, and send it into the future qualified at every point to

extend and to perfect the kingdom God has given to His Son. We cannot make our Association more effective without the sacrifice of time and pains. That which is worked with ease generally works without much profit. We must pay in labour if we would enjoy in reward. Of course it will be understood that there is no law compelling us to complete our series of meetings on the Thursday evening. Friday has been used before, and ought to be again rather than any business should be slightly and unsatisfactorily done. Whilst not a moment should be wasted in needless discussion, yet it is very undesirable to "scramble" through the business as though it were not of real weight and lasting importance.

But above all, our work must be inspired by and saturated with the spirit of real communion with God. *What we do depends upon what we are.* And what we are in spirit and speech, depends upon what we receive from God; and this again depends largely upon the measure and character of our communion with Him. We get more, but nothing better, out of our machinery than we put in. Perfect organizations are of no use to dead men. The steam engine is a marvel of mechanical genius, but its values are not evoked without steam. We need the breath of God in us and in our machinery, if we and it are to be useful in the work of the Lord. Fellowship with God is at the basis of all successful toil. Let us seek "the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire," in our churches before the meetings at Peterborough, and then let the prayer meetings of the Asso-

ciation week be largely attended, and surely the Lord will "open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Let us, like the apostles, give ourselves to prayer, as well as to the ministry of the word.

Animated with this spirit, the approaching Assembly of the Churches will be hailed by us as was the great festival of the Jews at Jerusalem by the pilgrims who came up from Dan or Beersheba. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Nor need we withhold the response of the priests concerning our federation of the faithful. "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together, whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." And why should not the strain be echoed back again by the ascending travellers? "For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David." Taking up again the priest's words, we with no timid heart may urge and comfort one another. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." And then all shall follow the summons to prayer with the chorus of mingled resolve and benediction, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good."

J. CLIFFORD.

THE GREAT DEBATE.

IT behoves us to find at least a corner to record the *fact* of the great debate of Tuesday, May 9, in the House of Commons, on the disestablishment and disendowment of the State Churches of Great Britain. Ninety-one Members voted for the motion of Mr. Miall. This is a great victory; but the elevated character of, and the ring of justice in, the debate was a greater triumph. Mr. Gladstone has given us a challenge. He says in effect, Get the people to think with you, and it is enough. We will, God helping us, and that right early.

THE REV. HUGH HUNTER.

"DIED, at his residence, Elm Avenue, New Basford, on January 17th, aged 73, the Rev. Hugh Hunter, formerly pastor of the Baptist congregation, Stoney Street, in this town." Such is the announcement, curt and formal, given in the obituary column of a Nottingham daily newspaper of the event which has called forth the following pages. In a denomination which numbers barely twenty-one thousand members, and which has celebrated only its first centenary, the event deserves, from the organ of the body, some more expanded and complete notice than the literal statement of its occurrence. The deceased gentleman was the oldest minister in the connexion. He had been an active fellow-labourer with the leaders who enlarged it to its present area, and had for many years presided over the most numerous collection of communionists contained in the catalogue of its churches. For a few years previously to his death he had retired from the more prominent sphere he formerly occupied, and, until disabled by accident and affliction, had confined his ministerial labours to the pastorate of a small country church. But when death removed him from the smaller field of usefulness, and his relation to the things of this life was surveyed as a whole, his friends began to think of him rather as the once popular and successful pastor of Stoney Street than the temporary minister of Old Basford. In such capacity it is chiefly that we shall regard him. In order to do this satisfactorily we will first endeavour to present such personal details of his biography as the kindness of his friends has enabled us to command, and afterwards indulge in a few reflections upon the character of the preachers and preaching of his time, and their relation and influence, as far as we can gather them, to the beliefs and morals, in a word,

to the principles of the Christianity of the present day.

Of his very early life the writer knows absolutely nothing; but with pleasure submits the following particulars, kindly furnished by a near relative,* to whom he tenders his best thanks for this valuable contribution to his imperfect record:—

"There has always, since I remember, been a doubt about the exact date of his birth. I remember an old Bible of my grandfather's which gave the date, October, 1797, and I believe that will be as near as we can now know. He was born at Donaghadee, a small seaport town of County Down, from which place the family removed about two years after his birth. My grandfather was compelled to take part in the unfortunate Irish rebellion of 1798. My uncle wrote an account of his father's trials (which was published in the *G. B. Magazine* some years ago) under the assumed name of Heedman.

"During his childhood my uncle was very fond of history. I believe that when very young he was quite familiar with the Bible history. His mother was thoroughly devoted to God, and sought to guide her children in the way of life. There lived in her neighbourhood two other women both named Mary, and they, with my grandmother, were known as 'the three Marys.' They met weekly for religious conversation and special prayer for their families, and I believe all their children were deeply impressed by these three women's lives. In addition to these seasons of prayer my grandmother was used to take each of her children separately alone daily and speak kindly about Jesus, and commend the child in prayer to God; so that I believe from his earliest childhood my uncle was acquainted with the strivings of God's Spirit.

"When my uncle was a boy my

* Rev. T. G. Seymour, Birmingham.

grandfather had a farm some six or seven miles from Belfast, and also taught a large school. My Uncle Hugh delighted to assist his father in both, and the one was a recreation from the other. I believe that this life between the school and the farm gave to all my uncles good physical constitutions, and the strong mental vigour they all displayed; while their mother's very strong piety seemed to sanctify all their strength of body and mind to God. When a minister called to see the family, it was usual to send for the neighbours, and a word of exhortation was given, a portion of scripture read, and prayer offered up. I believe that this was the happiest time of the whole family. They enjoyed a fair competence of this world's goods, while the blessing of heaven seemed to rest upon them. All the children seemed growing in grace and the knowledge of God, and they were accustomed to carry all their requests to God. I have heard that at this time, on one occasion when his father and mother were from home and evening came on without their returning, the children became very uneasy, Hugh went out into the fields and pleaded with God to take care of them, and bring them home safely.

"Very much to the regret of the whole family, my grandfather sold his farm and gave up his school to manage a brewery. The proprietor had urged him, and at last he consented. The family left their pleasant home, and removed to the brewery. They seemed to leave not only the farm, but its peace and joy. *My grandmother use to consider it the darkest day of her life the one she went to live at the brewery.* Her eldest son, in a frolic, enlisted with some other young men, and was sent away from the neighbourhood before any of the family knew where he was. Her second son, Hugh, seemed to lose all his early good, and became a very light and trifling lad; while

my grandfather got fonder of drinking beer than of making and selling it. Through my grandmother's entreaties my grandfather at last gave up the brewery; but, alas! it was not so easy to give up the evil habits learned, and Hugh enjoyed dancing, shooting, and gay company; in fact he became quite a young man of the world, and whatever strivings of God's Spirit he may have had were quieted by the pleasures of this world. God, however, had not forgotten him, and he was laid on a bed of affliction. Here he was compelled to reflect on his early impressions of good, and his evil life. His mother prayed much with him. She was instant in season and out of season with her children, and the Holy Spirit revealed to Hugh the exceeding sinfulness of sin. As he began to recover he spent much time in the garden in prayer; and I believe it was then that he was enabled distinctly to rest his whole being on the Lord Jesus Christ, and there received the witness of the Spirit that he was born again.

"Shortly afterward his younger brothers, William and Alexander, began to seek the Lord. Another friend joined them; and these four young men became a great blessing to each other and to the whole neighbourhood.

"At this time he was employed as tutor in several families, when a situation was offered him in the office of a Master in Chancery. Probably it was at this time that he purposed making the law his profession. Though the situation was a very good one, it exposed him to great temptations, and many of the ungodly men who frequented the office persecuted him and tried to draw him away from Christ; this made the place very uncomfortable; yet, I believe, my uncle would have endured all had not the writing given him such a severe pain in the chest that he was compelled to give up his situation and return home again.

"At this time the family lived at the village of Newtownbreda, about three miles from Belfast. Young men devoted to God were in the habit of holding meetings in the school-house, but this room was taken from them, and they started their meetings in private houses. My grandfather gave his parlour; and it was here that my uncle Hugh began to speak publicly to the people about the salvation of Christ. At first it was a simple exhortation; but he was used to write out his thoughts on various passages of scripture; and my grandmother getting her hands on two or three of these manuscripts encouraged him to persevere in writing his own thoughts on the word of God. After some time he ventured to deliver one of these lectures in his father's parlour to as many neighbours as the place would hold. Afterward the friends invited him to preach at a small chapel about a mile distant from his father's. Christians were profited; and as he continued in the work, God was pleased to reveal Christ to several souls while my uncle addressed them. The minister of the circuit urged him to become a local preacher, and after a time he was led to give himself up entirely to the ministry.

"His first appointment was at the close of the year 1822 or early in 1823, to a mission station in County Monaghan. Previous to this he had been an accredited minister, but living at home and taking charge of the societies for some twenty miles around Belfast.

"The County Monaghan station was very severe, and at April, 1824, he requested to be removed. His appointment that year was to Belfast, while he superintended the societies in Lisburn, Bangor, Downpatrick, &c. In Belfast he attended the classes at the College in addition to his own duties; and though differing from the divinity professor, Dr. Edgar, on the doctrine known

as "Calvinism," yet I believe he profited greatly. Early in 1826 he visited Glasgow on account of his health. He preached in our chapel in that city; and at Conference the society requested his appointment, which was accordingly made, and he went to Glasgow sometime about May, 1826, where he remained, with the exception of a few months at Alnwick, in Northumberland, till 1828. At Glasgow he became acquainted with a young widow, Mrs. Gaywood, to whom he was married. At Alnwick, I believe, he once had the pleasure of meeting Sir Walter Scott.

"Of his life in these places I can of course now know but little, but I find from the minutes of Conference that the Glasgow Society very much increased under his ministry; and I find on one occasion, when he had preached before the Conference, he was requested to publish the sermon. This is very unusual with one so young in the ministry. A copy of this sermon I have, and I am not surprised at the request of Conference.

"At the Conference of 1828 he returned to Ireland, and lived at Bangor, Co. Down. Here he enjoyed good health for a time, but the constant removing and continual preaching of a Methodist minister began to tell upon his strong frame. I find at this time, in a letter to a brother minister, these words, written in January, 1829: 'I do feel the work of God prospering in my own soul, but I am sorry to say my health is not very good.' In May, 1829, he removed to Belfast. I believe that for some years his mind had been unsettled on the question of infant baptism; but even then he did not feel the question to be one so essential that he could not take part in the ceremony. He resigned the ministry among our people simply on the question of health. The resolution of the Conference, 1830, is as follows: 'That it is with much regret we receive the resignation of our worthy and

esteemed brother, Mr. Hunter: but it affords us sincere pleasure to find that he is still warmly and firmly attached to our interests as a community, and determined to render us every assistance in his power as a leader and local preacher.' While he thus resigned simply on account of health, I believe that the baptism question had long engaged his thoughts, and that about the time of his resignation, his mind was made up to abstain from baptizing infants, though he remained in our community. A few months, however, changed his purpose. He was intimate with the principal of some Academy, who introduced him to Mr. Pickering, of Nottingham. You are better acquainted than I am with his introduction to Nottingham, but it is a curious fact that at the time he went there, some repairs were being made in the Baptist Chapel, and the friends had borrowed the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, in Parliament Street; and my uncle's first sermon for the Baptists was preached in the chapel of the denomination he had just separated from."

He attended the General Baptist Association at Birchcliffe, in 1830, where he was warmly introduced by the late Rev. Joseph Foulkes Winks, the editor of the well-known *Children's Magazine*. From thence, at the close of the week's engagements, he made the journey to Loughboro', and was baptized by Mr. Winks on the following Sunday, in presence of a large congregation, in the Baxter Gate Chapel. The writer well remembers the occasion. Mr. Hunter preached his own baptismal sermon, and at its close was attended in his submission to the sacred rite by a then junior member of the church, a son of its pastor, the Rev. Edward Stevenson, its present pastor. The sermon was in style characteristic of the man soon afterwards to become so well known to us, and contained a most fervid declaration of his faith

as a disciple of Jesus, and a full and convincing avowal of his opinions on baptism. As he descended from the pulpit, the pastor of the church met him, and shaking him heartily by the hand, said playfully, in allusion to a joke of the day before, about "licensing" him to preach in his pulpit, "Now, Brother Hunter, I shall indeed always open my pulpit without hesitation to you." He communed in the afternoon with the church, and preached again in the evening; and, the congregations being very large, and the circumstance of such an accession to the body being peculiar, the day was long remembered as a high day in the annals of the Baxter Gate congregation.

In the following September, the Rev. W. Pickering, the pastor of Stoney Street church, was compelled through failing health to leave his ministerial engagements, for a month's residence at Bridlington; and Mr. Hunter, supplying the pulpit in his absence, afterwards received a cordial, and we believe, unanimous, invitation to become his co-pastor. With this request he complied; and remained in the full discharge of the duties of that office up to the period of Mr. Pickering's death. Prosperity appeared to attend the union; the congregations were large, the additions to the church numerous, and the establishment of branch causes in the surrounding villages went on at a rate which we believe is unrivalled in the history of the sister churches of the denomination.

The total number of members, we believe, in some years rose to between twelve and thirteen hundred. Nor ought it to be omitted from mention that the relations of the two pastors were marked by a degree of affection and harmony almost unexampled, and so remained till their separation by death, a record which reflects the highest honour on the memory of both.

(To be continued.)

THREE MONTHS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE "ATLANTIC FERRY" IN THE SUMMER OF 1866.

No. VI.—*Kaatskill Mountain and New England.*

ON leaving Montreal, we travelled through a considerable portion of the best cultivated of American States—the State of Vermont. Unfortunately, through an alteration in the steamboat hours of running, we found ourselves disappointed, with some other travellers, in not being able to relieve the tedium of a long railway journey by a pleasant voyage on Lake George, of whose beauties we had heard much. We stayed at Saratoga a couple of days. Its resources for killing time are many. We were a little too early in the season for its chief display of American fashionable life, which from all accounts far surpasses our own Brighton in flirtation and eccentric extravagance of dress. Of course we partook of its mineral waters. Just previously to our arrival, one of its largest hotels had been destroyed by fire. The salvage was on sale by auction. Saratoga Lake is about four miles distant. It affords good boating and fishing.

Our next brief sojourn was at the city of Albany, where we had a night's rest, but by no means a night's sleep. Our bedrooms at the Railway Hotel were within a few feet of the station. The shunting and bell ringing of the engines never ceased.

Early in the morning we went on board a fine river steamer to go down the Hudson. We stopped at the nearest station for the Kaatskill Mountains, the scene of Rip Van Winkle's mighty slumber. The weather was splendid. On landing, we found a coach in readiness to convey us to the Mountain House, a distance of ten miles. The ascent, after passing through the once sombre Dutch village whose fame has been so admirably preserved in Washington Irving's sketches, is steep and circuitous. "Sleepy Hollow" is about half way up the hill, and there, on that big stone by the roadside, thickly shaded with trees, the famous Rip slept his sleep of twenty years, as every Dutchman in the valley below can testify. The Mountain House at the summit is a large wooden chalet, beautifully situated, commanding a grand view of the valley of the Hudson River. Excur-

sions are made by most visitors to a waterfall about two miles distant. Possibly in winter this fall might present some few impressive features; but often in summer the only chance of seeing any water descend, is to send word beforehand to the keeper of the small hotel at its brink that you intend to pay him a visit. He will then dam up the upper water, and so, on your arrival, present you with a respectable cascade. A mere dribble was all that was descending from a considerable height, on the occasion of our visit. The ravine, however, was thickly wooded, and served for a pleasant morning's ramble. I was amused at the way in which American smartness had endeavoured to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*. On some of the rocks, and amid luxuriant ferns and wild flowers, one saw placarded in gigantic letters, advertisements of cheap clothing and other necessities, to be had at New York or elsewhere.

During our stay at the Mountain House, we were unexpectedly brought face to face with an American Institution, which happened to be out, like ourselves, for a holiday. If all American Institutions were as good looking, I do not know that much fault could be found with them. Just as we had taken our places at dinner the second day, in came about a score of young ladies, with a few young men, all evidently on the most free and easy terms with each other. We found on enquiry, that they constituted the mathematical, or some other class of the "Hudson River Institute." This is a College for young men and maidens, where they are taught, or as they expressed it, "study together." The students, so I was informed by one bright-eyed lassie, occupy separate compartments of the same building, but meet in the class room and at meals. On the latter occasion, they sit on opposite sides of the same table, and each student calls the gentleman or lady by whom he or she may be confronted, his or her "opposite." "Who is your opposite?" is a common college question. Happily for society, the opposition is often only temporary. I was assured by the

Principal, who was also of the party, that flirting was exceptional. He admitted that students not unfrequently married when their college course was finished, and added, "why not?"—a question which I could only meet with my own "why not, indeed?" As evening closed in, after watching the course of a grand thunderstorm rolling along in the valley, followed by a most gorgeous sunset, I became a little sceptical about the flirtation business. The Principal, good man, retired early to rest, whereupon the lads and lassies took possession of the spacious drawing room for a dance, and may be, I was too much under the influence of the exhilarating mountain air to observe with accuracy, but as I sat on the sofa, watching the animated scene, I could not but fancy that the Principal was a little out in his reckoning. Certainly, I shall not soon forget the humorous zest with which one of the waiters, a black man, played the fiddle for them, nor yet the sweet innocence with which one young girl informed me that "their's was a very religious institution, and that they never danced at home." I could not, even had I felt inclined, dispute her word, especially as she still further informed me that she had read all the first six books of Euclid, and was then tackling the eleventh or twelfth, I forget which. It was late before their merry laughter subsided; and it was early the next morning when the voices of some of them again awakened the echoes, for it seemed that one prime object of their visit to the Mountain House was to see the sun rise. And rise he did, in glorious splendour. Thanks to the echoes, I saw it too; and long before the day was half over, I no less felt it.

We left at seven a.m., to catch the Hudson River steamer for New York. The heat in the valley, and on board the boat, was fearful; but when we quitted the steamer in the afternoon, and found ourselves in the streets of New York, it was like entering a fiery furnace. However, we survived it. The scenery of the Hudson River has often been compared to that of the Rhine, and in some parts not unjustly, especially that portion of it which bears the name of the Palisades. West Point also, with its military college, is extremely beautiful.

We remained in New York a week.

It was on Saturday afternoon that we arrived, this time taking up our quarters at the Clarendon Hotel. The next morning I enquired for Fulton Ferry, and followed the crowd crossing to Brooklyn for the purpose of hearing Ward Beecher. I was fortunate in obtaining a seat without difficulty. A magnificent organ had just been erected, but was not quite ready for use. A very large choir sat in the gallery in front of it, who led the singing without instrumental music. I think I may almost say that this was the only church in which the singing was thoroughly congregational. We had no lady in full dress to sing a solo, as at Philadelphia, or any other eccentricity. Mr. Beecher, dressed as an American gentleman, with white waistcoat and black tie, came on to the platform, about five minutes before the service commenced. He sat down in his arm chair, and read sundry letters and notices which had been placed for him on the table. The service commenced punctually with a hymn of praise, and then followed selections from Scripture, and one of the most devout and comprehensive supplications I had ever heard. The sermon was calm and suggestive: portions of it were read, other portions delivered apparently at the inspiration of the moment. These were often somewhat too rhapsodical for my appreciation, especially an apostrophe to freedom, with allusions to the agony through which he had passed in bygone contests with slavery and slave-owners. On the whole I enjoyed the service much. I believe my companion was less fortunate in the evening, when the discourse was full of political declamation. As Mr. Beecher had announced that he would administer the ordinance of believers' baptism by immersion, on the following Friday evening, I again visited his church on that occasion. The first service was in a spacious lecture room. Some 300 or perhaps 400 persons were present. The character of the service was very social. One or two prayers were offered, and occasionally a letter read on some experimental or theological difficulty, to which Mr. Beecher replied with a few impromptu remarks. A very admirable address, touching upon the subject matter of the prayers, or the difficulties expressed by those who had

spoken, and delivered without rising from his seat, concluded this service. Those who chose to do so (comparatively very few) then adjourned to the chapel. In a short time the candidates appeared. Mr. Beecher simply addressed them, introducing a few words justifying the mode of administration, yet without enforcing it as imperative; and after offering prayer, immersed them, concluding with the benediction.

Whilst in New York, we gave one or two mornings to visiting the Public or "Common Schools," maintained by local rates, under the administration of local school boards. I was generally greatly delighted with the arrangements. The "smartness" of the education given was perhaps rather too prominent a feature of its character. No "religious difficulty" appeared to exist. Rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, the children of all sects and no sect, were seated by the side of each other, receiving the same instruction. The singing was excellent. My conviction was, that whilst the highest education obtainable in America may not equal the highest obtainable by the privileged classes in our own country, that obtainable by the poorest in America is vastly superior to any open to the poorest here; at least at present, though what the result of our recent legislation may be remains to be seen. The chief defect seemed to me to be a tendency to sacrifice moral to intellectual acquirements. I was present at an examination of elder girls, some of whom were almost young women, and I was not agreeably impressed with the *manner* in which they gave *vivâ voce* answers to the examiners. There was a pertness about it which was anything but ladylike. And speaking generally, I often felt that more attention to the graces of modesty in female character, and courteous respectfulness in the lads, would be a great advantage. These are the moral make-weights to American independence and self-reliance, requisite to adjust more accurately the educational methods of training. Tennyson's familiar words express what I mean:—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music ———"

I cannot omit an allusion to the beautiful Greenwood Cemetery at Brooklyn. It is a charming spot. The grounds

are laid out with great taste—fountains and flower beds forming a pleasing contrast to the sepulchral monuments. Many of these were very costly, and some extravagantly elaborate—too sublime by far. I observed that death is less invested with sombreness in America than with us. The absurd paraphernalia of black coaches and horses, feathers, hat-bands, scarfs, and such like undertakers' jobbery, were happily conspicuous for their absence in the funerals I happened to witness. One custom, however, seemed strange. I entered a church in New York during a funeral service. At the conclusion, the clergyman announced that the body of their departed sister would be removed to the vestibule, where a last farewell of the deceased could be taken. As I passed the coffin, thus placed, I found that the upper portion of its lid had been turned back, exposing the face of its occupant to view, which many stopped to kiss as they went out. The practice of embalming may render this exposure less objectionable than it would otherwise seem. I was informed that the upper portion of the coffin lid is often made of glass, so that the face can at any time be seen if desired, after interment. Usually, too, the lid is fastened with lock and key; and in one house I visited, my attention was directed to a glazed picture frame, lined with crimson velvet, and suspended against the parlour wall; and which contained only small keys, each placed upon a brass hook, with initials worked into the lining beneath it. These were the keys of the "casquets" containing the remains of deceased members of the family.

I was glad to escape from the heat of New York, and spend a few days with Dr. Lowell Mason, in his villa residence at Orange, New Jersey, and where, among other novelties in insect life, I saw at sunset the shrubs and lawn most beautifully bespangled with fire-flies.

On my return the city seemed more oppressive than ever. We resolved at once to travel northward. It appeared as if all New York had taken a similar resolution. Early on the last day of June, we started in a densely-crowded train for Northampton, Connecticut, spending a few hours at the venerable Yale College, Newhaven, on our way. "Most calm, most bright," was indeed the "blest day of God" we spent at

Northampton, the scene of Jonathan Edwards's labours. I worshipped with the representatives of his church. The old graveyard, a little way out of the town, is filled with memorial stones of deepest interest. We seemed in the midst of the Puritan dead, as the eye fell on one familiar name after another. Edwards himself was not buried here, but a tombstone is erected to his memory, as bald and unsentimental as the most rigid Puritan could desire. Its record is—"Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the American Divine; born Oct. 5, 1703; ordained colleague pastor with Rev. Solomon Stoddard, in this town, Feb. 15, 1727; dismissed June 22, 1750; died of small pox, in New Jersey, March 22, 1758." Underneath this inscription, on the same stone, another record is made, without any reason being assigned. It is—"Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., the Scotch Divine, and projector of the Free Church, died of apoplexy, May 30, 1847, in his 67th year. God is love." Close by is David Brainard's tomb, "a faithful and laborious missionary to the Stockbridge, Delaware, and Susquehannah tribes of Indians, who died in this town, 10 Oct., 1747, æt. 32." Also that of Jerusha Edwards, to whom he was engaged to be married. They died within six months of each other.

I enjoyed exceedingly the refreshing quiet and home-like scenery of Northampton. A fine view over the town and the windings of the River Connecticut is obtained from a steep ascent called Mount Holyoake. Its summit can be reached by a vertical railway.

Our next resting-place was Boston, which we reached on the eve of the 4th of July, the red letter day of American Independence. All the bells of the city began to ring at midnight, and continued with little cessation till their clanging was lost in the general stir and noise of a great public holiday. A grand procession of the Fire Brigade was the principal outdoor show. The large "Common" or Park was thronged with people. The order and enjoyment which prevailed contrasted favorably with similar *fêtes* at home. The streets were decorated with banners in rich profusion. The following are some of the mottos:—"No page in history shines brighter than that which bears the record of Bunker's Hill and Fanueil Hall." "Past renown and future

hopes," interwoven with stars and stripes. "Reader, within your view is the spot where fell the first martyrs in the cause of American Independence," On the reverse, "Boston Massacre, 5 March, 1770." "God bless the Union. It is dearer to us for the blood of our brave men shed in its defence." On the reverse—"The security of the Republic rests on the equality of human rights." "This day is sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind." "Never so much as now did we love our country."

An introduction to the Mayor obtained an invitation to accompany him to the Music Hall, where an oration was delivered by Dr. Lathorp. It was both able and temperate. The school children were also gathered together and entertained with amusements. The out-door fun, however, I expect, suited them best. It consisted largely in letting off "crackers." All day and all night this explosive form of patriotism was kept up. Boston escaped, on this occasion, with fewer fires than usual; but the next morning brought us the fearful intelligence that Portland was fast being burnt to the ground. A fortnight afterwards I saw the ruins, extending over many acres in the very heart of that beautiful city.

During my stay at Boston, I of course visited Harvard University, the "Cambridge" of New England, and also the Public Library and State House, and other spots of historical interest. A day was given to a pilgrimage to Plymouth, in New Hampshire, that I might stand on the shore where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. Oddly enough the rock, on which tradition says they first set foot, has been removed into the town and placed in front of a museum of pilgrim relics. An unfinished monument stands on the site of the rock. Near it was a piece of drapery, nailed upon a grain store, with these words inscribed, "Let us erect a monument where, spiritually, the first battle was fought, and the first victory gained, on the North-western Continent.

Hail the spot, our sires retreat!
Hail the waves that round them beat!
Hail the rock that bore their feet
When their wanderings ceased!"

One could hardly be surprised that the monument still hung fire if its erection depended upon the enthusiasm which such miserable rhyming as this was likely to kindle.

A government order, giving us admission to one of the largest of American prisons, having been obtained, we went in a small official steamer to see over it. It is situated on an island in Boston Harbour. The sleeping cells are placed in tiers, back to back, in the centre of a spacious hall, with iron bar doors, which can all be instantaneously opened or closed. The governor appeared an energetic man. He greatly amused us by the way in which he had met a charge of starving the female prisoners. He said he had had every woman weighed both on entering and on leaving the prison, and the result was—to use his own words—that "*last year he had made three tons of women!*" This, he considered, had fairly non-plused his accusers.

Excursions to Providence, Newport, Rhode Island, Salem, Lynn, and other New England towns or villages, were very agreeable. They had numberless features in common with old England. The land was well cultivated; the roads were good, the railways in better condition; and, above all, the people less "rowdy" and more under the restraints of genuine freedom. I enjoyed many a thoughtful ecclesiastical or political chat with gentlemen whose courtesy was always most obliging.

On our way from Boston to Portland we took the White Mountains. The scenery is grand, but not of the grandest. I ascended the highest peak, called Mount Washington, and slept at a little chalet on the summit, at an elevation of 6,000 feet, bearing the characteristic name of "the Tip-top House." The weather disappointed me, as both sunset and sunrise were concealed in a cold driving mist. A scheme was on the tapis for constructing a zigzag railway to the top, and there building a large hotel, and thus turning this fine mountain view into a convenient resort for American fashionable life. It may, by this time, have been done.

From Portland I went by steamer to St. John, New Brunswick—an ill-conditioned little city whose chief feature of interest is the rocky outlet of the St. John River into the harbour. A day's steaming on this fine river brought me to Fredericton, the seat of government. Here a quiet fortnight was passed in the family of a beloved relative. Many most agreeable rides and

walks were enjoyed on the river banks, or on the higher ground at the back of the town. The houses are mostly wooden, and the population small.

Returning to St. John by the only mode of conveyance, the river steamer, I crossed the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, in Nova Scotia. A thick fog prevailed the greater part of the voyage. It almost proved fatal to our steamer. Suddenly we felt the vessel keel considerably on one side. I started up to ascertain the cause, and through the dense cloud I could just see the faint outline of precipitous rocks, upon which we appeared steering. I had scarcely said, "why, we shall be ashore," when the figure head of our vessel struck them—but not violently, as we were already steaming astern. One or two of the passengers had prepared to jump off; but for this there was no occasion. Being in deep water we escaped a peril which for a few moments was very alarming. We had touched the headland of Cape D'Or. Very soon after we were in bright sunshine, with the fog bank scowling upon us only in the distance behind. Landing at Windsor, by no means "royal" in its aspect, we crossed Nova Scotia to Halifax by rail, passing one or two inland lakes with their immense ice houses erected on their banks. At Halifax we waited some twenty-four hours for the arrival of the good ship "Africa," visiting, in the interim, the arsenal and fortifications. She came in about one o'clock on a drizzly Friday morning (Aug. 3.) Our berths had been secured at Boston, and proved far more commodious than on the outward voyage. Fogs prevailed a good deal, but we were favoured with a few fine days. Such was our Sunday, when my honoured friend and companion (the Rev. W. Brock, D.D.) took the morning, and I the evening service. That day week we landed at Liverpool; and though no express train could have carried me home more swiftly, never did journey seem longer. The joyous greeting, however, which welcomed its happy termination soon made ample amends, for

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

R. H. MARTEN, B.A.

Lee, London, S.E.

[These six papers will probably be reprinted in the form of a small pamphlet.]

THE NEEDS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.*

BY A TEACHER OF SIXTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

THAT the actual results of teaching in Sunday schools in Nottingham and its suburbs have not realized the theory and proposed end of the institution, will appear from the annual statistics, which, when analyzed, show that three-fourths at least of all the inhabitants have received at some time or other, when between six and seventeen years of age, an average of four years' instruction in them, and have had the advantage, of course, of a like lengthened attendance on Divine worship. Thus a large proportion of three generations in succession have been at Sunday schools, including the greater part of the present parents. That the teaching has not been sufficiently thorough and efficacious, is shown by the present state and habits of an important part of the population. Large numbers in attendance is not a proof of proportionate usefulness.

The present educational movement is an appropriate occasion for revision of Sunday school plans. The following points are respectfully suggested as claiming serious consideration:—

1. That children under seven years of age should not be admitted into the regular Sunday school. But, if at all received, it should be into separate infant schools, managed by *trained* teachers.

2. The preparatory week-day instruction now to be given to the young, will render shorter hours of attendance at Sunday schools desirable for the children, who need the relaxation of the Sabbath; and to their teachers, for their own physical comfort and spiritual well-being.

3. Irregular attendance, whether of scholars or teachers, if prolonged, should be terminated by exclusion, after visitation or notice.

4. Smaller numbers and a more careful choice of scholars for each class, as to equality of aptitude and acquirement, would ensure more result with less labour to teacher and scholars.

5. If a sufficient number of well-qualified teachers cannot be obtained in any school, there should be no hesitation in lessening the number of scholars. Too much has always been attempted as to numbers in attend-

ance—too little thought of as to the consequent realized results.

6. Whether the appointment of teachers should be by the minister and church officers, or superintendent, subject to their adverse veto, is a serious question, to be decided upon in each case so as to secure the harmonious operations of the school with the religious body to which it is professedly attached.

7. A separate government of the school from within, by the body of teachers, is indefensible in principle, and generally fatal to harmony in practice.

8. Much, almost everything indeed, depends on the choice and influence of superintendents—their age, experience, wisdom, calm firmness mingled with love—securing the affections of teachers and respectful obedience of children.

9. The superintendent should be appointed by, or on behalf of, the church, and be responsible to it, making annual reports of the condition and progress of their schools and his opinion thereon.

10. Teachers should be selected more carefully than hitherto, so as to secure the piety, energy, and talent necessary for this department of Christian labour.

11. The desired success can only follow greater concentration of effort in communicating moral instruction to the younger scholars and religious truth to the older ones, in a calm and judicious, yet affectionate manner.

12. The same teacher should be present with his or her class on every Lord's-day, if possible. This seems indispensable to gaining the best results.

13. The classes, especially the more advanced, should, by being taught in separate class rooms, where possible, be so far separated from each other as that each one may pursue its own duty in quiet.

14. Order and obedience should be carefully and uniformly insisted upon.

15. Teachers should have practical knowledge of Divine truth, and be able to refer with facility to the more important texts, historical facts, and doctrines contained in the Bible—especially the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Gospels. HE was the model instructor for all aftertimes.

16. Brevity, variety, simplicity, and

* This paper has been sent to us by a friend, in view of the Conference on Sunday Schools at the Association.

love to the children and young persons, each and all, who attend the school, will make the exercises so attractive as to supply and keep it full. This would render any canvassing for children needless—a practice that has but little to recommend it.

17. Then, for more efficient Sunday school instruction, there should be—Shortened hours of attendance, and so avoid weariness and a vitiated atmosphere. Short lessons and hymns, so selected as to be attractive and easily committed to memory; to form an invaluable fund of wisdom and comfort in after life to the scholars. Short addresses—seven to ten minutes—specially adapted to the youthful mind and feelings; its duties and dangers, its hopes and its fears. And short, solemn, sympathizing prayers; taking the children as far as possible with the speaker to the Great Father's feet (as well as their parents, brothers, and sisters) to obtain His effectual blessing. Thus sending them in peace to their homes, avoiding the noise and riotous play now too prevalent on dismissal.

18. The visits of teachers to the homes and parents of the young people under their charge, are of the utmost importance, in engaging home example and influence to second the instruction given at the Sunday school, and bringing to divine worship in the house of God the parents, as well as their children. If largely and judiciously carried out, this system would, in time, most materially assist in counteracting disregard to parental and public authority, and the evil influences at work in every direction, enticing to dissipation and crime.

19. As Sunday schools are not intended to be reformatories from criminal courses, but means of prevention, a constant watch should be kept against the coming in of young thieves and others of confirmed evil habits to corrupt the rest. This, in large towns especially, is no imaginary or slight evil. Once infected, a school may not be entirely freed from the pernicious influence for months or years. Sunday schools have hitherto been supplied with many scholars taken from the youth who otherwise would have had little or no instruction, except in vicious habits and practices, by constant intercourse, during six days of the week, with immorality and crime.

No wonder the counteractive influence of the Sunday teaching has been so small. From inquiries in a number of large gaols it has been ascertained that three-fourths of the prisoners had on an average four years' instruction in Sunday schools. In Manchester gaol, out of 649 prisoners, 593 had been scholars; and in another, out of 724 prisoners, 84 had been Sunday school teachers. But all children are now to be taken out of factories, fields, and streets, and placed under indirect, if not direct moral teaching the other six days of the week. This will be a vast step gained in favour of Sunday school Bible instruction, and the consequent increased morality and piety which are its hoped-for outcome.

20. We can now see that the glowing promises made seventy years ago, and often afterwards, of a general reformation in manners and elevation in morals of the mass of society through Sunday schools, have not yet been verified to the degree desired. There is good reason to believe, however, that weeds will no longer be sown in sixfold proportion to that of good seed; and that those weeds that do appear, will be carefully and constantly plucked up from this better prepared ground, so that its fruitfulness may be secured, and the much desired harvest in due time realized.

21. Whether Sunday schools are becoming better managed and more efficiently taught—with proportionate results—cannot be easily ascertained. The visitations or inspections hitherto devised and periodically carried on over a network of schools, have been generally failures—annual reports of numbers and expenditure, and little more. Christian churches, alive to the importance of Sunday schools, will show far more interest in them than hitherto, and will require in future that their day schools shall be introductory to their Sunday schools; and that the latter, by some course of periodical, competent, testing examinations, shall give evidence that sound Scriptural knowledge is being imparted, and the love and practice of truth and holiness enforced. How, when, and by whom such examinations should be carried on and reports of them made, are points which present great difficulty. They may well be the subjects of much thought, enlarged experience, and free conference among the wise-hearted of the true friends of these institutions.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. V.—*Leicester and London.*

BY B. BALDWIN.

ANOTHER of the earliest of our Sunday schools is that in connection with Friar Lane Chapel, Leicester. This school, the first dissenting Sunday school in Leicester, was opened in 1796, and it held a very high position in the estimation of other schools in this district for many years, mainly owing to its zealous and intelligent superintendent, Mr. Frederick Deacon, son of the Rev. John Deacon, then pastor of the church. Its first printed regulation is to this effect: "The number admitted shall not at present exceed 40, including boys and girls!" Applications for admission were so numerous that this number was soon extended to 70; and then the rooms they used were too small, while the applications rapidly multiplied, the difficulty of accommodation necessitated enlargement of school-rooms, and while this was being done a large room was engaged, but as soon as the school could return to its own premises, it commenced a gradual progression, until in 1824 there were 400 scholars and 40 teachers, besides which a branch school was conducted in Abbey Gate, containing 50 scholars. The small size of the chapel at that date was such, that only one-half the number of children could attend public worship at the same time, and the enlarged school-rooms became so crowded that a room was rented in High Street, where 70 of the senior scholars met; these were afterwards removed to Freeschool Lane, until in 1828 a room was built in Oxford Street, at a cost of £200, raised chiefly by the teachers and scholars. Ultimately the schools were again merged into one, and in 1846 suitable rooms were erected at a cost of £700. An "old scholars'" tea meeting was held in December of the same year, at which it was stated by the chairman, the late Rev. S. Wigg, that 10 persons who were once scholars in the school were then regular ministers, and others were engaged in village preaching. The Revs. J. Lewitt and J. Finn were also scholars here. The school last year contained 480 scholars, with 42 teachers. Now there are 500 scholars and 50 teachers. Our Magazine for 1798 records that on 13th July a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Prowitt, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and that the sum collected was £12 ls. 7d. A hymn of somewhat dramatic character, composed for and sung on the occasion, is there preserved. In the early stages of the school's existence, various punishments were inflicted for bad conduct—keeping frequently without meals—and for the

more incorrigible an instrument was used called "*the log*." This was a round piece of wood, about the size of an ordinary cheese, having a hole in the centre for the ankle; it was divided across, and opened with an iron hinge on one side, and fastened with a latch on the other: this was worn round the ankle various lengths of time, according to the enormity of the offence. There were also "*shackles*" in use, when four or five required to be chastised at the same time; this was composed of several circular pieces of iron, fitting round the ankles; the boys were then placed in a row, and a rod run through holes in the ankle bands, and fastened with a screw nut at each end. The log and shackles proved failures, and about 40 years ago the former made a good fire, and the latter disappeared very mysteriously! If they are not, they ought to be, in the British Museum, or in that at Leicester. Rewards were given for early attendance and good conduct, by tickets which had a money value of 2d. per dozen, for which the teachers were responsible; and most miscellaneous goods could be and were purchased with them, such as books, spoons, earrings, &c.! In 1828, when new school-rooms had to be paid for, the teachers could no longer support this system of rewards. The first scholar in a class would sometimes have the honour of wearing a medal through the day; public dismissions of proficient scholars were frequent, and a Bible presented to them, with the invitation for them to remain as monitors or assistant teachers, until they could be received into the regular teachers' ranks. When the school was first opened, the girls wore white caps and tippets! Writing was taught until 1835. A Sunday school holiday treat has been regularly provided for the scholars on the race days, on which occasions, up to about 35 or 40 years ago, the children were each regaled with plum cake, apples, and a *mug of beer*, and then sent home!

Although the Sunday school at ANCH-DEACON LANE is one of the largest in the Connexion, having, with its branch school at Belgrave, no less than about 900 scholars; it still does not appear to have anything of a very special character in its history, except this excellent testimony from the lips of the esteemed pastor, that "the staple and bone of the church have come from the school." Its growth was almost *nil* from 1840 to 1850, but in 1860 it had increased to 690, and now there are about 900. The Revs. R. and Thos.

Stanion, and Thos. Yates, were scholars in this school.

DOVER STREET school seems to have had considerable variation in numbers, due to the fact that several new chapels and schools, two or three church Sunday schools, and one *Sunday and week-day church school* (and we know what that implies) having been opened in or near the locality since 1835. Of former scholars, five are pastors, two missionaries now living, and one of them still in the field of labour; one is a surgeon, another a solicitor, two are temperance missionaries, and one an acceptable preacher in Scotland; three others are local preachers, four are manufacturing proprietors, and many others are known to be in respectable and responsible positions in society—not a few of them in America and Australia. The Revs. J. J., T., and J. O. Goadby were scholars in this school.

In Jones's memoir of the Rev. Rowland Hill, an account is given of the opening of the first Sunday school in London, under his auspices, in connection with Surrey Chapel, about the year 1784; but I cannot find, after long search in our denominational records, that the General Baptists of London paid any attention to these institutions, for very many years afterwards. At the London Conference, held April 13, 1803, "the meeting recommended a diligent attention to the instruction of the rising generation." And when the Conference was assembled at Great Suffolk Street, April 17, 1811, it was reported that at Berkhamstead, a Sunday school had been instituted, which appeared encouraging. The four Sunday schools in connection with our four London churches—Church Street, Commercial Road, Borough Road, and Praed Street, contain now about 1000 scholars, with 100 teachers. The Sunday school at Commercial Road (which church dates back to 1657) was not established until about 50 years ago: a goodly number have joined the church from it. The Rev. C. Clarke, formerly at our College, now of Melbourne, Australia, was a scholar in this school, as also was the Rev. J. P. Hopps.

It appears that in 1797 a few thoughtful and earnest young men met together at NOTTINGHAM, for the purpose of mutual improvement. At one of their meetings the question was discussed—"What is there we can do to benefit those around us?" One proposed they should study medicine as a means of carrying out their benevolent desires. Another proposed they should commence a Sunday school, to instruct poor ignorant children to read, &c. This latter proposition, as the one offering the shortest out to usefulness, was at once adopted. On the very next Sun-

day they commenced the Sunday school, with 30 poor children, in the parlour of the house of Mrs. Bull, Crown Yard, Long Row. The names of these young men who thus founded the school were, George Bull, John Lindley, Thomas Brooks, Thos. Roberts, senr., Matthew Atkinson, and Edward Morley. As several of them were connected with the General Baptist church, they decided occasionally to take the scholars to their place of worship. Soon, however, for lack of room in the chapel, only half the number of scholars were allowed to attend at a time. The school rapidly increased beyond the accommodation of the parlour which was its birth-place. Mr. Robert Goodacre therefore lent them his school-room in Parliament Street. This was soon too small, and Mr. Heard, one of the church members, freely lent them two large rooms in his warehouse in Hockley. (This was the father of the late John Heard, Esq.) After this, it was again removed to rooms in Pilcher Gate. In 1802 the school contained 300 scholars; in 1803, 372 scholars. In 1801 there were 160 scholars, and on March 22nd, some of them were examined in the presence of the congregation, in D. Taylor's catechism, acquitting themselves with great credit both to scholars and teachers; and specimens of their handwriting were handed among the congregation. The Rev. Mr. Alliott, Independent minister, preached on the occasion, and the first public collection was made in support of the school. The claims and importance of the school became so pressing that special exertion was demanded to provide for its better and permanent accommodation; these claims were met in a spirit of laudable Christian enterprise, for in 1811 school-rooms were erected in Duke's place, adjoining the chapel, at a cost of about £600, including the site, and there for many years past a school has been taught, containing more than 400 scholars. Now, I am glad to say, our friends are in possession of new and still more commodious premises for carrying on this great and important work. At this time (1811), there were in Nottingham and the neighbourhood 15 G. B. Sunday schools, with 200 teachers and 1837 scholars. Thirty years ago, it was estimated that 200 young persons had been gathered from the school into the church; and in 1842, the church reported to the Association held in London, that of the members then composing the Stoney Street church, not less than 120 had been scholars in their Sunday school; at the same time it should be remembered, there was the Broad Street Sunday school, with 40 scholars and 50 teachers, rejoicing in the fact that several of the teachers and scholars had been added to the church

during the year, and others were inquiring what they must do to be saved.

It was the custom of the teachers of this school to assemble all the scholars above the age of ten years, in the evening of the Lord's-day, for special instruction in religious subjects; and they had many pleasing proofs that their labours were not

in vain. They would also meet on the week evenings, with such of the elder scholars whose hearts were religiously impressed, to read the Scriptures and pray with them; not seeking to attach them to any party, but sincerely desiring their conversion to God.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. VI.—*Plodding with Eyes Open.*

WE had scarcely got to the end of the little business which had led me over to the Holtons, and partly induced me to stay so long, when Mrs. Holton, who was manifestly very anxious to know what we had been so eagerly discussing, looked over to me and said, "and pray, sir, may we not hear what you were so gravely talking about when we arrived? I fancy the topic was one of some importance, for I noticed that Frank and Cissy seemed a little disconcerted when we came in. Come, let us into your secret." Thinking that it would hardly be safe to trust either Richard, Frank, or Cissy to report our chit-chat, lest they should put a little colouring into it, according to any preferences that might be cherished, I at once gave a short account of our familiar talk on plodding as opposed to genius; and when I had done Mr. Holton, who I should say is not only a man of wide business experience, but also of bright parts, considerable culture, and shrewd common sense, said, "Don't you think you must do something else besides plod, if you are to gain success in any worthy enterprise. It is of no use plodding, morning, noon, and night, with your eyes shut. Dulness, even though it works for ever, will not accomplish very much. A mole is a persevering worker, but he builds a very poor house. A man must be quick-witted, as well as of a firm and constant will; must have brightness and sharpness, as well as force, or his perseverance and application will not carry him very far after all. I have often seen one youth outstrip another and leave him utterly behind in the race, merely because he knew how to turn to advantage a favourable opportunity, and could not only strike the iron, but could see when the iron was at a white heat, and reserve his strength till the use of it would tell the most. Readiness is a grand quality in life. Eyes open and wits awake, and then plod away, and genius, with all its flash and splendour, will never get far ahead of you."

"And do you know, papa," said Cissy, "I often think that what we call genius is nothing more than extraordinary quickness and trueness of perception, or as you

say, eyes always open and the mind always ready to turn everything to account for realizing the end we have in view. The poet, for example, is one who sees truth and beauty in everything, in fields and flowers, in sorrow and joy, in youth and age, and he labours to express the truth he sees in language that pleases the ear, and gains a quick and easy passage to the mind. He really owes his power to his quickness and wisdom in seeing what is worth seeing."

"Capital, Cissy, and worthy of a 'blue-stocking,'" replied Richard, who seemed to think that he saw a loop-hole in the argument through which he might pass a word or two in favour of his notion, that success was not only and wholly due to work, and was anxious to take advantage of it. "But do you think it is all quickness of wits? Is not something due to the fact that these successful men are placed where there is something favourable to be seen? Wordsworth finds by accident a little girl, who tells a plaintive story of a family that is partly on earth and partly in heaven, and he simply tells out the tale again in the pleasing and pathetic poem, 'We are seven,' and that one effort makes him famous. In fact, men are favoured by circumstances, and thereby climb to success, and then others put down to bard work what is really owing to a 'happy hit,' or to a bold and fortunate venture, or indeed to accident pure and simple."

"Accident, indeed!" cried out Frank, with all the impetuosity of his spirit, and with not a little contempt in his look and tone, "I should like to know who would care to trust to accident for a week's dinners; and yet you might as well do so as expect to get anything worth having by mere 'good luck,' or a spin at the wheel of fortune. You trust to accident for success, and you will very likely find yourself accidentally lodged in a workhouse, or perhaps successfully protected in a prison."

"You wait a bit, Frank, I had not done. Let me finish what I was about. I was going to say, we have all heard of the Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park. Well,

Sir Joseph Paxton, I have been told, actually sketched the first design for that great Palace of Glass on a piece of blotting paper in the waiting room of the Midland Station at Derby. He was not at home labouring in his study, but travelling when the idea flashed across his mind which took shape in the Crystal Palace. Was not that very much like accident?"

"That is, I must say," chimed in Mr. Holton, "a somewhat unfortunate illustration, for only the other day I heard of a lecture given by Sir Joseph Paxton himself, before the Society of Arts, in which he positively affirmed that the plan of the Palace was by no means a sudden idea or a blaze of genius, but the result of much painstaking and patient elaboration; and that in fact, the building which astonished everybody, and left all the professional architects far behind, cost him long years to construct."

"Still," said Mrs. Holton, eager, woman-like, to protect the weak, and to cover the retreat of her son Richard, "it must be admitted that accident *seems* to have had much to do with many of the inventions made by men of science, and with the success of some men of business; as, for example, our friends the Mistons, who could not succeed at all in this part of the town, but are doing well over in Hammersmith. Sir Joseph Paxton might have laboured long at such a building while he was the Duke of Devonshire's gardener, but suppose there had been no International Exhibition, where then had been his success? Moreover, I believe the apple that fell at Sir Isaac Newton's feet is credited with some share in the great discovery of the law of gravitation. Isn't it, sir?"

"Undoubtedly, but with what share? It is only a seeming share, and not a real one, for apples had been falling to the earth from the days of Adam, and men had known it; but then, they had not the quick wit, nor the keen and cultured intelligence to detect the law that was exemplified in the circumstance. The difference was not in the accident—the falling apple; it was in Newton, the observer. He looked at the event with a mind cultivated by years of profound and diligent study; a mind prepared to turn a common circumstance into a means of arriving at a general law; and the marvel about the Exhibition was this: that when such a building was wanted, that gardener at Chatsworth was the only man in all England who had so far trained his mind, and so mastered the business of glass-house constructing, in which he was partly engaged, that he could supply that want, and turn it to advantage. You may see the same sort of thing in many other

discoveries. It was the observation of a spider at work, spinning his silken threads, and creating his bridges from twig to twig, that led to the Suspension Bridges over the Thames and the Menai Straits. Brunel found in the varnished perforations made by a tiny shipworm, his plans for the construction of the tunnel that runs under our great river; and Galileo, when only eighteen years of age, got the idea of the pendulum, as a means of measuring time, from a lamp swinging in the cathedral of Pisa."

"But," said Frank, "how came they to see so much where so many people had seen nothing?"

"Doubtless because they had been plodding with their eyes open, as your father says. They had sought to discover truth by means of observation, and therefore, when the favourable event was before them, they could do what the untrained mind could not do, make use of it. Fortune, it is said, favours the brave, but they must be brave; so accidents favour those who are in a position to turn them properly to account. Dr. Chalmers was riding on a stage coach on one occasion, and seeing the driver whip one of the horses to prevent his taking fright at an object in the distance, at once resolved the matter into one of his best sermons, called "the expulsive power of a new affection." So Handel caught the idea of one of his great choruses from the ring of a blacksmith's hammer and anvil. The habit of observing must be cultivated very diligently. You must aim to be sharp, to use all your faculties, and to keep using them, if you would really succeed. Opie, the great painter, was asked once, what he mixed his colours with? and he replied, 'I mix them with brains, sir.' That's it, with brains, sir. Plod on with the eyes ever open, the whole mind wide awake, and the worthy goal aimed at will really come nearer and nearer every day, even though you may have to wait long before you actually touch it. Life is like the ascent of a hill. We are at a spot half-way between the foot and the summit. Some are before us, some behind. There are many and devious paths. Some go straight up to the top, making constant and undeviating progress. Others go up a little way, and then turning back, go down, and then have to retrace their steps, and climb again. We should always be climbing higher and higher, and never wasting our little time in retracing wrong or heedless steps."

"This talk reminds me," said Mr. Holton, "of a story I once read. 'A gentleman was travelling in the northern part of Ireland, and passing a school-house, thought he would enter and see what was

going on. The boys were spelling. One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the visitor. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at this answer, and seeing that the teacher was so stern and rough that the more timid nearly lost all heart with him, he said a few words to them, and then placing his hand on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said—"One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the

author of a well-known Commentary on the Bible; a great and good man, beloved and honoured. That boy was afterwards

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

This then seems to me to be what is necessary. Try, try to observe, and keep on trying. Plod away, eyes ever open, and will ever firm; and any success that is worth having, and that God approves, will be sure to come sooner or later; and even if it should not come, I know you would say, sir, the simple-hearted and honest effort to gain it will be its own reward."

"That is it," said I; but as the bell rang for supper, we had to hie away to enjoy it, Frank and Cissy extorting a promise from me as we went down stairs, that I would not be very long before I came over for another "talk."

J. CLIFFORD.

Poetry.

HYMN FOR YOUNG SINGERS.

(Waiting for Music.)

HARK! for a voice to the children is calling,
Sweetly and tenderly saying—"Ascend,
Come where the spray of the river is falling
Brightly with shadowless glory to blend."

CHORUS.

Jesus, we listen,
Jesus, we come,
Smiling and singing
We follow Thee home.

Always we hear it when sunbeams are shining;
Somehow its music is mixed with the light;
Softly it whispers when day is declining,
"Come to the kingdom that knoweth no
night."

Heard is that voice when the flowers are up-
springing,
Welcomed by leaves as their beautiful brides,
Ereplay.

Still it is saying, when birds have ceased singing,
"Come where the spring everlasting abides."

Of as we gather with loved-ones partaking
Mercies that flow from a Saviour above,
Sweetly it speaks of a banquet He's making,
Crowned with His presence and bannered
with love.

While we are singing, and when we are praying,
Gently is falling its beautiful tone—
"Rise little children," it seems to be saying,
"Worship the Lamb in the midst of the
throne."

Why should you weep when the children are
dying,
Jesus is calling us, how can we stay?
What does it mean, but our sorrow and sighing
Fleeing for ever and ever away?

E. H. JACKSON.

THOUGHTS

Suggested on seeing a beautiful engraving representing our Lord sitting at eventide by the way-side alone, underneath which were written these everliving words, "The foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

GREAT SAVIOUR! can it be That Thou alone art sitting there,
No earthly creature caring Thy forced solitude to share?
Thou didst for man leave heaven—mysterious love and grace—
And man turns from his Lord and offers him no dwelling-place.

There! when forsaken by the world, not where to lay Thine head,
Hasting from every earthly scene, to that I would be led,
And placing garments round Thy form to shelter Thee, then bring
The choicest viands, luscious fruits, pure water from the spring.

And when refreshed with these good gifts—good for by Thee first given—
I'd long to feed upon Thy words, my God! my guide to heaven!
Then pray Thee to accept my home; there, Saviour, shouldst Thou know
How I would serve and worship Thee—Love could not let Thee go.

Whalley Range, Manchester.

Reviews.

THE AFTER LIFE. By Rev. Isaac Jennings. *Stock.*

ARE "the gates ajar?" If so, to what extent? Is it possible to obtain clear and distinct ideas of the after life, of the present and future condition of those whom the Lord has taken to be with Himself? We have seen no better answer to these questions than this treatise by Mr. Jennings. It has the merit of being a reverent and searching examination of the revealed will of God upon this subject, and is as refreshing and healthy in its tone as it is full and thorough in its investigations. The object of the work is to show the scriptural view of the after life in its three successive states; that after life being regarded as itself progressive, and rising at different epochs from a lower to a higher degree of perfection. The traces of the doctrine of a future life contained in the Old Testament are clearly arranged and succinctly expounded in the first essay. The next deals with the difficult subject of the condition after death of the saints of God who lived before the incarnation and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus. Their state is proved to be one of imperfection and of waiting. The pre-Christian saints were not in heaven, but in *Sheol, Hades*, or what our forefathers called *hell*, the under-world, the prison-house mentioned by Peter. They were without the veil. But after His sacrifice was offered Christ went and preached to these spirits, proclaimed the opening of the prison-doors to them that were bound, and their advent into heaven. So that they, with all succeeding saints, *i. e.*, with those forming the Christian church, should together be made perfect by Him who "first opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." The writer maintains that there was no entrance into heaven before the death of Christ. The *forerunner* led the way in order to prepare a place for his disciples, and to welcome to that place those who, like Abraham and Simeon, had longed for the consolation of Israel. This subject is also further illustrated by appendices, one of which, on the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, shows that Christ spoke of the state of the dead under the old, and not as under the new economy. For both the rich man and Lazarus went to the same spirit world, although occupying distinct departments of it, marked off from each other by a great gulf, so that there was no passing or repassing by any who might desire it. They were in *Sheol*, and occupied places adjacent to each other, although one was in "torment" and the

other in "comfort." But we must pass on, merely adding that the same views, in many respects, may be found handled in an able manner in a sermon by the Rev. James Stratten on "the Intermediate State."

The third essay is on "Heaven, or the Saints with Christ." In this it is shown that Hades does not exist for believers, but that they pass at once from the body to be "present with the Lord." The disembodied spirits of all believers *immediately* enter upon the joys of the heavenly state. There is no stage of unconsciousness. This section, with the appendices bearing upon it, supplies an unanswerable refutation of the views of Dr. Whately on the sleep of the soul in the intermediate state.

The closing essay deals with the Resurrection as completing and perfecting the bliss of the redeemed in heaven. The resurrection body is shown to be incorruptible, spiritual, powerful and glorious, and the numerous ways in which, at the date of the resurrection, there will occur a positive increase of the blessedness of the saints, are forcibly described. This earth having been regenerated, is clearly destined, according to scripture, to be the future abode of the completely glorified church.

And what about the future state of the wicked? On this we have but one brief note, in which the author states the way in which this solemn and uncongenial topic should be approached; and a second in which he intimates that he may take up this question at a future time. We shall gladly welcome, from so temperate, reverential, and devout a writer, a contribution on this subject.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF HENRY CRAIGIE, W.S. By Rev. W. Watson. *Edinburgh: J. Menzies & Son.*

CHRISTIAN stewardship is forcibly illustrated in these reminiscences of Mr. Craigie, in the source from whence it springs, the spirit in which it should be undertaken, and in some of the results which attend it, both during life and after death. The generous and beneficent spirit of this large-hearted Christian man found in enormous wealth an abundant opportunity for aiding every good work; and set forth in his life what may be achieved for God and men by those who, having riches, have also their hearts sanctified by God's grace to make a right use of them. The work is divided into three portions—the first containing biographic incidents and reminiscences of his life and labours; the second, the observations of the press upon

his career; and the third, memorials gathered from the Resolutions of Public Institutions he had assisted.

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 APOSTOLIC MISSIONS. By J. Angus, D.D.
Yates & Alexander.

THIS is one of the sermons preached this year for the Baptist Missionary Society. It produced a profound impression at the time of delivery. The peculiar interest of the discourse centres in the forcible manner in which Dr. Angus shows that the

gospel might be preached to every creature in ten years. It is a remarkable production, and should be read by all believers in the command of Christ, "Preach the gospel to every creature."

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 RECEIVED.—Appeal—Baptist Messenger—Bye-paths in Baptist History, Part II.—Biblical Museum, Part V.—Church—Congregational Miscellany—Hive—Old Jonathan—Sword and Trowel—Sunday Magazine—The Popular Literature of Ritualism. By Rev. J. Rippon.

Church Register.

THE PETERBORO' ASSOCIATION.

ALL intending delegates and visitors should apply for accommodation to the Rev. T. Barrass, Peterborough, on or before June 7.

CHAPELS.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—The Baptist chapel in this town was built in 1862, at a cost of £1,610. After the opening services there remained a debt of £350; this was reduced by a bazaar last September to £139. A large quantity of goods remained unsold. During the last four months the ladies of the congregation have had their weekly sewing meetings. The Countess of Loudoun again kindly lent the use of the Bath Rooms for a bazaar, and on Wednesday, May 10, the goods were offered for sale. The teas at the sewing meetings, and a few sales of goods prior to the bazaar, with two or three subscriptions, had yielded £20 17s. 10½d. The sum of £100 was taken in the Bath Rooms on Wednesday. On the following evening the goods left were sold by auction in the school-room for £17 5s. 5d., making £138 3s. 3½d. The expenses of the bazaar and interest due on the debt still left a deficit of £21. But on Sunday evening, after the service, the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., detained his congregation to make the gratifying announcement that this sum had been secured by subscriptions, making a total of £159 3s. 1¼d.—that the building was the Lord's, presented to Him by His servants as their free-will offering; and after the expression of a hope that the Divine presence might fill the place, making it the home of His children, and the birth-place of many souls, the minister and congregation joined heartily in singing the doxology, and all went home with gladness of heart. In nine years the church has

raised for their Ashby and Packington chapels £1,976 12s., and now both are entirely free from debt.

DERBY, *St. Mary's Gate*.—The anniversary services of this place of worship were held on Sunday, April 30, and Monday, May 1. Sermons were preached on Sunday by Mr. Henry Varley, of London. In the afternoon the children connected with the various schools of the Baptist denomination assembled in the chapel, when Mr. Varley conducted a "Scholar's Service," his motto being, "Feed my lambs." On Monday a tea-meeting was held in the school-rooms, when upwards of three hundred persons sat down to tea. The tables were elegantly decorated by a large number of stove plants, &c., kindly lent by Mr. Frettingham. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, the Rev. H. Crassweller, B.A., in the chair. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Ollard, F.S.A., (Congregationalist), J. Stevenson, M.A., J. S. Fordham (Wesleyan), T. Goadby, B.A., and Mr. Varley. The collections and proceeds of tea amounted to £80, which was devoted to the reduction of the debt on the chapel. Mr. Varley continued his labours in the town during the week, preaching on Tuesday evening at Osmaston Road chapel; on Wednesday evening at Traffic Street chapel (Primitive Methodist); Thursday evening, King Street chapel (Wesleyan); and concluding on Friday evening at St. Mary's Gate chapel. Immense congregations attended all the services. Many were impressed with their need of a Saviour, and it is hoped much lasting good was done.

[Let all our churches try to get a visit from Mr. Varley.—ED.]

LEICESTER, *Dover Street*.—The anniversary services were held on Easter Sunday. Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., preached morning and

evening, and Dr. Haycroft in the afternoon. The collections were above the average.

MISTERTON, Notts.—On Lord's-day, April 30, two anniversary sermons were preached, afternoon and evening, by Messrs. Lovelee and Bailey, Wesleyan ministers, of Gringley. On Monday, May 1, a public tea was provided in the chapel; and afterwards a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was crowded, when spirit stirring addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Stutterd of Crowle, J. J. Dalton of Retford, G. Richardson of Kirton Lindsey, J. Willey (Wesleyan) of Retford, J. Bampton (Independent) of Retford, and W. Waying (Independent) of Gainsborough. The chair was occupied by Mr. G. G. Lee, of Misterton, who a few days before was elected churchwarden of the parish, although a Baptist.

NORTHALLERTON.—A bazaar in aid of the General Baptist chapel in this place will be held in Mr. Clay's long room on June 6 and 7. Addresses will be delivered on Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, by the Revs. W. Gray of Birchcliffe, and P. W. Grant of Darlington.

SAWLEY.—Our chapel having been closed seven weeks to undergo considerable alteration and improvement, was re-opened on Sunday, April 30th. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Fletcher, of Lenton. On the following day 140 sat down to tea. Afterwards the Rev. E. H. Jackson, of Ripley, delivered one of his popular lectures, which appeared to be highly appreciated. The interior of the chapel has been modernized, including a baptistry, a new harmonium, &c., the total cost of which will be about £140, towards which £75 has been realized.

WALSALL.—On Monday, May 15th, our bazaar was opened, and continued the two following days from two p.m. till ten o'clock. We opened by singing, reading, prayer, and an appropriate address by the pastor. We had no lottery, no selling on the last day for half price. We had a band of music the first day, and the piano and choir the other two days. The bazaar was held in the Temperance Hall. We had seven ladies stalls, all well furnished and tastefully decorated; tradesman's stall, children's and refreshment stall, filled the hall. It has proved a success. We have taken over £294. Many goods left unsold, for we had about £400 worth. At the close of each day we sung, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and prayed. It is our first bazaar in connection with the church here. We have all enjoyed it amazingly, and many felt sad when it was ended. We are now persuaded that a bazaar can be conducted with success on principles in full harmony with the gospel of Christ.

SCHOOLS.

LONG EATON.—On Lord's-day, April 23, our annual sermons in support of the Sabbath school were preached by Mr. Parkes, of Chilwell College. The congregations were unusually large (both services), many being unable to gain admission, in addition to upwards of seventy being in the school-room. Collections, £8 9s. 9d., being in excess of any former year. On the Monday following the children had their annual treat. After tea they retired into thecroft adjoining the chapel, kindly lent by Mrs. Bonsall, where they enjoyed themselves very much at all sorts of innocent games. Tea was afterwards provided for friends, to which a goodly number sat down.

SHEFFIELD, Cemetery Road.—On Sunday, May 14, the anniversary services of the Baptist Sunday school in this place were held, and sermons preached in aid of the school funds, in the morning by the Rev. J. Barrans (Baptist), and in the evening by Rev. J. P. Gledstone (Ind.) In the afternoon a service of song was held, presided over by the Rev. Giles Hester. On Monday a lecture was delivered on "Roger Ascham, the learned Yorkshireman, Queen Elizabeth's schoolmaster, and the friend of Lady Jane Grey," by the Rev. Giles Hester. The chair was taken by the Master Cutler, W. Bragge, Esq. Collections were made after each service, amounting to £31. The schools number 485 scholars, taught by 45 teachers, and are in a very prosperous condition.

MINISTERIAL.

REV. J. P. BARNETT, late of Circus Road chapel, Birmingham, and author of "Helps to Faith and Life," has undertaken the pastorate of the church at Longford, Warwickshire.

BAPTISMS.

BELTON.—April 23, four, by Mr. Stevenson, of Castle Donington.

HITCHIN.—April 30, four, by J. H. Atkinson.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—Seven, by W. Jarrom.

LONDON, Praed Street.—May 3, three, by J. Clifford.

LONGTON.—April 26, six, by H. Wood.

PETERBOROUGH.—April 30, five, by T. Barras.

PORTSEA.—May 4, three, by R. Y Roberts.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—May 10, six, by W. March.

Total number of baptized as reported
in second quarter, 1870. 209
Fourth quarter, 1871 179

CHILWELL COLLEGE.

THE Treasurer will feel greatly obliged if the friends of the institution will kindly favour him with their collections and subscriptions before the 13th of June.

MRS. MEE'S FUND.

Received by Alderman Wilkinson—	
Rev. W. Hill, Barton Fabis, Ather-	£ s. d.
stone	4 15 0
Rev. C. Springthorpe, Heptonstall	
Slack	1 0 0
Rev. G. Heston	1 11 0

Obituaries.

FOUR honoured and useful members of the General Baptist church at Vale, near Todmorden, have during the last year exchanged life for immortality. They were all spared to a good old age, and had all been long in Christ. They were all converted and added to the church under the ministry of the Rev. John Midgley, of Shore, and for many years continued in fellowship with that church, until in 1851 they, with some others, withdrew to form the church at Vale.

JOHN CRABTREE, who died May 11, 1870, in his 82nd year, was a deacon of the church. He had naturally a strong and well-balanced mind, possessed good reasoning powers, and could conduct an argument with any one. In politics he was a radical, and during the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, was sent to a representative meeting in London to support that movement. He was not brought to Christ until mature life, and consequently his family was not brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as it otherwise would have been. But after he became a Christian, he was a firm and consistent one, regular at the means of grace while health and strength permitted, and ever ready to serve the church as ability and opportunity offered.

JONATHAN GREENWOOD, who died July 22, 1870, aged 71 years, was also a deacon for many years, and a faithful servant of the church. He had great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus, was remarkably frank and outspoken in the expression of his opinions, and firm and unflinching in his profession and maintenance of the truth. In fact, he was too plain and faithful for many in this degenerate age, although the undeviating discretion and absolute perfection neither of him nor of others is maintained. His faithfulness sometimes gave offence, and brought upon him reproach and a cross, which he bore with fortitude and endurance. Trained under the ministry of the Rev. John

Midgley, he learned of him the importance of Scriptural discipline in the church, and was an unflinching advocate of this to the last. He has rendered good service to the church, and his reward is now with the Lord, and his judgment with his God. His four surviving children, to the power of divine grace be it spoken, are all worthy members of the church of Christ.

SUSAN STANSFIELD, the next of the four departed ones, was a deacon's wife. Her husband still survives her—the only remaining one of the aged deacons of the church at Vale. His departed wife was brought in early life to know the Lord, and to rest in the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. She and her husband have reminded the writer of Zacharias and Elisabeth of old, who walked in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless. Their four surviving children have all professed Christ in baptism, and some who have fallen asleep left the militant for the triumphant portion of the church of Christ. Susan Stansfield fulfilled the requirements of a deacon's wife as given in 1 Tim. iii. 11—"Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." She was very regular in her attendance on public worship. She was suddenly and unexpectedly called away, but was found waiting and watching, ready to depart; and without a sigh or a groan she slept in Jesus, Jan. 15, 1871, aged 70 years.

HANNAH GREENWOOD, the last one referred to, attained to the advanced age of 85 years, and died on the 6th of March last, at the residence of a daughter in Oldham, whither she had gone on a visit. Nature in her case was exhausted and worn out, and she gradually sunk till sleep deepened into death. She possessed in a larger measure than many the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. She was very even and consistent in her walk and character—one of those members of the

church who were a constant joy and comfort to her pastor, and never caused him one anxious thought. May the mantle of her meek and quiet spirit fall on many that are left behind, and may the church, bereaved of four valuable members, be followers of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises.

T. H.

HOWARTH.—John Howarth was born at Accrington, and while young was accustomed to attend the Sabbath school there. When about sixteen years of age, he became decidedly pious, and united with the church under the care of the Rev. J. Harbottle. Soon afterwards he removed with his parents to Burnley, and united with the friends at Ebenezer chapel. The Sabbath school, of which his father was for many years a superintendent, furnished him a very congenial sphere for Christian work, and in this he laboured with encouraging success. He also became leader of the chapel choir, and then one of the deacons of the church. In the latter capacity he took a deep interest in the affairs of the church; his conduct was usually characterized by discretion, and a consideration for the feelings of others; and being of a very meek and affectionate disposition, he became greatly endeared to his Christian brethren. He was like David, not only in his fondness for music, but in his intense love for the sanctuary; and when engaged in its services his face would often beam with extreme delight and joy. For some years he suffered from delicate health, which prevented him from attending many of the more social means of grace. During the month of February, 1870, he took cold, which brought on rheumatic fever, still no very serious apprehensions were entertained. On the morning of the 3rd of March his medical attendant thought him progressing favourably, but ere the day closed he quietly passed away to his eternal home; his end furnishing a beautiful illustration of the well-known verse—

"How blest the righteous, when he dies!

When sinks a weary soul to rest;

How mildly beam the closing eyes!

How gently heaves the expiring breast!"

His death was improved from the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c.,—Rev. xiv. 13—to a large and deeply affected congregation. He has left an aged father, a wife, and two children to mourn their loss, but who "sorrow not as those who have no hope." G. N.

SMITH.—John Smith, senr., died at Donington-on-the-Heath, near Hugglescote, Oct. 14, 1870, in the 80th year of his

age. He had been a member of the Baptist church at Hugglescote more than 55 years, and held the office of deacon more than 20 years. He was brought to religious decision in early life through hearing a sermon preached in the Baptist chapel, Barlestone, by the Rev. Joseph Goadby, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. He had previously been thoughtless and frivolous, and accustomed to associate with evil companions. But on cordially receiving "the truth as it is in Jesus," he renounced his former course, and gave unmistakeable proofs of his conversion by the cultivation of a devotional spirit, by the habitual perusal of the word of God, and by his regular attendance on the public services of the sanctuary. The change effected in his religious character and life was marked and decided. He was soon afterwards baptized and became a member of the church at Hugglescote, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thos. Orton, for whom he continually cherished a very ardent attachment. In the early part of his Christian life he was necessarily much engrossed with the cares of home and business; and an increasing family called for unrelaxed diligence in the discharge of the duties of his daily calling. His Christian character, however, grew and strengthened, and his attachment to the cause of God continued firm and steadfast. Our departed friend held through life much secret communion with God. From the very day of his marriage he regularly and punctually observed the duties of domestic worship. It was also his continual endeavour to train up his children in the fear of God. In the transaction of business, and in the discharge of the various duties of social life, Mr. Smith always seemed desirous to act with strict and undeviating conscientiousness—to have "a conscience void of offence." In his relation to the church of which he was a member, his conduct was always exemplary, and his course was honourable, consistent, and useful. He "loved the habitation of God's house." His attendance at the Sabbath and week services was habitual, and to the close of his life he was accustomed to take part in meetings for prayer. He was ready at all times to bear his share of the burden of responsibility in connection with the maintenance and extension of the cause of Christ. Mr. Smith was a liberal Christian, and a conscientious steward of that which God had entrusted to him. He was not only cheerfully ready to contribute to the funds of the church, to support the schools, and to render *special* help when it was needed, but he also liberally assisted other churches in the locality, and regularly contributed for many years to the support of the various institutions of the denomina-

tion. He was always ready gratefully to acknowledge the watchful and gracious providence of God, and ascribed all his temporal prosperity and success to his early and continued identification with the service of Christ. Our friend firmly and consistently adhered to his principles as a Baptist, and was never ashamed to avow them; yet he cherished at the same time a very friendly and affectionate spirit towards all Christians. Those who were well acquainted with him can also testify that by the frequent introduction in his conversations of the subject of personal religion, by timely exhortations and earnest words, he endeavoured faithfully to bear witness on behalf of Christ and His gospel. The religion of Christ seemed, indeed, to "possess him," to lay hold of his being, to be the support and stay of his life. The fruits of a consistent Christian course appeared in his old age. As he drew near to his heavenly home, faith in the promises of Christ cheered his heart, and kept him in perfect peace. Though his increasing debility had been for a length of time evident to all, his removal was somewhat sudden. After his last attack of illness, consciousness speedily ceased, and he calmly and quietly passed away. His funeral sermon was preached at Hugglescote, from Eccles. iii. 2, to a crowded congregation, who thus showed for him their sincere and deep respect. A wide circle of relatives and friends mourn over his loss, and the church with which he was connected will long hold him in affectionate remembrance.

WILKINSON.—For some years W. Wilkinson was engaged in the building trade, in addition to which he kept the "Prince Albert Inn," Burnley. During this period of his life his habits and associations were by no means favourable to religion. About four years ago the Lord saw fit to remove a grown-up son by death. This, under God, produced a most salutary impression upon his mind, and having entered upon a different business, he became a very regular attendant at Ebenezer chapel. About two years ago, he, his wife, and three other members of his family were baptized and united with the church. In all that pertained to the welfare of the cause he took a most lively interest, and in everything he did, he did it with all his heart—furnishing a delightful illustration of the change divine grace can effect. But alas! after about one short week's illness, he was called to his reward. The church at its next meeting instructed the pastor to write the following letter of sympathy to the bereaved family, and it is inserted here by request.

"Feb. 6, 1871.

To Mrs. Wilkinson and Family—

Dear Friends,—At our church meeting, held Feb. 1, a resolution was unanimously passed to the following effect:—"That we acutely feel the sudden removal of our dear brother Wilkinson from our midst, and deeply sympathize with his bereaved widow and family in the loss they are called to sustain, and request our minister to write them a letter of condolence, and that he sign it on behalf of the church."

"In complying with the above request, it will scarcely be necessary to inform you of the high estimation in which the departed was held by us as a Christian church. Though his connection with us has been comparatively short, yet such were the proofs he gave of the great change he had experienced, and such was the interest he took in everything tending to the welfare of the church and school, that he was endeared to all our hearts, and greatly beloved as a brother in the Lord.

"The time of his removal is to us mysterious. Hoping to erect new school-rooms during the summer, and on the accomplishment of which his heart was so much set, we were looking to him as one so well qualified to take the general management and oversight; and now he is gone we feel like men who have lost their righthand. But his earthly work was done, and the Master called him to higher service in the skies.

"But if we thus feel his removal, how much more must you, my dear sister, who are deprived of a kind and loving partner; and you, his dear children, of an affectionate and devoted parent! How greatly you were all endeared to his heart he testified in health; and when on a bed of sickness, by his concern for your temporal welfare, and especially by his prayers for your spiritual interests.

"While it is natural for you to feel and mourn your loss, yet, thank God! you 'sorrow not as those who have no hope.' For him 'to live was Christ,' for him 'to die was gain.' 'Absent from the body, he is present with the Lord.' He is 'not lost, only gone before.' Your separation, therefore, we hope, will be but temporary. A few years at most, and one by one you must follow. And then, if found trusting in the same Saviour, you shall reunite in the same heavenly home, where there is 'no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'

"May you all be enabled so to trust in a sympathizing Saviour, that you shall realize promised grace in this the season of your trial; and in due time may you all meet, an unbroken family, in your eternal home!

I am, in behalf of the church,

Very affectionately yours,

GEO. NEEDHAM, Pastor."

Missionary Observer.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

UNDER the new regulations the whole Committee, consisting of twenty members, retire every year. Sixteen are chosen at the Annual Members' Meeting, and four by the Committee.

Any Subscriber or Subscribing Church may nominate any number of gentlemen to serve on the Committee. It is, however, very important that no one should be nominated who is not *known* to be willing to serve if elected.

The list for the ballot will consist of the names sent to the Secretary, the Rev. J. C. Pike, Leicester, and they must be in his hands on or before the 14th day of June. No name can be placed on the list after that day.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MISSION—SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is particularly requested that all sums to be acknowledged in the next Report may be forwarded to the Treasurer or Secretaries during the *first week in June*. The accounts for the year are supposed to be closed on the 31st of May. It would be a great convenience if this rule could be strictly adhered to, but the notice to that effect was by an oversight omitted in the last month's *Observer*.

THE BIBLE, IN ITS RELATION TO THE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

An Address at the Annual Meeting of the Bible Translation Society.

BY THE REV. GILES HESTER, OF SHEFFIELD.

THE society whose claims have called us together this evening, possesses not only a firm belief in the Bible, but that the knowledge of the Bible is necessary to the well-being of universal man. Its motto is the Bible for all the world. The Bible is not only the Lamp of Salvation to those sitting in darkness, but is also the salt which preserves literature and society from corruption. The presence and influence of the Bible have saved our own literature from degeneration and degradation. The influence of the Bible can be traced in the poems of Chaucer, the stanzas of Spenser, the tragedies of Shakespeare, the grand epic of Milton, the sweetly-flowing muse of Cowper, and the masterly verse of Tennyson. The poetry and philosophy running counter to the principles and teaching of the Bible carry in their bosom the elements of their own dissolution and destruction. The Bible in literature is its life, preservation and glory.

The operations of the Bible Translation Society are carried on principally

in India. It is the noble ambition of this society to introduce the Word of God into the very centre and heart of those circles of literary influences which colour the life and affect the destinies of millions upon millions in the lands of the East. The purpose is a great one. The idea is sublime in its conception, and vast in its extent.

What is literature? and what is its value in judging of a nation's spiritual and moral state? The literature of a nation is the outward verbal or written expression of its inward mental and moral condition—the embodiment of those invisible and subtle operations of soul in which are blended the forces of thought, the colours of imagination, and the warmth and glow of passion. The literature of a people is the soul of that people turned inside out—the invisible put into a visible form. Literature, therefore, becomes a pretty correct index or measure of a nation's mental strength and moral character. It is a mirror in which are reflected the movements, the aspirations, the struggles, and the sor-

rows of the national mind. Looked at in this light, the literature of India becomes an interesting and profitable study to every inquiring mind. I need hardly say that what little knowledge I have on this subject, I have derived from second-hand sources.

So far as I can learn, the earliest form of literature in India was poetry; and so far as the religious element of life was developed in this poetry, it was essentially Pantheistic. Idolatry in its modern acceptation was not then known and practised. The grand and glorious objects of nature were then admired, personified, and adored. Seeing they had no supernatural revelation of the true God, we can hardly wonder that the susceptible Hindoo mind took this course of thought and worship. Nature in India wears her gorgeous robes. The glorious morning dawn, the sun rising in extraordinary majesty and splendour, the bright silvery moon, the fleecy clouds sometimes crimsoned with the blood of the dying day; the flaming lightning, the bursting thunder, and the flooding rain, were elements of natural phenomena, which struck the imagination of the nation in its early youth, and the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of soul created by these grand aspects of nature become embodied in their earliest books. And here it is to be carefully noted that its most primitive stage of development is its purest. Literature without the Bible in it, and therefore without the true God in it, has a degenerating and downward course. It has been so in India. Pantheism, not able to support itself, ultimately developed into the corruptions of Idolatry. The comparative simplicity and innocency of youth gave place to the subtler thoughts and the more impure imaginations of manhood. As time passed on priestcraft became more and more dominant: forged the fetters of a gross and demoralizing idolatry, and fastened them on the people. That ocean of spiritual unconsciousness designated Brahma (neuter), and that tried of personal divinities, from one of whom (Brahma, masculine) the visible creation has sprung, were the metaphysical elaborations of cunning, crafty, and selfish priests.

These became the prolific ancestors of the gods of India. The element of personality having been introduced, idolatry propagates itself, and every generation in the succession becomes darker and

viler than its predecessor. Now, as the literature of a nation always runs parallel with its religion, and as the religion of India has been that of degeneration, it follows that the course of its literature must be one of degradation and decay. Is it not a fact, that in the history of all false religions, the last book is the worst. My impression is that it has been so in India. The light of nature has gone out in the darkness and corruption of human nature. Degradation now is stamped on all the manifold outward expressions of the heathen mind; the resources of the natural soul are exhausted. The literature, like the religion, lies helpless and cannot regenerate itself. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and inherits the seeds of corruption, decay, and death.

It is the noble aim of the Bible Translation Society to infuse a new spirit into the dying literature of India. It believes that the presence and power of the Bible will regenerate the thought and feeling of that magnificent country. The Veda has been tried, and has failed to arrest the processes of degradation and decay. The Tripitika of the Buddhist has been tried, and has failed to make any permanent alteration in the religion of the land. The Zend-Avesta of the Parsi has been tried, and has failed to create a new life. The Koran of the Mohammedan has been tried, but instead of bringing in a new morning, it has clouded the popular mind with a thicker darkness.

These great books all having failed to renovate the mind, and lift up the thinking into a spiritual sphere, let the Bible now be tried, and there can be no doubt of its success. That word of life, which by the grace of God can regenerate a soul, can raise a nation from its death-slumber, and rescue literature from smouldering corruption and decay. Give the Bible fair play, and no patronage, and under the guidance of God's Spirit, it shall finally regenerate both the mind and literature of India.

There are great primary instincts, and heavy pressing wants in the human soul, which only the Bible can meet. Deep down in the soul there is the *instinct of immortality*. It creates an irrepressible stirring in the human spirit. This instinct is especially strong in India, where the mind is characteristically subjective.

By the side of this primary radical instinct of the soul there is the *consciousness of sin*. These two elements of inward experience cause a restless

conflict in the soul. The instinct of immortality asserting its power and pointing to a hereafter. The consciousness of sin making itself felt, and suggesting that a hereafter is not desirable. The oriental systems of religion have taken advantage of these cross-currents of thought and feeling, and these contradictory elements of human experience. Brahmanism proposes absorption into the unconscious essence of Brahma (neuter). Buddhism proposes a series of transmigrations, with the promise of final extinction in Nirvana. Personality without consciousness, existence without the capacity of thought and feeling; absorption, extinction: these are the highest efforts of the mind untaught by a supernatural revelation. We see that the two great religious systems of the east—Brahmanism and Buddhism, so opposite in many of their principles and features, both unite in the doctrine that the loss of human consciousness is the highest point of bliss.

Now the Bible, which this society seeks to send to the millions of India, is specially adapted to meet these elements of human experience. The Bible satisfies all the pressing wants of the human heart. It does not seek to repress the desire after immortality, or overlook the consciousness of sin. It contains a divinely-appointed provision for both. The Bible gathers up all its strength and vitality into the gospel, which forms the core and essence of revelation. The gospel finds its root and life in the person of Jesus Christ. There is a personality in this supernatural revelation which makes it so powerful to bless the world. The message is genial and attractive, because within it is a heart beating with the movements of infinite love. The book is the cabinet, but Christ is the pearl of great price. The book is the frame, but Christ is the picture. The book is the body, but Christ is the soul.

The remedy for India lies in the Bible, because the Bible reveals the gospel, and the gospel reveals the Christ, the Son of the living God. Christ is not an imaginary legend nor a dead myth, but an eternal living reality. Christ meets all the primary instincts of the soul. The instinct of immortality finds its meeting point and gratification in Him; "The appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

Jesus met death face to face, and said, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

But then there is that dreadful consciousness of sin; can He touch and remove that? Yes! He gave Himself a sacrifice for our sins. He died for the ungodly. He who knew no sin was made sin for us. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses us from all sin. He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. There is an infinite efficacy in the cross to remove the guilt of sin. Talk of absorption into Brahma! when there is eternal life in Christ, and the consciousness of sin removed. Talk of extinction in Nirvana! here is endless life and unclouded splendour in the heaven revealed by Christ.

The influence of the Bible on the Indian mind, and on Indian literature, has already begun to be felt. Enough is already seen to justify a conviction that the Bible is destined to create a literature which shall become an instrument for elevating the country. Currents of purified thought have already set in. Mental distraction and distress has in many instances given place to calmness and composure of mind. Beautiful hymns have been composed by native christianized Hindoos, which have found their way into Europe, and been sung in English congregations. The Bible therefore is not only purifying the springs of thought, but is also permeating and elevating the literature of the country.

The influence of the Bible also is seen and felt in the rise and progress of that Church which has had such an able and eloquent expounder of its doctrines lately in this country. My impression is (I may be wrong, I am open to further light) that all that is pure and vital in that society has been taken from the Bible. So far as my information goes there is no stable and satisfactory basis for a system of monotheism to rest upon in the native literature of India. The Bible, and the Bible alone among books, contains the clear revelation of the one God. To rest a Theistic Church on any of the books of India would be (so it appears to me) like building a palace of marble on a foundation of mud.

In conclusion, seeing that literature is an outward expression of a nation's mind and heart, and seeing that it is a

gauge and index of a nation's moral and spiritual character; and seeing that the literature of India is marked by a process of degeneration and degradation, and that there is no possibility of its regeneration apart from the Bible; our duty is clear. The Bible must be sent. Its reception will be hearty, and its victory sure. It must go un mutilated and unfettered. No human clogs must be put on the wheels of truth. The Word of God must not be handled deceitfully. Give it scope and freedom; it shall be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

Lodge the Bible in the heart of India, and give it time to work its results, and it shall ultimately produce a literature with the true God in it, and having the true God in it, it shall have life in it—light in it—beauty in it—immortality in it.

India—the prodigal daughter among the nations of the earth—shall yet come to herself, and say, “I will arise, and go unto my Father.” She shall receive a father's kiss and a father's welcome; and robed in garments of beauty, and decked with the jewelry of heaven, she shall sit down with the whole family of God at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

ON LEGACIES FOR THE MISSION.

To the Subscribers of the Foreign Mission.

In preparing the Mission accounts for the Association, I am struck with one very important fact, which deserves the serious attention of all the friends of the Mission, namely, that the practice of leaving legacies to the Mission *has nearly ceased, so far as our own members are concerned.*

Why is this? I have heard some people say it is better to give the money during life; and this argument cannot be withstood. But if such persons acted out this theory, they would *double or treble their subscriptions.* This is not done, so it is a mere pretence. It appears to me, that as a denomination, we are behind our neighbours in this respect. Let me explain my experience as Treasurer of the Society.

During the six years that I have held this office, the following legacies have been received from parties not belonging to our Connexion, and all strangers to me:—

	£	s.	d.
S. Porter, Esq., Bradwell, Essex ...	300	0	0
Mr. Jno. Robinson, Adderbury, Oxon ...	44	0	0
G. F. Cockburn, Esq., India... ..	250	0	0
Thos. Stainton, Esq., Alford... ..	50	0	0
Jno. Reynolds, Esq., Malvern	20	0	0
	£724 0 0		

Now let me tell you what our own friends have done, who have known the missionaries personally, and who have lifted up the hand at valedictory services pledging themselves to pray for and sustain them in their work.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Graves, Louth	60	0	0
Mrs. Hill, New Basford... ..	35	0	0
Martha Hill, Derby	5	0	0
Mrs. Tong, Barrow-on-Soar... ..	45	0	0
Mrs. E. Briggs, Loughborough	10	0	0
Rev. T. Orton, Hugglescote... ..	*149	0	0
	£304 0 0		

It is thus seen that during the six years there has been received £420 more from persons entirely unknown to the Committee than from our whole Connexion. I state plain facts, and leave my brethren to reflect upon them. But I will make one very moderate suggestion, and its very moderation may startle some persons. Suppose a member of the General Baptist body to be making his will. I would say, “My brother, leave at least **ONE-HUNDREDTH** part of what God has given you to the Mission.” Then if he left £1000, the Mission would have £10; if £5000, the Mission would have £50.

Is this too much, or too little? I may refer to this matter again, and quote some extracts from a pamphlet written by the late J. G. Pike. During the last two years I have not received one single legacy from our friends.

Yours sincerely,

THOS. HILL.

Nottingham, May 14, 1871.

THE MISSION FUNDS—A LIBERAL PROPOSAL.

TO THE EDITOR—

Dear Sir,—There is near this town a famous spring of water. Its surface is as undisturbed as that of a standing pool, and yet it throws off a stream of the

* This was really left by Will probably twenty years ago, but was not available till the death of an annuitant.

purest water at the rate of fifty hogsheads per minute, and is always flowing day and night, winter and summer; and so it has been flowing ever since the castle of Hereward was built beside it, and perhaps many centuries before. Now every one must see how desirable it is that our Mission funds should have the same calm, perennial, and abundant flow.

The question then arises, How can this desideratum be realized? The answer is very simple—this ideal will be realized if all of us who are members of the denomination will contribute systematically according to our ability. Now the statistics of last year reveal the following state of things—that the ordinary home income of the Foreign Missionary Society scarcely exceeds the average of a halfpenny per week per member. This is not a large sum for the poorest of us to contribute towards so grand an object; but there are thousands in our churches who do not contribute anything like so large a sum. This is clearly seen from the fact that the sum named as the average of our contributions includes (1) legacies; (2) subscriptions varying in amount up to £20; and (3) a considerable sum from generous friends who are not included in our lists of members. Is it not worth while, then, to inquire whether something cannot be done to reach the hidden spring of christian benevolence amongst us? There are no doubt many ways in which the funds may be increased, but I will now venture to make only one suggestion. Let every church have its "Congregational Auxiliary," according to the rules given in the Missionary Report, and let there be *one collector to every twenty-five members*. Every member will then be favoured with a visit from the smiling collector, either weekly or monthly, and certainly once in the year; and who can doubt that the contributions will flow from willing hearts as quietly, as abundantly, and as constantly as the clear bright water from our unrivalled Bourne spring?

And now I have to make a proposal. We are the servants of Christ, brethren. Whatsoever our hands find to do, let us do it with our might. It is not now the time to miss an opportunity of helping on the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. Let every church in the London and Lincolnshire Conferences have a collector

for every twenty-five members, and a warm friend of the Mission hereby engages to subscribe *a penny a week to every one of the collectors*. If this proposal be promptly and heartily responded to, it is not at all improbable that it will be extended to other parts of the Connexion.

Earnestly hoping that my friend will be called upon to contribute a large number of pennies weekly,

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours cordially,
WILLIAM ORTON.

Bourne, May 18, 1871.

QUEENSLAND.

Ipswich, Queensland, Australia,
Dec. 26, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR—

Dear Sir,—In my last letter I promised to keep you informed of the operations of our denomination in the Ipswich district. I have to inform you, therefore, of the first meeting of our Association, held Dec. 10, when delegates from our branch churches met at our chapel, West Street, Ipswich, to agree upon a code of laws to be submitted, and were adopted, with some slight alterations, for the future and better carrying out of the cause of Christ amongst us during the ensuing twelve months. We should feel obliged if you would be kind enough to publish the enclosed extract for the information of your readers in the Magazine. I may say that the churches there spoken of are distant about fifteen, seventeen, and twenty miles from this town. We pay preaching visits occasionally, and intend to build places of worship as soon as the means to do so can be raised. In the meantime worship is being conducted in one of the member's houses in each case. There are some small amounts promised towards the erection of suitable places, but not sufficient to justify any immediate action. In two of the places there are brethren who we think are possessed of a sufficient amount of ability to take upon themselves the office of pastor, and at the people's request we have agreed to grant them ordination as soon as arrangements can be made for the service. We are glad to state that our

Master's presence is still amongst us and sustains us in our work.

"A General Baptist Association was inaugurated in connection with the West Street Baptist church, Ipswich, on the 10th instant, when deputations arrived from the Normanby Reserve, Brisbane River, and Bremer River churches, representing about a hundred and ten members. The service commenced in the morning at ten o'clock, when the Rev. T. S. Gerrard, the pastor, took the chair, and the meeting was opened with singing and prayer. Mr. Gerrard remarked that it was a hundred years since the home churches were called together for the like purpose—viz., to devise the best means for carrying on the cause of Christ in the Baptist church and its branches. A preamble was then read by Mr. Woolley, the Secretary of the Association, on behalf of the committee of management, as follows:—Messrs. H. and S. Hodges, Beard, Edwards, and Kingston, and others on behalf of the union. A code of laws for the management of the constitution was read and approved, stating the conditions to be complied with by all churches associating in the union, both doctrinal and practical. The proposed mode of conducting the business of the association was then read, commented upon, and ultimately adopted with some

slight alterations. The sitting of the union was then adjourned for an hour, after which it reassembled and resumed business in the following order:—I. The ministry—the establishment and carrying out of the same in the churches already founded. II. The state and condition of the churches in union, with the best means of meeting their present and future requirements; under which heading an application was made by the Reserve and Brisbane River churches (German) to have pastors of their own countrymen ordained to the ministry over them, which request was agreed to be complied with as soon as arrangements could be made. The business throughout was transacted with the utmost satisfaction to all parties assembled, and after devotional exercises the conference closed. A service was afterwards held in the chapel by the pastor and friends, from half-past seven till nine o'clock, when a truly refreshing time was experienced by all present, and great satisfaction expressed."—*Queensland Times*, Dec. 17, 1870.

I am, dear sir,
Yours truly on behalf of West Street,
Baptist Church, Ipswich,
THOMAS WOOLLEY, Secretary,
Queensland Times Office.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE.—G. Taylor, April 21.
CUTTACK.—W. Bailey, April 1, 15, 18.

CUTTACK.—J. Buckley, April 1, 8, 15, 22.
PIPLÉE.—T. Bailey, March 24; April 7, 14.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from April 18 to May 18, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Berkhamptead	23	10	5	Leicester—Mrs. Benskin	0	10	0
Birmingham, by Miss Hawkes	13	17	6	Markfield—Mr. J. Bailey	1	0	0
Broughton and Willoughby	12	0	0	Maltby	9	13	0
Chellaston	3	1	6	Peterborough	30	14	0
Chesham	61	16	5	Retford—for W. & O. Fund	0	6	0
Coningsby	8	13	8	Stoke-on-Trent	19	7	0
Cropstone	2	4	8	Walsall	34	9	10
Earl Shilton—for W. & O. Fund	0	10	0	Wendover	0	8	0
Ford	20	17	8	Wisbech	63	8	7
Hinckley	2	5	0				

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. O. PIERCE and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, Secretaries, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 JULY, 1871.

THE DISSENSION IN THE JEWISH COUNCIL.

BY THE REV. J. SALISBURY, M.A.

John vii. 45—53.

IN the Bible scenes and incidents are brought before us which we can contemplate with absorbed interest, and from which we can derive many impressive lessons. Sometimes they excite within us feelings of moral disgust; whilst, on the other hand, their repulsiveness is alleviated by certain redeeming features to which we can turn, and on which we can dwell with satisfaction. For instance, in the narrative we are about to review we recoil from the blind prejudice of the Pharisees and chief priests, whilst the conduct of Nicodemus, in calmly attempting to stem the tide of sinful hostility and passion claims and secures our approval. We ask you, first of all, to go back and retrace with us the several steps which led to the circumstances here referred to.

Jesus had been pursuing His ministry in Galilee. The Jews had sought to kill Him. For this reason He had left Judea. The feast of Pentecost at length arrived. His kinsmen held this to be a suitable time for Him to go up to Jerusalem and to declare Himself openly. He did not comply with their request, giving as a reason that "His time"—His time to suffer and die—"had not yet come." Though He did not

consent to accompany His friend publicly, and thus to become the occasion of unnecessary popular excitement, He nevertheless went up to Jerusalem secretly, and arrived there about the middle of the feast. He betook Himself to the temple. His teaching not only caused serious inquiry, but also produced much excitement. Many in the crowd spoke of and about Him, as they stood affected towards Him—just as men do now. Some wondered at His learning. Others were convinced that He was the very Christ. Others were in doubt. Others wished to know what opinions the rulers held respecting Him. Others were so full of enmity towards Him that if some strange yet effectual restraint had not held them back they would have laid violent hands on Him. Others were, however, prepared to receive Him. They believed on Him, and were numbered with His followers. It was quite natural, at such a time, that the arch-enemies of Christ who belonged to the Sanhedrim or counsel, should be on the alert, and take this opportunity of carrying out their designs against Him. They, therefore, sent certain officers or servants connected with the temple to seize Him. The time

was not favourable. There was a division among the people because of Christ. Opposition to His seizure was therefore likely to arise, and a great disturbance to be created; nay, the very men who were sent to accomplish the task were unable to accomplish it, through the extraordinary power which Christ's teaching asserted over them. This brings us to the scene which the scripture passage referred to at the head of this paper especially describes. The chief priests and Pharisees are most likely assembled in council in one of the rooms of the temple. In the midst of their deliberations the officers sent to apprehend Christ make their appearance without having secured Him. This gives occasion for the altercation and passion which afterwards followed, and to the particulars of which we now call your attention.

The unfulfilled errand first claims our consideration. How often men have been ready, for low mercenary ends, to accomplish any mean work which others have appointed them to do! They have lent themselves, body and soul, without a single scruple or hesitating thought, to further even the basest and most immoral undertakings. The officers sent to apprehend Christ did not chiefly concern themselves about the justice or injustice of the act they were deputed to perform. They were mainly intent upon doing their work and receiving the hireling's pay. The morality of the act—the prime matter with us all, whether masters or servants—was entirely left out of the account. They go forth. They push their way among the crowd. They are bent on the seizure. They press into the immediate presence of Jesus. But when they look into that most impressive of all faces, discern its aspect of combined dignity and authority, and listen to those wonderful words which fall from the lips of the Naza-

rene, they are disarmed and paralyzed. They are spell-bound, and weaker than infants. They can do nothing. They repeatedly try to summon up resolution; but they are often daunted and hindered by the wonderful yet secret force of Him before whom they stand. Now behold them. They are obliged to give up their task. They slink away out of the crowd, and soon appear again in the presence of the Jewish rulers, but disconcerted, humbled, and abashed. To the question, "Why have ye not brought Him?" this is the only reply they can give—"Never man spake like this man!" Here we have a remarkable testimony, from the mouth of enemies, to the extraordinary moral power of the Saviour's aspect and ministry. This testimony has especial value now. With the Gospels lying before us we can see how fully such testimony is supported by His spotless life and His holy and sublime teaching. From this important standpoint we would impress upon you this truth,—that if, as a follower of Christ, you would make a right impression on the minds of His foes, if you would slay their enmity, if you would make them feel your moral influence, if you would make them bow before your moral power as a witness for God, you must be like Christ; you must be filled with the Spirit of Christ; you must take your stand, like Him, upon the basis of eternal right and truth. Men cannot resist this. They must either yield or flee.

The unfulfilled errand was followed by *the consequent indignation*. When the officers told the members of the Jewish council the reason why they could not apprehend Christ a most humiliating scene followed. There are times in which even the best men lose their temper. In the heat of passion they are thrown off their moral balance. They are carried

away by the tide of excitement, and well nigh become engulfed by it. In the moment of frenzy words are uttered and feelings indulged through which they lower themselves in the esteem of others—words and feelings, too, which are afterwards remembered by themselves with deep and unavailing regret. How needful is it, therefore, that, in our social life, we should always be on our guard against undue and uncalled for manifestations of passion. What shall we say, then, about this scene in the Jewish council? We are irresistibly constrained, as it comes before us, to lift up our hands and cry out, “poor human nature!” These learned rabbins, these sanctimonious priests, these meek-faced over-nice Pharisees, the very pick of the nation, are completely discomposed when the officers affirm respecting Christ, that “never man spake like this man.” They lose their dignified serenity. If any signs of the lamb had been previously seen in their faces they have now vanished and given place to the forbidding aspects of the lion, the wolf, and the bear—the fierce eye, the furrowed frown, the open mouth, the gnashing teeth, and the low growl. Instead of making further inquiries from their officers, or calmly reasoning with them, or trying to obtain further light, they descend to reviling words—“Are ye also deceived?” They ask a hollow, worthless question, infinitely below contempt—“Have any of the rulers believed on Him?” They foolishly storm and rage at the ignorance of the people—“but this people, who knoweth not the law, is accursed.” And all this on account of the holy Christ! We ask you, reader, whether scenes like this have not been often repeated—not in social life merely, but in your own breast, apart from the gaze of men? When some grave religious truth has not only fallen on the ear, but has been driven closely home to the con-

science, has it always been cordially received and yielded to? Not always. It has often roused your power of resistance. Why? Because it has been opposed to old notions, struck a hard blow at inveterate prejudices, or in other ways disturbed your peace. You have often passionately fought against it. Nay, you have recoiled from God’s message to you, even though it has borne on its very face the unmistakable stamp of divine authority. Thus, by your rejection of the will of heaven, you have morally disgraced *yourself* as much as the chief priests and Pharisees disgraced *themselves* by their mad and foolish passion.

The indignation of the Jewish council leads us on to the consideration of *the calm protest*. When a storm is raging with impetuous violence, and the multitude of the forest trees bend, creak, and cower before it, it is a relief to fix the eye upon *one* tree which continues to stand erect and defiant. In the storm which raged in the Sanhedrim respecting Christ there was *one* quiet spirit. We are struck with the calm unmoved aspect of Nicodemus. He has borne throughout all time the character of a timid man. Not long previously he went to Jesus by night, “for fear of the Jews.” He was evidently thoughtful and inquiring. Though he was a Jewish rabbi and a member of the great council, he was convinced of the divine authority of Christ’s ministry, he sought further light from Him, and Christ held with him a wonderful conversation about the great things of the kingdom of God. At the very time when Nicodemus was sitting in the council the circumstances connected with that interview were doubtless fresh in his memory. Timid though he was, his previous talk with Jesus may have already exerted a powerful influence on his heart and life. He had not yet, however, proved him-

self sufficiently bold to bear very decided testimony for the truth, or publicly to identify himself with the Christian brotherhood. He has only one little vial of oil to pour upon the troubled waters, and he timidly ventures to empty it. "Doth our law," he says, "judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?" It was a question wisely put, and quite to the point. It proved him to be unmistakably above the influence of mere passion, and thoroughly allied in heart with moral and political justice and rectitude. Thus we are taught that there are times in which, if we are the friends of Christ, we may be called to stand alone for Him in the midst of His enemies. Nay, we may be called to stand alone even in the midst of a violent storm of passion and scorn against the truth and against Christ. We must take heed, then, lest we lose our firm foothold and be carried away by the violence of the tempest. Let us stand firm. Even if we show, like Nicodemus, in few words, that we can have no sympathy with the madness and injustice of the scorner, it is better *thus* to bear our testimony on behalf of Christ than not to bear it at all by keeping silent.

The just and proper question of Nicodemus was followed, however, by what must be regarded as a *vulgar retort*. Instead of yielding to the influence of reason and calmly exercising their judgment on the inquiry made by Nicodemus, these dignified priests and rabbins, these lights and magnates of the Jewish nation actually descended to the employment of low banter. Their lips curling with anger, they said to Nicodemus, "Art thou also of Galilee?" The region of Galilee was inhabited by a mixed race. The people were rude in their manners, and often turbulent. Their dialect was coarse and broad. Hence they were held in contempt by the more

polished inhabitants of Judea, but especially by the priests and Pharisees. As Christ was brought up in Galilee, lived there more than thirty years, and frequently visited it, and as many of His followers also dwelt there, the name "Galilean" was conveniently used to stamp them with opprobrium. "Art thou also of Galilee?" Well! what if Nicodemus was of Galilee? This does not touch the matter in hand. The question, after all, is but a cold malignant sneer. Let us hail the truth from whatever quarter it may come. Let us hail the light whenever or wherever the day-star may arise. If our teachers draw nigh to us with the clear and peremptory message of heaven let us not ask whether they be of high or low descent. What does the earthly origin either of the exquisitely chased or of the plain unornamented cup concern me in my intense thirst, if I can only drink therefrom the pure refreshing water. Although every one of the godly and faithful, and Jesus Christ the best of them, may come out of some dark repulsive Galilee, and the world may brand them all as Galileans, this does not affect their true claims. We are right glad to know that it is now becoming less and less easy to sneer down Christianity or its followers by giving them foul names. All such attempts are not only doomed to fail, but also to recoil on the head of him who is guilty of them.

We now bid you mark the *dictatorial assumption* of the members of the council. When Nicodemus rose up in the assembly and calmly protested against their unreasoning passion respecting Christ, they thus spoke to Him, "Search and look, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." They referred Nicodemus to the Old Testament writings. By calling on him to re-examine them they thus implied that Nicodemus was ignorant of the Jewish Scrip-

tures, and that they were far better acquainted with them than he. They did not, however, give much proof of this. They said that out of Galilee no prophet had ever come. This was, to say the least, a great mistake. Jonah and Elijah, and most likely Nahum and Hosea, were Galileans. This is one among many frequently recurring instances in which even ungodly men, professing great zeal for the letter of the written word, have taunted other and far better men than themselves with want of proper acquaintance with it. Nay, they have professed to do battle on behalf of God's revealed truth, when their hearts have been filled with malice and all uncharitableness. How needful to be on our guard here! There is a wide difference between the proud self-sufficient dogmatizer and the humble student of the divine oracles. You may boast of your knowledge of the letter of scripture, and like the scribes and Pharisees you may indignantly remonstrate with others for their ignorance, but the humble teachable scholar who yearns after more light, and, free from prejudice, desires to know the will of God that he may obey it, may hold a far higher religious position than you. "The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach His way."

Glance now at the *dismissed assembly*. "And every man went unto his own house." Whenever we meet together publicly to discuss or promote political, ecclesiastical, or other objects, it must be admitted to be of primary importance that all such duties should be so discharged that, when we return home, we may have no burden on our consciences, and no unpleasant recollections of the past may cling to us; but that, on the contrary, we may have the full conviction that our intercourse with our fellowmen

has tended to promote their moral good and the glory of God. What, then, can be said of this abrupt breaking up of the Jewish council? A fine day's work this, ye priests and Pharisees! Ye have been reviling your officers for bearing their truthful testimony respecting the teaching of the sinless and all-wise Christ; ye have been cursing the people for their ignorance of the law; ye have been making the thoughtful Nicodemus the object of your keen irony, because *he* chose to be calm in spirit, cool in temper, and just in argument, whilst *ye* were mad with passion; ye have been trying to attach to him the stigma of a foul name; ye have hypocritically sent him to the Scriptures for further light, ye yourselves making, at the same time, a great blunder respecting the teaching of the holy books! And now ye are going to your homes. How sweet your recollections of that which has just transpired! What precious reminiscences to feed upon when ye are alone! Something is here suggested to us all. Let us take heed how we think, feel, speak, or act, in our daily intercourse with our fellowmen, whether they be many or few, with whom we converse or deliberate. Nicodemus could go to his house with a clear conscience. Though timid and retiring, he had nevertheless unmistakably shown himself to be on the side of truth, justice, and Christ. The other members of the Sanhedrim, if they thought at all, could only have recalled to memory bad passions and harsh acid words. Ought *you* not so to act and speak among men that you can always go home with a clear conscience, with the conviction that you have been exerting your influence not against the truth, but for it; not against Christ, but for Him; not against God's redemptive plans, but for them? We set the Lord before you as your pattern. He had laboured hard all the day, teaching in the

temple amidst the bustle and crowds at the feast. Thousands of people had seen and heard Him. He had served and glorified His Father every moment of every fleeting hour. He had never once thought, felt, spoken, or acted, contrary to His Father's will. His influence was morally true and pure. The shades of night at length gather round Him. The crowds disperse. The bustle is over. But "He who has not where to lay His head" does not go to "His own house." He retires alone to some quiet retreat among the groves of Olivet, there to meditate and pray. No sad memories of sin committed during the day just gone follow Him thither; no thoughts of resistance to truth,

conscience, and duty. His remembrances of the past are not remorseful and humbling, but they afford him the most perfect and unsullied satisfaction. Would that *our* every day life among men, in its moral and religious aspects, were more like His! Would that we could always feel that we have been living and acting in harmony with our Father's will. Each succeeding day being thus spent, and the Lord Jesus being the supreme object of our loving trust, this would be the inevitable result—we should become evermore spiritually strong, advance in the true life, and show forth the praises of Him who has created, redeemed, and sanctified us.

THE REV. HUGH HUNTER.

NO. II.

AFTER eighteen years of faithful labour in conjunction with Mr. Hunter, the venerable Pickering passed away: amidst the regrets, the lamentations, and the undying affection of a large multitude of brethren whom he loved, and of converts who "owed even their own selves unto him." During those years the additions to the church included many persons who afterwards became not only pillars of the church, but more extensively and influentially known as defenders and advocates of the tenets of the denomination. Among these may be named the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., the highly-respected pastor of the church in Broad Street; Messrs. Truman, Booker, Barwick, Liversege, Taylor, &c.; the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, of Barnstaple; and to them might be added the names "of honourable women not a few." It was Mr. Hunter's happiness to enjoy the personal friendship and esteem of the other Nonconformist ministers of the town, with whom he lived on terms of entire cordiality. One

instance may be cited in which the ordinary confidence even of ministerial intimacy was exceeded. It was his custom for years to make the Rev. Adam Smith, then the pastor of Broad Street, his fellow-student. Mr. H. had a high opinion of Mr. Smith's judgment as a theologian, and especially of his "sermonizing" abilities. Their habit was to prepare one sermon a week in company, receiving the benefit of each other's suggestions and corrections; and it was hence a very common occurrence for members of the two congregations, as they met at the corners of the streets on leaving their respective places of worship, to compare notes upon the religious exercises which had thus been presented in common to them. The number of services and the wide extent of the country engagements, soon made it evident after Mr. Pickering's death that Mr. Hunter would require additional help, and in a short time the Rev. George Syme, M.A., was invited to become assistant pastor. For some time the

accession to the intellectual and official efficiency of the pastorate through this acquisition proved a cause of increased attraction and prosperity. In process of events, however, unhappy differences arose. Possibly Mr. Syme's turn for bold speculation, united with his emphatic modes of statement, alarmed the more timid members; and possibly the undisguised adulation rendered to him proved too much for the susceptibilities of the senior pastor. Be that as it may, a powerful schism founded on personal predilection for the junior minister arose, and, after much painful disension, issued in the formation of the church in Mansfield Road.

The spirit of partizanship and selecticism then engendered, it is to be feared has not been without its ill effect on both congregations, one of which had the misfortune to date its birth at the hour when the cry "I am of Paul and I am of Apollos" was at its height. In a few years the undivided labours of the parent interest called for more power; and in the year 1855, the Rev. James Lewitt, then pastor of the church at Coventry, was invited to share the pastoral care with Mr. Hunter. This connection also for a considerable period proved auspicious; the interests of the church and congregation brightening under the conjoined superintendence of two able and zealous pastors. Eventually, however, renewed trouble arose; members indulged in the popular weakness of favoritism in each direction; misunderstandings led to recrimination, and the hope of reconciliation gradually gave way to a sense of hopeless incompatibility, until in 1865, Mr. Lewitt bade farewell to the church in Stoney Street, and accepted the charge of the Baptist Church in Scarborough, formerly under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Evans. During the time that Mr. Lewitt remained, however, the congregation made considerable

strides towards adapting itself to the altered tone and attitude of modern intelligence. Public lectures on scientific, historical, and literary subjects were given on week evenings, by gentlemen of the town; a mutual instruction society was established, and conducted with vigour; and Mr. Lewitt himself opened a Bible class for young men, which he carried on with characteristic ardour and assiduity. The enthusiasm in progressive movement infected the pupils who attended; and among the fruits of these voluntary educational efforts were several youthful students for the ministry, among whom may be numbered the Rev. T. W. Hanford, of Bolton. Although Mr. Hunter could never be said to be hostile to this intellectual change, he played only the part of an approving spectator, or at most of an occasional chairman at their reunions; and at times expressed himself as somewhat distrustful, if not jealous, of the spirit of unbridled inquiry and mental boldness which were the inevitable consequences of that expansion of the sphere of study, which it was the object of these transactions to make a part of religious training. At the same time the chapel was enlarged. The old meeting-house harmonized with and represented the puritanical plainness of the men who first gathered the congregation. The new one gave evident symptoms of the budding of some æsthetic feeling; and the decorative portions of the internal architecture, though far enough from approaching any ecclesiastical or classical model, indicated a demand for proprieties expressive of the special character of the building.

The general, though perhaps unacknowledged effect of this transformation was gradually to widen the distance between himself and the more advanced portion of his congregation. When Mr. Lewitt left, the distance which had thus

silently intervened between them, soon became apparent. This estrangement, once felt and acknowledged, speedily ripened to a separation: and in 1865-6, a considerable number of friends left, and commenced holding meetings for worship in the Mechanics' Hall. These brethren soon afterwards secured the services of the Rev. James Greenwood, M.A., as their minister.

Notwithstanding the secession of parties in a state of open disaffection to the pastor, it does not appear that complete harmony was restored to the church. The meetings for deliberation occasionally betrayed the presence of stormy elements. On one occasion of this kind expressions were uttered, which Mr. Hunter felt to be personally so offensive, that on Nov. 19th, 1866, he resigned his pastorate.

In December of the same year, he accepted an invitation to become pastor of the General Baptist interest in Old Basford. The dismissal by which he was united to that church attests an affectionate feeling in the church he had left. It ran as follows:—"We hereby dismiss from our fellowship, and cordially recommend to you, our former pastor and his dear wife, and pray that the union now formed between you and him may be productive of great spiritual blessing to the church, and of comfort and happiness to both Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, so that the latter days of their life may have no cloud to overshadow their path; but that at some distant time they may be gathered into the garner of the Lord, as corn fully ripe." In this settlement the relations formerly prevalent between pastor and church were reversed. Before, the church had been gradually growing in demands and in taste in advance of the pastor; now, the qualifications of the pastor were apparently far in advance of the needs and culture of the church. For a time the effect of the new arrival was magical. The

old damp and unsightly chapel was soon thronged with respectable and attentive hearers; and so decided was the regeneration of their condition, and the insufficiency of their accommodation, that a proposition was zealously brought forward to pull down the old and build a new place of worship, which should be a credit both to the congregation and the village. This may be considered to have been the crowning and closing effort of Mr. Hunter's life. It may confidently be said, that but for his active intervention, and constant, unwearied co-operation, this enterprize could never have succeeded. The result was the erection of one of the handsomest and most becoming village chapels in the General Baptist Connexion. From this time till within a year of his death, the course of relations between pastor and people moved smoothly on, furnishing little matter for comment. At length, one evening, as he was leaving the house of a friend, in closing behind him an iron gate, the gate snapped to quickly, and trapping the thumb of his right hand, shattered the bones to fragments. In two days amputation was found necessary; and, knowing the susceptibility of his temperament, the writer rejoices to say that he consented to and underwent the operation with a firmness and composure surprising to his attendant and highly creditable to the moral principles by which he was sustained. The long affliction which ensued was borne with a patience and equanimity well worthy of his Christian profession. At its close, however, on returning to his church, he found a state of alienation, in which distance and disaffection were not always limited to their negative evidences, but open expressions of disrespect warned him that a scene of strife and conflict was at hand. Partly from his own convictions, and partly from the advice of friends, he wisely resolved to take no further

part in church broils, and accordingly tendered his resignation.

He was now relegated to the calm of an entirely private life. On a very few occasions afterwards, he preached or administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to a church in need, but generally he was free from the interruptions of public duty. The closing shades of evening began to fall across his path. One of the most distinct shadows which announced the approaching night occurred in the illness and subsequent removal of the partner of his life. Mrs. Hunter's death left him without the presence of any relative in the immediate neighbourhood to cheer his solitude, or share his sorrows. At one time, like Goldsmith, he contemplated returning to Ireland,

"To die at home at last."

Like him, happily, he never realized the intention; but notwithstanding the recent crosses he had experienced, found amidst friends whom he had long loved, and scenes amidst which he had reaped the harvests of his life's labours, his true home and his final resting-place. Here a friend upon accidentally calling, always met with a warm welcome and a cozy chat on bygone days, often enlivened by roguish Hibernian humour, which made him forget the adverse weather and the weary road outside. Soon, however, illness of a threatening character began to make its inroads upon a constitution originally robust and vigorous, and on spirits natively buoyant and versatile. "The age of man" was passed. Liver disease, with its melancholy accompaniment, dropsy, became evident. The first symptom of the latter malady struck the panic of despair to the heart of the patient. Fortunately these formidable diseases were subdued; but only to give place to the more undefined, but no less fatal, indications of a general "breaking-up" of the system. When the advances of

debility had become so decided as to confine Mr. Hunter to bed, he announced with composure his conviction that his last illness had commenced. He looked forward to death with calmness. When alluding to his ministerial career, he repeatedly expressed with tears of emotion, his surprise that Christ had honoured the labours of one so unworthy so far as to do *any* good; and generally concluded by saying, "but the greatest wonder is that He will accept *me!*" On one occasion, observing his friends in the chamber whispering, he exclaimed, "Don't whisper. I suppose you are talking of the funeral. That does not discompose me. I have, I hope, prepared for the funeral, and for what is beyond it." The approaches of dissolution gradually stole on, and on January 17, 1871, he calmly expired, surrounded by the relatives and friends who had assembled on the news of his illness.

The arrangements which the examination of his temporal affairs after death revealed, bore abundant testimony to his determination to spend freely in the cause of Christ, and to return good for evil. A mere catalogue of his public legacies is a golden commentary on the goodness of his heart. They were as follows:

	£	s	d
To the General Baptist Chapel,			
Old Basford	200	0	0
Benevolent Society, Old Basford	10	0	0
Duke's Place School-room ...	50	0	0
New Basford Chapel	50	0	0
Prospect Place do.	50	0	0
Chilwell College	50	0	0
G. B. Foreign Mission	50	0	0
Nottingham General Hospital	50	0	0
" Blind Institution	50	0	0
" Ragged School ...	20	0	0
" British Boys' and			
Girls' School	20	0	0
Total	£600	0	0

He was interred at the Nottingham General Cemetery, by his former intimate friend and companion, the Rev. W. Frisby, in presence of a

large and sympathizing assembly ; and on the following Sunday his death was improved in a masterly funeral oration, by the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, in Stoney Street Chapel, which was crowded to excess, few refusing the natural tribute of sorrow in bidding a final farewell to the former popular minister of the place. The text on the occasion was, "I have fought a good fight," &c.

As a private Christian, Mr. Hunter's character exhibited all the excellencies and defects of a genuine Irishman. No one who knew him well could doubt the fundamental sincerity of his discipleship ; as little could they screen him from the accusation of occasional inconsistency. What then, "shall the same fountain send forth sweet waters and bitter?" Yes. The paradox is rhetorical only ; the fact is a matter of every day's observation. It may be that "these things ought not so to be." But so they are. And from the time of David, the greater sinner, to that of Luther, the less, who in an ungodly rage flung an inkstand at the devil's head, "there is no one among men that doeth good and sinneth not, no not one." Some men sin in one way and some in another. Equally true is it that some men show their religion in one way and some in another. The speechless penitence of Peter, vented in sobs and cries, out of hearing, was as incontestible a proof of Christianity as the heroic intrepidity of Paul, or the imperturbable gentleness of John. Mr. Hunter was of gentlemanly presence, social, and sympathetic to a fault. Affectionate but irritable, sanguine but impatient, in his days of popularity courted by society, and fond of it, his path lay exactly across the ground most infested with the invisible snares which beset a man of impulsive temperament and unguarded sensibility. It is not contended that he ran the gauntlet of a long

career of such temptation "without spot or blemish, or any such thing." But he held through it all the root principle of a heartfelt love to his Saviour, in whom he devoutly trusted for salvation, and before whom he entertained a most lowly appreciation of himself as a sinner. If he did wrong, no one was afterwards more sorry for it. When restored to that equilibrium of judgment which others can exercise towards us, or in which we survey our former selves, no one would more ingenuously acknowledge the error or the offence of which he had been guilty. "Mrs. Hunter often has to reprove me," said he one day to the writer, "and I am sure I deserve it." Far indeed was he from that tone of self-justification and defiance which resents disapprobation, and seems to appropriate the conduct condemned as part of our voluntary responsibility. This is—in the writer's opinion—the turning point of character. The man who loves, defends, and advocates his faults, identifies himself with them, and renders them part of his spiritual self. The man who bewails, scorns, and casts away the sins that have made him and his best friends mourn, in that act divorces himself from them. Such a man is a good man : he is "passed from death unto life." This was a leading, a redeeming trait of our late lamented friend's character. He was not the man to spend his days in what John Wesley would have called a "legal night." He was too fond of the dews of grace, the sunshine of favour, and the brilliancy of spiritual triumph. His was religion "on the voluntary principle," and by no means excluded "frames and feelings." The firmament of his soul was like an April sky, smiles and tears, clouds of humiliation and showers of penitence, but dropping from a canopy of vernal azure, and tinted by the gold of summer radiance. If he might be taunted with too readily "leaving his sins with

his Saviour," it might be answered for him, that he left his treasures and triumphs with Him just as readily. Perhaps he placed too much faith in dogma; but he placed no faith in dogma equal to what he

did in faith itself: that is, a quick, unreserved surrender of the heart itself to Christ. By that faith *he* was saved; and that was not of himself; it was the gift of God.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN WORK AMONGST THE POOR OF ST. GILES'S.

"THE heathenism of London." May we, in strict truth, use such a phrase concerning the state of our metropolis in this latter half of the nineteenth century of our Lord? Is it true that heathendom has its strongholds in a city which is the very centre and home of the mightiest and most progressive movements against the paganism of the uttermost parts of the earth? After the evangelizing influences of the Church of Christ have girdled us for centuries with a zone of beneficence, and the victories of the cross of Christ have engraven themselves on cities, towns, and states, are we still to confess to the presence in our midst of a degradation and a vice equalling that of India before it heard of Carey, or the South Sea Islands before they were startled by the visits of Williams? At least this will be admitted, that the main difference between the thousands in London and in Orissa is, that whereas the Oriyas worship gods their own hands have made, the masses at home worship no god at all. The former have fallen into a degrading idolatry, the latter have sunk into the despair and wretchedness of a blank atheism. The dweller in Pooree needs to hear the first of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The inhabitant of St. Giles's is lower even than that, and requires you to prove that there *is* a God, and that if there be, He cares anything whatever for us. The moral condition of the idolater on the distant plains of India is deplorable, and stirs the pity of every generous and Christian heart; but surely the state of the practical atheist at our very doors, rioting in his wickedness, can scarcely be less distressing, or less stimulating to love and good works.

But dark and dense as this *Home-heathenism* is, it yields at many points to the influence of individual loving

Christian effort. Pickets of soldiers of the cross have gone forth and stationed themselves on the very borders, ay, even in the heart of the enemies' country; and they have already secured such trophies as prove to us that the true method of warfare has been adopted, and the true track followed. We had to learn from the *Times*, some years ago, (and the lesson is still needed in many quarters) that modern methods of "breaking ground in attacking large masses of heathenism" are not always "according to Scripture precedent. When we look to the simple narratives of the Bible, we cannot help becoming immediately conscious of a vast and unaccountable difference between the methods of the apostolic age and of this wherein we live. *Then* the man spoke to the man, at any time and place, in season and out of season, making himself 'all things to all men,' preaching in a Jewish synagogue till turned out, or in the room of a philosophical lecturer, or in a private house, or at a river side, or in a lodging, at dawn or at night. There can be no doubt of the immense difficulties which everywhere, and from the beginning to the end of the sacred story, beset the path of the preacher. Bigotry, science, cupidity, ruffianism, sensuality and sloth, all combined their powers to resist the great aggression made on their domains. But the preachers, isolated, wandering, of humble condition, and sometimes personally objectionable, persevered, talked, preached, governed, and founded the polity with which, after the lapse of near two thousand years, all claim a special identity. Such a mode of proceeding is perfectly simple, natural, convenient and practical." Scarcely a better illustration of this sort of individual dealing with sin, and woe, and want, by means of the gospel of the Lord Jesus could be found than that presented in

the work of Mr. George Hatton in the crowded neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. All day this devoted Christian man is engaged in his business; but his leisure is given to the improvement of the moral and spiritual welfare of the people in this locality; and through his wise, loving, painstaking, and persevering efforts, he has become the centre of an organization of Christian workers that is doing incalculable good to hundreds in one of the most needy and most sinful parts of this city. The origin of this work is told by Mr. Hatton in his report:—

"It was in January, 1860, rather more than eleven years ago, that I first became most strongly impressed with a desire to work for God in the well known district of St. Giles's, London. I was at that time a member of Dr. Brock's Church at Bloomsbury, and engaged in Sabbath school work, which I have always much loved, and ever striven to advance. St. Giles's, however, was constantly laid upon my heart, and there I resolved to attempt, in some manner, to extend the kingdom of Christ amongst the masses of our fellows huddled together in the miserable courts and alleys with which this part of the metropolis unhappily abounds.

"My first visits in the district were anything but encouraging to one so inexperienced; painful want and destitution met the view in almost every home visited, and I was not long in discovering that unless some practical sympathy could be shown amongst the people, little good was likely to be accomplished. How to raise means to relieve pressing want and destitution was the question now for me to solve, and after a good deal of anxious thought and much prayer, I resolved to invite half a dozen young men (fellow members with me at Bloomsbury) to my house in Chancery Lane, for the purpose of talking the matter over and obtaining their co-operation. The result was, the formation of a Society, which we resolved to designate the 'Home Poor Relief Fund,' each member pledging themselves to the weekly payment of fourpence, and engaging to do all that was possible, by personal canvass and otherwise, to obtain funds for carrying on visitation amongst the poor. By the kindly help of friends at Bloomsbury and elsewhere we soon

raised a fund of twenty shillings per week, and a considerable number of young men joined in the effort to do good. After the lapse of some little time it was considered desirable to secure a room where we could meet the folks and speak to them further of Christ's love. The place secured was situated in Queen Street, Seven Dials, in the very heart of St. Giles's, and would accommodate about sixty persons when quite full. Here, then, amongst very much painful discouragement, we were permitted to labour for some three years; during the greater part of this time we saw little or no result, which was most trying to our faith; but at length fervent prayer was answered in the ingathering of several of the most unlikely of our worshippers to Christ, the Sinner's Friend. Encouraged by this manifest token of the divine approval we laboured on with renewed energy, our room soon became overcrowded, and it was necessary for us to look for a larger and more suitable place for our meetings, and in July, 1864, we entered upon our present Mission premises in King Street, which had been occupied by the United Free Methodists, but they were compelled to relinquish the building from lack of funds. The rent and expenses of our work from this time were exclusively borne by the Bloomsbury Chapel Domestic Mission Committee, and formed one of their stations until January, 1867, since which the Mission has been entirely dependant upon the voluntary offerings of God's people. The premises have been enlarged to their utmost capacity, and our heavenly Father has been pleased so manifestly to bless His word, that in March, 1867, it was considered advisable to gather into Christian fellowship those whom we believed had been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of the Mission, and from that time to the present, scarcely four years, three hundred persons have been welcomed to the Lord's table, and a large number of these friends are now themselves engaged in various branches of the work in disseminating the truth as it is in Jesus, and will form the crown of our rejoicing in the day of the Lord."

But the work at King Street has grown so extensive, and the workers

have become so numerous, that several other places have been secured in the immediate neighbourhood, and are regularly used for the purposes of the Mission. The Coal Yard Station is in the worst part of Drury Lane. That at Princes Street will hold two hundred persons. At all these places the chief work is proclaiming the gospel of Christ. This is the centre. Everything else is subordinate to the salvation of the soul. But besides the preaching of the gospel indoors and out, there are prayer-meetings; Sunday schools, containing five hundred children, and managed by forty teachers; House-to-house Visitation Society, entering some six hundred rooms every Sunday, and distributing upwards of 100,000 tracts, 2,000 British Workmen, 2,900 British Workwomen, 2,000 British Juveniles, 1,500 Glad Tidings, 500 New Year's Addresses, 170 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels during the year. The lodging-houses of the district are visited; a Bible-woman is constantly and very successfully employed; a Penny Savings Bank, Library, Mothers' Meetings, and Soup Kitchens, are all in active operation. Nor have they laboured in vain. Many pleasing cases prove that the Lord rejoices in their work, and crowns it with His blessing. Souls are saved. Homes are brightened with the light of the gospel. Degraded men and women sit at the feet of Jesus in the new nature He has graciously given them. A short time since "one of the poor men from the congregation stepped up to the desk to say that he had brought four shillings, which he wished to give to the Mission. One of our friends said to him, 'have you received any blessing from attending here?' 'No,' he replied, 'not me, but my wife. There is such a difference in my home. Ah! and in her too, that I feel bound to give this as a thank-offering to God.' A few Sabbaths ago a young woman stepped into the upper room and stayed to the service; she became so deeply impressed as to stay behind and wrestle with the Lord for salvation, and after a long struggle she was enabled to lay hold by faith on Him—the Resurrection and the Life.' She went home and told her mother the joy of pardoned sin, and the love she felt towards Christ, and on the next Sabbath her mother came

seeking for Jesus, and it would be difficult to describe the scene that ensued at the close of the preaching; mother and child wrestling together in prayer until light dawned, and joy came. She was enabled to leave leaning upon the Beloved, and praising His name. Two young men, brothers, for some time listened to the Word. The youngest was enabled first to realize his salvation in Christ; but the elder would not yield, and went away sorrowful, and for many weeks refused to come, but the seed was sown in his heart, and the blessed Spirit carried on the work, and a few weeks ago, he entered the place again, at the close of the service, and said, 'I have been to the fountain before, but have never stepped in until to-night. I see that I am saved through believing in Jesus.' Both these young men are walking consistently, and are in fellowship with us."

The following instance of a poor drunken sailor who was induced by one of the female helpers to attend the Sunday evening service is worthy of note. It appears that the friend was scouring the neighbourhood as usual before the time of service, endeavouring to persuade some careless one to accompany her to the house of God, when she observed this poor sailor in a wretched plight, just about to step into one of the horrid gin palaces, unhappily so numerous in all parts of the district. She accosted him kindly, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, he stepped back from the entrance, filled with amazement at being thus addressed. She endeavoured by many arguments to persuade him to desist from entering the public house that night, and after many appeals he consented to go with her to the Mission Hall, on condition that she gave him a penny for the purchase of tobacco. This she readily agreed to do; and he passed in with her to the service, and stayed to the close; but, to use his own words, he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to get out. But God held him fast. He left that night, angrily vowing that he would never enter the place again. The week past, an awful one for Him (tormented, as he evidently was, by conviction of sin). On the next Sabbath the same friend was watching her opportunity for useful-

ness, almost at the same spot, when she again spied her old friend, evidently wending his way to the public house where he intended to have spent the evening the Sabbath before. She again entreated him to go with her to the Hall, but it was a long time before he would consent. However, in a little time he was again found a listener to the good news from heaven. During the former part of the service he was overwhelmed with fear and dread on account of his wicked life; but in a moment, as he describes it, he saw that his sins were put away, and he began to rejoice with great joy in the knowledge of his sins forgiven. The very next morning he was compelled to join his ship, and on the Monday evening, at the meeting for prayer, a letter was laid before me, written during the night of Sunday, and previous to his departure, fully describing his penitence for sin, and his trust in the Saviour. Subsequent letters prove that the work is genuine, for he is rejoicing in God his Saviour, and walking in the way of His commandments.

Truly may it be said St. Giles's is not what it was twenty years ago by a very long way; the untiring efforts of Mr. McCree, and his helpers from Bloomsbury, with that of many other honoured and beloved brethren, have not been without their marked effects. Hundreds of poor miserable drunkards have become sober men; unhappy street wanderers, very many, have been

reclaimed; miserable homes and hearts not a few have been made happy, and the face of the whole neighbourhood is changed for the better; but much remains to be done yet, so much indeed, that often even now are we led to stagger through unbelief, and are all but dismayed at the mass of unchecked, open sin, that we daily behold on all sides.

And why should not these healing and restorative effects be multiplied a million fold? Why should not many more young men and women start forth on such quiet unostentatious work, humbly and earnestly seeking to save men out of pure love to God? Oh! less of selfish leisure, less of self-seeking, less of supine indifference! Men are perishing for lack of the knowledge of Christ. Jesus yearns for the salvation of the world. Each one to his task at once. Be it that you cannot do much, still do your little, for

"If a pilgrim has been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a can of clear cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word to tell of day;
If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle
One faint heart grow brave and strong;"

Then I may rejoice and be exceeding glad, for I shall not lose my reward.

J. CLIFFORD.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. VII.—*On Books, and how to Read them.*

Dear Mr. Editor,—Will you give us a "talk" about books? May we read Novels; and if so, what sort, and how often?—Truly yours, C. E. and F. R.

MOST readily do I respond to your request, my young friends; for there are few subjects more welcome to me, or that offer in this reading age so bright a prospect of being of some little use to you. Books are fountains of pleasure. Reading is not only a task; it is a delight. There are not many pleasures either purer or sweeter than those we experience in the refreshing society of good books. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was both a book-

reader and a book-maker, was once asked—"Who is the most miserable man?" And with the readiness so characteristic of him he replied—"The man who cannot read on a rainy day." I can appreciate that answer very well, from two days experience I had in Switzerland, not far from the Gemmi Pass. Shut up in the hotel at Kandersteg, and full of anxiety to continue my journey, but kept indoors by the incessant downpour of rain, I know how much more heavily the time would have hung on my hands had it not been for the genial presence of the good "Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver

Goldsmith. There is no lack of restoring and comforting medicine in books, if we only know where to find it and how to take it. I am not at all surprised that Cicero, the great orator of Rome, knowing as he did the endless pleasures of literature, should be ready to part with all he was worth, so that he might have the unspeakable privilege of living and dying amongst his books. What scene is more touchingly tender than that of the poet Southey, away yonder in his lake-surrounded home, aged and dying, sitting pathetically stroking and kissing the books that had been the companions of his life, but that were now sealed to him. No better treasure is there—not even the Tower with its crown jewels—in all this realm, than the British Museum with its army of books: and the thing to be rejoiced in more than broad acres or splendid mansion, is a large and well-selected library.

Nor is it only that good books are mines of untold pleasures, and ever-flowing rivers of joy: they are also exceedingly useful. They feed us with noble thoughts, and make us strong with the bread of heaven, for duty or sorrow, for worship or work. They are like the bracing air of the Scottish hills, or the refreshing breezes of the great and wide sea, to a wearied and jaded body. They are mental tonics. They stimulate thought, purify purpose, reanimate courage, revive faith, rekindle zeal, regenerate the conscience, make us ashamed of our indolence and aware of our faults, and open to us a more excellent way. Cotton Mather wrote a little work, called "Essays to do Good," and it wondrously helped to make the character of that illustrious American, Benjamin Franklin; and can any one tell how many youthful hearts that printer has fired with a love of industry, honesty, and greatness? Martin Luther, the famous religious reformer of Germany, was inspired to undertake his gigantic labours against Popery and for the Word of God, by the perusal of "The Life and Writings of John Huss." Here, too, is a shelf of books that are themselves a grand history. They consist of Bunny's "Resolution," Sibbes' "Bruised Reed," Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," Wilberforce's "Practical View of Chris-

tianity," and Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," and the works of Dr. Thos. Chalmers. All on one shelf, and yet all may be traced up, one to the other, just as you trace the pedigrees of a family from son to father, father to grandfather, and so on. Each book made the man that made its successor. Sibbes' "Bruised Reed," together with Bunny's "Resolution," led the Kidderminster pastor to penitence and prayer. Baxter called upon God, and then wrote his "Call to the Unconverted," and Philip Doddridge heard the summons and sought the favour of the Lord. Rejoicing therein, he wrote the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and William Wilberforce, M.P. for the county of York, beheld it, and saw his great need, and forthwith called upon God. He heard his prayers, and granted him repentance unto life; and after having practised the principles of the gospel for some years, he published his "Practical View of the Christian Religion." By it Legh Richmond and Thomas Chalmers were converted, and they in their time became authors of works that will live and reproduce themselves for ages. Good books are seeds full of life: and sown in good soil, and watered with the dews of heaven, they grow and bear fruit from year to year.

But I must not talk longer about books, though the theme is a most tempting one. You ask me *what* you are to read. There's the difficulty. If I knew each one of my readers fully, I might then perhaps do a little in the way of answering this inquiry; but as I can only guess at your condition from what I know of a *few* of you, I must give you some plain rules that will help you to decide for yourselves.

First, *never read a book that is tainted with evil.* Weeds grow apace in my garden, but their doom is to be buried or burned; so it should be with bad books. A bad book is hardly less to be feared than a bad man. A printed companion may be a more dangerous snare than a living one. Not a few boys and girls have been undone in mind and heart, and that utterly, by corrupt literature. Books have a character. Always ask for it before you take them into your service. And if you suspect that the person recommending the book is not honest, or not out-spoken, or, worse than all,

not pure, then have nothing to do with the book. If any one offered to let your father have a serpent in the house *for nothing*, would he take it? Why should you read a bad book because it is lent you? An empty house is better than a bad tenant. No servant at all is better than one that robs you. Sensational novels, spiced with wickedness, evil in the plots, evil in the character, unreality and falsehood all through, are worse than a reeking cesspool in hot August.

Secondly, avoid books that *make light of religion, or treat the Bible with irreverence*. Do not read any work that calls Christianity in question. You are not strong enough yet to endure the poison that you will meet with in such productions. A strong and healthy spiritual nature is the best and only defence against the contagion of irreligion and infidelity. Many a man would have been saved from scepticism altogether, and from years of uselessness, or of worse, active opposition to Christ, if instead of reading sceptical books at fifteen or sixteen they had waited till they were two or three and twenty. A book that contains a jeer at religion, or that treats the virtues of life as though they could be sustained without the presence and aid of Christ, is not the book for you. Knowledge that is gained at the expense of *reverence* for God and truth is a loss and no advantage. All that you need may be secured without standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the scornful. Books of history and science, of travel and song, of biography and discipline, of art and religion, in which there is nothing that corrupts or enfeebles, abound. Make these your early choice, and you will never regret it.

But it would seem that your chief trouble is about works of fiction. May we read novels? I should say of course you may. For what is a novel? It is only one of the many dresses that Literature keeps in her vast wardrobe, and puts on as occasion suits. She has a pleasing variety of attire. Here she appears in the pure drab of meditation; there in the gay robes of poetry. Now it is the variegated garment of history, and now the mournful drapery of funeral memoirs. At one time it is the light and air summer dress of fiction; at another the sombre grey of philosophy.

But a friend may visit us in sackcloth or in scarlet, in ashes or purple and fine linen, and yet be a friend. Clothes are much, very much, but they are not everything; and as to books, whilst we are very careful that in entertaining a stranger we do not give welcome to a foe unawares, still we must not judge entirely by the dress the thought wears. Evil may lurk in history as well as in fiction, in sermons as well as tales. And to-day we know everything puts on the style of the novel: history and song, travels and politics, life and manners, religion and irreligion. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Beecher's Norwood, Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, are novels read with interest and advantage. The great questions are not, what is the dress of a book, but what is its spirit? are its principles sound? is it saturated with the influence of the gospel of Christ? If not, reject it. While, then, we follow the two rules above laid down as to novels, as well as to other books, we have to add as a third rule—*Read far less of novels than of other works*. Don't live on them. They are poor stuff to read day by day. Some of the weakest minded, least useful young men and women I know, were boys and girls that fed themselves at boarding school and at home on novels and nothing else. Read fiction as you eat pastry: not for the whole meal, but as a pleasant addition. Make light reading your relaxation; and as soon as you find that you have a dislike for your school-books, or for good and substantial reading, throw the novel aside and say, no more of that sort for the next three months.

A fourth rule on reading is, get one book and *master it thoroughly*, so that all its thoughts, peculiar turns of expression, and principles are your own. This process will do you immense good. It is like sharpening a knife when you want it to cut. You will read every book more easily for your victory over that one. I remember with special pleasure when I was between 14 and 15, so treating a little book, called the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." (Published by the Tract Society for sixpence.) I read it through once and again, wrote out an account of the leading thoughts; put down the ideas it suggested to me while reading; made a list of its chief propositions;

and though it is now nearly twenty years ago, yet I believe, after half-an-hour's glance at my notes, I could stand a stiff examination in the book. It did me immense good, and I would urge all my readers to try the plan. Get a good solid book to begin upon, and then try, try again, till you have succeeded.

Fifthly. "Reading," says Bacon, "maketh a full man." Well, that depends how he reads. He must read *slowly* and *meditatively*, if he is to be full. I have travelled from Hitchin to Hatfield many times by train, but I never knew the country or the road between those two towns, till I slowly walked from one to the other a few days ago. Coleridge says there are four sorts of readers. *Hour-glass* readers, whose reading runs in and out and leaves nothing. *Sponge* readers, who imbibe all, but only to give out again as they got it, and perhaps not so clean. *Jelly-bag* readers, who keep the dregs and refuse, and let the pure run through. *Diamond* readers, who cast aside all that is worthless, and hold only the gems. Two different insects I have seen drinking the sweet nectar of the flowers. This bright-winged fellow spins along from flower to flower, as though life were long and joyous, and every cup was full. Here he is at the geranium, another moment he lodges in the wall-flower, anon he bounds to the iris, now he sips the sap

of the rose. His mate is not so gaily drest, nor does he attract so much attention by his movements, but lingers long over his feast at the sweet scented woodbine, and there satisfies his desires, and carries off to his hive a cargo of honey. Come hither, gaudy butterfly, and tell me what thou hast gleaned to-day! Alas! he has had only a fine day's sport and no gains. And now, little busy bee, show us your harvest! And he discovers to us the wealth he has won, and then hastes away with it to the home he is preparing for winter. Do not be a butterfly reader, skimming over the surface. Imitate the bee. Stay long and gather the sweet honey locked up in the flowers of literature.

I must not conclude without reminding you of two books written by God: *Nature and the Bible*. St. Bernard had not many books, but he had no lack of teachers in woods and fields, beeches and oaks. Nature's page is always open, and God our Father is ever writing something thereon for eyes that will look. But the best book of all, the king of books, is the Bible. Let no day pass without a verse of this being committed to memory, and in a long life those Scriptures will become the chief treasure memory will hold. May you, like Timothy, know in your youth the Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation!

J. CLIFFORD.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. VI.—*Woodhouse Eaves, Hinckley, Quorndon, Sawley, Castle Donington.*

BY B. BALDWIN.

Two of our early Sunday schools—WOODHOUSE EAVES and HINCKLEY—date from 1798. I think the statement in the *G. B. R.* that Woodhouse school was commenced in 1803 cannot be correct, because Mrs. Bailey (the venerable mother of our devoted missionary brother, the Rev. W. Bailey) was presented with a book as a prize for good conduct, when a girl in this school, in the year 1800. The first ten years of this school were characterized by similar severe corporal punishment to that adopted at Friar Lane; in fact, Friar Lane set a pattern in many things to neighbouring schools, things evil and barbarous, as well as things that were good. Sticks were pretty freely used—the "log" was fastened to the leg, and unruly scholars

were made to stand upon a form holding a piece of wood in each hand. Reading, writing, and spelling have always been taught, Scripture copies always been used. Scholars are required to commit the minister's text to memory every week. The increase of the school required two enlargements of the rooms, one in 1816, and again in 1826. An important change in the conduct of this school was introduced in 1815, when the late zealous Mr. Joshua Bailey (father of our missionary) and Mr. E. Johnson (father of Mr. Johnson, now of Osmaston Road Church, Derby) abolished the coercive and penal treatment, and substituted a persuasive and affectionate method of government, which resulted in a marked illustration of the old fable of

"the Wind and the Sun," and thereby laid the foundation of the good name and credit the school has maintained to the present time. At first scholars were not received under seven years of age—in 1823, at six, in 1840 at five, and now they are received at four years of age. These remarks, I think, apply to the course pursued by most of the oldest schools. Although our Woodhouse friends have had to complain of the opposition of church influence, and that they have lost very many by removals to large towns, an experience of most village schools, still they have always had a good school, the present number being 125 scholars and 21 teachers. They have an adult class of about 20 young men, from 18 to 40 years of age, some of whom are married, and a mutual improvement class in winter months. Very many have gone out of the school into membership with the church; and many have gone to America, where they are filling spheres of usefulness. The Rev. J. Derry, of Barton, the Rev. W. Bailey, and several useful local preachers, were scholars in this Woodhouse school.

Special need for a Sunday school was experienced at *Hinckley*, in consequence of so many poor boys and girls being sent there, chiefly from Warwickshire, to learn the stocking trade: these numbered nearly 500 at the time the General Baptist School was opened; for want of more efficient help, a mistress of a dame school was engaged by its founders, with two others, to teach reading, until the effort grew popular, and secured the needed help. None of the teachers had any experience, and the boys were mostly so headstrong and unruly, that in order if possible to secure subordination and discipline, punishments were resorted to of such a nature as to fill my informant with shame and regret at the remembrance of them, so that he has refrained from giving me any details of them. In 1814 public dismission of creditable scholars was introduced; 12 senior ones were presented with a Bible, and addressed by the Rev. Mr. Yates, then co-pastor with Mr. Freestone; this was not done again until ten years afterwards, and then dismissions became annual. The Old Testament was not used in the school until 1827. Interrogatory modes of instruction were adopted; spelling and writing were also practised; and, as in many other schools, Dan Taylor's Catechism was for many years a standard class book. In 1811 this school contained 180 scholars and 20 teachers, but in 1821 it was reduced to 70 scholars and eight or nine teachers. It again revived in numbers and usefulness after 1822, when the venerable James Taylor became pastor of the church.

At QUORNDON, a Sunday school, reported to be "on a new and improved plan," was opened in 1799, beginning with girls in the hired room of a cottage, and then extending it to boys, for whose accommodation a kind of barn or stable was also hired. Shortly, the increase of scholars led to an entire small house being secured, where both sexes met for instruction. Teachers were paid to instruct the scholars in writing and arithmetic, as I suppose the ordinary teachers were behindhand themselves in these "accomplishments." Here the cane, and the Friar Lane log and heavy weights flourished as instruments of discipline. Old scholars say they suffered much from the effects of these severe punishments in after years. The luxury of school-rooms was not indulged in until about 1825, and yet the school was held together, and has remained to this day an important auxiliary to the church. This school (in common with the church) has suffered repeatedly by the exodus of friends to Nottingham, but it has always soon rallied, and is now in a vigorous and useful state.

The SAWLEY friends commenced a Sunday school about 1800, and went on very well for many years, until great annoyance and loss of scholars was experienced from the persecuting spirit of the Church of England: this was especially shown by a certain clergyman about 45 years ago, who when he came laid claim to a day school which had been built by general subscription from churchmen and dissenters alike. Unfortunately, it was built upon church property, which this ingenious "successor of the Apostles" detecting, he took advantage of the law, and demanded a much higher school fee from all scholars who did not attend the Church Sunday school! Eventually, the late Mr. Parkinson came to the rescue; a permanent Nonconformist day school was established, which has been in vigorous operation for the last 20 years, under the care of Mr. John Stenson, the evening preacher at Sawley, and has proved a great help to the Sunday school. There are now 103 scholars, with 28 teachers.

CASTLE DONINGTON appears to have been behind Sawley with its Sunday school, as they did not attempt one until 1804; and this was the fruit of a very commendable determination of 19 persons who were in that year baptized, and they resolved to do something for the church they had now joined, so they started a Sunday school. They conducted it in a hired club-room, then in a wool-room—introducing Dan Taylor's Catechism, Testament and Bible Classes from the first; writing was and still is taught in the week. The Catechism is now ignored, to the regret of the old teachers, who consider the young are not

now so well grounded in the truth. Punishment was imposed by the wearing of badges of disgrace, indicating the offence committed. Rewards of Bibles and other books were given for good attendance, attention, getting catechism and texts by

heart.* This school has had a most blessed influence on the church, fully one-half the members having come annually from its ranks.

* They established a school specially for adults in 1810.

Poetry.

THE LAST WORDS OF ERASMUS.

*An arrow of the olden time
New feathered with my modern rhyme.*

He doth not in the cloister dwell
As only to be worshipped there,
The Christ we need I know full well
Is universal as the air;
He's found in palaces of kings,
And where the poorest have their home,
Where labour's giant hammer rings,
Or lonely ships on ocean roam.

His honours let no tongue gainsay,
High Priest alone while ages roll;
Nor cast thy dignity away,
For Christ once born within thy soul,
I care not what thou mayest be,
Or rich, or poor, or young, or old,
A priest He consecrateth thee,
And crowns thee with the royal gold.
Ripley.

A holy place dost thou esteem,
Some marble fane or silver shrine?
And see in altar, rood, and screen,
A sacred shade of lights divine?
Know then thou art more sacred still,
And precious to the God of Love,
If thou art cleansed from Calvary's hill,
He dwells in thee who reigns above.

Would'st thou with flame His altar fill,
Or win for God in kingly strife?
Subdue thy passions and thy will,
And offer up thy heart and life;
Renounce all merit of thine own,
And thus by Christ shalt thou attain
The splendours of His highest throne—
For ever hallowed be His name.

E. H. JACKSON.

Reviews.

WESLEY HIS OWN BIOGRAPHER. By G. S. Rowe. Stock.

JOHN WESLEY is becoming more notable than ever. His name fills a larger place in literature now than it has ever done before; and in the measure in which the churches of this country become more and more zealous of good works, and yearn for the salvation of souls, we shall esteem it our duty and delight to study the memoirs of a life so fully consecrated to God and men. But whatever books may be written about Wesley, this is certain, that all must depend largely upon the biography he wrote of himself. We cannot dispense with that. Other biographies must base themselves upon the autobiography. Mr. Rowe has therefore rendered great service in putting these extracts from the letters, diary, etc., of Wesley before us in such an admirable manner. The great preacher speaks for himself. He unveils his own character, his faults, and his excellencies, his doubts and misgivings, his victorious faith and his fervent zeal. In reading this book, the one thing that forces itself upon us, is not Wesley's genius, not his great learning, but his intense devotion to the salvation of souls, and his immense practical common sense. Here is a pastoral address, given to the society at Leominster in 1746, and which may be read by any

church with profit, page 96. "My dear brethren,—As many of you as have set your hands to the plough, see that you go on, and look not back. The prize and the crown are before you; and in due time you shall reap, if you faint not. Meantime, fight the good fight of faith, enduring the cross and despising the shame. Beware that none of you return evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing. Show forth out of a loving heart your good conversation, with meekness and wisdom. Avoid all disputes as you would avoid fire; so shall ye continue kindly affectionate one toward another. The God of peace be with you."

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN WALES: its History and Working. *The Liberation Society, and E. Stock.*

THIS is another timely pamphlet of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control, following in the wake of that lately issued on the Scottish Kirk. These two pamphlets, together with the "Title-deeds of the Church of England," form an ample repository of fact and argument for the warfare on behalf of religious equality and spiritual religion in which we are now engaged. The work above is full of facts, carefully analyzed statistics, close and convincing

reasoning, and is written in a style remarkable as well for temperateness and force, as for caustic satire. Beginning with the British Church, the author then passes to that golden era when the Church as by law established in Wales was unopposed by dissent, schism, or sects, and asks what it did for the Welsh country then? The answer is not surprising to those who know the character and effects of State Churches. As in the long run always and everywhere, so there the State Church proved to be a castle of indolence, a paradise of selfish inactivity, and a refuge for intolerance and bigotry, so long as there was no active dissent to provoke to exertion and stimulate to rivalry. The branch of the English Church in Wales had a "favourable period," but slumbered through it, only waking up to hang John Penry, the famous University preacher, because he would not cease to plead for more preachers to be sent to his countrymen. Let our readers get this pamphlet. It is only six-pence, and it will show them how the Establishment has failed in Wales, it will confirm their faith in their voluntary principles, and inflame their zeal in the service of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world."

ENGLAND'S CURSE AND ITS CURE. By J. Walter. With an introduction by the Rev. C. Garrett. *Stock.*

MR. WALTER'S book forms a very useful manual of the various aspects of the temperance question. The statement of the principles of total abstinence is clear, comprehensive, and well-sustained, and the enforcement of them is marked by earnest kindness and great temperateness of speech. "England's curse" is that "crying intemperance," which the Wesleyan Conference of 1870 declared to be "the mightiest enemy of the evangelist, and so prolific of evil, that in nearly every path of our work we encounter its results." The

ways in which that curse works and propagates itself through the home, the village, the city, the state, and the church, are laid bare. Carefully compiled statistics, forcible anecdotes, and convincing facts, render this work exceedingly valuable. Would that every minister of our churches, that every officer and every member, could be brought prayerfully to ponder the reasonings and facts contained in this volume. Then the 4,000 ministers who have publicly avowed themselves adherents of the temperance movement, and the tens of thousands of members who are with them, would be swelled into a mighty throng, before whose wise and energetic action this great curse would flee away.

LOVING AND FIGHTING. Addresses delivered in Sunday and Ragged Schools. By G. E. A. Shirley. *Stock.*

A book of stories from the Bible, from church history, from accounts of travellers, and from personal experience. It is divided into seven chapters, and illustrates such themes as a mother's love, true charity, real courage in fighting for the right. Those who have to speak to children will find some help in this volume.

Church Finance. By Rev. E. R. Conder, M.A. (5s. per hundred.)—*Practical Guide for the successful Working of the Weekly Offering in a Christian Church.* By J. Whittaker. 3d. each. (*Stock.*)—The first of these papers is a good exposition of the Weekly Offering, and the second is a most useful practical directory for any church about to adopt it.

G. W. Childs. By J. Parton. (Philadelphia: Collins.)—Mr. Childs is the owner and editor of the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, and this is a racy story of his life, from his early struggles up to his present greatness. Another story of "Self Help" for young men to study.

Correspondence.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

TO THE EDITOR,—

SIR,—May I be permitted, through your courtesy, to inform the friends at Heptonstall Slack and surrounding district, that I propose (God willing) to spend my week or ten days' holiday ramble this year in the above neighbourhood, and should the way open for a special religious service in the open air, or at some chapel or school-room, each evening from August 2 onwards, I shall feel very thankful to be permitted to

work for my precious Saviour in seeking the salvation of perishing men. My friends Mr. Gray and Mr. Springthorpe have kindly concurred in my proposal, and should others desire to follow in the same track, I shall be glad to arrange with them early in July. I ask no remuneration, and will print all announcements of the meetings at my own expense.

Yours truly,

GEO. WILKINS,
Bookseller, Derby.

June 20, 1871.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

The LONDON CONFERENCE met at Chesham, on Tuesday, May 23rd.

A devotional meeting was held in the morning, conducted by Rev. J. Lawton; and brethren Clifford, Sexton, Means, Pike, Chapman, and Hood offered prayer.

At the meeting for business in the afternoon, the Rev. J. Lawton presided. Mr. Quiney prayed. Several churches again failed to report. But those from which reports were received have since the last Conference baptized 65, received 32, restored 6, and now have 20 remaining as candidates. It was reported that—

1. The new arrangements for holding the Foreign Missionary Meetings had proved acceptable and successful.

2. No response had been made to the appeal addressed to the churches, on behalf of Home Mission work in the London district.

It was resolved—That

1. The resolution passed at the last Conference, in reference to the non-reporting churches, be re-affirmed.

2. The Trustees of the Aylesbury property be respectfully requested to take into consideration the desirability of selling the same, and devoting the funds to Home Mission work in connection with this Conference; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Trustees.

3. The next Conference be held at Praed Street, London, on the first Wednesday in October. Brother Atkinson be requested to prepare for it a paper, containing or suggesting a Practical Scheme for Home Mission work in this district. And a Home Missionary Meeting be held in the evening, the speakers to be brethren Lawton, Pike, and Sage.

The Rev. C. Payne having tendered his resignation as Secretary, on account of removing from the district, it was resolved that—

4. The cordial thanks of the Conference be given to Brother Payne for his services, and that his resignation be accepted.

The Rev. J. Sage, of Wendover, was then elected Secretary of the Conference.

Mr. Wallis Chapman, of London, read a paper on "The limits to individual thought and action in the church and in the denomination." After a short discussion, the best thanks of the Conference were presented to Mr. Chapman, for his excellent paper, and he was requested to send it for insertion in the *Magazine*.

At the evening service the Rev. J. Sage

read the Scriptures and prayed; and the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., preached from Colossians iii. 11.

JOHN SAGE, *Secretary*.

The MIDLAND SUMMER CONFERENCE met at Sawley, on Whit-Wednesday, May 31. The Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., President, in the chair.

After devotional exercises at the morning sitting, the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., read a paper on "Church Fellowship; its nature, objects, and how far such objects are realised amongst us." A fraternal conference took place on the points raised in the paper; the writer received a vote of thanks, with a request that the paper might be published in the *Magazine*.

At 2.30 p.m. the Conference re-assembled for business.

1. *The Midland Home Mission*. The Treasurer, H. Webster Earp, Esq., and the Secretary, the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., were re-appointed for another year. Messrs. George Orchard, Ashby, Joseph Cholerton, Ashby, H. Thompson, Derby, and C. Squiers, Nottingham, were elected members of the Committee, *vice* Messrs. Haydon, Birmingham, Marshall, Walsall, Roper, Leicester, J. Earp, Melbourne.

2. *Windley Trust Deeds*. Messrs. Bennett, Sawley, F. Thompson, and Meakin, of Derby, were appointed a Committee to inquire for the above deeds, which are not forthcoming.

3. *The next Conference*. To be held at Burton-on-Trent, Tuesday, Sept. 19. Morning paper on "Church discipline;" writer, Rev. J. H. Lummis. Afternoon paper on "The duty of the Christian Church in relation to the drink traffic;" writer, Rev. T. Ryder.

4. *Financial Statement*. Balance in hand last year, £1 7s.; collection at Sawley, £4 13s.; total, £6. Expenses of printing rules, circulars, postages, and travelling expenses to three Conferences, £4; balance in hand, £2.

5. *Village Churches*. Mr. Lacey, of Loughborough, gave an address on "Our village churches; the practicability of securing pastoral help, and in some cases of neighbouring churches being grouped to this end." After considerable discussion thereon, resolved—

I. That a Committee be appointed to consider the suggestions of Mr. Lacey's paper and draft resolutions to be submitted to the next Spring Conference.

II. That the Committee consist of the

following: the Business Committee of this Conference (?); the three Presidents and three Secretaries of the Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire Local Baptist Preachers' Associations; and Mr. Lacey, the convener of the meeting.

About 150 occasional preachers in the Midland district had been personally and specially invited to attend and assist in the deliberations on the subject. The invitations were numerously accepted. An interesting interchange of thought and feeling took place between the stated and occasional ministers on village work. Mr. Lacey was heartily thanked by the Conference for his able and impartial address.

The weather was fine. The attendance generally was large, and the Conference, the second under the new arrangements, was acknowledged to be a great success, not the least feature of that success being a more thorough understanding, and the clear expression of fraternal feeling between those who occasionally and stately minister in word and doctrine in the towns and villages.

The Rev. Thos. Ryder preached in the evening. C. CLARKE, *Secretary*.

P. S.—Since the Conference the Business Committee have decided on the following alterations:—

I. The next Conference will be held on Tuesday, September 12, as the Rev. A. MacLaren, B.A., will preach the College Sermon at Nottingham on the 19th.

II. The Sub-committee to consider Mr. Lacey's suggestions on the Village Churches will have ready their draft resolutions; therefore this subject, at present exciting considerable interest, will occupy the afternoon session. The subject to be introduced by the Rev. T. Ryder is deferred to a subsequent Conference. C. CLARKE, *Sec.*

The LANCASHIRE and YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Queensbury, on the 31st of May.

Morning service was opened by the Rev. C. Springthorpe, and the Rev. J. Taylor preached from Gal. vi. 14.

The brethren met for business in the afternoon, the Rev. R. Hardy in the chair. The reports from the churches revealed the pleasing fact, that 65 persons had put on Christ by baptism since the previous Conference, and that 31 candidates were waiting for baptism.

Some time was spent in considering the suggestions of Mr. Hardy, which were given in his paper on "The training of pastors for village churches." The result was the following couple of minutes:—

1. That we very respectfully submit to the attention of the College Committee the propriety of giving a good English educa-

tion to promising young men, to prepare them for the ministry.

2. That the second part of Mr. Hardy's paper, which relates to local preachers, be considered at our next Conference.

It was also resolved—

1. That the Home Mission report, as now read by the Rev. W. Gray, be approved and adopted.

2. That the statement of accounts now submitted by the Treasurer of the Home Mission, be received and passed.

3. That we cordially thank the Rev. W. Gray and J. Lister, Esq., for their services during the past year, and request them to continue in office as Secretary and Treasurer for the Home Mission during the coming year.

4. That the Autumn Conference be held at Stalybridge, and that the Rev. R. Silby, of Lineholme, be the preacher; or in case of failure, the Rev. W. H. Allen, of Burnley. JAMES MADEN, *Secretary*.

LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE.—The half-yearly Conference was held at March, on Thursday, June 8th. Brother Jolly read the Scriptures and prayed, and brother Bott preached an appropriate sermon from 1 Cor. xii. 27—"Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular."

After prayer by brethren Purser and Barrass, the reports of the churches were received; from which it appeared that since the last Conference 123 had been baptized, 3 restored, 75 received, and that 32 persons were candidates.

It was agreed to record the following, and to send a copy to Mrs. Mathews, signed by the Chairman and Secretary:—"We, the representatives of the Lincolnshire district in Conference assembled at March, June 8, 1871, desire to record our deep sense of the loss sustained by the removal of our late brother, Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, whose kind, loving, and Christian spirit endeared him not only to the people of his charge, but to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance. The wisdom as well as the originality of his counsels in our denominational gatherings, will long be remembered by all who had the privilege of meeting with him on those occasions. While thus recording our sense of his great worth, we also express our sympathy with his beloved family and the church over which he so efficiently presided."

The Home Mission accounts were duly audited, and it was found that the amount in the Treasurer's hands was £30 15s. 5½d.—The following sums were then granted, viz: to Whittlesea, £10; to Chatteris, £10; to Maltby for Alford, £10; and it was agreed to consider the application of Fleet for Holbeach at the next

Conference.—The best thanks of the Conference were presented to Robert Wherry, Esq., for his services as Treasurer of the Home Mission; and he was requested to continue in office another year.

A statement was made respecting the condition of affairs at Yarmouth, and brethren Orton, Barrass, and Allsop were appointed a committee to consider what could be done.

It was resolved that the next two Conferences should be at Fleet and Peterborough, and that at the Fleet Conference brother Robinson should be the preacher.

A Home Missionary meeting was held in the evening, when addresses were delivered by brethren Allsop, Chapman, Cantrill, Robinson, Winks, Jolly, and Watkinson.

WILLIAM ORTON, *Secretary*.

CHAPELS.

DERBY—*New General Baptist Chapel, Watson Street*.—On Lord's-day, May 7, two sermons were preached in the above place of worship, in the afternoon by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., in the evening by Mr. T. Abell, of Duffield. Also, on Lord's-day, May 14, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A. On Monday evening, May 15, a goodly number of friends took tea in the chapel. After tea addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Goadby, J. Stevenson, Messrs. Chambers, Millington, Shaw, T. Abell, Slack, and Blount. During the evening several pieces of sacred music were efficiently performed by the chapel choir. There are forty members, and about 180 Sabbath scholars. The meetings were well attended, and the proceeds of the collections and tea amounted to £14. The friends worshipping at the above place take this opportunity of expressing their warmest thanks to all who have so liberally assisted them.

GRIMSBY.—The celebration of the second anniversary of this chapel took place, May 21st. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. Hester to very good and attentive audiences from 1 Cor. i. 30, 31, and Job xxviii. 12, &c. On Monday, the 22nd, Mr. Hester delivered a lecture, subject—"The Fall of Jerusalem and the Siege of Paris," which was illustrated by a diagram of Jerusalem, and was very attentively listened to. We have realized the very handsome sum of over £70 towards the chapel fund.

MARCH.—We rejoice to say that the Centenary Chapel at this place was opened on the 28th and 29th of May. Full particulars next month.

BAZAAR.

COMMERCIAL ROAD CHAPEL JUBILEE BAZAAR.—It is known by many friends in the denomination how, stimulated by the

challenge of the Rev. T. Goadby to raise £300, if the church would obtain £500, the debt of £800 that had so long burdened the church was cleared off. Since then £200 more has been expended in repairs, re-lighting and painting the interior of the chapel. This, too, has been paid. Again we found it necessary to paint the exterior of our chapel; to meet this expense we propose to hold a bazaar in September. This is the jubilee year of our chapel, and we should like to celebrate our jubilee free of debt. Will friends at a distance kindly help? They know that though we are in the midst of a dense population, for the most part the people are very poor. The following ladies have kindly promised to receive and forward any articles with which friends in the several towns or neighbourhoods may intrust them:—Nottingham, Miss Hill, Baker Street; Derby, Mrs. Washington Pike, Ashbourne Road; Leicester, Miss Pike, Seymour Cottage. Gifts will also be thankfully received by Mrs. J. G. Pike, 9, Aston Street, Limehouse, E. On behalf of the Bazaar Committee,

J. G. PIKE.

SCHOOLS.

BURNLEY, *Ebenezer*.—*New Day and Sunday Schools*.—The memorial stone of the new Day and Sunday Schools in connection with this place, was laid on Saturday, May 27, by Councillor John Whittaker, one of the deacons of the church. The service was commenced by the Rev. W. Oldring giving out a hymn, after which a bottle with documents was deposited. The trowel, mallet, and level were then presented by Mr. J. Smith; after which Mr. Whittaker proceeded to lay the stone. The Rev. G. Gill, of Westgate, then offered the dedication prayer. After retiring into the chapel, the Scriptures were read by the Rev. C. Springthorpe, the contents of the bottle were described by the Rev. W. Gray, and a very interesting address delivered by Councillor Whittaker. Amongst other things, he stated that, during the last 12 years, the church had raised, over and above its current expenses, £2,532 18s. 8d.; that the schools with land would cost about £2,400, £850 of which have already been realized. The Rev. R. Evans, of Sion Chapel, then addressed the meeting. After tea a meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. Whittaker, when the pastor, the Rev. G. Needham, read a brief statement of the rise and progress of the cause from the year 1778. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. W. Oldring, W. Gray, J. Reid, and W. H. Allen. A number of pieces were very effectively sung by the choir during the evening; Miss J. Whittaker presiding at the organ;

acquitted herself with great credit. The collection and proceeds of tea amounted to about £27. The building is in the Italian style of architecture, made to harmonize with the chapel, which it adjoins. The external dimensions are 74ft. by 46ft. There is a large lower and upper room, with ten class rooms: the latter are specially adapted for Sunday school teaching, and have glazed sliding screens, so as to be thrown open to the large rooms.

BURNLEY, Ebenezer.—Two anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Harvey, of Bury, on Sunday, June 11. Collections, £121 3s. 10d.

CROWLE.—On June 18, the jubilee anniversary in connection with the Sabbath schools was held, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. D. Richardson, of Kirton. In the afternoon the children recited their pieces, and sang appropriate hymns. On Monday there was a tea meeting, the trays being kindly given by the ladies of the congregation; after which a public meeting was held, presided over by S. M. Mayhew, Esq., when addresses were delivered by Revs. Fogg, Hamilton, Richardson, and Anderson; Messrs. Thornton, and Ashwell.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—The Rev. J. J. Goadby, of Gravesend (the former pastor of the church), preached the annual sermons for our school on June 18. Collections amounted to upwards of £24.

MILFORD.—Three sermons were preached by Mr. R. P. Cook, of Chilwell College, on June 11. Collections, £10 3s.

SAWLEY.—On June 11, two sermons were preached on behalf of our Sabbath school, by the Rev. J. Alcorn. Collections, £11. The following day a public tea meeting was held in connection with the scholars treat.

SHORE.—The anniversary sermons on behalf of our Sunday schools were preached on Sunday, June 18, by the Rev. J. Harvey, of Bury. Collections, £86 10s.

SUTTON ST. JAMES.—May 28, two anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Orton, of Bourn. On the Monday we had a public tea, after the children's, and a meeting in the evening. The attendance on both occasions was large, and beyond expectation. Several brethren came to our help in the evening, and we had sound powerful speaking.

MINISTERIAL.

The Rev. T. R. STEVENSON, of Luton, commences his pastorate of the church, Boutport Street, Barnstaple, on July 2nd.

Rev. J. JOLLY was invited to the sole pastorate of the church at Boston, May 24.

The Rev. ISAAC WATTS (formerly of Regent's Park College), late of Godmanchester, Hants, has accepted a cordial and

unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Macclesfield, and will enter upon his labours there on July 16th.

CHESHAM.—On Thursday, June 15, a meeting was held to bid farewell to the Rev. Charles Payne, who is leaving for Minnesota, U.S. Mr. J. Page presented Mr. Payne with a purse containing £8 15s. from the Bible class; and another containing £21 10s. as an offering from members of the church and congregation.

Rev. J. HEDGES has resigned the pastorate of the church, Barrowden, Rutland, where he has laboured for seven years.

Rev. HENRY WOOD having resigned his ministry at Longton, is open to communications from other churches. Letters may be addressed to the care of Rev. W. Evans, Stalybridge, Lancashire.

BAPTISMS.

BURNLEY, Ebenezer.—May 24, four, by G. Needham.

CHELLASTON, near Derby.—June 11, four, by G. Slack.

DERBY, St. Mary's Gate.—June 14, twenty-five, by H. Crassweller.

HITCHIN.—June 1, two, by J. H. Atkinson.

ISLEHAM.—May 24, seven, by G. Towler.

LEICESTER, Archdeacon Lane.—June 14, nine, by W. Bishop.

Friar Lane.—March 1, eleven; June 7, four, by J. C. Pike.

MELBOURNE.—June 4, four, by D. MacCallum.

NANTWICH.—May 30, three, by E. K. Everett.

PETERBOROUGH.—May 28, four, by T. Barrass.

RIPLEY.—June 4, three, by E. H. Jackson.

SAWLEY.—June 4, ten, by J. Stenson.

TYDD ST. GILES.—May 21, four, by W. S. Harcourt.

MRS. MEE'S FUND.

By Rev. John Stevenson, A.M.—	£ s d
Mr. Jeffries, Crich	1 1 0
By Rev. J. Clifford—	
Mrs. Joseph Hill, Derby	0 10 0

Marriages.

APPLEYARD—WINDSOR.—May 22, at Kirk Braddan church, Douglas, Isle of Man, by the Rev. W. Drury, vicar, John Appleyard, of Nottingham, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr. John Windsor, farmer and miller, Pulrose Mill House, Douglas.

WADE—HOBSON.—May 23, at the General Baptist chapel, Barrowden, by the Rev. J. Hedges, Mr. William Wade, of Great Easton, Leicestershire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Hobson, of Barrowden.

THE PETERBOROUGH ASSOCIATION.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND ASSOCIATION of General Baptists was held at Queen Street Chapel, Peterborough, on Monday, June 10, and the three following days. The weather was far from being favourable; not as in some recent years from melting heat making labour oppressive and activity irksome, but from frequent and pitiless rains, and unseasonable cold. Still the attendance of pastors, delegates, and visitors was exceedingly good. Of course the Eastern and Southern districts sent in an unusual supply, but the dwellers in the far North and in the nearer Midland Counties were well represented. It is the first time in our history that the Annual Assembly has been held in this cathedral city. Our friends were mostly new to their hospitable work, and yet so effective were their general arrangements, bountiful their provision, and strenuous their endeavours to promote the comfort and happiness of their numerous visitors, that Peterborough has at once taken enviable rank among the cities and towns that have received the Association. The hearty thanks passed on Thursday night to the kind and generous hosts were not a whit more enthusiastic than deserved.

The services of the week have been a decided and gratifying success. From the prayer meeting with which they commenced on to that which crowned the whole series, the tone was intensely fervent, devout, and spiritual. Yearning solicitude for the Redeemer's glory, and eager desire for further fitness for the Master's service, breathed forth in speech and prayer, in sermon and song. Glowing zeal to "win Christ," and to "win souls," pervaded the meetings for prayer and conference, to an unusual degree. Eternity seemed now and again to bathe us in its solemnities, as we communed in thought with genial and loving friends, once with us, but now passed into the skies; and reminded as we were of the speedy approach of the hour when we too must lay down our tools and leave our work, we prayed with deeper zest,—“Teach us, O Lord, so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

The meeting on *Monday* evening was a good beginning. The right key-note was struck in the opening prayers. Our immediate duty was fully sketched in the first paper on “Church work in large towns,” by the Rev. H. Cross; and the conference that followed was spirited and practical. Mr. Cross reminded us that the ministry of Christ was in a great measure devoted to large towns. The Apostles attacked cities. They began at “Jerusa-

lem.” Cottage prayer meetings, open-air preaching, visitation of the people in their homes, Sunday schools, and various other forms of work were recommended. The Rev. T. Barrass, the pastor of the church, presided, and brethren Allsop, Gale, R. Johnson, Jolley, J. Stevenson, and others, engaged in the conference that followed.

Tuesday morning, seven o'clock, found a considerable number of persons gathered together to listen to an address by the Rev. H. B. Robinson, of Chatteris, on “Christian ardour and activity in extending the Saviour's cause.” The Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., presided, and the Revs. J. C. Means, W. R. Stevenson, W. Salter, J. T. Gale, I. Preston, and Mr. W. D. Wilson, took part in the service. The address was effective, and the meeting full of interest. At ten o'clock the Association assembled for business, and proceeded at once to elect a Chairman to supply the place of the Rev. J. J. Goadby. The unanimous choice of the assembly fell on the Rev. Isaac Preston, of Halifax, who discharged his duties with an urbanity, kindness, and effectiveness that left nothing to be desired. Mr. G. F. Bayley, of Barnet, was made Vice-Chairman, and the Rev. N. H. Shaw Assistant-Secretary. The report for the year, as far as possible, was given by the Secretary, the Rev. S. S. Allsop. Votes of welcome were then given to the Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., of the Baptist Union; and to the Rev. J. C. Means and Mr. F. Dyer, of the Old General Baptist Assembly, and several special committees were appointed. In the evening the public meeting on behalf of the Home Missions was held, W. Bennett, Esq., of Sawley, presiding, and addresses being given by the Revs. E. K. Everett, J. Maden, jun., J. Clifford, and T. Ryder.

All *Wednesday* was devoted to public services. First and at 7 a.m. came the meeting for prayer and conference. Rev. W. Gray took the chair, and a most impressive address was delivered by the Rev. G. Needham, of Burnley, on “Christian effort for the conversion of the ungodly.” Next, and at 9 a.m., but in the Westgate Congregational Chapel, kindly lent for committee meetings, &c., the Sunday School Conference was held. Mr. A. Goodliffe presided, and Mr. F. Thompson, of Derby, read a stirring paper on “The Chapel and the Sunday School—the Missing Link.” The discussion that followed was of the most lively order. At 11 a.m. a large congregation assembled to hear a sermon from the Rev. H. Crossweller, B.A. The Rev. W. Evans opened the service, and the text of the preacher was Col. i.

27, 28, 29. After referring to the errors which drew forth this letter from the Apostle Paul, the preacher discoursed (1) upon the theme of the Apostle's ministry, and (2) upon his aim. Paul's theme was Christ—Christ, the satisfaction of our faith and desire; the supply for the demands of the intellect; the inspirer of His people; the law of the individual life; and the Lord of the Future. Paul's aim was to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." This perfection is our standard, and we must not lower it. We do so at our peril. Hence we must attach prime importance to the purity of the Christian church; we must care for individuals as well as the race; and labour with the utmost strenuousness in our ministry. The sermon was a skilful application of the principles of the text to the prevalent errors of our time, and a vindication of the sufficiency of the Lord Jesus for all the needs of man.

The United Communion Service was a most hallowed and refreshing season. The pastor of the church as usual presided. The Rev. I. Stubbins delivered a brief and appropriate address; and the Revs. E. Stevenson and J. Salisbury, M.A., conducted the devotional exercises.

The annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society brought the day's proceedings to a close; but as they are fully described in another part of our *Magazine*, we pass them by here.

On *Thursday* morning, at 7 a.m., the last of the series of devotional services took place, when Rev. A. Jones, of Gosberton, opened the service, and the Rev. C. Springthorpe, of Heptonstall Slack, preached from Matthew xv. 7, 9, 13. The preacher stated that the broad and catholic character of the teaching and mission of Jesus Christ excited the opposition of the leaders of that day. It was contended that the admixture of the human element in systems of religion of modern times had greatly enfeebled their power, and fostered scepticism. The subject of the discourse was the pre-eminence of the moral and spiritual elements of religion. (1) This implied the paramount authority of the divine code. God, who made us all, knows all our needs and circumstances. He knows what is best for us, and has revealed His will. The Christian Church was founded to receive the divine word and exhibit the divine character. (2) It implied a doctrinal basis. Hence the great doctrines of the gospel which are to be associated with and be productive of a godly life. He thought

these doctrines had been too often obscured; and the Christian church, therefore enfeebled. (3) It implied individual conviction. Our Lord and His apostles taught and required personal conviction and consequent action: this is too often overlooked; force has borne rule, and sought to crush that which was personal. (4) It implied religious equality. The Word of God authorized equality in the church, for it was written, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." The discourse stated the underlying truths of Christianity, and abundantly illustrated them from the Bible, Church History, and the writings of the leading thinkers of our day. At 11.30 came the "Letter to the Churches," by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., on "The Christian Ministry of the Future." It was vigorous in conception, brilliant and finished in style, masterly in treatment, and thrilling in its effect. Ministers will get immense good from it. It is printed separately, as well as in the Minutes. Let all our readers take care to possess themselves of this able "Annual Letter."

Of the *Business* only a few items can be given. (1) The Arbitration Board changes its name, and gains a formulated constitution at once, by which its serviceableness will be increased. Henceforth it is the "Board of Advice and Arbitration," and will be prepared to treat disputes and differences in churches whilst they are in their earlier stages. (2.) The *Centenary Fund* is still open, and a Bazaar is proposed to be held during the next Association on its behalf. (3.) The Baptist Board of Education for ministers' sons is commended to the support of the churches. (4.) Resolutions of a "Memorial" character were passed with regard to our beloved and departed friends the Revs. T. W. Mathews and H. Hunter. Various resolutions were also passed with regard to the public questions of the hour; but why should we report them here? "Are they not written in the book of the Chronicles" of the General Baptist Association of 1871? Even so, reader; and therefore to those chronicles—published at sixpence a copy—we refer you.

As we review this Association we feel constrained to rejoice in the many proofs we have had of the Saviour's presence, and the numerous earnest He has given us of blessings soon to descend upon the work of our hands. Oh! that throughout all this year we may follow His leading, do His will, and realize His presence in the midst of all our churches!

J. CLIFFORD.

Missionary Observer.

THE SECRETARIAT.

AS THE mover of the amendment which was carried at the Annual Meeting of the Committee and Subscribers, held at Peterborough on the 21st inst., I beg to explain to the whole constituency of the Mission the modifications referred to.

The purport of the original resolution before the meeting was that the joint Secretariat should be annulled. The amendment was, "We thank the sub-committee for their kind and earnest consideration of the question of the joint Secretariat, yet, under present circumstances, and considering the adaptation of our two brethren for the different parts of the work they respectively perform, resolved, for the present, that we retain the joint Secretariat, but express our desire for some modification in the division of labour between the two brethren, and in the arrangements generally for the working of the Mission interests at home."

At the adjourned meeting in the evening of the same day the following modifications were made. Mr. Pike is to be the Secretary, and Mr. Wilkinson the Travelling Agent. As this arrangement relieves the latter of certain duties, and imposes more work on the former, a re-arrangement of stipend was agreed to without any increase of cost to the Mission. These two brethren, who received a deputation to confer with them on their respective duties and remuneration, manifested so kind a spirit and evinced such readiness to adopt any suggestion which was thought for the best, that a resolution was passed in appreciation of their spirit and decision, and ordered to be entered in the Minute Book. So far, then, a compromise was agreed to, that we have *one Secretary*, properly so called, and yet retain the services of the two brethren.

Other modifications were made with equal unanimity. Whereas many churches do not contribute (it is hoped not so much from unwillingness to give, as from want of arrangements by which they might be visited); and whereas no plan exists by which churches in the same locality, or in adjacent districts, might have their missionary services about the same time, thus saving both time and money, resolved to appoint our three friends, G. F. Bayley, C. Roberts, and F. Squier, with the Secretary, to consider how the whole denomination may be best and most economically worked by the Travelling Agent, the missionaries at home, and other deputations.

But all resolutions at our meetings are useless unless ministers and churches help. Will the churches facilitate the work of these brethren, and consent, if need be, to alter the time of their meetings? One reason assigned why many in the meeting could not afford to part with the services of our Travelling Agent was his great power of interesting young people in Missions. Let us utilize our brother's gifts, and arrange for our young people specially to meet him during his visits.

Under these new regulations it appears to me that the end desired by the sub-committee, who worked so hard during the last year, will be fully realized. For our Secretary, Mr. Pike, assisted by the three friends of acknowledged business habits, will no doubt suggest great improvements so as to secure less uncertainty in correspondence, less expense, more work, and more contributing churches. No friend of our Mission will say the expense of our agency is too great when, with renewed love to the glorious work doing in Orissa, Secretary, Travelling Agent, missionaries at home, and last, but not least, ministers and churches, determine to make our home work for the Mission a pleasure and a success.

I suggest the following order of desirable facts for the year. I. Each church in the denomination determines this year to have a missionary service.—II. All correspondence in relation thereto is sent direct to Mr. Pike.—III. The time for such service is suggested, if not fixed, by the plan to be drawn out by the three business gentlemen who provide a missionary deputation for every church in the Connexion.—IV. Brother Wilkinson and others visit the churches under the (kind, of course, not dictatorial,) direction of the Committee.—V. As a result of more work, a larger income, more missionaries sent into the field.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch, June 23, 1871.

CHARLES CLARKE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING AT PETERBOROUGH.

THE annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society was held on Wednesday, June 21st, in the Queen Street Chapel, Peterborough. The chair was taken by Michael Foster, Esq., of Huntingdon. The chapel was well filled. The meeting was opened by singing the hymn—

"Go forth ye saints, behold your Lord."

After which prayer was offered by the Rev. J. H. Millard, B. A., of Huntingdon.

The CHAIRMAN then addressed the meeting. He had, he said, no hesitation in accepting the invitation of the Committee through their Secretary to preside that night. He was glad to find that among the meetings of the Annual Association one was devoted to Foreign Mission work; and if any religious body came together without a generous feeling towards missionary work, he thought their religion would prove unsafe and unsound. He believed that the General Baptists had the name and character of having been baptized with a missionary spirit; and missionary work had solved some of the greatest problems of the day. One of the problems that it had solved was that slavery and christianity were incompatible. He remembered well that he was in the House of Commons when the grand resolution was passed that slavery should cease throughout the British dominions. There was heard but one solitary "no," and that a very faint one. He recollected Lord Stanley going up to the Speaker, and saying that he congratulated the house, and the country, and the world, that the fiat had gone forth that slavery was to be no more. That was a speech worth hearing. Another problem that missions solved was that if heathen nations were to be saved, it would not be by conquest or by civilization only, but by the work and efficiency of the missionaries; and he compared those countries where missionary effort had not been directed with others where it had, to prove his assertion. Another problem was being solved which had been long before them, and that was that missionaries made a lasting impression upon the countries in which they worked, by translating the Bible and teaching in the language of the country where they laboured. They knew that their missionaries died, and their churches died; but so far as he knew, no nation had sunk into decay

where the Bible had been translated and circulated among them. They were met together to talk about one society, but they must not forget that there were other societies. He liked to think of the Wesleyans, whose society had the character of being both zealous and far-seeing, or the stately mission of the Church Society. He also spoke of the London Missionary Society, the Presbyterian Society, the Moravian Society, and concluded his list by remarking that there was a hot and fiery society which he must not forget—the Primitive Methodists. They were being beaten by these last out of their ground in the little island of Fernando Po, where they remained firm when the Particular Baptist missionaries were sent about their business by the Spaniards. He then came to one of the best of all the societies—the General Baptist Missionary Society. He had stated elsewhere what he thought of them, and as one star differed from another in glory, so one society differed from another. Though they might not be able to equal others in their orbit or magnitude, they might surpass them in lustre. There were not only the labourers they had sent out to think of, but the teachers whom they had raised up among the people; and they must surely have had strong faith in the beginning of their endeavours, when they placed themselves in the midst of Orissa—the wickedest and most degraded part of India, where Juggernath reigned supreme. Then there were their converts; they must surely reap some benefit in the mission field by their labours. These were living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men. Another of the society's works was its magnificent orphanages, containing many hundreds of children saved from starvation during the famine. Missionary influence was not confined to their deomination alone, but some two or three years ago their society was lauded in high quarters for the great exertions it had made. It was a society worthy of being supported and advanced, and he hoped, that as they had come to Peterborough, which was so near to the metropolis, they would show their interest by the largeness of their contributions.

After the reading of an abstract of the report by the Secretary, and the cash statement by the Treasurer,

The Rev. GILES HESTER, of Sheffield, addressed the meeting, and said—Though his resolution was on a large piece of paper, he could assure them he was not going to make a long speech. Ten years ago that very night, he spoke at the annual meeting, and was allowed just ten minutes for his speech. On the present occasion the Secretary had allowed him twenty minutes, and he felt a little complimented at the recognition that he had grown just one minute a year for the last ten years. They all knew that he was not a missionary, and therefore could not speak about details, but it would be well to touch on first principles. It was well to go back now and then; there was a great tendency among some men to go away from the first principles as set down in the Word of God. The missionary institution was not an institution of men. It was to be found in the New Testament, which was essentially a missionary book; and those who did not understand its missionary spirit, did not understand the book. They might think they did, but they didn't. There were four things connected with this work in the New Testament: (1) The commission of our Lord; (2) the call of His providence; (3) earnest preparation for the work; and (4) personal consecration and heroic self-sacrifice in the performance of that work. Thus we found the elements of the missionary work in the New Testament, and these were the first principles of the missionary enterprise in the present day. Our Lord himself was a missionary, and had done His work. His works always went before His words, and he never told any one to do a thing before He had done it Himself; and He had promised—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Then the theology of the Bible was as broad as the world. One of the first promises was made to Abraham (and Abraham was a General Baptist)—"In thee shall all nations of the earth be blessed." The invitation given to Paul by the Macedonian (who was a European) was just what he wanted, and he went. At Phillippi he found sloth and lawlessness; at Thessalonica bigotry, and obstinacy, and cruelty; at Athens philosophy without truth, and religion without God; and at Corinth corruption. India was our Macedonia. It had done all it could for itself. It had tried philosophy and idolatry, and was now turning

to Christianity, and he expressed a belief that the day would come when India, with the other nations of the earth, would stand up and sing—

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

He then alluded to Paul's three years of preparation, which rendered him the greatest missionary of the Bible, and to urge upon his brethren who were present the great need which existed for a greater preparation for their work. He should feel himself totally incompetent for missionary work in India. He thought he might manage the negroes, but would be able to do nothing with the brahmins. They were such subtle men, and must have come more from Eve than Adam—they were so deceitful. But they were very clever men. The idolatry of Hindostan he described as founded on brahminism, and that on certain books; and the way to succeed in their mission would be to meet learning with learning, and for the missionary to show that he knew both sides of the question. He concluded by urging upon his hearers the great necessity of self-sacrifice, pointing out the changes that had already taken place in India; and remarking that those ministers who stayed at home should take a personal interest in missionary work, and try and understand it.

The Rev. JOSEPH MULLENS, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, next addressed the meeting. He was loudly applauded on rising, and expressed the pleasure he felt in being present. He felt an additional pleasure in doing so, inasmuch as he had long wished for an opportunity of expressing the very warm affection he had for many years felt for their society, and the deep interest he had taken in their sphere of labour. On more than one occasion he had been requested to attend their annual meeting, but for the last five years had been prevented doing so. This year, however, he had not been so prevented, and was thankful to be present with them. As he before stated, he had long felt a deep interest in their work. In 1849 he had an opportunity of paying a visit to their fellow-labourers there, at the time of the great Car Festival at Pooree. This they must remember was now 22 years ago. There were nine English missionaries present,

and ten native preachers. Amongst the English brethren were Mr. Lacey, whose name would be long remembered by them; and Mr. Buckley, now deservedly Dr. Buckley, and other brethren; some of whom were then on the platform, and others who were at work yonder. After first commending each other to the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, they divided themselves into different parties, and standing in the midst of the multitude of pilgrims who were present, told them of the unsearchable riches of Christ. The native teachers were also similarly engaged; many of them would be known to his hearers by name; many of them had since died in the faith. Speaking of their efforts to overthrow the worship of Juggernath at Pooree, he said the support which the Government gave to its worship in the shape of an annual contribution was a heavy burden upon their spirits. It was decided to bring the matter before the brethren at Calcutta. This was done, and for eight years they memorialized the local government and the Court of Directors, and petitioned the House of Commons, until year by year a deep impression was made, and at length, in 1853, when Lord Dalhousie was Governor General of India, among the very last State papers which that nobleman signed in Calcutta, was an order from the Government of Great Britain that the support hitherto given to Juggernath should cease. Another Act was passed in 1860, under Lord Stanley, by which it was decreed to be illegal for any officer of the Government to take any part in connection with the Hindoo temples. This was a complete and perfect victory over a difficulty that had so long stood in the way of missionary work. He went on to say that since then "the little one had become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation," thus showing the success of their work. Yet there were some people who would tell them that their missionary work showed no results. The work must go on, whether the results were apparent or not. They had the command to preach the gospel in all the world, and they would find that just as Paul met with results, so the same results attend our missionary work in the present day. He proceeded to explain the difficulty of measuring the real success of their work, and as an instance, Dr. Mullens mentioned the case of a convert, who was a native of Travancore; he had been

brought up to the religion of his fathers, yet felt that there was something he had not got, and craved to know something more about God, of whom he had heard, but of whom he knew very little. He referred to the man's anxiety after truth and peace. How he listened to the brahmins, and worshipped Juggernath, but with an unsatisfied heart, and having travelled throughout India without finding the satisfaction he sought for, turned his face homewards. In passing through a town he stayed to listen to the preaching of a young German missionary named Kolhoff, who was speaking to a crowd of people, and was by this means led to find what he needed—"the pearl of great price"—thus fulfilling God's promise, if with all our hearts we truly seek Him, we shall find Him. And he had not only found God, but God found him. He became a worker for Christ, and requested that a missionary might be sent among his own people, which was done. The young man laboured in the work for many years, and died with a joyful hope of the resurrection to come. He had the privilege of visiting the mission in 1853; and in 1866, thirteen years afterwards, he was struck by the many signs of great advancement which were visible—many of the native converts being highly educated. Many drunkards had been reclaimed, and in places where once reigned disorder, irregularity, and vice, were now to be found order, regularity, and peace. He then proceeded to recount the various historical and political changes which had taken place in India, during which the chastening of the Lord fell heavily on the people, and to compare them with the peaceful state of the Empire in the present day, and the spirit of justice and right government which now existed. Light had come in where before there was darkness, power where there was weakness. There must be no rest until the whole land was Christ's. Rich as it was in natural resources, in gold and jewels, it would be far richer in the precious jewels of redeemed men and women. Beautiful as were its productions, yet more glorious would the whole land be when adorned with the "beauty of holiness." The time would come when in the multitudes of India Christ would see of "the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

The Rev. WILLIAM MILLER was the next speaker. He spoke of the need

there was for more earnest labourers, and the duty which devolved upon them of supplying this need. Cuttack could not do with less than three missionaries; Piplee and Pooree required two; Berhampore required two; while fresh sites for new stations were being presented. He considered it was the duty of the society to furnish this help, and if the exertion was made, he believed it might be done. He urged upon them the results which would follow a subscription of one halfpenny per week by every member of the denomination—a sum that would be within the reach of the poorest member. It would meet all their present requirements, and enable them to send four missionaries to new fields of labour. He thought this could be done, if a letter which appeared in the "Observer" of last month, and to which he referred them, was carried out. Their forefathers had solemnly pledged themselves to carry out the work, and they, their children, had reiterated that pledge. He entreated them to help them by their prayers, their sympathy, and their contributions; and if they did so, the time would surely come when the whole world would see the salvation of God.

The Rev. W. HILL said—It was fifty years on the 28th of last month (May), since our first two missionaries, Messrs. Bampton and Peggs, with their wives, embarked at Gravesend, on board the good ship "Abberton," for the far off east. Among their companions on the voyage there was William Ward, of Serampore, to whose kindness and instruction our brethren were very much indebted. After a somewhat protracted but pleasant passage, and after spending a few days at Madeira and Madras, our friends reached Serampore on Nov. 15, where they received a most hearty welcome from Carey and his colleagues. With reference to their sphere of labour, no definite instructions had been given to our missionaries, save that it should be a sphere "where the field of usefulness appeared wide and unoccupied by others." They were advised to consult the missionaries at Serampore; and after much prayerful consideration Orissa was fixed upon as the scene of their operations. On the day prior to their leaving Serampore a prayer meeting was held, on which occasion fervent and affectionate supplication was made on their behalf by Carey, Marshman, and Ward. To

convey them to the land of their destination they engaged a native vessel, and on this short voyage they were exposed to greater hardships and danger than during the whole of their passage from England. On Feb. 12, 1822—a day ever to be remembered in the history of the Orissa Mission—they reached Cuttack, the capital of the province, where they took up their abode. Picture, my friends, the scene! On the one hand there was a gigantic, ancient, compact, defiant system of idolatry and error. On the other, *two* men and their wives, foreigners, strangers, and friendless, without a single companion in the Lord to bid them God speed. For the prosecution of military enterprises great preparations and immense quantities of stores are required. But for the moral conquest of Orissa what was the character and quantity of their ammunition? Did they provide themselves with a certain number of guns, with so many barrels of powder, and so many rounds of shot and shell? Did they provide numerous cases filled with muskets and spears? No! brethren. The weapons of their warfare were not carnal. Their ammunition consisted of between seventy and eighty copies of the Scriptures, one thousand Gospels and Epistles, and three thousand tracts. With these stores they reached Cuttack on Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1821; so that next February will be the jubilee of our taking possession of the province in the name, and on the behalf, of Christ. Should we be permitted to be there on February 12, I have no doubt but that, with our brethren, we shall commemorate the event; and I would beg to suggest that in some way, though I will not dictate what, it should be celebrated throughout the connexion at home. Since our first missionaries entered the province, many and marvellous are the changes which have taken place. *Then* the gloom of ages rested upon the country; *now* the rays of gospel light have been shed upon the land. *Then* Juggernath held undisputed sway; *now* his right has been disputed, and those who were once his own votaries are engaged in seeking his destruction. *Then* the Government of the East India Company were managing the affairs of Juggernath's temple, were providing money for the priests, food for the idol, and cloth for the cars—cars stained with human blood; *now* the Government connection with the temple has entirely

ceased. *Then* the legitimate results of heathenism, as infanticide, the burning of widows, human sacrifices, and other horrid barbarities, might be witnessed; *now* they have been abolished and numbered with the past. *Then* every town and village was wholly given to idolatry; *now* villages exist in which an idol cannot be found. *Then* every pilgrim was a pilgrim to some idolatrous shrine; *now* there are hundreds to Zion's city bound. *Then* not one had confessed Christ; *now* more than a thousand have professed their faith in Him, and have been baptized into His name. *Then* all prayer was offered, and all praise was sung, to idol gods; *now* from hundreds of hearts the morning and evening sacrifice is offered to the only true God. Great, however, as are the results, they are not to determine our duty, or be made the reason for action. Nor can they be regarded as the test of our successes. In scientific and other pursuits the preparation for a work often requires a longer time than the work itself. To discover a planet, to pass through a railway tunnel, to send a telegraphic message, is the work of an instant; but to discover and perfect the telescope, or the railway, or the telegraph, has required ages. Precisely so it is in things spiritual. To preach and pray, to print and teach, and to do other kinds of preparatory work, may seem to require a lengthened period of time, and the apparent results may appear very inadequate for the labour expended. But in the coming ages marvellous results may become manifest in an incredibly short space of time. Years ago I recollect standing on a stool with glass legs. Taking hold of the handles of an electrical machine my body was filled with electricity. Just by a touch of the finger I was able to light the gas, or fire off gunpowder. So, brethren, when the system of Hindooism has been undermined by the power of divine truth, when the hearts of men shall be filled by the gospel, and when the preparatory work shall be accomplished, then, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, shall the stupendous fortress of Hindooism be suddenly destroyed. But what, brethren, are we doing towards the accomplishment of these mighty results? To evangelize Orissa has, by common consent, been committed to us. For nearly half a century our representatives have been in the field. Shall we slacken our endeavours, and declare our-

selves unequal to the task? Shall we abandon the work of our fathers, and leave the remains of our honoured dead—of Bampton and Lacey, of Sutton and Goadby—to testify against us? Nay, rather shall we not redouble our endeavours to complete the work which they commenced? That some are of opinion that Orissa has already absorbed too much of our time, energy, and substance, I am aware. But, as was said last evening, if we would have cheap bread in England we must send out our fellow countrymen to America, Russia, and other parts of the world. So if we would do home mission work effectively we must, I maintain, support the foreign missionary enterprise. Send out help to Orissa, and in return Orissa shall help you in home mission work. As a denomination we number say 20,000 members. Take away one half as "do nothings," and divide the remainder by two, leaving 5000, which, including pastors, local preachers, Sabbath school teachers, and tract distributors, may approximate the number of workers, or home evangelists. Out of this number how many are sent to Orissa? *Six* men and *six* women! **TWELVE**, for the evangelization of a country as large, with a population as numerous, as Ireland! Why, brethren, if the evangelization of London were left to our four churches, and if the evangelization of England were left exclusively to our denomination, yet even then I think we should be justified in claiming a greater number of agents than we now have for Orissa. Nor would this increased supply hinder home work. From 1820 to 1845 the missionary spirit was perhaps at its height among our churches. During this period they sent forth thirty-eight missionaries: viz., twenty-nine to the East Indies, six to the West, and three to China; yet during these twenty-five years our increase at home was greater than during the other seventy-five years of our denominational history. Look again at the money spent upon Orissa. In his admirable little work, "London and Calcutta"—a work which I would recommend all our friends to read—Dr. Mullens has most clearly shown from statistics obtained from churches in London and other parts of England that out of every hundred pounds contributed for philanthropic and religious purposes, eighty-five are expended in England, and only fifteen pounds sent to the

heathen abroad. Two thousand pounds! Are there not to be found ten persons, or twenty, or forty, who without any real self-sacrifice or diminution of home comforts, could afford to give this amount, and to whom it would make a difference in figures only? With other contributions in the same proportion, many more missionaries might be sent to Orissa. If therefore, beloved brethren, you would make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, if you would lay up for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, consecrate your substance to the Lord. Some few weeks ago I was in a neighbouring town where an artesian well had been made. After penetrating through clay and stone to the depth of about eighty feet, the workmen struck a spring. Immediately the water came rushing in, and by its own force rose not only to the top of the well, but can be sent over any house in the town. The reason is, that the source of the water is in the distant hills. So, beloved, wherever you find people under the influence of heaven's law, you have only to get at their hearts to touch the hidden fountain of their being, and forthwith there shall come forth, as by a natural law, streams of blessing—streams which shall gladden and beautify our world. Let there be, therefore, an agency in each of our churches and schools on behalf of the missionary cause; let the hearts of young and old, under the influence of the love of Jesus, become penetrated by a sense of the need of the heathen; and then, with far less effort than is now required, a much larger sum will be realized. But in order to render our work more effective, we must secure power from on high. When returning from India a few years ago, we secured a passage in a noble ship—a ship built at great expense on the most approved principles—a ship which carried half an acre of canvass, and was under the command of a skilful captain and an efficient crew. For many days together, however, the sails were flapping about, and the vessel lay powerless on the water, and all because there was no wind. When the breeze returned, the sails were tightened, the ship went gallantly along, while captain and crew were made glad by the result. So, dear friends, if our mission ship is to make headway, she must be brought under the influence of power from on high—in other words,

prayer for God's good Spirit must be presented on her behalf. You may have an extensive field of labour, a large staff of missionaries, a well-selected committee, industrious collectors, and liberal contributors, but without the Spirit of God no rapid or real progress will be made. But only let the Holy Ghost breathe upon us, and then with ease and joyfulness we shall be borne rapidly and prosperously along. In conclusion, I must say a word about our return to Orissa. Ever since we came to England my thoughts have daily wandered back to India. It will not, however, be surprising that my dear wife should have experienced difficulty in making up her mind to return to Orissa, involving as it does separation from beloved children. With her mind greatly exercised on the subject, she went last summer on a short visit to Llandudno. On the Sabbath morning she repaired to the Baptist chapel. The Rev. Dr. Haycroft, of Leicester, was the preacher. The text selected was Matt. xiv. 22—"And straightway Jesus constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him unto the other side." The sermon came with comfort and power, and it was felt that though our circumstances might lead us to desire to continue in a certain place, yet at the command of Jesus—constrained by His love—we ought to sacrifice our own desires. To the disciples it might have been more congenial to have remained for awhile on the spot where the Master had just performed a miracle, and to have feasted on the divinely increased bread. But no! they were "*constrained* to get into a ship," and though for a time the storm was terrifying, yet the presence of Jesus not only calmed the storm, but it afforded a pleasure and a compensation to the obedient disciples, which, otherwise, they would not have experienced. So let us, beloved friends, be prepared to follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth; and though for His sake sacrifices may have to be made, we shall ultimately enjoy the satisfaction of a place at His right hand.

Resolutions of thanks to the Chairman and to Dr. Mullens having been very heartily passed, the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced. The interest was kept up to the close of the somewhat protracted meeting.

THE NEW CHAPEL AT CUTTACK.

THE last accounts from India state that 7,578 rupees had been received or promised toward the Building Fund. One gentleman, in forwarding a donation of 100 rupees, wrote as follows:—

"I enclose you 100 rupees for your project, and before long I hope to add to it, for I should like a fair share of your new chapel to belong to me. That the work is God's I am sure, and prosper it must. So make and burn your bricks, collect your bamboos and wood. I wish I were with you to doff my coat and give you all the work I was capable of as often as I could spare the time. I shall be with you in spirit, and not only ask for, but believe in the presence and aid of Him who inspires every good action."

The following sums have been received or promised in England:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Pegg, Chesham	50	0	0
G. T. Kemp, Esq., Rochdale ...	10	0	0
David Lacey, Esq.	10	0	0
Rev. W. Hill	10	0	0
Mr. Eate, Spalding	5	0	0
Mr. Tyrer Johnson, Spalding ...	0	10	0
A Friend, Fleet	0	2	6
Rev. W. & Mrs. Orton, Bourn ...	2	2	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, LL.B., Haverwest	1	0	0
Mrs. Nicholson, Plymouth ...	0	5	0

The following letter, on the above subject has been received, but our limited space prevented its insertion last month.

TO THE EDITOR—

Dear Sir,—I read with deep interest, in the May number of the *Magazine*, the "Appeal for a New Chapel at Cnttack," and earnestly hope it is receiving the attention it deserves.

The present chapel has been standing nearly half a century. The purpose for which it was erected has been well served; and now a new and more commodious one is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary! It is estimated that the amount required is at least £1,000, and more likely £1,100. Of this about £600* has been contributed by the brethren in India, and they now ask for about £500 as special contributions from friends in England.

* It will be seen above that the amount contributed in India has increased to over £750 since this was written.

It may be said, "Why not expend the £600, and incur a debt, to be paid off by successive efforts, as in the case of chapels at home?" In a letter lying before me, Mr. Buckley says: "In this country we cannot borrow, rates of interest are ruinous; and those who are expected to be sureties may any day or hour be taken away. It seems to me that if the money cannot be obtained, we must alter our plans, and build a less expensive chapel, but we should much regret the necessity of this."

Now in such a case, Mr. Editor, there will surely be a prompt and liberal response; for—

1. A chapel is "indispensably necessary."

2. It is not a small and remote station, but the most important we have in India; and which therefore ought to have a chapel worthy of the denomination.

3. It cannot be said that such appeals are frequent, for this is purely exceptional. An appeal for this object has not been made in the lifetime of many of us; and if now responded to, is not likely to be made again until long after we have passed away.

4. No one will be so ungenerous as to say that the whole of the burden ought to be borne by the friends in India. It is heavier than they can bear. They have exerted themselves nobly, and the sums they have promised represent a considerable measure of self-denial. Take the following for example:—Orphan children, £25 12s. 4d.; native preachers, one month's pay; native christians, £150; Mr. W. Bailey, £5; Mr. Brooks, £10; Mr. and Mrs. Buckley, £50, &c. No one can doubt that the friends at Cuttack have exerted themselves to the utmost, and that they are now eagerly looking for a warm response from us. Let us then be moved by their generous and self-denying efforts; and let the orphans, the native christians, and the missionary brethren be cheered and strengthened by learning that very speedily the needed help will be supplied.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours cordially,

WILLIAM ORTON.

Bourn, May 19, 1871.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. PIKE, the Secretary, and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, the Travelling Agent, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1871.

OUR FUTURE POLICY.*

ONE of the mistakes we are likely to make at such a meeting as this, is that of failing to render adequate justice to the entire work carried on by us, as a denomination, for the evangelization of our countrymen. Of necessity our attention is chiefly fixed upon the reports of the several societies now holding their annual meeting; and in our very eagerness to do more than the little shown in these returns, we are in serious danger of overlooking the various efforts being made in other and less denominationally organized ways to turn our immediate neighbours from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. One small coin put fairly over the eye is quite enough to block out the most gladdening prospect, or the loveliest landscape; so the wide fields in which we toil, the cheering diversity of our evangelic activity, and the copious blessings of our God, may be utterly shut out of view by the unavoidably brief, bare, and fragmentary reports of our Home Missionary Societies. Now it will do us no good to ignore any of our real work for God. He, thanks to His mercy and truth, "is not unrighteous to forget it;" nor should we be, specially when we need the memory

of it as a stimulus to fresh endeavours and larger enterprise. You rarely get more labour out of a man by underrating what he has already accomplished, perhaps with great pains and some suffering. Five words of loving appreciation will go further with a willing worker than weeks of cold neglect, or a storm of abuse. Even horses need coaxing as well as the whip. The sun fetched the coat off the fabled traveller's back, and not the boisterous winds. Philemon was more ready to forgive the theft of Onesimus, his slave, after Paul had courteously and heartily thanked him for the many kindnesses he had himself received. Not for self-adulation, then, but to obtain the encouragement we require, we look, at least for a moment, at the way God is working in us to will and to do of His good pleasure.

And surely one of the most encouraging features of our recent activity for the propagation of the gospel at home is the united and noble effort we have commenced in connection with our Centenary Celebration. Owing to that, in the main, some eighty-two of our churches raised, during the year 1869-70, not £300, as in former years, but over £1,400 for the work

> * Speech given at the Annual Meeting of the General Home Missionary Society held at the Association, June 20, 1871.

of Home Missions; and since that date the sum has been more than doubled, to say nothing at all of the moneys reported to night as contributed through the societies into which we are divided for home missionary purposes. Nor is this all. Only recently the church at Bourne has built a new chapel at Hacconby; Birmingham one at Sutton Coldfield; Halifax another at West Vale; Spalding one on its adjacent common; and Vale a fifth at Hurstwood; and all these are, strictly speaking, home missionary efforts. Moreover, out of our one hundred and fifty-two home churches, there are at least two dozen that no Chancellor of the Exchequer, with one drop of the "milk of human kindness in his breast," would ever assess for such work as this: for their very existence is a keen struggle, and they can hardly keep up any signs of vitality against the perpetual and united drain of large towns, the pretensions of large landlords, and of still larger Church priests. So that in point of fact, and considering our resources, we may venture to say, that no two years in any period of our history would show more work done for the consolidation of our home churches, and the extension in our land of the gospel of the grace of God, than the two just passed away. We have reached a degree of liberality and exertion that is full of promise, and as we look around and say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," we are encouraged to gaze up into the opening heavens to behold and hear One who says, "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

"No! not so," replies some brother eager to put me straight, "not so. These two years are wholly exceptional, and we ne'er shall see their like again. We do not get out of one century into another at every association. Societies do not come to their crown and flower every day, and the work that has been done

since 1869, under the impulses of memories of the past, is altogether of an extraordinary character and cannot be repeated. No, we cannot go on at such a rate as this through the whole century." Indeed! and why not? Is any man poorer for these two years work? Does any one complain that he has *lost* aught by giving his sympathies, his energies, his faith, and his money? Cannot even the growing needs of men, the painful vision of our country's future, kindle as fresh a zeal, and as great a generosity, as the newly-stirred fires of memory? Shall we dare allow the vantage ground gained to be lost, and slink back to the supineness and apathy of eight or nine years ago? Never! Great efforts in a real man's life are not suffered to become memorials of discredit, and monuments of shame; but are made into advancing stages on the mountain of progress, up whose difficult steeps he is steadily but surely climbing. Saints of God go from strength to strength—not to weakness—until they are perfect in the service and worship of their king. Wise and valiant soldiers convert each victory into a fortress from whence they issue for further triumphs. Woerth leads to Forbach; and Forbach is the starting-point for Sedan. One column of our army has taken Woerth, another is attacking Forbach, and now we need to march altogether and in union for our Sedan. Our great centenary movement is not a spasm of weakness, but a fresh consecration to the work of England's regeneration; not a mere spurt to honour our forefathers, but a God-born and God-sustained endeavour to lay deeper and broader foundations for the superstructure of Christian evangelization. *We are now on our right tack, and we must keep there.* God Himself has brought us to it, and we must not suffer anything to shunt us aside from this main line of denominational enterprise. We have started

the second century of our existence at the right point and in the right attitude; and now the word of command from above is, *Forward*, carrying the gospel into the regions beyond. *Forward, with such unity and energy that within the next quarter of a century you may double your churches in the metropolis, and plant yourselves in at least six important towns where, as yet, the light of your principles does not beam and bless. This is our policy for the future.* And if we understand the times in which we live, and the real needs of the churches to which we belong, we shall right early adapt our organizations, and concentrate our efforts on one spot at a time, so as to secure these necessary and momentous results. The need and the opportunity are before us. God Himself is with us: and woe to us if we are faint-hearted.

But I am reminded that such a policy conflicts with our duties in Orissa, and will fetter labour for the conversion of the heathen. Brethren, one of my strongest reasons for urging this plan for your hearty adoption, is the evident and absolute need of that very work. *For we must have an extended area from whence to draw support for our evangelizing mission in India.* It is imperative. The experience of the last dozen years teaches us nothing if not that. Every one knows that there is a limit to the productive power of both fields and churches for distant consumption, even though you have the best processes of cultivation, the newest machinery, and the most propitious seasons; and when that limit is reached only one device can be wisely chosen, and that is in the one case to get more ground to till, and in the other more churches to give; meanwhile draining for foreign uses the area already possessed to its utmost degree of capability. What is the policy of England when her hungry sons are

unable to find food and sustenance from their own broad acres? She builds her ships and sends out her merchants, and virtually adds to her dominions the fertile corn lands of America and Russia, and the well-stocked farms of Holland and Denmark, and so there is enough and to spare; the voice of complaining is not heard in our streets, and hundreds of Englishmen are enabled, in return, to carry their produce to the ends of the earth. True! it costs something at the first. Vessels have to be built, manned, and guided over the deep. Some are lost. Risks are many with all: but at length the voyage is completed, and our tables groan with the various fruits of the wide world, and we share the food of all people that on earth do dwell. So we must join all hands together, and fit up our ships, man them with brave and enterprising men, secure the guidance of the Chief Captain, and then sail into the crowded towns of the north and south of our land, and add them to us as so many fresh stores of supply. And though it may cost us much at the outset, and there may be disaster here and there, and risk everywhere, yet by and bye we shall see the vessels come back again loaded with a freight large enough for wants at home, and for the nourishment of the far-off children of Orissa.

In fact, the urgent needs of our Foreign Missionary operations form one of the soundest and strongest pleas on behalf of every form of Christian enterprise being conducted in the churches here; so that we only abuse and stultify ourselves, and greatly damage the cause we wish to promote if we put Home and Foreign Missions against each other, as though they were sworn and bitter foes. They are not foes, but friends! yea, indeed, they are loving sisters, tenderly attached to each other, children of the same infinite love, yearning for the glory of the same Father, moving along

in their different spheres without jealousies and envyings, always rejoicing in each other's successes, and ever co-operating in the common work of bringing the world to the cross and throne of Christ. Therefore, when the worker in Orissa requires more aid in her trying tasks, it is at once the supreme solicitude of God's daughter who stays at home to renew her strength and multiply her resources, so that she may be able to minister to the needs of her distant sister. This is her present vocation. The demand for more power abroad in the preaching of the "unsearchable riches of Christ," means, with us, more churches at home, as well as more liberality in those already existing: for if the supply is to be *steady, sure, and ever-increasing*, it must be by a regular and sustained multiplication of our giving power here. We must grow that we may give, as well as give that we may grow. Giving and growing act and react upon one another. Blood cannot be got out of a stone. An empty barrel yields no meal. We can only colonize Orissa for Christ effectively and without serious and damaging fluctuations and money panics as we continue to advance from stage to stage of prosperity in England. Athens enjoys the splendid administration of Pericles, and then her enterprising sons go north and south, and east and west, founding new homes for the increasing population. The great city of Rome must needs strengthen her stakes, and lengthen her cords, before her children spread themselves far and near, securing her possessions, and holding her conquests: and at the moment her civic virtue fails, and her civic power declines, weakness and decay show themselves in the extremities of her empire. It is in the reign of the great Elizabeth, that period of great men and great movements, that the era of English colonization dawns. It is not a decaying, shrivelled, and

worn out race, that you find in every city and port of the world, but the healthy, vigorous, and pushing Anglo-Saxon. The gospel is triumphant in the land of its birth, ay, in the chief citadel of opposition, and then its standards soon crown a thousand heights in Samaria and the uttermost parts of the earth. *Ten more good town or city churches mean three more missionaries in Orissa from this time forth, and till all India stretches out her hands unto God.* Whoever cares, then, for our work amongst the heathen, and wishes to rear a noble superstructure of Christian success in the East, will enthusiastically and generously join in this endeavour to broaden the foundations on which we build.

Nor can this work be done without a *special organization in which all our churches, instead of spreading themselves and their energies over a dozen small efforts, shall co-operate in effecting one signal and memorable result at once.* Things are not as they were. There are new forms and new circumstances, if not new things, under the sun; and

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and upward, who would
Keep abreast with truth."

A vast change has come over us, and the conditions of our work, since Dan Taylor travelled 25,000 miles to preach the gospel, and Samuel Deacon directed the affairs of societies of Christians separated by eight or ten, or even twelve miles. Our fathers were evangelists as well as teachers, home missionaries as well as pastors of churches. They travelled far and wide, and planted the gospel in many places where it was altogether unknown. Now such a method of extension is impossible. Every minister finds more than enough to do without stepping across the threshold of his own chapel. He is the chief engineer of all the movements of the church, and has to distribute his energies

through a dozen or more societies. And this sort of thing will grow, *must* grow. The pastor of the future will be an organizer and leader of a band of workers rather than a Biblical critic, or a careful analyst of Greek and Hebrew roots. He will be kept at home more and more, and prevented from direct work as an evangelist, so that it will become, nay, it is even now, impossible for us "to go into the regions beyond" except by means of a Home Missionary Society. We must, therefore, perfectly shape and energetically work this organization, or we shall never plant ourselves in another town, nor keep up our strength in the towns where we are at present located. We must depend upon the churches now existing in the towns to branch out into the surrounding villages; but we must have *one united society* for taking possession of the living centres of the increasing population of our country. Weigh these few facts. During the *first* twenty-five years of our denominational history we took *seven* towns and made them the homes of new churches; in the next quarter *five*; and in the third quarter—the period of our greatest progress—*eight* others; whereas during the last twenty-five years—let us never forget it! the period of our marked weakness and slight advance—I blush to say it, *only ONE!** So that if we are to recover lost ground, we must not trust to our present ministers working individually, nor to pieces of good fortune occurring to us, as in the cases of Hitchin and Grimsby; nor to separation, as in several other instances; but we must advance upon the towns as one man, filled with the invincible resolution and unquenchable ardour of those who work for God from the all constraining motive of love to Christ.

And, moreover, the policy of united denominational action must be adopted because of the character

of the buildings we must now rear for those whom we wish to gather to the worship of Almighty God. Fifty or seventy years ago our fathers gathered joyously together in any structure with four walls and a roof. Luxuries were scarce. They did not care for them. They saw no obstacles to devotion in the intense ugliness of their consecrated barns. Delighted to assemble for the worship of God without let or hindrance, the character and position of the meeting-house was an altogether indifferent thing. A back street, the middle of an alley, next door to a public-house, anywhere, one place was as good as another to men whose souls were in heaven communing with God, and breathing the air of paradise. But other times are upon us, and another spirit is rife. To put up a meeting-house now in positions and after the style, or no style, of half a century ago, is to invite and merit failure, disgrace our principles, and waste our zeal. Whilst resisting all that is corrupt in the demands of the age, we must yet show such appreciation of any "sweetness and light" around us, as to employ them for the honour and glory of the Redeemer. But if we remain separated into several companies, each attempting the little we can do; one putting up a thousand bricks in Yorkshire, another two thousand in Leicestershire, a third five hundred in Lincolnshire, and a fourth one hundred in Middlesex, you may depend upon it we shall not be able, as a Home Mission organization, to build even one *town* chapel in a quarter of a century, and shall haste to decay both at home and abroad. Brethren, if we do not mean to go out in utter darkness, and leave our work undone, or to be done by others who have not the same facilities for its discharge; if we do not mean to be judged incurably foolish and less sagacious in our work than the men of fifty years ago, then we must

* Minutes, 1860, last page but one.

make this Home Mission Institution a living energy, *one* in aim and work from end to end of the denomination, and the organ of our warmest and most enthusiastic efforts as a body of Christians. Necessity is laid upon us, and the present Centenary fervour gives us the advantage of a capital point of departure. May not one of us fail to turn it to its true account.

But the strongest reason for the adoption of a policy so vigorous and decisive for the extension of the gospel at home, is the *special and pressing need of our beloved country in the years swiftly coming upon us*. No man can look upon England's future, I judge, with a wholly unruffled heart. We live in times of great change; and of change that is not always for the better. Many destructive elements are seething as in a huge caldron in the heart of British society. In the face of all that Christianity has done, and is doing; in spite of its gigantic achievements and brilliant promise of triumphs not far off, yet any diligent reader of the signs of the times will see much to stir his sorrow, quicken his sympathies, and rouse his wisest and boldest action. Materialism is spreading amongst us like fire over a sea of oil. Man is stript of his immortality, and goes down to his grave in utter gloom. Refinement is at its zenith, but unbelief is reaching its nadir. The whole atmosphere is "electric with quivering flames" of doubt. Men of strong, all-mastering convictions and of definite beliefs, are becoming scarce as old coins, and are looked upon with the same antiquarian interest. Science, really the friend and ally of the gospel, and yet again to be such, is just now her worst foe. Luxury, that makes the heart cold, wounds the conscience, and eats the fibre out of our manhood, is becoming a reproach at home, and a scoffing and stumbling-stone abroad. . . . And

add to all this the fact, that there are large masses of the population living as much outside Christian effort, and as utterly regardless of Christian obligations, as though they were dwelling on the banks of the Ganges, or in the heart of China!

How we, as a country, shall pass through the terrible ordeal that is before us depends chiefly upon the quality and number of our Christian churches. They are the centres of life and of saving ideas and power, the bulwarks of principle, and the last fortresses of purity. They are the preserving salt of society; but alas! if the salt have lost its savour, if its energy be dried up, wherewith shall England be saved! If it were so, there were no hope for us! The breath that blasted Paris with destructive fire would soon be upon us, and we should have no shelter from the storm; but, thanks be to God, His gospel is not only mighty to save, but also to stimulate and qualify His church. The living Christ is with us, and we cannot but yearn after souls "in His tender heart." We do not fear for England's future if the world can be kept out of the church. Not a moment! Christianity has written her victories in the unimpeachable facts of history, and has not even yet wrought out her best. The gospel that conquered Judaism . . . shall continue to be triumphant, till God shall say to His exalted Son, "I have made Thy foes Thy footstool." Never will this fail us. It will be an ark of safety though we be driven even into the very focus of the storm.

But we must do our duty as Christians and as churches. God demands it. The gospel deserves it. Our countrymen need it. Vapouring talk about our "glorious principles," and our illustrious predecessors, is vastly worse than waste of time if we do not yield the irresistible evidence of practical energy and life-giving power. An ounce of self-sacrifice is worth tons of talk.

One holy and generous deed weighs heavier than piled up heaps of bombast. . . . We want work, enthusiastic, whole-souled work. When Oliver Cromwell charged at Dunbar it was to the cry, "Arise, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered;" but Oliver charged as well as prayed, or he would not have had so memorable a day. Fathers and brethren, let us pray and work. We are doing much just now. We must not go back—not an inch. No retreating for us. *The Centenary movement must be swallowed up soon by a thoroughly unanimous and aggressive Home Mission movement.* Else we are far behind our duty, far below our privilege. Four evangelical revivals have been seen in this country. We are the children of the third; but we have had little share, as yet, in the fourth. First came the great Reformation, startling into wonder the sleeping and ignorant population by the sonorous and musical tones of brave Hugh Latimer. Then followed the sublime Puritan awakening led on by Baxter and Howe, and a

host of earnest souls full of the hourly vision of God. After another period of apathy, Whitfield and Wesley thrilled the country round with the message of God's great love; and lastly, and in our own days, came the revival of Christian activity and ardour throughout the churches led on, in the main, by Charles Spurgeon. Dan Taylor and the Barton churches owed much to the third visitation from on high; but I fear we have not yet drawn so much as we ought of grace and power from the recent baptism into the Holy Ghost and fire. Let us seek it at once for ourselves; and so let us live to make the gospel known to our countrymen, and thus to our fellows all over the world. Soldiers! here is your Crusade! Who will join it? Men of wealth! here is the altar for your gifts! Who will sacrifice? Men of faith and love, of thought and sympathy, of prayer and effort, here is the field for your labour! Who is willing to consecrate himself this day to the Lord?
J. CLIFFORD.

THE REV. HUGH HUNTER.

NO. III.

DURING the whole period of his public life Mr. Hunter excelled as a pastor: especially as a visitor of the sick and distressed, in whose case his sympathetic temperament adapted him to be especially acceptable and useful. In such works of mercy he was ably seconded by his beloved partner in life, Mrs. Hunter: a lady whose name ought not to be mentioned without calling forth a just tribute of admiration for the singular gentleness and disinterested kindness which characterized her through a long and most blameless life. The names of both will long be remembered in Nottingham and the neighbourhood by the objects of

his bounty with gratitude and affection. They were ever ready to mingle their tears with those of the children of sorrow, and to assist them in the extremity of their distress. "When the eye saw them it blessed them; they made the widow's heart to sing for joy; and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon them."

It would be unfair to Mr. Hunter's memory as a preacher and a theologian to draw our estimate of him by the standard of the present day. Justice demands that we should look at him rather in a comparative view, which includes reference to his immediate contemporaries and col-

leagues. In his time narrative and dogma formed a much larger portion of the material of a sermon than they do now. Some preachers, not relishing the strictness even of these elements of discourse, gave loose to a voluble flow of mingled anecdote and exhortation, interspersed with frequent quotations from hymns, which few modern pulpits would admit. Those more educated, or more in love with the appearance of a logical treatment of their subjects, often ran into a mechanical dry method of splitting up their performances to such an elaborate extent, that even the most honest desire to be edified gave way under the ever-repeated "thirdlies," "fourthlies," and "fifthlies," of their interminable divisions. Broad and liberal exegesis of scripture was almost unknown. Mathew Henry prescribed the limits of orthodoxy, and even Adam Clark was considered on some points too daring a speculator. Themes, now much less prominent, were then frequently introduced, and treated as cardinal points. That modesty which springs from a consideration of their mysterious character, or the obscurity with which they are revealed, did not then daunt the preacher from proclaiming them in a tone of oracular certainty, and imposing their belief with peremptory severity as a condition of salvation. All good people, from the creation, were Christians. The prophets were all evangelical. The patriarchs, Abraham especially, distinctly foresaw the new and better covenant. The personality of the Spirit, the new birth, the redeeming agony, the intermediate state, the judgment day, the glories of heaven and the horrors of hell, were described with a materialistic particularity which reminded you of an appraiser rather than of a divine. But this did not shock the people. On the contrary, they were impressed, edified, and joined to the church.

With such hearers the leading ministers of the General Baptist denomination were not only fitted to become popular; they were well qualified, from superiority of knowledge and intellect, to act as guides, instructors, and reformers. Some half dozen of them formed the phalanx which led the body; and they were supported by a hearty and somewhat numerous band of less distinguished ministers and local preachers, whose zeal, sincerity, and perseverance, made up, to some extent, for their lack of culture. Jarrom, Pickering, Stevenson, Pike, Ingham, and Goadby, were the names which filled the front ranks of the ministry when Mr. Hunter joined. Jarrom, almost belonging to a former generation, one of the largest globes of this orrery, like Saturn, moved most slowly and at the greatest distance round the centre of the system, whose oscillations he restrained and whose circuit he adorned by his gravity. Pickering, the destined co-pastor of Mr. Hunter, was an excellent preacher, with a style much after the fashion of John Howe. Always feeling, but never agitated in his utterances, he rolled out his long sentences, often rich in thought and language, like the unfolding coils of a beautiful serpent, but not like it to betray or destroy, but persuade by his glowing exposition, and warn by his beacon radiance. Imagine one of Johnson's papers in the "Rambler" deprived of the pompous richness of Johnson's verbiage, or one of Blair's sermons without his classical coldness and dignity, and you have the ordinary style of Stevenson. There was the same formal didactic basis of treatment, but added to it the energy and emphasis of a ready easy speaker in the terse direct diction of Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons. Under excitement, also, there was the irrepressible fire of the man of action. Mr. Pike, so well known

by his literary works, might have been described in one short Latin sentence—"Pingo in æternitatem." All charms, all thoughts, all moods, of foreign or of opposite tenor; all inopportune circumstances, all opposing influences, all doubts, controversies, or denials notwithstanding; in season and out of season, before friends or enemies, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear, his one theme was—Eternity. His matter and his manner were alike solemn; and his fame partakes of the enduring nature of his theme. Mr. Ingham, a man of gentlemanly presence and mild manners, probably, for ample and accurate erudition, stood first of all his brethren. Educated at the University, and designed from youth for the Church, he retained through life the amenity of deportment which bespeaks the scholar united with the self-denying simplicity of an evangelist. The Goadby's, father and son, differing widely in mental character, though both were strongly marked, agreed in one particular: a sort of bigoted attachment to the peculiar doctrines of the Connexion. They well knew and pronounced the Shibboleth of the body and esteemed it a *sine qua non* of admission to their friendship that every other minister should utter it too. They, for two generations, acted as the self-constituted high constables of the Connexion, who carried its flag, and exacted homage from all to it. Of the two Scipios, however, the younger excelled in point both of native ability and acquired learning. They were both weighty in presence, and the elder especially powerful in prayer: but the younger was far in advance of his progenitor in dignity of style, extent of research and culture, in the polished arts of public address and debate, and in that indefinable union of effective qualities which leads men of ability to eminence. For some years he wielded

more of the influence of a dictator in the body than any other man the writer can remember. To this band Mr. Hunter joined himself. What was his place? He was not grave as Pickering, awful as Pike, nor armed with such a burnished panoply of dogma and prescription as the Goadby's. But he soon found his place; nor was that a contemptible one. His addresses from the pulpit were fluent, animated, and graceful. The warm Hibernian tone in which he uttered common things gave a sympathetic thrill to his orations, which carried away temperaments that had resisted the attacks of his more methodical comrades, and often made him master of the situation even when labouring by the side of abler men. He produced a new sensation in the Connexion. His style was what Thomas Carlyle would have called "papilionaceous." Slender chains of argument and fragile logic supported rich clusters of efflorescence which delighted and surprised the audience by their bloom and flexibility. He was a captivating rather than a powerful speaker; and won his triumphs more by the liveliness of the emotions he excited than by the depth of the convictions with which he impressed his hearers. To classical erudition, or biblical criticism, he made slight pretensions, but he loved to dwell on those all-important truths, so dear to every believer, which "the brilliant Frenchman never knew." Nor is it too much to say he would have deemed it unprofitable sophistry to attempt to accommodate them to minds of that stamp. These truths he invested with an atmosphere of melting sentiment which carried captive the passions of those for whom they were intended, and to whom they were often addressed in an ecstasy of personal emotion. Crowds hung upon his lips, crowds wept under the pathos of his appeals. The

young people, the feminine portion of his congregation, Sunday school anniversaries, rural audiences, baptismal services, were scenes where he wielded the power of his eloquence like the wand of an enchanter. With such tempting opportunities of influence, such wide-spread fields of conquest before him, it was scarcely likely that that influence should always have been of a perfectly unexceptionable character, or most enduring in its results. The charge must, with qualification, be admitted, that his highly effusive sympathies were sometimes tinged with personal frailty, and that his numerous triumphs in the way of conversions and revival, were liable to considerable deduction from subsequent fallings away. This, however, is human nature. "A mushroom springs up in a night; the oak is the growth of centuries." Where immense accessions have been quickly made to any religious communion, he must be a shallow philosopher, or very slightly versed in the experience of life, who would not expect the subsequent reaction of decline. Still he was a man

"mighty in the word" among the men of his time. He formed a link of transition between them and the new men rising up. His personal friends, in addition to those named, were Burns, Mathews, Underwood, the Stevensons, and the tertiary generation of Goadbys. Though these gentlemen had too much discrimination to be insensible to his failings, they appreciated his excellencies, admired his peculiar gifts, and warmly received him to their fellowship. For many years he was their zealous fellow-labourer; and when he was called away they gracefully dropped the tear of an affectionate farewell into his grave. They felt that he was the last of a generation to whom they owed much, but from whom they were withdrawing to a distance of sentiment as well as of time. Though their spiritual descendants, the new men, had to disown some portion of the inheritance bequeathed to them, but the repudiation was expressed in the decorous silence of doubt and veneration, not with the loud protests of sectarian perverts.

(To be continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.*

BY THE REV. JAMES MADEN.

DURING the past few years, the subject of Home Mission work has very much engaged the attention of the Christian churches of this country. The Church of England has sought the improvement and salvation of the people by employing bible-women, scripture-readers, and curates, whose time should be largely occupied in visiting the working classes. The Methodists, Independents, and Baptists, have supported town and city missionaries, and by other means have tried to carry the gospel to the homes of the poor. We are pleased to think, that our own churches are taking a deeper interest in this im-

portant work than they have done for many years past. Our object is, to foster and develop this improved feeling. With this end in view, we shall try to show:—First, why we, as Christians, should attempt the complete evangelization and conversion of England. Love of our native country should lead us to engage most heartily in this work. The pages of ancient and modern history teach us that nations cannot preserve their national life, prosperity, and glory, apart from religion. We, as a people, have certainly gained a glorious position in the commonwealth of nations. We have

* A Speech delivered at the Home Missionary Meeting of the Peterborough Association, June 20.

long been free from the power of the invader. Our commerce has increased with marvellous rapidity; our laws have been greatly improved; our liberties maintained and consolidated; our charitable institutions multiplied; our wealth doubled in a very short period; our armies have been successful abroad; and our civilians industrious and prosperous at home.

"Our flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

"The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, and our's is a goodly heritage." But what of the future? We are anxious that England should maintain her prestige, and her glory; that she should be foremost in the race of nations; that she should foster art, science, music, and painting, poetry and literature, and cultivate the principles of freedom and religion. We desire for her continuance in well-doing, until the present economy shall gently merge into the light and felicity of the millennial day. But though we thus desire the permanent prosperity of our country, we know that some of our great and wise men have their fears for England's future. Great nations have lived and prospered, but they have fallen and disappeared. Egypt, with its succession of Pharaohs, has been humbled in the dust. Of one of the mightiest empires of the olden times it may be said, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen." Greece, that could once boast of a thousand dependencies, has herself been made weak and dependant. Out of the vast dominions of imperial Rome, the kingdoms of modern Europe have been carved; and she who was the mistress of the world has become a servant. France, recently thought invincible on the field, has been so reduced and humiliated as to be an object of pity among all civilized nations. How, then, shall England avoid the fate of these fallen powers? We reply, only by avoiding their corruption and degeneracy; "For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." But how can society be preserved in a state of soundness? Simply, and only, by its being well-seasoned with the salt of the gospel. If we wish well to our country, let us seek its complete evangelization and conversion. Secondly,—The firm belief

that no amount of temporal prosperity will sufficiently elevate the people, apart from the gospel, should make us labour heartily for the conversion of England. There have been men of one idea, and visionary characters, who have expected a great improvement in the manners and morals of the people as the result of certain discoveries in art and science, and the enjoyment of temporal prosperity. When, for instance, balloons were invented, the Parisians were in ecstasies of joy as they spoke of dropping missionaries from the skies among savage tribes, who, by descending from the clouds, should bear testimony to the divinity of their message, and who, if needful, should have troops dropped from the heavens to protect them in their peaceful labours. When steam began to be used as a motive power, it was supposed by some, that the curse imposed six thousand years ago was about to be removed, and that the sons of toil would be converted into superintendents of machines, which would act as if endowed with human consciousness. When railways were constructed it was said, that henceforth famines should be rendered quite impossible; the corn of Egypt should be brought in a few days into any needy district; millions of money should be saved in time and wages, and the comforts and luxuries of distant climes should be found in every home of our happy land.

When the Corn Laws were about to be abolished, our orators and statesmen prophesied that we should have free trade with all nations; that our prosperity would be so great, that England should become a vast workshop and emporium for the trade of the world; that poverty should be unknown, and pauperism so completely abolished, that our union workhouses should tumble into ruins, the *débris* only reminding future generations of their ancient sites, as the ruins of castles and monasteries now take us back to mediæval and feudal times. But what shall we say now of balloons? the Parisians have recently seen them put to other uses than dropping missionaries among barbarous tribes. What of steam power? the millions have still to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. What of railways? we

have often been saddened as we have read in the daily papers about fatal collisions and fearful loss of life. What of free trade? our statesmen are puzzled as they look at our million of paupers, and tens of thousands of vagrants, scouring the country from April to October; who, like bees which have robbed our gardens all summer, come like drones to lounge in our hives of industry for the winter. We heartily rejoice in all that has been accomplished by art and science, and material prosperity; but we still find ourselves compelled to increase our police force; to enlarge our work-houses; to build our prisons and asylums, and to mourn over the fearful degradation and misery of our towns and cities. There is yet as much need as ever for evangelistic work among the people of England.

Thirdly,—Nor are we more hopeful about the results of social and political reform, than about the issues of temporal prosperity. As Liberals and Protestant Dissenters, we certainly take a deep interest in some great questions, which we know will have a wonderful effect on the people of this country. But we fear if we could carry out all the reforms in which we are interested, unless the people embrace the gospel, we shall find ourselves in the midst of disappointment and misery. If we could, in a short time, pay off the whole of our national debt; if we could so amend the licensing system that drunkenness should be completely abolished; if we could so improve the House of Commons that it should not be possible for any parliament to waste more than one session in two years; if we could extend the franchise, and secure vote by ballot; if we could abolish the law of primogeniture, so that every landed proprietor could divide his property equally among his children, according to the dictates of reason, and the prompting of parental affection; if we could separate the dominant Church from the State, and throw open the chaplaincies of the kingdom to ministers of all denominations; if we could so improve our educational system, that the poorest child of the poorest man should be able to rise to the highest position which learning can secure; if we could not only pass an "Army

Regulation Bill," but an "Army Abolition Bill," and cause nations to settle their differences by a court of nations, or by a "High Joint Commission;" if our soldiers, policemen, and turnkeys, could be employed to reclaim our waste lands and break up our fallow ground, so as to make this queen of gems, this beautiful and sweet little island of our's, into a highly cultivated garden; unless the people become evangelized, the subtle serpent will appear again, and the expelling angel, with his naked sword, will threaten us with banishment, with exile, and with death.

Fourthly,—Another incentive to such labour is found in the general character of Englishmen. That there is a very marked difference in the various races of mankind, every one will be ready to admit. The sable sons of Africa, and the down-trodden races of Asia, cannot compare favourably with the hardy, industrious, energetic, and brave races of these northern latitudes. I am not about to set up the English as models of perfection, but if I had to choose my race and nation, I would say, without a moment's hesitation, let me be an Englishman. We should not by any means despise ordinary natures, or weak converts; but if it be possible for us to secure the conversion of the dominant races, we shall certainly have taken the forts, and possessed ourselves of the strongholds of the enemy. When David joined Saul's army he was worth more than a whole regiment of ordinary troops. When Saul of Tarsus was converted, a noble spirit was gained, who should influence millions after him for good, and who should set an example for missionaries to the end of the world. When Luther became a Christian, a convert was won who shook the papacy to its foundations, revolutionized the church, and directed the current of thought for future ages. When the illustrious Dan Taylor, (of blessed memory), was led to the Saviour, a faithful preacher was raised up, who should publish the gospel in Halifax and the regions round about; who should found churches at Birchcliffe, at Shore, and Burnley Lane, and who should help largely in the work of founding the "New Connexion of General Baptists." If we could secure

the conversion of our fellow-countrymen, a host of noble labourers would achieve wonders for Christ; our land would be prosperous and happy, and our vessels would go to distant ports, not only freighted with our material productions, but with pearls of great price, and with heavenly treasures.

Our last incentive is gained from the study of the example of our Lord. It must have occurred to many of you as something strange, that our Lord should have spent thirty-three years in this sinful world, and yet have confined his attention to a few people, inhabiting an apparently insignificant country. The gospels present the Lord Jesus in the light of a home missionary going about doing good. As we follow Him in His preaching tours, we find Him now in the great city, next on the mountain side, then in Samaria or Galilee, or as far north as Tyre and Sidon. Again, our Saviour's language to his disciples was as significant as His example. When He spoke to them after His resurrection, He said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." When he commanded them to preach the gospel, he used the suggestive phrase, "Beginning at Jerusalem." There is a divine philosophy in the order here indicated. At home we are known; we speak in our mother tongue; our interests are bound together; our sympathies are deep and strong; we require little money, and comparatively little time; we have no need to go to priests or magistrates for letters of permission; the whole land is our parish, and the whole people our brethren, according to the flesh. Many Christians say they cannot go to strange lands, nor learn foreign tongues, nor sacrifice the endearments of home, to bear the sorrows and trials of distant service. Here, however, every man may find his sphere of labour, and every woman imitate those godly women, those heroines of the faith, who clung so tenaciously to our Lord, and rendered such important service to His Apostles. With such weighty and glorious incentives to home mission work; let our motto be:—The complete evangelization, and conversion of England.

II.—But by what means shall we attempt the conversion of England? Different minds will suggest different means. A large number of ecclesiastics seem to think, that much might be done by a proper use of the milliner's art, and the cultivation of forms and ceremonies. One almost wonders that no society has been organized during the past few months, partly as a charity to Paris, and a boon to England, to import a number of the unemployed milliners to decorate our churches, and adorn our clergymen to the best advantage. I scarcely need say we have no faith in converting souls by using silks. Some say, do the work completely by taking the little ones as they appear in the world, and through baptismal regeneration introduce them into the kingdom; after a short period confirm them in the possession; in due time give them final absolution; and then dismiss them "in sure and certain hope." This would be a very easy, and considering the successive fees, a very lucrative way of accomplishing our end, if we could only believe the system to be anything more than a sham and a monstrous deception; but we frankly confess, Baptists as we are, that we have no faith in converting England by using water, either in small quantities or large. Some have great faith in the printing press, but the press has a double capacity; for good and for evil. If we send out millions of bibles, of good books and tracts, they will do little for the hundreds of thousands who never read at all; and little for those who would as soon take an hour at the treadmill as spend one with a religious author; and little for those whose vitiated taste forbids the reading of a good book altogether.

And what shall we say about the preaching of the gospel, on set occasions, in our established places of worship? We know it has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe; but I am afraid England will never be converted by such ministrations. Why were the first preachers so successful? Chiefly because they preached any time and everywhere. We find one preaching in a chariot on the road; another in the open air, or on board ship, in the prison, or the palace, or from house to house. In the dark ages the Waldensian

pedlars, who, as they opened their packs for inspection, took the opportunity before leaving to exhibit their heavenly merchandise, were often the best preachers of Christ's gospel. The persecuted puritan, who went forth clad in a waggoner's smock, and with a whip in his hand, to preach in the heart of some dense forest, produced an impression never to be forgotten. When Wesley and Whitfield went from one end of the land to the other, preaching under the spreading boughs of some stately tree, or on the bleak moor, to a congregation of miners; or on the village green to the weavers; or on the coast of the murmuring sea to the sailors; they were, probably, the means of leading more souls to Christ than all the bishops and clergymen who were then officiating in our cathedrals and churches. The Master said, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." If the people don't come to us, we must go to them. And we must not leave this great work to the ministers, whether in the pulpit or out. We contend earnestly, that if England is to be evangelized, the whole church must be at work. The church is like a body, in which all the members have to be engaged as well as the head; it is like an army in which the ordinary troops must fight as well as the generals. Those five Christians who met some time ago in a cobbler's shop in Hamburg, and agreed that every candidate for fellowship should promise to work earnestly for Christ, have been the means, it is supposed, of leading one hundred thousand people to enjoy the regular ministrations of the gospel. In these glorious successes of brother Oncken, of Hamburg, and his fellow labourers, we most heartily rejoice. Let us learn a lesson from them. Let pastors, deacons, teachers, visitors, and all the servants of Jesus, work vigorously according to their ability, and we shall have hope of the conversion of our native land.

Cultivate, then, a holy enthusiasm in the prosecution of home mission work. We have known men in different walks of life, who have worked with a noble and earnest purpose in their various callings. I could point you to a tradesman who has been at his office before six o'clock in the morning; taken his

meals there during the day, and remained till late at night for eighteen successive years; and now, in his palatial residence, he is enjoying the fruits of his enthusiastic devotion to business. I could point you to a musician who rose with the morning, and performed as early as the lark, who often forgot himself while he half whistled some favourite air, the motions of his head, and the trembling of his fingers, indicating that the essence of music was bursting out of him. I could point to a geologist, who, if he go to London, will spend his time in the British Museum; if he converse with you, will have your attention fixed on his darling theme, and you cannot prevent it; if you wish to see a few fossils, he will show you a cartload. And why should not we have our enthusiasts? Our Lord taught the people with such earnestness and devotion, that his relatives came to interfere, saying, "He is beside himself." When Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, one of his illustrious hearers cried out, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." It would be a happy day for the church and the world, if many of our doctors of divinity and learned preachers were slightly suffering from the same disease. It will be well if we all betake ourselves with enthusiasm and entire devotion to accomplish the evangelization and conversion of this great nation. Kings and nobles have fought and bled to gain the soil of England; philanthropists and reformers have laboured and suffered to raise the social condition of the people; but our's is a nobler work, we seek to win precious souls to Christ; and our's shall be a nobler reward,—it shall be a crown, and a kingdom, that shall never fade or pass away. We have many incentives to labour for the salvation of our fellowmen, but our highest motive is gained at the cross. "O thou, who did'st leave the realms of glory on a mission of love and mercy to save our fallen race; who did'st not spurn the womb of the virgin, but who, with weary feet, did'st tread these rough and stony paths of life, imbue us with Thy Spirit, and help us to give and work, and pray and wait, till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God, and His Christ."

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. VIII.—*The Giggie Family.*

It is now some fifteen years since I received my introduction to a respectable, comfortable, and tolerably well to do family, living in Broad Street, Bristol, of the not very pleasant name of Giggie. I have a vivid recollection of both father and mother; but as my readers will care more about young Master George Giggie, and his interesting sister Lucinda, I shall just give a brief description of them before narrating my experiences on the memorable day of my first visit. George was a healthy, buoyant, active, good natured, easy-going, mirthful lad, of some fourteen years of age. He was filled to the brim with animal spirits, and bad no greater difficulty than to sit still. Like a dog that had just slipped his collar, he was always "on the go." In fact, his facetious father said, he was the nearest approach to "perpetual motion" he had ever seen; and declared that he had thought of sending him to the next exhibition, labelled, "a great discovery," only that he feared he could not stand still long enough for the label to be read. He was as ready to start into laughter as powder is to explode. Mostly he was, in fact, laughing immoderately; but if you could not bear the roar of that, like the murmur of distant thunder, you were sure to discover him delighting in a half suppressed titter. And, inasmuch as he inherited from his parents this intense zest for fun and frolic, it may be readily supposed that he was largely indulged in the free use of his inclinations. "Lucinda," her mother said to me within a few minutes of my arrival in the room where she was playing with her brother, "Lucinda is a thorough boy, only two years younger than her brother, and seems to drink into his spirit, share his fun-loving propensities, and is ready to add all she can to his jollity."

Scarcely had I sat down to dinner, on that dull November day, when I was told by my host,—what was hardly necessary, for there had been full proof of it already,—"This is Liberty Hall, let me say, sir; we put no restraints on anybody here. Our children are perfectly free. We like to see them merry. You know Solomon says, 'A

merry heart doeth good like a medicine,' and we quite believe it." "Yes," said I, having become quite at home, yet fearing such freedom might perhaps become inconvenient, "but pardon me, sir, if I say, that bottles of medicine are not always necessary, and certainly not always acceptable, are they?"

"Capital," shouted out George at once, and before Mr. Giggie could say a word, "father is always quoting King Solomon as an authority for his jokes; but I never heard him better taken to than that. Give it him. He likes it. We all give and take here, sir."

And so indeed I found; for never before or since did I eat a dinner enlivened with so much of the sauce of wit and pleasantry. It was a feast of jokes; jokes of all sorts and ages, old jokes and new jokes, good and bad, long and short, stale and fresh, original and borrowed, and without end. Scarcely was the "Grace before meat" concluded, than George started the old story about "rabbits hot, and rabbits cold, etc.," and that opened the way for all that was odd and comical in connection with the ceremony of "asking a blessing." Then there were jokes and giggings about one another, about the neighbours and foreigners, about students and ministers, about famous and infamous townsmen, and almost about everybody. No matter what was mentioned, its ludicrous side was the first, and mostly the only one, seen. Memory seemed, in fact, a lumber room stored to the full with giggling material. Even the Bible was chiefly known in those parts of it which had been turned into puzzles and conundrums, or were closely associated with amusing stories or ridiculous incidents; and ministers of the gospel were esteemed according to their proved ability to add to the family stock of fun and merriment.

After that day I often used to wonder whether what I had seen and heard was merely an occasional exhibition of fire-works, perhaps in honour of my visit as a student from a distant college; or whether this was the tone and spirit of the family. Other opportunities of observation, and a closer knowledge of both George and Lucinda,

have answered such questions, and made clear the effect likely to follow such unbridled frivolity and wild levity. About year and a half after my visit, George, owing to the sudden death of his father, and to the family not being quite so well provided for as was anticipated, had to be apprenticed to a leading builder in a country town not far from London. He passed through his time of apprenticeship; but it can hardly be said he served it, for he never did any more work than he was obliged, and the little that he did, no better than he was forced. He laughed himself into high favour with the men of the shop, but into serious disfavour with his master. He could not be brought to look at life in any of its serious aspects. At one time there was a gleam of hope. He became a professed Christian, joined himself to the church, entered the Sunday School, and seemed to be ruled by a better and nobler spirit. But his levity was again his snare. It put him off his guard. He liked the company that was "merry," and always preferred it without asking whether it was good and wise as well as merry. He fell again and again, left school and church, gave himself to his rollicking and boisterous shop-mates, and gradually but really became utterly reprobate in character. Two young men, who were apprenticed to the same master a short time after him, are now part-owners of the business, and George is dragging along a miserable existence in this city, trying to get a little false merriment from stale jokes and intoxicating drinks.

And Lucinda! Yes: what of her! Well, I saw her only two months ago, sitting in the midst of a group of eager and attentive girls, earnestly and lovingly teaching them "the way of salvation." She is much beloved, and is at once one of the most cheerful and useful members of the church of Christ in her native city. She was warned in time. The folly of always saying "Serious things to-morrow," was made known to her; and she set herself right heartily to watch and pray against a frivolous spirit as her "be-setting sin," and bravely did she fight with it for six long years, till at length she was quite victorious, and is now a living and beautiful illustration of John Bunyan's motto, "Cheerful, but not light; serious, but not sad."

No doubt our God would have us cheerful in our bright and sunny youth, as also in manhood and age. It is most fitting that the young should be happy. You ought to be. Smiles and laughter are the gifts of God as well as tears and prayers; just as the bright and glory-gleaming heavens, and the sombre cloud-filled skies, are painted by the same unrivalled artist. Dulness is disease. Cheerfulness is health. Joy is of God, and is godlike. Melancholy is of Satan, and to be shunned as he ought to be. But frivolity is dangerous and deadly. It wastes life, and fritters away time and strength. It is like letting the enemy into the fortress which should defend you against him. It entraps you into sin before you are aware of it. Ships, even the best, will sink if they have no ballast; and hundreds of young men and women are lost for want of solidity of thought and character. They are spoilt for business, for home, for society, and for God. Like the clerks that Cowper found in the office in which he worked, they "giggle and make giggle" all the day long, wasting their employer's time, depraving their own nature, and often sinking into the worst uncleanness of speech and suggestion. They are merry; but they are not strong, and wise, and good. Laughing is not life. Perpetual trifling no more befits a child of God and immortality, than the nonsense of a clown graces the lips of kings. Giggling is not goodness; but tends to destroy it where it exists, and to hinder its birth where it is not found. We are here for nobler ends than merely to be amused from morning till night; and we ought to count the day lost that is given up wholly to frittering pleasures. Life is full of serious facts. Eternity itself is not far off us; and each moment brings us nearer to its unseen door, though we know not at what hour we may be called in by the Judge. Cultivate serious thoughts, my young friends. Do not waste your opening days in endless frivolity. Walk with God, the happy God, and be cheerful. Season life with reflection. Make your pleasures more pleasurable by using them as a relief from sound and solid work. Shun the society of the perpetual joker as you would a road infested with robbers. It brings everything into contempt, even yourselves.

Triflers make the world no richer; they invent nothing, discover nothing, produce nothing but folly and ruin. They laugh away an existence that was designed to prepare them for usefulness on earth, and for the society of God and angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven. Thus, their merriment is their folly. Let, then, seriousness attend on mirth, self-restraint on laughter, and calm reflection on exuber-

ant joy. There is a time to laugh, but surely for much else as well; and the motto of the wise and good is always, "CHEERFUL, BUT NOT LIGHT; SERIOUS, BUT NOT SAD."

J. CLIFFORD.

. Will my young friends please make the following correction in the last "Talk," on page 208, column one, line two from the bottom? "air" should be "airy."

A LONG LIFE AND A GOOD ONE.

JOHN WELLS was born on the 14th of May, 1773, at Tattershall, in the county of Lincoln. His father was a joiner and builder by trade, to which business John was early apprenticed. Their calling, however, was chiefly exercised on the estate of Earl Fortescue, for a period, extending from father to son, of not less than 150 years. So that he used to say that they had either built, repaired, or enlarged nearly all the buildings standing on the estate of that nobleman. But although his parents were anxious that he should be brought up to some useful trade, they do not seem to have made any attempt at his religious instruction. As for themselves, they were regular attenders and communicants at the Parish Church, but he was left very much to himself as to the manner in which he spent his Sabbaths, so that he grew up in the vices of his day, spending the day of rest in various sports on the village green. While quite a lad he joined the church bell-ringers, in whose society he was well trained in swearing and Sabbath desecration, and indeed, in all kinds of profanity and sin. But although he thus consorted with evildoers, he was not happy; his conscience frequently condemned him, and he blushed with shame at the recollection of his participation in sin. Again and again he resolved that he would give up his wicked course; but he found it easier to resolve than to carry his resolutions into practice. Need we wonder at this, for neither at home nor away, in the circle of his acquaintance, was there to be found any to whom he could tell his troubles, or ask counsel therefrom. His better self was craving for a purer light, higher joy; but no man seemed to care for his soul, and unfortunately his position shut him away from the influence of those who would have directed him in the right path. But while thus agitated in his course, he accidentally hears from the lips of some street preacher the glad tidings of salvation, the necessity of repentance and faith towards God, the ingratitude of sin, the reality of hell for sinners, and heaven for

saints. His conscience, already restless, was now fearfully roused; he could find no rest day nor night, lest he should sink into hell. He opened his mind to his parents, and told them of his distress, but they laughed at him for his folly, and threatened to turn him out of doors if he did not give up his "Methodism," for they would have none of it. Finding no sympathy at home, he for days wandered in the fields, and in ditches, under the shelter of hedges, poured out his soul unto God, and the Lord heard him. He found peace in believing. Then his sorrows made place for joy—a joy so refreshing that he felt like a new being. His heavy burden was gone, and all was peace. When speaking of this portion of his history, Doddridge's hymn would rise to his lips—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad."

He now broke entirely away from his old associates, except so far as meeting them in the church belfrey, for he loved bell-ringing, and felt loth to give up a practice in which he had attained considerable proficiency; but he found it hard to bear the constant buffeting of the ringers, and he found also that their influence was detrimental to his peace. Yet he still held on, until one evening the Spirit of God so wrought upon his soul while in the act of ringing, that he trembled lest the church tower should fall upon him and crush him to atoms. Finding that the associations of this employment was inimical to his soul's prosperity, and that his own conscience rebelled against its continuance, and further attributing those fears and terrors he experienced, when last in the church tower, to God, he resolved never to touch a bell-rope again, which resolution was faithfully kept to the end of his days. He now with increased earnestness set his face Zionward. He read and re-read his New Testament, his constancy in prayer was resolutely maintained, although he suffered much persecution at the hands of

his relatives. They charged him with being out of his mind, and occasionally he came in for a shower of rotten eggs as he passed along the way. The church clergyman took no notice of him, although he took sacrament, and gave evidence of a spiritual and moral change. He desired Christian fellowship, but could not find it. The services of the Establishment were cold and formal, and the officiating minister an unconverted man. He therefore turned his steps towards the Baptist Chapel, Coningsby, where the revered Gilbert Boyce ministered, and had done so for half-a-century. Here he found that spiritual life and fellowship he desired. Being persuaded that baptism by immersion was the scriptural mode, he offered himself as a candidate for the ordinance; he was accepted, and in the year 1793 he was baptized in the Horncastle Navigation, which runs at the bottom of the chapel yard, by the Rev. W. Thompson, of Boston. That was indeed a day of days with him, and often has he pointed out the spot where his immersion took place to strangers, and then he would repeat a favourite verse—

"With Thee, into Thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interred by such a friend."

He ever maintained a lively interest in his reception into the church and of the first time he partook of the Lord's Supper, and used to repeat the following verses as expressive of his feelings at that important moment of his history—

"Lord, at Thy table I behold
The wonders of Thy grace;
But most of all admire
That I should find a welcome place.
"What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room;
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
"Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony."

He had not been long in the church before he gained the general esteem of the members, for the consistency and earnestness of his conduct, and was, while very young, elected as a deacon, and served in that capacity for about 70 years. In his official capacity he always manifested a pleasant and agreeable manner, and carefully avoided anything that would interfere with the harmony of the church. He often said, "If professed Christians would stoop to quarrel, it was no matter of surprise that the Spirit of God did not more fully rest in their hearts, and no matter of surprise to him that more souls were not born for Christ." Towards his pastor he ever cherished the tenderest feelings of interest and affection. "You know," he would say

on this matter, "it is apostolic; for Paul says—'Esteem them very highly for their works sake.'" O yes, I must pray for them, for

"'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hand."

When about 21 he entered into the estate of matrimony. The person of his choice was, like himself, a believer in the Lord Jesus, of a sweet and cheerful disposition, so that he anticipated a long and happy life in her society, which anticipation was more than realized. They proved suitable to each other, and so their days were spent in happiness as nearly perfect as this world would permit. Concerning that pleasant unity which characterized his married life, he would quote the following:—

"One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth;
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.
"One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety;
One for ever, Lord, with Thee."

No less than 18 children was the result of this union, though only some eight or nine survived their infancy. He has, however, left behind him of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, not less than 70. When referring to the large family he had had, he would quote with great emphasis the following Scripture—"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them, &c." But he was not really happy in all his children, for he had to mourn over some who had not given themselves to the Lord, yet again and again expressed the hope that he should see their salvation before he died. Recollecting himself, he would say, perhaps, however, in God's providence my death is needed for the accomplishment of so precious an object. No man could have set before his family a better example. His piety passed unquestioned. Even the godless would bear testimony to the genuineness of his profession, declaring that if "Old John Wells did not get to heaven, no one need hope to get there."

His attendance upon the ordinances of God was very punctual and regular, and on no account short of sickness would he absent himself. It mattered not whether there were many or few, John Wells would be in his place. And if any surprise was shown at seeing him on some stormy night in his place, he would reply—"Yes, I am old, but I love to be there; you know Paul warns against 'forgetting to assemble ourselves together as the manner of some is.'"

"I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

He was attached also to the several institutions belonging to the denomination, and

felt great pleasure in contributing of his substance to their support. So that no collector felt any reluctance in soliciting his donations. He thought and said—

“He to no noble purpose lives,
Who much receives and nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank

He was instrumental in the conversion of several persons, and looked forward with joy to a mutual recognition in the land of love.

When about 78 he lost his wife; ten years later his beloved daughter Mary was taken to her rest, at the advanced age of 63 years. When 95 he buried his son William, aged 63. These events saddened his spirit, but he was resigned, knowing that they had only gone a few years earlier than himself to the eternal mansions. He would repeat these lines as he thought of the breaking up of his home—

“It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,
And building our hopes in a region like this;
We look for a city which hands have not piled,
We pant for a country by sin undefiled.”

He is now obliged to desist from the regular attendance upon the means of grace, which for over 70 years he had maintained. But though absent in spirit, his heart was with God's assembled people, and he prayed much for the prosperity of Zion. His last visit to the house of God was in the latter part of September, 1870, to hear Mr. Henry Varley, of London, whom he had known from a child, and on the preacher asking him if he had heard the sermon, he replied “No; but I understand it all. ‘By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.’” After this meeting with the son of an old friend he was taken poorly, but rallying again, hopes were entertained that he would live to see his 100th birthday. But the change was only of short duration; the setting in of a winter of unusual severity chilled his system, seriously affecting the action of his heart. Still he did not give up, but rose and dressed himself and walked out into the village, although very feeble. His memory, too, was remarkably tenacious, and he would quote by the hour, Toplady's and Newton's hymns, with now and then a verse of Scripture. Indeed, his ordinary conversation was made up of snatches

from hymns and portions of Scripture, to within a few days of his death.

A few days before his death he had two remarkable dreams. He thought the Lord Jesus came to him, and throwing the bed clothes aside, said, “Be of good cheer, I am coming to fetch you soon.” And when he awoke he found himself on his knees, praying. On the other occasion, he thought he saw his sainted daughter Mary, who coming to him laid her angelic cheek against his, saying, “Father, they will fetch you home soon;” and he awoke in ecstasy of joy, and in their strength he went on to the end, but not in them alone, for the Lord was with him. “But I am thankful for those dreams,” he said, “for they are to me warnings, blessed warnings, that the end is very near. Yes, I shall be with Him whom my soul loveth bye and bye. He will not cast me off now, in my grey hairs. No, no! nearly 80 years have I served the blessed Jesus, and with long life He has satisfied me, and He is about to show me His salvation.” The end was drawing near, when he talked in this strain; but he had spoken so often like it before, that we did not perceive, as he evidently did, the *beginning* of the desired end.

On the last day of 1870 he rose from his chair to go to the cupboard, but while in the act he reeled and fell, and had to be carried to bed. For some days he was unconscious, but on the following Tuesday and Wednesday he was quite conscious, but could not speak with ease; his countenance, however, beamed with unearthly brightness, and with so sweet an expression, that those who witnessed it said that they had never before beheld the human countenance so beautified.

After this consciousness forsook him, and on Sunday morning, Jan. 8th, at half-past nine, he passed away without a struggle into his Father's mansions, in his 98th year.

His remains were laid in the Cemetery belonging to the Baptist Chapel, Coningsby, on Thursday, the 13th of January, 1871; and on Sunday evening, Jan. 22, the Rev. W. Sharman preached a funeral sermon, from Psalm xv. 17, being the passage chosen by the deceased many years since, as the base of any public remarks that might be called for at his death.

W. SHARMAN.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. VII.—*Loughborough.*

LOUGHBOROUGH has already been frequently mentioned as a sort of central rallying place for the schools of the surrounding district, its convenient situation, and readiness of access by good roads from other places, gave it a geographical im-

portance, which has identified it very intimately with many important religious movements in our denomination. It was not until Sunday, October 21, 1804, that the establishing of a Sunday school was first discussed at a church meeting, and five

days afterwards twelve friends offered themselves as teachers, and sixteen promised to subscribe towards its support. The benefit of this Institution, it was agreed, should extend to poor children of every denomination, of the age of seven years. Rooms were engaged and altered for the use of the school, in a house up a yard opposite the chapel in Wood Gate. The number of scholars received at the opening was only about twenty; but it was found necessary in December to receive no more scholars until the quarter-day. Rules, and plans of management, and of book-keeping, were selected and adopted from those which were in force at Nottingham and Qworndon, and forfeits were imposed upon irregular teachers. Sensible of their own deficiency of education, the teachers took the wise step of establishing reading meetings amongst themselves, on Sunday nights after the service, submitting to mutual criticism. The first book they ordered for their use was "Joneses" (Johnson's) pronouncing dictionary, and other books on education followed. During the first year, writing was introduced as a part of the instruction given, to all excepting day scholars. The late Mr. Paget's offer of a more commodious room, was gratefully accepted. The first sermon for the benefit of the school was preached on July 10th, 1805, by the Rev. Robert Smith, of Nottingham, from Acts xx. 35. The minute book says, "no music to be admitted at that time." The collection amounted to £21 4s. 7½d.; and this was the beginning of that steady and liberal support, by which our Sunday schools have been sustained in Loughborough. To encourage early and regular attendance, tickets of reward were given to the scholars, to which a money value was attached,—the possession of twenty-four entitled the holder to 8d. These money rewards and teachers' forfeits were in a short time abolished, but afterwards revived. Again, teachers were exempted from money fines, and children were rewarded with books of the value of their tickets for attendance. These tickets were oftentimes withheld by the teacher, for ill behaviour. This system of rewards to scholars was done away with about twenty-five years ago, upon the principle that it was better to leave scholars to be influenced by a sense of the value of Sunday school instruction, rather than by the mere hope of some material reward, by which they might be bought. The extent to which this reward system was allowed to run, and the expense it incurred, will be evident from the following resolution, passed October 16, 1810, "Agreed to pay Elizabeth Jackson 2s. 5d., Dorothy Fewkes 2s. 9d., Elizabeth Smith 1s. 11d., Mary

Bennett 2s. 8d., Ann Gimson 2s., and Elizabeth Potter 1s. 7d., for their attendance at School." Prizes were also given to the scholars who were selected as singers at the school sermons. Unfortunately, there were not only rewards in this school, but punishments were adopted of various kinds, to reduce the rebellious to submission. The wise plan of visiting and conversing with the parents of the scholars, and reporting the results of their visits at the teachers' meeting was followed; they also conversed with the scholars personally, admonishing the irregular and disorderly, and expelling those whom they found it impossible to improve. On the 26th May, 1805, this resolution was adopted, "Truant players to be punished with *holding the weights!*" These were iron weights of many pounds, which these offenders were compelled to stand and hold in their hands, sometimes elevated above their heads, and sometimes standing on one leg, sufficiently long, I suppose, to impress the remembrance of their transgression upon their muscles as well as upon their memory. What happened to these weights I cannot ascertain, but bricks were afterwards substituted for them; so that if this change was made in favour of the scholars, we may gather some idea of what it must have been to "*hold the weights!*" This punishment for truant players did not stop the practice, for it was ordered to be "executed" upon a boy on the 23rd of the very next month. These early teachers, while seeing the mote in their brother's eye, were not insensible to the beam that was in their own eye, for they were obliged to appoint moderators in their teachers' meeting, and upon the election of a new moderator, on the 15th December, 1806, it is recorded that "the teachers are desired to be in *subjection* to him, that is, to attend to the business in hand when he requires, *especially the female sex!*" Another punishment of scholars for inattention, or disobedience, or not learning their catechism in the week-day, was degrading them by putting them into a lower class for a while. Here, also, as at Friar Lane, the terrible "log" was used for punishment, and on Oct. 21, 1807, it was "agreed that Rob. T. shall wear the log, and have *his hands tied behind him* on Sunday, for ill-using Elizabeth Smith, on the preceding Thursday evening." Girls were not screened by their sex from wearing this cumbersome and painful ankle bracelet, for on the 14th Jan., 1808, it was agreed that "Elizabeth C. shall wear the log, for using indecent and *saucy language.*" In the following August another boy was condemned, not only to wear the log, but to forfeit three tickets, for playing truant.

The "badge" system was also in practice here at this period, one fault thus punished being that of talking in school hours, and those who were wearing it last were also to forfeit one ticket. The "ferrule," or short staff, was also used for corporal chastisement. In addition to these punishments, a degradation was employed, which I have not heard of in any other Sunday school, namely, that of wearing "paper caps." On the 8th October, 1810, occurs this resolution, "Agreed to have twelve paper caps for those children who behave ill in meeting time, and for lying." Dancing, and going to dances, was a serious offence, which was visited frequently with expulsion from the school; and on January 14, 1809, one of the scholars, a girl, was "excluded for going to the Play." In this same year, the Rev. Mr. Gawthorne, Independent minister, of Derby, preached the school sermons, and a resolution was previously past as follows: "Agreed, that the children shall receive money for prizes instead of books, on the morning of the charity sermon, to enable them to give something." It is worthy of remark that at this period, it was the custom to have one sermon, and not two as we now have, for the benefit of the school; and I refer to this merely to set forth the liberality with which Sunday schools were then supported, for on this occasion the collection was £34 10s. 10½d., and in the following year, when the Rev. T.

Stevenson was just about to leave Leicester and become pastor of the Loughborough church, he was invited to preach, and after his sermon the sum of £40 3s. 0d. was collected. One cannot help being amused at the quaintness of some of the resolutions recorded in the old minute books of this school, for instance, "Sept. 9, 1808, Josh. Whitcroft being drowned this day, his name was scratched out as left." "Oct. 23, 1809, Ann Farrow shall forfeit 6d., agreeable to the Rules, for omitting to inform the president of being absent." "Ann Farrow would not forfeit agreeable to the rule, and therefore left the school." Again, "Illness, or being out of town, shall be a sufficient reason for late attendance." Again, "John Pegg, for behaving very unbecomingly to one of his teachers, and telling Mr. Cuthbert a wilful lie, was talked to by three of the teachers, and after two hours conversation he acknowledged the crime, and promised to behave better in future." Again, "After some disorderly talk respecting the forfeits, agreed to exclude those teachers that acted against that rule in future."

Mr. J. J. Drury, Secretary of the Commercial Road Sunday School, London, writes to us to say, that this school was established seventy, and not fifty years ago. It dates from May 11, 1801.

Poetry.

OUR RAINY DAYS.

—"*Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary*"—*Longfellow.*

O! EVER since the world was young
It chance and change has known,
And grief has sighed while joy has sung,
And lights have shadows thrown.

The sky's not always cloudless air
That tree and flower may grow,
And we're not made for weak despair,
But strength in weal or woe.

If dear delights are overcast,
And sadness pours its rain,
Have courage, once the storm is past
Our sun will shine again.
Ripley, July, 1871.

The noblest fortitude and faith
Bloom bright as morning flowers,
Where sorrow all its stormy scath
Has wrought in cloudy hours.

Nor any gain the gentle heart,
And patient power attain,
Or meekly bear the prouder part,
By pleasures without pain.

Come sorrow, then, with strengthening hand,
Our stairway reaches high;
We'll climb with thee, and tearless stand
In glory by and by.

E. H. JACKSON.

Reviews.

BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.—The Rev. A. M. Stalker, of Southport, has sent out six tracts, entitled "Kind Questions, or Speaking the Truth in Love." The first is an answer to the inquiry, "Are all Christians one in Christ?" and forms at once an interesting statement of the unity of believers, and a good groundwork for the subsequent papers. The second paper carefully and temperately discusses the point—"Seeing all Christians are one, why ought baptism to be studied, and how?" No. III. shows what Christian baptism is, and the three that follow describe infant baptism as not coming from Christ nor from His apostles, nor from the first or second centuries, and as bringing forth the most bitter and painful fruits. We warmly commend these tracts for their calm and kind tone, their abundance of forcible illustration, and the general ability they display. They may be had of Mr. Slater, bookseller, Southport.

BAPTISM CALMLY CONSIDERED—a Tract for the Times, by H. W. (Stock) shows that water baptism is to be administered to Christians, is not necessary to salvation, is not to be administered to infants, is to be administered by immersion, and that it is the duty of all Christians to observe it in the manner appointed by our Lord. It is a well written tract, and might be widely circulated with great advantage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"*Non Credo.*" *A Prospectus of the Ancient and Modern Firm of Nero, Julian,*

Bradawl, & Co., Limited.—(Houlston & Sons.)—Weak in conception, and poor in execution.

The Legend of Warrior Hawk (Stock) is a ballad of considerable merit. The story is interesting and instructive.

Everlasting Punishment not "Eternal Torments," by R. Roberts (G. J. Stevenson) consists of three letters in reply to Dr. Angus. This pamphlet will not, we fear, help the controversy on this question far towards a settlement; for it starts with the assumption that man is not immortal, and treats the words "life" and "death" uniformly as referring to physical existence.

The Biblical Museum, Part VII., and *Byepaths in Baptist History*, Part IV., (Stock) fully sustain the warm commendations given of earlier numbers.

The Battle of the Days and the Quarrel of the Churches. By a Nonconformist. (William Penny.)—We pity the Nonconformist who could write such stuff as this. A plea for the State Church at such a time as this from a Nonconformist! What next!

Annie, the Maid of the Mill.—(Stock.)—A most touching story, worth putting into the hands of every mill-girl in the kingdom.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Appeal—Church—Congregational Miscellany—Hive—Old Jonathan—Sword and Trowel—The Christian Spiritualist—Cope's Tobacco Plant.

Church Register.

UNION BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

THE Treasurer of the above Fund desires to announce, through the Magazine, that he is now in possession of the £1,000 voted by the Association from the Centenary Fund; and all those churches to whom grants have been made may at once obtain such grants by adopting the following method of procedure—namely, by forwarding to Mr. J. T. Gale, Junction Street, Hunslet Road, Leeds:—

1. The resolution of church meeting authorizing the original application for loan.

2. The resolution of church meeting requesting and authorizing four gentlemen to give legal security for the repayment of the money to the Trustees of the Fund.

3. The names of such four or more gentlemen who are prepared and qualified to give such security, enclosing a bill stamp, to be filled up by the Secretary, proper for the amount required.

4. The name of the party to whom the cheque shall be made payable.

The Treasurer has great pleasure in being able, through the kindness and

promptitude of the Treasurer of the Centenary Fund, to make the above announcement so early in the denominational year; and he feels warranted to hope that the conferring of so much benefit upon burdened churches so speedily after the receiving of subscriptions to the Centenary Fund, will stimulate those churches who have delayed their gifts to immediate action, in order that the £5,000 may be realized during this year; and he, of course, appeals with confidence to those who are already voted an interest in the Fund, to do their utmost to make the effort a noble success.

He also wishes all those friends of the Building Fund who decree that their subscriptions shall all be appropriated to this perennial source of help to the churches, to intimate the same to Mr. A. Goodliffe, Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham, the Treasurer of the Centenary Fund, at their earliest convenience, or at the time their subscriptions are paid over.

W. B. REMBRIDGE.

GRAHAM'S TEMPERANCE GUIDE.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Dear Sir,—Please to allow a nook in your next issue for these few lines inviting all Baptist ministers who are abstainers from intoxicating liquors, to forward me, *at once*, their names and addresses for insertion in "Graham's Temperance Guide," for 1872. It is desirable, for many reasons, that this information should be as complete as possible.

I am, sincerely yours,

DAWSON BURNS.

8, King Henry's Road, Primrose Hill,
London, N.W.

P.S.—Correspondents would also oblige by stating the length of period during which they have abstained.

LOCAL PREACHERS.

THE Eleventh Conference of the Derby and Derbyshire Preachers' Association was held, May 29, in the new chapel, Watson Street, Derby. The afternoon was devoted to the usual business. About five o'clock a number of friends took tea together, and in the evening a public meeting was held, when interesting and well-appreciated addresses were delivered, by Mr. J. Smith, on "The Constitution of a Christian Church;" Mr. H. A. Blount, on "The importance of Union with the Church;" and Mr. Shaw, on "The influence of Spiritual Life on the Social Circle."

NEW CHURCH—WEST VALE.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly permit us, in behalf of our friends with whom we expect to be united in still further carrying on the cause of Christ at West Vale, to thank the dear friends at North Parade, Halifax, and elsewhere, for their generous and successful efforts to establish a G. B. cause in this place.

The beautiful chapel, with school rooms and house, were completed in August, 1869, and cost about £2,000. By liberal and well directed efforts, one of which is now in progress, the debt is being reduced, and shortly, it is hoped, not more than £500 will remain. Believing that the time has arrived when the privileges of a stated ministry should be sought, we are hoping soon to secure them. Since the new chapel was opened the Baptist interest in this locality has advanced with pleasing rapidity. Our Sabbath congregations are encouraging; we have some hundred and eighty children in our Sabbath schools; and in our efficient day school, under government inspection, the children number about three hundred.

Those members of the Halifax church who live in this neighbourhood are shortly to be formed into a separate church; and we rejoice in being able to add, that the Rev. Thomas Gill, of Allerton, has accepted our cordial and unanimous invitation to the new pastorate, and will commence his labours amongst us (D.V.) on the first Sabbath in September, with cheering prospects of success. Again thanking all ministers and friends who have heretofore aided this work of God,

We are, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,

JONATHAN HORSFALL, *Deacon*,

EDWARD S. BROOKS, *Secretary*.

Copy of Resolutions passed at North Parade, Halifax, church meeting, held July 19.

A document having been read, signed by fifty-one (being the whole number) of the members in connection with our branch at West Vale, thanking the church for the assistance rendered in establishing the cause there, stating that, in their judgment, the time had now come when it was both desirable and practicable to have a minister resident among them, and asking to be dismissed from the fellowship of the parent church in order that they may be formed into a distinct community, and may invite the Rev. T. Gill, now of Allerton, to be their pastor.

Resolved, 1. That we record our thankfulness to God for the success with which He has been pleased to crown our united

efforts at West Vale; that we rejoice in the present position and prospects of that branch of the church, and earnestly pray that the divine sanction and blessing may be given to the important steps now proposed to be taken.

2. That we affectionately dismiss the brethren and sisters whose names are affixed to the said document, in order that they may become a separate church, most fervently "commending" them, and their pastor elect, to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build them up, and to give them an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

I. PRESTON, PASTOR.
Baptist Chapel, North Parade, Halifax.

CHAPELS.

CENTENARY CHAPEL, MARCH.—The opening services took place on the 25th and 28th of May. The dedicatory prayer was offered by the pastor, and the Rev. H. Stowell Brown preached in the morning from Ephesians iii. 8; and in the afternoon Phil. iii. 10. In the evening a public meeting was held, Robert Dawbarn, Esq., in the chair. Addresses full of kindly expressions and hearty good wishes and wholesome counsels were delivered by Revs. H. S. Brown, T. Barrass, W. E. Winks, J. Smittb, D. Ashby, and other friends. Many ministers and friends from neighbouring churches came to our help. On Sunday, two sermons were preached by Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., in the morning from Phil. ii 9, &c., and in the evening from 2 Sam. xxiv. 24. In the afternoon the new school room was crowded with children and friends to listen to an address from Rev. J. Clifford; and to witness the presentation of a medal, struck for the occasion, to the teachers and scholars. On the obverse it bears a beautiful representation of Christ blessing little children; and on the reverse an inscription in commemoration of the event. The teachers and scholars had presented a splendid Bible bound in purple morocco for the pulpit; and the medal was the pastor's gift to them. The congregations were excellent, and the services greatly enjoyed. At the tea, on the day of opening, nearly seven hundred sat down; one hundred and forty trays had been given; and the whole amount realized was, collections and tea, close upon £200. The chapel, a view of which forms a frontispiece to the Year Book of 1871, is sixty-three feet long and thirty-nine wide within. The school and lecture room is forty feet by thirty-nine; and in addition there are two adult and one infant class room, kitchen, ves-

tries, offices, and every convenience for tea and other meetings. The cost is rather over what was intended; but the work throughout is done so well, and the mistakes are so few, that, on the whole, we think it is as good, and as convenient, and as reasonably cheap a chapel as most. May the glory of the Lord be there, and succeeding generations enjoy what we have thus built for His name.

GRIMSBY.—On Sunday, July 16, the pastor, Rev. R. Smart, made the gratifying announcement that the anniversary services have been so generously supplemented, as to enable the committee to pay £100 off the chapel debt. God has blessed us beyond our highest expectation. Many are being awakened, and deep impressions made.

MACCLESFIELD.—This chapel having been closed for three weeks for cleaning and painting, was re-opened on Sunday, July 16. The Rev. Isaac Watts, late of Godmanchester, began his stated ministry here on that day. On the Monday evening following a social tea meeting was held to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Watts amongst us. The school room was well filled, and the whole proceedings were of a very pleasing and interesting character. The chair was occupied by Mr. Clarke, the secretary and deacon of the church; and addresses were delivered by friends Benson, Hilton, Hesford, Fawcner, and the chairman. The cost, near £20, has been defrayed by collections and subscriptions.

NORTHALLERTON AND BROMPTON.—The bazaar for the removal of the debt on our chapel was opened on Tuesday, June 6, by the Revs. J. Myers, P. W. Grant, and W. Gray, the last giving the address. The bazaar was well patronized. Money taken, £54 2s. 7d.; donations in money, £9; total, £63 2s. 7d. We give our cordial thanks for goods to friends at Birchcliffe, Slack, Cleckheaton, Darlington, York, Tarpoley, Weston-Super-Mare, and to the Rev. Dr. Ingham for five books; to Major Farran, for 10s.; Mrs. Hassall, Broomborough, 10s.; T. Heatheson, Esq., Poulton Hall, £1; Mrs. Johnstone, Edinburgh, 5s.; Mrs. Sudbury, Louth, 10s.; South Parade church, Leeds, collection, per Rev. W. Best, £8 4s. 6d.—A debt of £60 has for some years been on the General Baptist chapel, BROMPTON. Our kind friend, the Rev. P. W. Grant, of Darlington, promised to give £30 of it, and also £2 for every one raised. Being made acquainted with this fact, Mrs. Gray, of Birchcliffe, resolved on trying to raise the remaining £10, and so remove the debt. The amount given by the friends at Birchcliffe and Heptonstall Slack, including £2 from Mrs. Pegg, of Chesham, is £11 10s. The

church at Northallerton and Brompton beg to return grateful thanks to the friends who gave the above. Brompton chapel is now free from debt.

SCHOOLS.

COVENTRY.—July 9, the annual sermons were preached by the Rev. H. Cross. Collections, £22 11s.

NORWICH.—The anniversary services were held July 16, 17. Sermons were preached in the morning by the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, and in the evening by A. T. N. Chamberlin, Esq., of Wroxham. The children and their friends were addressed in the afternoon by our pastor. On Monday a public meeting was held, presided over by J. Buckingham, Esq. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. J. Kempster, W. A. McAllen, R. B. Clare, Messrs. G. Dearle, and J. N. Bacon. Collections in advance of last year.

OLD BASFORD.—June 25, Sunday school sermons were preached here by the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A. A tea party was held the following day, and the evening meeting was addressed by the pastor, Rev. W. Dyson, who presided, and by the Revs. C. Forth, J. Felstead, J. Wolfenden, and Mr. W. Burton. Proceeds of the services, £32.

SHOTTLE.—The annual school sermon was preached by Rev. W. Dyson (formerly the pastor) on Sunday, June 25. Collection, £4 18s.

VALE.—July 9, anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Chapman, of Louth. The congregations were unusually large, many being unable to gain admission. Collections, £50 16s. 0½d.

VALE.—July 16, anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. Thos. Gill, of Allerton. Collections, £45 16s. 1d.

WHITTLESEY.—On June 25, two sermons were preached for the Sabbath school, one by the pastor, and the other by the Rev. S. S. Allsop. In the afternoon the children recited, &c. On Tuesday following the children were regaled with tea, cake, &c., after which about one hundred and forty persons sat down to tea, and afterwards spent a few hours with the scholars in a field kindly lent for the occasion. Collections, &c., £9 11s. 9d.

WINDLEY.—On June 18, the anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. H. A. Blount, of Derby. In the morning the children walked through the village and sang hymns in various places. The congregations and collections were in advance of any previous year. On the Monday following the tea meeting was well attended. Mr. Blount was voted to the chair, and

addresses were delivered by the members of the Derby Baptist Preachers' Association, and other friends.

MINISTERIAL.

REV. W. HILL.—A valedictory service was held at Barton on Wednesday, June 28, to take an affectionate leave of our brother and sister Hill, who are expecting to return in a few weeks to Orissa. At five o'clock a goodly number met for tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, with the Rev. J. Jarrom in the chair; when Mr. Thos. Kirkman, one of the deacons of the church, in the name of the contributing friends, presented Mr. Hill with a purse containing twenty-five sovereigns, and Mrs. Hill with a gold watch, as tokens of affectionate regard. The watch bore the inscription—"Presented to Mrs. Hill by the ladies of the Barton church and congregation, June 28, 1871." Interesting addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Salisbury, M.A., W. Salter, C. Springthorpe, and Messrs. T. Deacon, junr., and Bates, who spoke in warm and affectionate terms of our departing friends, and expressed their ardent desires and prayers for their happiness and usefulness in their future and distant sphere of labour.

REV. C. CLARKE, B.A.—Success having crowned the labours of the Ladies' Committee for the extinction of the debt on the chapel at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a thanksgiving tea meeting was held June 28. The tea was provided by subscription. The school room was very tastefully decorated by the young people. One motto excited great admiration—the word "Ebenezer," on white ground, in laurel letters mounted with a white flower. Mr. Goadby read a concise account of the rise and progress of the Baptist church in the town, shewing that since 1802, £3033 had been raised for the different chapels in which the church has met in the town. Messrs. John Salisbury, Thos. Orchard, Marlow, Garner, George Orchard, related some of their personal recollections of the old chapels and departed friends. The Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., pastor, addressed the meeting, reminding the friends that they never could be out of debt to the love of Christ, the claims of one another, and the wants of the world. The following address, accompanied with a purse supplying the means for a sea-side visit, was then presented to the pastor by Mr. G. Orchard:—"The ladies of the church and congregation, being desirous of expressing their gratitude for the deep interest you have manifested in clearing off the whole of the debt on the chapel, as a token of the high esteem in which you are held, beg your

acceptance of this purse (the proceeds of the thanksgiving tea meeting), sincerely hoping that a short cessation from your pastoral duties may so invigorate and establish your health, that you may be spared for many years to labour successfully and happily amongst us."

REV. W. EVANS, of Stalybridge, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Dover Street, Leicester, to the pastorate, and will commence his ministry there Aug. 6. A Public Recognition Service is arranged for Tuesday, Aug. 22, when the Revs. A. North, of Stalybridge, Dr. Underwood, of Chilwell College, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, and the ministers of Leicester, are expected to take part.

REV. H. WOOD, having resigned his ministry at Longton, is open to receive communications from other churches. Address, Rev. H. Wood, Baptist minister, Stalybridge, Lancashire.

REV. W. DYSON.—On June 24, the Rev. W. Dyson, of Old Basford, formerly the pastor at Wirksworth, was presented by a large number of his old friends with a beautiful timepiece, bearing a suitable inscription on a silver plate. A well-furnished workbox was presented at the same time to Mrs. Dyson.

BAPTISMS.

CHATTERIS.—July 9, three, by H. B. Robinson.

COVENTRY.—July 2, seven, by H. Cross.

GRIMSBY.—June 20, one, by R. Smart.
LONDON, *Praed Street*.—July 5, one, by J. Clifford.

MANSFIELD.—July 5, four, by Mr. Parkes.
MELBOURNE.—July 2, two, by D. McCallum.

WALSALL.—June 4, four; July 2, seven, by W. Lees.

Marriages.

BEETON—SNOWDEN.—July 11, at the G. B. chapel, Old Basford, by the Rev. W. Dyson, pastor, Benjamin Beeton, of Hyson Green, to Ann Mary Snowden, of New Basford.

BOTT—CHAMBERLIN.—July 6, at Archdeacon Lane chapel, Leicester, by the Rev. E. Bott, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. T. Stevenson, Edward H. Bott, to Mary Louisa, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Chamberlin, of Leicester.

FREEMAN—SMITH.—July 17, at the G. B. chapel, Barton, James Freeman, to Mary Smith, both of Ibstock.

PRIDMORE—STALLYBRASS.—July 14, at the G. B. chapel, Whittlesey, by the Rev. T. Watkinson, Mr. William T. Pridmore, to Sarah Jane Stallybrass, both of the same place.

WELLS—BATES.—July 20, at Archdeacon Lane chapel, Leicester, by the Rev. W. Bishop, Mr. W. Wells, eldest son of Mr. T. Wells, to Emma Jane Bates, youngest daughter of Mr. S. Bates, both of Leicester.

Obituaries.

BOWLEY.—June 28, at Wysall (Notts), Mr. George Bowley, aged eighty-four years. Through a long and honourable career our venerated friend was in a high degree distinguished for a genuine kindness of heart, a tenderness of feeling, and a thoughtful consideration for the welfare of others. By many acts of unostentatious benevolence he evinced a compassionate regard for the needy and distressed, and in the hearts of not a few will his memory ever be gratefully enshrined. His last affliction, though of a peculiarly wearisome and depressing nature, was endured with characteristic cheerfulness and exemplary patience.

PENNEY.—John Penney, of the firm of Penney & Co., Lincoln, died in that city, May 10, 1871, aged forty-four years. This event took place after a long and most painful illness, which he bore with Chris-

tian patience, and then, as a child falleth asleep, he "fell asleep in Christ." At the early age of sixteen his attention was called to the importance of personal religion, and after being for some time the subject of deep conviction, he found "peace with God through Jesus Christ;" and on the 18th of June, 1843, he was baptized, and became a member of Mint Lane church. When the Baptist church, St. Benedict's Square, was formed in 1860, he was one of the constituent members, and chosen deacon, which office he held to the time of his death. The interests of this church were dear to him, and he lived to witness its prosperity and its established evangelical character. His death was all that could be desired as to peace of mind, confidence in the Saviour, and high anticipations of future happiness. On Sabbath evening, May 14, his funeral sermon was preached from Rom. viii. 18. J. C.—D.

Missionary Observer.

DR. MULLENS'S SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL MEETING AT PETERBOROUGH.

SOME explanation is required of the circumstances which led to the insertion of so brief and meagre a report of Dr. Mullens's long and powerful address at the Peterborough meeting, in the July number of the *Observer*. The Secretary of the Mission had arranged with a gentleman to give a report of the meeting, and with special instructions to give Dr. Mullens's speech in full, as he was our honoured guest on the occasion. Being from home, and the time pressing, it was only by special effort, and sending some miles to the post, that the Secretary was able to receive the reporter's manuscript on the following Sunday morning. To use the mildest term, where a stronger would not be inappropriate, he was exceedingly grieved to find the whole report very fragmentary and imperfect. There was, however, no help for it; and he could only use what material he had got. Happily one brother had supplied him with the manuscript of his address, and this accounts for the greater and apparently disproportionate space given to one of our own speakers, while only about a page was given to the weighty and important statements of Dr. Mullens.

A copy of the balance sheet had been sent to the Doctor, and in conversation about it, before the meeting, he remarked to the Secretary, the small amount actually expended for the salaries of the missionaries, and suggested whether it would not be desirable to follow in the track of the London Missionary Society, and as far as possible raise all the sums required for native ministers and schools in India, so that *the whole of the home income might go to the support of the missionaries sent out from this country*. The suggestion is well worthy of thoughtful consideration. If this idea could be carried out, the present income of the Society would be nearly, or quite equal, to the support of an additional English missionary. Our esteemed brother, the Rev. E. H. Jackson, has favoured us with a reference to one of the leading points dwelt upon by Dr. Mullens. He remarks:—

“Dr. Mullens's shrewd indication

of our future foreign policy, as a missionary society, should be widely known and duly pondered, weighted as it is with all his extensive experience and judgment in Indian matters. He distinctly affirmed that if we meant to evangelize Orissa, we must ordain native pastors, and organize independent native churches, so that our missionaries might be free to pioneer in the regions beyond. He argued at considerable length, that the thing can be done, has been done most successfully, and that it is nearly the one thing waiting to be done, wherever it has not been attempted. On no point was he more emphatic, speaking as he did with authority as an eye-witness, and as one who, with others, had organized such pastorates and churches with the happiest results; in no statements was he more applauded by that large assembly; nothing of greater moment was advanced during the whole of that protracted meeting, and not a few of us carried away a conviction, deep as our love for the Mission, that this is our next and almost immediate movement in Orissa.”

THE NEW CHAPEL AT CUTTACK.

WE beg to call the PARTICULAR and IMMEDIATE attention of the friends of the Mission to the appeals for the new chapel at Cuttack, which appeared in the *Observer* for May and July. In advocacy of an object so commendable and important it is not necessary to add a single word; but as the building is already commenced, and funds will be required as it proceeds, and as money cannot be borrowed in India except at exorbitant rates of interest, may we urge upon the friends the importance of a PROMPT RESPONSE to the appeals which have been made. Dr. Buckley, in a recent letter, says, “Thus far our response from friends in this country has been gratifying, and the money has been given with a hearty good will. I am anxious that the response from friends at home should be worthy of themselves, and should strengthen our hands in God. We have never had to ask them for such

an object before, at least here,—and the Berhampore chapel being burnt down was a special case,—and if the response is satisfactory, we shall never have to ask them again. Nay, I should so rejoice if the 'free offerings' should be so abundant that the scene of thirty-three centuries ago should be renewed, and we should have to restrain their liberality, and say, 'The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded to make.'

We would beg to suggest, therefore, that one or two friends in each church, or neighbourhood, kindly undertake the duty of receiving or soliciting contributions—contributions which shall not interfere with the ordinary income of the Mission. In this case we shall hope to send by our brethren Miller and Hill the gratifying intelligence that the total amount required has been realized. As it will be fifty years, on Feb. 12, since our first missionaries landed in Orissa, there appears a special fitness in opening the new chapel,—which may be designated, "The Orissa Mission Jubilee Chapel,"—free of debt. Who would not wish to share the pleasure and honour?

Contributions may be paid to the Treasurer, Secretary, Travelling Agent, or Missionaries.

A MEMORABLE DAY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. W. BAILEY.

HALF a century to-day an event occurred in the town of Loughborough most memorable to the General Baptist denomination. Amid the whirl of business, and the excitement of politics, the startling events which are occurring every day and almost every hour on the continent, the 15TH MAY, 1821, may have scarcely been recalled. Fifty years ago, at a very early hour, persons from a distance of thirty and forty miles came flocking into the town; in fact, no such gathering had ever been witnessed in the history of the denomination. A meeting of very special importance, and in those days of rare occurrence, was about to take place in the Wood Gate chapel. William Bampton, a man of great faith and singular devotedness, was about to be ordained as the first missionary of this section of the church; and the above day had been chosen to set this good

man apart to his work among the Gentiles. Long before the appointed time the chapel was densely crowded, and special accommodation had to be provided for the many hundreds in the graveyard. There was an air of solemnity about the crowd which was not often seen, for all felt the magnitude of the movement they were about to inaugurate. The service was remarkably impressive, the religious fervour was like to that which prevailed at the Pentecost, and it was to the immense throng like "one of the days of heaven upon earth." India, the chosen field of labour, was very distant, and then but little known; the difficulties connected with the enterprise were of the most formidable character; and this added very much to the intensity of the scene. We have seen the countenances of old men brighten as they have referred to it; in fact, such impressions were made as men carried with them all their life. With remarkable firmness, which was ever characteristic of the man, and with much propriety, Mr. Bampton replied to the questions respecting his motives and principles. Mr. R. Smith offered the designatory prayer, and Mr. W. Pickering delivered the charge. William Ward, one of the immortal trio of Serampore, a man of no mean ability, and whose inventive genius was almost equal to anything, and who carried Dr. Carey's many translations through the press, preached in the afternoon; and the day was most appropriately closed by a missionary prayer meeting. All the people seemed to be of "one heart and of one mind;" and an earnest conviction of duty to carry out the last command of Christ led every man and woman to pledge themselves to the work. The old chapel at Wood Gate, in connection with the missionary enterprise, has a history of its own. It was here where William Yates, one of the most accomplished scholars that India has ever known, commenced his religious life; and it was here that Charles Lacey, whose memory is so fragrant, and whose power over the Hindoo mind was rarely equalled, and perhaps never excelled, was ordained; and it was here, too, where John Orissa Goadby, whose early death we all mourn, was set apart to his work.

In the same month William Bampton and James Peggs embarked on the good ship *Abberton* from Gravesend, and in the following November reached Cal-

cutta. On the voyage they had the company of two eminent ladies, Mrs. Marshman and Miss Cook, both of whom did so much for education; also of John Mack, whose name is intimately associated with Serampore College; and last, though not least, William Ward, who ever took such a lively interest in the Mission, and gave our brethren daily lessons in Bengallee. A bond of union was formed between our own brethren and those of the other Baptist body which has never been broken, and which will one day, we hope, lead to a complete amalgamation of both societies.

The Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General of India, gave them permission to settle in Orissa.

In those days, not only a license was necessary from the India House in Leadenhall Street, but special permission from the Governor-General, before any missionary could settle in a given locality. One of these official documents is now in my possession. After a few weeks' sojourn in Calcutta and Serampore, where they received much kindness, they embarked in a rude native vessel, and reached the province on Feb. 12, 1822. On the first Sabbath Bampton preached from Col. iv. 3—6, "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ," &c.; and the same day, with the aid of an interpreter, he preached to a number of natives connected with the regiment at the station. He resolved to make Pooree, the metropolis of Indian superstition, his station. Such a step involved no mean self-denial and courage. The shrine of Juggernath was then supported by the Government, and its entire management was under British control. The flames from the funeral pyre of the suttee were often seen from his dwelling, and many a time did he see the mangled remains of the wretched pilgrims who had been crushed to death by the wheels of the car. Every crime that has stained the history of humanity was perpetrated in this city, and sin and death reigned supreme. But this lonely man, in a strength not his own, dared to defy this impious priesthood, and to declare beneath the shadow of the temple the final doom of idolatry. He commenced the study of the language, and devoted all his energies to his work. He had not the natural aptitude for the acquisition of language which some in later days

have shown, but his indomitable perseverance overcame every difficulty. In order to give him favour in the eyes of the people he adopted for some time the native style of dress, and abstained from animal food. He resolved, whatever personal discomfort he might suffer, "not to give any offence to the Gentiles." For many months he walked barefoot over the burning sands to and from the city; and once in the month of May, when the heat is so intense, he walked to and from Cuttack, a distance of a hundred miles. While we condemn such conduct as unwise, we have the most intense admiration for his motives. The prophet of Carmel and the prophet of the Jordan were eccentric in their manner of life, but few men have accomplished so much in the world. Bampton was somewhat slow of speech, and lacked a fervid imagination, but, like the apostles of Jerusalem, he obtained the enviable notoriety of "ceasing not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." After about seven years of arduous toil his strength failed, and with no one to cheer and comfort him but his amiable wife, he died full of peace and hope. His last earthly resting place is on the dreary sands of Pooree. A plain monument of masonry, with a simple inscription, marks the spot. His life, however, is his monument, and his memory will be cherished right down to the end of time. Such is a brief epitome of the good man's history, who was the object of so much interest in Loughborough fifty years ago.

P.S. by the Editor.—It will be seen that on the 12th of February next year it will be fifty years since the arrival of our first missionaries on the shores of Orissa. Would it not be well to arrange for special services on that day, in order that we may "remember all the way" the Lord our God has led our fathers and ourselves during the half century; and that we may worthily commemorate the goodness of God in the past by mutual consultation and prayer in reference to enlarged plans for labour abroad, and more vigorous support of the Mission at home during the next fifty years? We shall be happy to receive and publish, as far as our limited space will permit, suggestions and communications from any friends of the Society on the subject.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NINGPO.

We are pleased to see that our brother, the Rev. T. H. Hudson, at the age of seventy, retains his mental vigour and deep interest in the welfare of China. We are also happy to have the opportunity of publishing some extracts from a lecture addressed by him to the Ningpo Book Club, and hope to continue them in one or two future numbers.

When I was a young man China was unopened, and almost then unknown. We enjoyed the refreshing beverage which does not inebriate, and were clothed with the *serica vestis*,—the silken garments of a peculiar race of people, living somewhere near the regions of the rising sun. The marvellous records of travellers in regard to this nation excited our curiosity and astonished us above measure; but our knowledge of them was then very deficient, and extremely defective. Splendid pictorial representations and the eloquent descriptions of the glories of the nation concealed from us the stern realities with which we have had since that period to grapple! We know enough now to teach us many useful lessons, and suggest to us the way of safety and prosperity and peace. We have indeed an exalted position, from which we may secure those results, which may very materially benefit foreign nations, save this ancient people from decadence and ruin, and elevate to a great extent all the races of mankind.

At the time referred to above, the speaker well remembers the religious emotions and deep lamentations of our venerable ministers of the Gospel, whenever China was the topic of conversation. China, say they, is closed against us, and to its perishing millions we cannot send the missionaries of salvation. They expatiated very feelingly on the mysteries of providence, the wretched condition of the people without God, and the vastness of the population secluded for ages from the light of truth; moreover, how earnestly they prayed for China to be opened. In the fulness of time,—when the wants and weaknesses of China are most urgent, and the knowledge and qualifications of superior races are best adapted for occupation,—and when the means of the church are made more commensurate for its evangelization;—then our relations with the celestial empire become complicated and conflicting, and our in-

terests are jeopardized;—mysterious providence! England is called into military activity, and China is opened for all nations. What a notable epoch in the history of the world!

Then Europe was aroused to thought and earnest preparation to participate in the privileges of intercourse with one third of the world's population, and the whole of Christendom is awakened to prepare and designate its missionary volunteers to go forth and preach the gospel to every creature. All men seemed to move with greater elasticity, and expect greater things than the world had ever seen. Then was seen more vividly revealed in the vision of St. John "the heraldic angel flying in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell upon the earth, and to every nation and kindred, and tongue, and people."—Revelation xiv. 6. And now was read again with renewed interest in the light derived from progressive events and modern facts, the sublime and soul-inspiring language of the Evangelical Prophet,—“Behold these shall come from far: and, lo, these shall come from the north and from the west, and these from the land of Sinim.”—Isaiah xlix. 12. And then was the second Psalm more clearly understood in its application to the Messiah's kingdom and His predicted triumphs over all heathen nations. And may it not be prudent and right for all the higher powers that be ordained of God, to recognize this Bible truth sustained by so many infallible proofs, in their relations and modes of action with pagan nationalities? for have we not now reached the Ultima Thule in the appointed bounds of human habitations, and the uttermost parts of the earth in which the anointed King of Zion shall have the heathen for His inheritance and the kingdoms of this world for His possession? why then do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? Under the influence of what fatuity of mind do the kings of the earth and the rulers of the nations take counsel together against the Lord and His anointed? for He can break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Let the Chinese authorities and all other delegated powers that subsist for the government of mankind, beware how they resist the power of Him to whom all power belongs, whether in heaven or on earth; and let them submit to the gracious dispensations

of him who requires all of them to be "a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well."

The question, therefore, was put to me, "Are you willing to go as a missionary to China?" "Yes, here am I; send me." I was accepted and ordained as the first English Baptist missionary for Ningpo, China, with this solemn charge from my venerable tutor, the Rev. J. G. Pike,—“For they watch for your souls as they that must give account that they may do it with joy and not with grief.”—Heb. xiii. 17. I studied the Chinese language for some time in London under W. Huttman, Esq., whose instructions I found very appropriate and of much service to me on arriving at the scene of my future labours. We left England May 10th, 1845, and reached Ningpo, by the way of Hongkong and Chusan, November 15th, 1845, of the same year. The English men-of-war then occupied Chusan until the war expenses were paid by the Chinese government. I read at Hongkong in the periodicals of the day, some cheering accounts of Chekiang Province, Ningpo City, and the friendship of the people, with a great opening for usefulness, and a climate in autumn equal to that of Italy.

The climate, though not in reality unfavourable to life and health, yet demands rigid care and great temperance in all things. My first impressions, therefore, were not so encouraging as the report then given. We had found, I imagined, a fruitful but gloomy plain,—a drenching atmosphere,—with many gleams of delightful weather,—populated by a crooked generation and a peculiar race of people, intelligent, active, and very shrewd,—where, in dwelling among them, persons would require all the energy, patience, and perseverance they could command to realise the laudable purposes they might have in view, whether commercial or religious, in coming to reside at Ningpo. Prayer, and faith, and trust in God may conquer many things; and though sweet home is dear to all of us, and there is no place like our beloved native land, yet we regret no sacrifices made, no sufferings endured, no labours performed for the good of this people. Frequently have I been cheered and invigorated by the motto engraven upon the seal of my watch before I went to the West Indies, "*Always at Home.*"

Were we to compare this foreign

settlement at Ningpo now,—commercially, religiously and socially,—with what it was twenty-four years ago, we should doubtless perceive many favourable changes, with some deficiencies, and much progress made in our position among the people, and in those relations which subsist among ourselves in this cosmopolitan community. In missionary and in other circles some painful bereavements have transpired, reminding us all of our mortality, and to stimulate all to prepare for the coming of the Lord. Many substantial improvements, however, have been realized amidst our many imperfections, and the loss to us of many neighbours and friends.

In reference to trade you have the Report of our Commissioner of Customs, giving many interesting details of the productions and capabilities of this province. There you find the statistics given for several years, brought down to the year 1868, in which we have the value of imports Tls. 6,528,724, the value of Exports Tls. 6,073,709, and the amount of Custom House duties received Tls. 603,805, which I confess rather surprised me, especially when compared with the time when I first knew Ningpo. We had then only two or three Siamese junks, some junks from Shantung, and Fuhkeen, and now and then two or three foreign vessels, with only one foreign Hong. Now examine that Report, see the shipping in our harbour, and the large steamers, and the smaller vessels actively engaged in trade; and surely we have made some progress and have some prospect of making a respectable figure in the commercial calculations of the open ports in China.

Statistics in regard to missionary operations may not be very complete, but they will prove much work done, and a large advance on former times in a right direction. Ningpo and Hangchow have 22 missionaries; 13 missionary ladies; 64 native assistants; 50 chapels; 134 boys and girls in boarding schools; 145 boys and girls in day schools; 965 members of churches besides 54 inquirers; and they have given 324 dollars and 44 cents in benevolent contributions for the spread of the gospel. Now look for a moment at this record in comparison with the time when we had only a very few missionaries meeting for public worship in a small room, and now and then at the British Consulate; when the Presbyterians and Miss Aldersey were

just commencing their schools; when native preaching was just beginning, and we had no native converts nor assistant preachers from among the people; and when we were all viewed with a strong degree of suspicion and scrutinising acuteness by every Chinaman as strange and foreign beings who, having come from some outside and barbarous country, needed very rigid inspection. Now we can have friendly associates, and religious sympathies, and fellow feelings of confidence and recognition which were then unknown.

Literature, especially christian literature, has been a sphere of labour to which much attention has been given, and from which doubtless much good has been derived. Books on history, geography, and science, besides hundreds of thousands of religious publications and translations have been circulated from the Presbyterian Mission Press and also from native blocks by the Episcopalians and others. A translation of the New Testament was made by the late Rev. J. Goddard. I have been self sustained and alone for many years, yet have been enabled to prepare a translation of the New Testament, the Pilgrim's Progress, and to print portions of Scripture and tracts to the amount of 273,940. The Tract Society and the Bible Translation Society in London, and some donations from a few friends with my own contributions, have furnished the funds for this large number of books.

BAPTISM IN THE MAHANUDDY RIVER, CUTTACK.

REFERENCE has been frequently made to the native church in the Fortieth Madras Native Infantry at this station, and as this church is not connected with any missionary society, and in its order, devotedness, and zeal, is a pattern to all our native churches in the East, the readers of the *Observer* will be glad to hear of its welfare. Sunday last was a very high day, as *thirteen* converts were added to its fellowship. The scene we were privileged to witness reminded us of open-air baptisms in the rural districts of England. About five p.m. a procession was formed near the cantonment, which was afterwards much increased by

the members of our own congregation. The pastor, Anthravady, headed the procession, and for nearly half a mile, across the sands of the river, lively airs in Telegoo and Oriya were sung. When they had reached the edge of the stream, the pastor took his stand in front of the crowd, and delivered a very earnest address, and after fervent prayer, and an address to the candidates, he led each one into the river. The great propriety with which the ordinance was conducted, filled us with the deepest gratitude and joy. The question has sometimes been asked by sceptics, "What would become of the native church if left to its own resources?" We have the most satisfactory answer in what we witnessed last Lord's-day. This good man, while "working with his own hands," has found time to establish a church, watch over its interests, and has achieved a success which many European missionaries have failed to accomplish. In about twelve years he has baptized one hundred and thirty-five persons, and some of his converts, while still engaged in secular employ, are preaching the gospel in various parts of India and Burmah; and one of them has relinquished a lucrative employment, and with only such help as God, in His good providence, provides for him, is seeking the salvation of his countrymen. There are many native christians who have no lack of ability, who could undertake a similar work.

This little church in the army has its Sunday school, and day school, and other agencies for extending its influence; and the zeal of the women, which is very rarely the case in this country, is in no way inferior to that of the men. May the Lord "command the blessing, even life for evermore, to rest upon this people," and may their converts be as "the dew of the morning."

Cuttack, May 23, 1871. W. BAILEY.

THE REV. WILLIAM HILL's address until he leaves England will be
42, *St. Peter's Street, Derby.*

CONTRIBUTIONS.—The sums recently received are not given in the present number, as they will appear shortly in the Annual Report.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. PIKE, the Secretary, and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, the Travelling Agent, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 SEPTEMBER, 1871.

 "IS OUR PRESENT MODE OF ADMITTING MEMBERS INTO
 OUR COMMUNION BASED ON SCRIPTURAL AUTHORITY?"

BY THE REV. W. R. STEVENSON, M.A.

SUCH was the question proposed for consideration at a recent meeting of the General Baptist Midland Conference, and the following is the substance of the paper by which the discussion of the question was introduced.

In the first place, What is our present mode of admitting members? The usages of the churches in this matter are not precisely the same. In most cases, however, the mode adopted is in substance as follows. A person wishing to become a member makes application to the pastor; the latter inquires as to the thoughts and feelings which have prompted to this step, and specially seeks to ascertain whether the applicant is a genuine believer in Christ, and understands the nature of the obligations under which he proposes to bring himself. The pastor, if satisfied, mentions the name to the church assembled in monthly meeting; and on this occasion two members are appointed as visitors, whose duty it is to have conversation with the candidate on his Christian experience and views of gospel truth, and report to the church at a subsequent meeting. If this report be

satisfactory, and no one present has aught to allege in the way of objection, the candidate is received, by a vote of the meeting, for baptism at the first convenient opportunity and subsequent fellowship. In connection with the communion following the baptism, the pastor usually gives to the newly-baptized what is termed "the right hand of fellowship," often accompanying the ceremony with a few words of encouragement or welcome. Henceforward the quondam candidate is regarded as a full member, having a right to all the privileges, and an appropriate share in the duties, belonging to the new relation.

Such is the method commonly adopted by our churches. In some communities it is the practice, in order to save time and trouble, instead of making a separate appointment of visitors for every candidate, to select, at the beginning of the year, three or four brethren who, together with the pastor, act for the twelve months as a Candidate Committee. In yet others, again, the candidate is required to come before the whole body of the church officers to be questioned as to sentiments

and feelings. But, whatever differences there may be in other respects, the well-nigh universal practice of the General Baptist churches is to require from the applicant what is termed an account of his "Experience," which account is submitted, either orally or in a written form, to the church meeting.

We now ask, with regard to these usages, Are they based on scriptural authority? What authority have we for the requirement of Experiences? What for the appointment of Visitors or Candidate Committees? What for a vote of the church in the reception of members? What for the church's sanction of a Baptism prior to its administration?

Everything here depends upon what we mean by "Scriptural Authority." If it be meant, can we point to distinct apostolic precedent or precept as sanctioning these customs? our reply is, we cannot. Time-honoured as some of the practices just now mentioned undoubtedly are, and hallowed in the minds of many by sacred associations, there is not for any of them, so far as we know, distinct precept or precedent in the New Testament Scriptures.

But we are not, I trust, among those who take so narrow a view of Christian duty as to think nothing right or important in the matter of church organization or practice for which we have not what we may term the verbal sanction of Scripture. Many things in our ecclesiastical arrangements seem, by the Head of the church, to have been most wisely left open. It is, apparently, His wish that His followers, whilst basing their regulations on Christian principles, should adapt them to the varying states of society and differing wants of different classes of mankind. So that though a particular custom or institution should not be mentioned at all in the New Testament, yet, if it is in

accordance with the genius of Christianity, and has been found by experience to be conducive either to the extension or consolidation of the great Christian temple, we may, I conceive, still say that, in a most true and important sense, it has "scriptural authority." It is in this sense only that we have scriptural authority for Sunday schools, missionary societies, and other institutions, the Christian expediency of which few persons would be disposed to question.

Let us, however, look at the New Testament, and ascertain, if we can, what was the custom of the primitive church in connection with the admission of members. Does it not seem as though the apostles, or their assistants, baptized at once every person who avowed himself a convert to Christianity, and his willingness to own Jesus as his Lord and Saviour? Thus it was with the three thousand converts on the day of Pentecost; so with the people of Samaria baptized by Philip, so with the Ethiopian eunuch, Cornelius and his friends, the Philippian jailor, and others. In the case of the Ethiopian treasurer it seems, at first view, as though, prior to baptism, a kind of oral confession of faith was required; but it is well known to many students of the Bible, that verse thirty-seven in the eighth chapter of the Acts is wanting in the most ancient manuscripts, and is most probably an interpolation. Whatever inferences, therefore, have been drawn either from Philip's supposed statement, "If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest," or from the Eunuch's supposed answer, are without sufficient basis.

In most of the instances mentioned in the New Testament the persons baptized were the first converts in the places where they resided, so that it was impossible to seek for the prior approbation of a Christian congregation; but in cases

where this observation does not apply—that is, in localities where a church of greater or less size had been gathered—there is not the slightest hint of any appeal being made to its members as to whether Saul of Tarsus (for example) or the jailor of Philippi, Andronicus or Persis, Tryphœna or Tryphosa, was or was not a fit candidate for baptism and fellowship. As it regards baptism it appears as though the responsibility rested exclusively with the baptizer and the baptized. Neither does there seem to have been any preparatory period of probation. Submission to baptism was one of the very first acts of the new life. Since, however, in those days there was little or no temptation to make profession of Christianity unless a person was sincere; since to avow one's self a Christian was to become a social Pariah and outcast, it may be fairly alleged that a season of probation was comparatively unnecessary. The immediate consequences of profession were such as naturally to deter both hypocrites and the undecided. For the same reason there needed no formal appeal to the Christian society with regard to the reception of members. The disciples, as members of a persecuted sect, clung together; and if a person avowed himself a follower of Christ, and gave evidence of it by submitting to the rite of baptism, there can be little doubt that, without any mentioning of the name at a church meeting, or taking the votes of the community, he would be right heartily welcomed as an accession to their number. But now, at least in a country like our own, the state of society is very different. Religion in these days, to use Bunyan's expression, walks in silver slippers. In the majority of cases there is little risk of a person's losing reputation or social position by a profession of Christian discipleship; so that there certainly is

danger of people entering the church under the influence of transient excitement, and then, by a speedy relapse, bringing dishonour upon the Christian name. It may, then, not unreasonably be asked, is it not our duty, under these changed circumstances, to modify our practice? Whereas in the primitive days baptism was administered to the avowed convert without probation, may it not, for the reasons just mentioned, be right now to appoint, in most cases, a short period of trial?

Weight is given to these considerations by the known fact that at a very early period the practice of the Christian church *was* modified in the point last referred to. As Christianity extended and large numbers from among the heathen began to flock to the Christian standard, it became the custom to defer baptism until the candidate had received a regular course of instruction. When exactly, and by whose authority, this change took place we know not. This only we know, that in the second and two or three following centuries all who became members of the church had first to pass through the stage of catechumens, *i.e.*, of persons under instruction. About two years was the usual time for a person to remain in this position; but as superstitious notions concerning the mystic efficacy of baptism advanced, so did the catechumen-stage increase in length, until at last, not unfrequently, as in the case of Constantine the Great, baptism was actually deferred until there were indications of approaching death.

But it will naturally be said, the church of the second and third centuries is not a model for us. In those days superstition had made sad inroads, and pristine purity had disappeared. And we have already seen that there is reason for doubting whether the precedent of even the primitive days is one to be followed

in all respects without modification. We are, then, thrown back upon what we may call "common sense" and "Christian expediency;" and are led to ask, What, considering the nature of Christian discipleship on the one hand, and the objects of Christian fellowship on the other, what ought to be the sort of method observed in the reception of members into communion?

And, first, what ought to be the prerequisite to fellowship on the part of the candidate himself? Do we not all answer, "Faith in Jesus;"—meaning by "faith" not simply historic belief, but a personal acceptance of the lordship of Christ? If a person has taken Christ to be his Lord and Saviour, we know that he is a child of God, and he ought, surely, to be recognised by us as a brother beloved.

But, secondly, how is this fact to be evidenced? In times of persecution, or when, as in India at this day, great sacrifices have to be made by those who profess Christianity, the mere circumstance of a person being willing to be baptized and unite with the Christian community is of itself fair evidence of his submission to the Lord Jesus. So it may have been regarded in the apostolic age. But, as already remarked, the difference in the state of society makes this evidence not so entirely satisfactory as formerly. True, it is not altogether without weight; nevertheless evidence of true faith in Jesus must be looked for chiefly in the spirit and daily life. The ancient rule still holds good, "A tree is known by its fruits." But here, in the present case, is the difficulty. We are concerned with *beginners* in the Christian life. What kind of fruit must be looked for in *their* cases, and *for how long*, before we welcome them as partakers with ourselves in the heavenly inheritance?

My reply is that the kind of fruit

ought to be such as may be reasonably expected in beginners. The results of mature Christian experience ought not to be required. An apparent interest in Christian worship, both private and public,—a seeking after the company of God's people where, perhaps, formerly company of another kind had been preferred,—a readiness to engage in Christian work,—an endeavour to restrain temper and conquer habits inconsistent with the character of Christ's disciples,—such indications of spiritual life as these are what, I conceive, may fairly be looked for in the case of one who professes to have recently united himself by faith to the Lord Jesus. "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself so to walk even as He walked."

As to the time which ought to elapse before a person who is giving these evidences of discipleship is encouraged to put on Christ in baptism, the writer conceives that no fixed rule can possibly be laid down. It must depend upon circumstances, such as the previously manifested temperament of the party concerned, the degree of intelligent acquaintance with Christianity he possesses, and, in general, the presence or absence of facts tending to assure us of the candidate's sincerity and earnestness. But this, I contend, ought not to be any longer than is absolutely necessary to show that his professed subjection to Christ, and desire for Christian fellowship, are not mere passing fancies (so to speak), or the result of transient excitement. If anything is clear from the New Testament concerning baptism, it is that it was intended to be an *initiatory* ordinance. Therein the young recruit takes the oath of enlistment. It is his *sacramentum*; surely, then, not an act to be deferred until he has fought for some time under Christ's banner. And joining the church is going to school. Disciples are, or ought to be, as

their name imports, *learners*. The sooner, therefore, the young convert commences his course of training in connection with the institution divinely appointed for that purpose the better.

But now we come to a third question: Who is to judge whether or not there are such indications of the subjection of the heart and will to Christ as to justify the reception of a person into a Christian church? Our reply is, primarily, the pastor or elders; secondarily, the whole community. As the elders of the church are the parties who are in the first instance responsible to the great Shepherd for the church's purity, it is their business, first of all, to see to it that the persons introduced into their community are such as, in the judgment of enlightened Christian charity, may be regarded as true disciples of the Saviour. Then, as the church generally will be expected to treat the new members as brethren and sisters in Christ, it seems but reasonable that the church, as a whole, should have the opportunity of expressing its assent or dissent with regard to the proposed admission.

The kind of method which seems to me to be in accordance with the requirements of the case is somewhat as follows:—

Suppose that a person wishes to be baptized and join the church. He communicates his wish to the pastor, or if the church be without a recognized pastor, to one of the elders or deacons. This latter endeavours to ascertain by conversation whether the applicant has truly given himself to the Lord, and understands the nature of the engagement into which he proposes to enter. Being satisfied on these points—so far as conversation can satisfy—I think the next step should be mentioning the name of the candidate to the council of elders, or, as we commonly call it, the officers' meet-

ing. At this meeting let one or more be appointed whose duty it shall be to ascertain, by inquiry from Sunday school teachers if the candidate is a Sunday scholar,—from the parents if he or she is a member of a Christian household,—or in any other suitable way, whether there are indications of the person in question having earnestly begun the Christian life. If the result of this inquiry be satisfactory, let the name be announced at the ensuing church meeting. I would then, in ordinary cases, take no further action for a month, but let it be an understanding that if any member knows of any reason for doubting the sincerity or piety of the applicant, he shall, meanwhile, mention the same *privately* to the pastor or one of the elders. Discussion of character, at least in an adverse sense, should, whenever practicable, be avoided in church meetings. At the month's end, if, in the meantime, no objection has been made, let the candidate be fully received with a view to baptism on the first convenient opportunity.

In the instances of persons of mature life and good moral standing who may wish to unite with the church, special inquiry into character will often be unnecessary. Their manner of life is usually well-known, and the mere general appeal to the church will suffice. So also even the month's delay will not be needed in all cases; but the preceding is suggested as a general rule.

It will, probably, be said by some, "But what about the 'Experiences,' as they are termed?" Well,—as we read nothing about such requisitions in New Testament times; as the ordeal of giving an experience to comparative strangers is to some persons most painful; and as from differences in education and temperament it is, after all, a very uncertain test of the reality and depth of the spiritual life, I would for the

future dispense with the custom of requiring from the candidate a statement made either to appointed visitors or a committee, of the way in which he has been led to Christian decision.

If a person tells us, as he virtually does when he applies for fellowship, that he has taken Christ as his Lord and Saviour; and if his spirit and conduct are in accordance with the character of one who has seriously begun the Christian life, we have really no right to demand from him, as a preliminary to church membership, a detailed statement of the circumstances of his conversion. If by letter, or otherwise, he think well to narrate them to us, well and good; the statement will, probably, be interesting and edifying; but if from shrinking sensitiveness or any other cause he prefers to withhold it, there is nothing either in apostolic precedent or grounds of Christian expediency authorizing us to require it.

In the immense majority of cases such a statement will actually have been made to the pastor at the time when the wish was expressed to join the church. Let this suffice. What the church ought to be concerned with is, not the changes of feeling through which the mind of the candidate has passed, or even the amount of scriptural knowledge he may possess, but whether or not he has really submitted himself to the rule of Christ,—and of *that* the only reliable evidence man can have is the evidence of the *life*.

It has been sometimes urged that the practice of appointing visitors to converse with candidates tends to make the members of the church better acquainted; and there is some weight in this consideration. But it strikes me the same end might be attained by appointing a member at the church meeting where the name was first mentioned to notify that fact officially to the candidate, and again also on his full

reception. This would sometimes give a reason for a mutual introduction, and might lead to pleasant interviews, and real Christian converse, without any of the embarrassment attendant on a knowledge of the fact that the visitor has come on set purpose to examine into experience with a view to a report at a church meeting.

But with the non-requisition of experiences, and the abolition of candidate committees and examining deputations, shall we not be making admission into the church too easy? shall we not be in danger of making our churches the receptacle of a crowd of uninstructed young people, offering themselves during a time of religious excitement, but having no root of stability? This question brings me to another point which I regard as of first-rate importance. We have hitherto been anxious to make the entrance into the church of such a nature that only persons of the right kind should find admission, and for that purpose have devoted much time to the admonition and instruction of inquirers; but when once within the sacred enclosure comparatively little attention has been paid to their further growth in Christian knowledge and experience. True they have had the ordinary means of grace; but in many instances the change from our fostering care before baptism to comparative neglect afterwards has been most marked. Now I think that in this matter we might take a hint from the practice of the church of the second and third centuries—only with a difference. The church of that period, as we have seen, required every member to pass through the catechumen stage. I, too, would require it; but instead of placing that stage before baptism I would place it after. More precisely my meaning is this:—I would establish in every church a young members'

class, to be conducted by the pastor or other suitable person, and which every person baptized should be expected to attend for at least twelve months after union with the church. Exceptions there would doubtless be, which could be dealt with by the officers of the church; but attendance on such a course of Christian instruction should be the rule.

This plan would bring our practice into precise harmony with the last instructions of our Lord, "Go ye and make disciples of all nations"—that is, "Go, and so preach the gospel that men shall give themselves up to become scholars in my school;" then, "baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and *then* "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Some instruction there must necessarily be prior to baptism;—an acquaintance with the elements of gospel truth, and a hearty belief of them are necessary to make a man willing to become a subject of the Saviour. But to put the greater part of the instruction before baptism, and to be comparatively careless about it afterwards, is to reverse altogether the divinely appointed order.

On a review of the preceding it will be seen that the chief points contended for are—first, the substitution of inquiry by the officers of the church into conduct and character in the place of an examination by visitors into frames and feelings. It is believed that the effect of this change would be good, not only as removing a hindrance out of the way of some sincere Christian disciples who from their mistaken, perhaps, but real repugnance to our present plans, are kept out of the church; but also as improving the character of our piety, causing the attention to be directed more to the fruits of religion in the life rather than to the varying emotions of the soul. Secondly, the adoption of a

special course of instruction for young converts subsequently to their admission to membership. It is conceived that by this means we should often bring to their proper development germs of intelligence and goodness which, through want of nurture, now wither and perish; and probably some souls who, though sincere at first, now, after a little while, draw back, would in this way be helped over the first difficulties in the Christian life, and become by and by confirmed in the way of holiness.

In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper in the Conference, several brethren advocated the view that we are bound to baptize and receive into membership all who desire it, on a simple profession of repentance and faith without either probation or inquiry into evidences of sincerity. It was said, "Let the piety of the church be kept at a high standard, and we need not fear that unworthy persons will seek admission into it?" But, unhappily, the piety of the church is not always at a high standard, and we have to deal with things as they are, not as they should be. On the whole, looking at the fact that to make a profession of religion now-a-days costs so little, and consequently that many persons are not unlikely, under the influence of temporary excitement, to profess a change which events may prove to be very transient and superficial, the writer adheres to the conviction that it is wiser, and therefore more Christian, to adopt some such method as the one sketched in the preceding. No one will thereby be kept outside the church who ought to be inside; whilst, on the other hand, some may be restrained from hastily taking a step on which they have not reflected sufficiently, and through which unwarranted discredit may be brought upon the Christian name.

THE REV. HUGH HUNTER.

NO. IV.

AT the time of which we write the influence of such writers as Channing and Arnold within the church, and Mill and Huxley without, had not begun to be felt. The direct tendency of their works, the one approaching the moral faculty from the side of religion, and the other from that of philosophy, soon began to tell powerfully upon the pulpits of England; and notably upon those most strictly under the control of intelligence and conscience: viz., the Nonconformist pulpits. The immediate but unconfessed, and often unconscious, result of these works, was to produce in the minds of all men endowed with that "vision and faculty divine," without which they have no right to be considered leaders of the people, a conviction expressed or understood (more frequently the latter), that there is no moral good but goodness, and no moral evil but wickedness. This obvious but subtle platitude has gone on from the day of its promulgation till now working like leaven in meal, until anachronisms have been made contemporaneous, differences have been reconciled, distance has been abolished, and hostility has been lost in fraternal communion to such an extent that at the present day, when we stand up as General Baptists of "the strictest sect," we know not where we are. We gird our loins and brighten our swords for the conflict, but look in vain for the enemy.

The immediate tendency of this school of thought has been to make religion thoroughly, if not exclusively, ethical, and philosophy, in all its larger features, essentially moral. With such a tendency none of the tenets of our denomination stood in conflict; but from it their dogmatic theology has received never more than a tacit assent. The danger

has been that being exempt from the risk of collision, they have incurred the chance of dying by neglect. But when we consider our cardinal points of doctrine—the atonement, an evidence not more of God's wrath against sin than of the divine preordination to redeem our otherwise irreconcilable race—the offer of salvation unrestricted—moral character the only test of regeneration—the influence of the Spirit universal—and the destiny of the human family that of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," in the supreme sense of there being, "in the fulness of time," only "one fold and one Shepherd," we cannot take shame to ourselves as having misinterpreted either the hidden sense of the Word, or the leadings of Providence. Though "the smallest of all the tribes of Israel" we did, in the dim past, utter a voice of sturdy protest against gigantic and fashionable heresies now no longer *en regle*. Even where "the spoiling of goods" was the unavoidable penalty, we declared, without flinching, civil war against the robberies and tyranny of an Established Church. Ignorant and illiterate enough ourselves, we admired talent and applauded culture wherever it was to be found devoted to the service of God; and, according to our small means, exerted ourselves to the utmost to remove the blindness from Israel. The atrocities of the penal code, the barbarisms of social life, the epidemic superstitions of the day, never found a kindly home in the denomination guided by the men whose names we have mentioned. They were men who looked *forward*. We do not say that they did so at all times without anxiety, but they did not so concede to misgiving as to adopt the part of cowards and apostates from the great march of humanity. Like

Joshua, they worked a miracle with time, and made the sun stand still till they had discharged their consciences and accomplished their mission. There was not one of them who could not conscientiously say on his death-bed, "I have fought a good fight." There was not one to whom his survivors would not accord the "crown" to be given "at the last day" by Him who determines supremely the lot of all. In dark and angry days—under the pressure of domestic cares—frowned upon by society—ridiculed by a cynical priesthood whom they had deprived of the power to draw their blood—treated by a haughty aristocracy as serfs and pariahs, whom it was a religious virtue to tolerate, but with whom it would have been disreputable to associate—these men went forward with most imperfect means and insufficient resources to give testimony to the truth, and fearlessly to abide the consequences. They believed their bibles. When crippled by acts of parliament, and summoned before magistrates, they joyfully answered to the summons, and made the tribunal of their persecution the forum of their triumph, exclaiming, on their acquittal, to their brethren and their children, "whether it is better to obey God or man, judge ye!"

But a harder trial was awaiting these heroes; it was a trial of their faith. We do not mean their faith in God as the creator of the world, or in His providence towards themselves as His children. It was their faith in the special dogmata of revealed religion, as developed in the received orthodoxy of the day. Geology was about to be born. The received systems of chronology were about to undergo a Procrustean enlargement which extended days to ages, and ages to cycles of indefinite immensity. Paleontology was opening the doors of its ark to turn out a creation as numerous in its tribes, and far more monstrous in its pro-

portions, than that which had already greeted the eyes of men. The deluge vanished in an Asiatic inundation, and Babel was lost in its own jargon. Historians, like Bunsen, declared that God was as much to be seen in the history of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as in that of Judea. The economists, sneered at as a class of students of mere selfishness, proposed to themselves no less Godlike a theme than "the greatest possible happiness to the greatest possible number." The cosmopolitan philosophy declared that no passion was worthy the heart of man but a disinterested love of every human being known or supposed to exist upon the earth: and even declared that personal happiness could never be complete until this universal sympathy had received its fulfilment. Here was a chaos! Here was a *bouleversement*! Not only the enemy conquered, but voluntarily giving himself prisoner; claiming the protection of the flag, and snatching it away as his own standard. What was to be done with such foes? Their moving principles and avowed ends were right; but what of the means? We hear nothing in this grand consummation of believers' baptism, of church-membership, of dismissals, exclusions, of conferences, associations or synods. There is evidently a general reaching forward to that

"far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves;"

but where are the doctrines, the offices, the dispensations, the channels of peculiar grace, the era of miraculous agency, which we have been in the habit of thinking indispensable in achieving the world's transformation! This question appeared in the days of our fathers. They died before it was answered. But they "died in faith." They had a sublime confidence that the best possibility for man was not too good for the benevolence of God;

and that their own knowledge, though only a mean gift and a "broken light" of the great Sun quivering through the mists of ignorance, portended the dawning of a day whose unclouded brightness should fully satisfy us that "the former things had passed away."

The solution of this problem falls with more cogency upon us. In what shall we seek the essential element of religion? In its creeds, or in its spirit? From which of its manifestations may we expect that triumphant ascendancy which is to abolish evil, reform mankind, and fill the world with blessing; from its metaphysical mysteries, or from its philanthropic influence? Undoubtedly from the latter. The essence of all gospel, worth the name, is, "Good will to men;" and all religion on earth is but the echo of love which speaks from heaven. Its testimony is in every individual conscience; its demonstration is unfolded in the accumulated pages of history. When systems die, and ordinances are abolished, and creeds are forgotten, there will still subsist, between earth and heaven, an empire of love, before which the powers of darkness will flee in terror at the brightness of its coming. To arrive at this consummation no miraculous change is needed; no cataclysm in the succession of ordinary causes. As the past hath been, so the future will be, "and more also." The *logos* will be the same, the *cosmos* will only be farther developed. As in the past, so in the future, Christ has been, and must be, "all in all. He, and He alone, will solve every contradiction by His love; will transcend all philosophy by His heavenly wisdom; will abolish the crucifix by the cross, and efface the barren controversies of effete systems by the overwhelming influence of His personal and Divine ideal. Mysteries will evaporate, authority will fall, the moral faculty will develope, con-

science will reign: and the future, like a comment on a text or an event after a prophecy, will simply illuminate and verify the past; not in its fabulous beliefs, its abuses, its mechanical theology or its miraculous aberrations, but in the justification of its purest principles, the fulfilment of its highest hopes, and the consummation in act of its brightest visions.

Let no one, weak in faith and hope, heave a sigh of despair over the change. If he *must* look back, let him remember how many crosses, how much ignorance, how many sorrows, how much shame, deface the retrospect. Let him think not only of the heroic ardour which would have faced the fires of martyrdom for baptism by immersion, or submitted with manly indifference to the robberies of the sheriff's officer that he might demonstrate the sincerity of his protest against church rates, but of the narrowness which refused to eat bread at the Lord's table with a pædobaptist, at the horror of a Geneva gown as wild and as childish as that of a baby in the nursery at a made-up bogey, the readiness to condemn which made many a good man "a sinner for a word;" and the superstitious barbarism which ran nigh to putting out God's light of intelligence in the human soul out of pretended dread of the proud ambitions of "carnal knowledge," and the danger of "being wise above that which is written." As Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, let them "clear their minds of cant." Ministers are more like other men than they used to be; let their admirers in their mourning ask themselves if it is not partly because other men are better than they used to be, and that ministers find it more beneficial, as well as more becoming, to be natural than affected? If Sunday school teachers play at cricket, and working-men members join clubs, don't exclude them from

the church without first asking whether the exercise of the first is beneficial to health, and the sick pay of the latter is convenient in sickness? We may not be so well versed as we used to be in the differences between Calvin and Arminius, or the niceties which distinguish supra-Lapsarians, sub-Lapsarians, and Arians of every other degree in the scale of dogmatism; but if we are simpler, more sincere, kinder, better Christians, better citizens, and better neighbours, let us dry our eyes, thank God, and take courage. This is not a revolution for which we should put crape on our hats, but one in the midst of which we may conscientiously sing cheerful songs, while

"Marching through Immanuel's grounds,
To fairer worlds on high."

Whether we are pleased or not, however, the new era has begun. "Persecution, religious wars, absorbing controversies, sacred art, and theological literature, which indicated a passionate interest in dogmatic questions, have passed away, or become comparatively unimportant. Ecclesiastical power throughout Europe has been everywhere weakened, and weakened in each nation in proportion to its intellectual progress. If we were to judge the present position of Christianity by the tests of ecclesiastical history—if we were to measure it by the orthodox zeal of the great doctors of the past—we might well look upon its prospects with the deepest despondency and alarm. The spirit of the fathers has incontestably faded. The days of Athanasius and Augustine have passed away never to return. The whole course of thought is flowing in another direction. The controversies of bygone centuries ring with a strange hollowness on the ear. But if, turning from ecclesiastical histo-

rians, we apply the exclusively moral tests which the New Testament so invariably and so emphatically enforces—if we ask whether Christianity has ceased to produce the living fruits of love and charity and zeal for truth—the conclusion we should arrive at would be very different. If it be true Christianity to dive with a passionate charity into the darkest recesses of misery and vice, to irrigate every quarter of the earth with the fertilizing stream of an almost boundless benevolence, and to include all the sections of humanity in the circle of intense and efficacious sympathy; if it be true Christianity to destroy or weaken the barriers which had separated class from class and nation from nation, to free war from its harshest elements, and to make a consciousness of essential equality and of a genuine fraternity dominate over all accidental differences; if it be, above all, true Christianity to cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, a spirit of candour and of tolerance towards those with whom we differ—if these be the marks of a true and healthy Christianity, then never since the days of the Apostles has it been so vigorous as at present."*

F. STEVENSON.†

* Lecky—History of Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe. Vol. 1, p. 136-7.

† The writer is aware that in penning the above he has disregarded two ancient maxims which have frequently been held up as guiding stars in the composition of posthumous notices. One is the dictum of Pope, insinuated as advice:

"What, in a good picture, would offend the eye,
The painter casts discreetly into shade."

The "second is like unto it," the threadbare old Latin proverb: "Nil, nisi bonum, de mortuis." Both are the offspring of an age of Augustan weakness and corruption. Dr. Johnson left a sounder canon when he said, "a biography is not worth the paper it is written on unless, first of all things, it be true."

The brethren at Old Basford desire it should be stated that the design of erecting the new chapel at Old Basford was conceived before the advent of brother Hunter among them.

ROUND THE CORNISH COAST.

BY THE REV. T. GOADBY, B.A.

THE pen of the scholar, like the wand of the magician, invests with a new charm whatever it touches. Max Müller, in his own inimitable way, discourses upon Cornish antiquities and the old Cornish speech. The late Dean of Canterbury tells the story of a week spent in rambles on the north coast of Cornwall, and dilates upon fresh breezes, upon varied ferns and flowers, and upon admirable coast scenery for water-colour sketching. All who read with attention these papers will henceforth take new interest in this remote and little-visited county of England. Not only school-boy memories of Druids with "long white beards, white linen robes, and golden sickles, and warriors painted blue," or visions of ancient Phœnician or Greek in odd-looking ships bartering on the coast for copper or tin, but other thoughts will then be associated with Cornwall, where Celtic, Roman, Saxon footprints still are found. The perusal of Max Müller's third volume of "Chips from a German Workshop," and of Dean Alford's "Week on the North Coast of Cornwall," led us to fix upon this county as one of the spots whither our summer holiday should take us. Not Charnwood Forest, nor the Peak District of Derbyshire, nor the Isle of Man, nor Wales, nor the Lakes, still less Paris, charred with fire and pitted with shot and shell, but Cornwall, and afterwards the Isle of Wight, shall be our field of relaxation. So "Westward Ho," and then south, and home again, our course is set.

But the weather was not settled, if our course was. It was the end of July, a month past midsummer, and we had had no summer yet. The hay lay dark and washed out in the fields. The sky was clouded mostly, or for a short time brilliant with gay and watery sunshine. Every night and morning the rain came down in torrents. It was, therefore, with some apprehension of Atlantic showers, beyond the power of the stoutest umbrella or the best-proved macintosh to resist, that we started upon our journey. Plymouth was duly reached, where it is said to be wet and warm all the year round, and where Sir Francis Drake is still remembered far more for his leading into the town

with music and civic pomp the spring water from the downs of Dartmoor than for his freebooting naval exploits. Brunel's tubular bridge across Saltash on the broad gauge railroad is passed, and over we plunge into the picturesque, Devon-like north-east of Cornwall. But the rain that had chased us all the previous day, and dogged our steps from Plymouth, ceases after Doublebois; and if clear shining does not come, there is, for the afternoon and evening at least, something like fair weather. A pleasant, easy, cheerful walk of nine miles brings us from Grampond Road Station to St. Columb Major, the first of the many Cornish saints whose acquaintance we make. Refreshment over, and Liddon's name, and Dean Alford's, and others, conned in the visitors' book, we go forth and strike into a wooded lane for the sea-coast. Everything is strange to us, and our well-nigh infallible instinct for roads, put to many a severe test in both hemispheres, for once perplexingly fails us. In a beautiful wooded region beyond the valley of Lanherne, and near what we designate a nabob's residence, it is clear to us we are off the track, and yet by asking we can hardly get back again. We have not learned as yet that in Cornwall to Cornishmen every road leads everywhere; and wherever we are, and whithersoever we are going or want to go, we are always all right. By compass, map, a council of war, and friendly guidance, we recover ourselves. The wooded valley is skirted. Mawgan church-town is found. A gloomy nunnery hiding itself near the church is seen, and the open village green is surveyed, where a feast is being held and Cornishmen are indulging the ancient sport of wrestling. And so we get out into the road which brings us to the sea. It is a grand sight—our first taste of what the Cornish shores are to yield. The tide comes thundering up out of the Atlantic like a mighty marshalled host of waters invading and attacking the coast, foaming and dashing, and weltering in sublime high-crested rage. The ear is deafened with the roar of the waves. The ground shakes under our feet as under the tread of an army

in conflict and the roll of heavy guns. Only once before—and that was at Newport, Rhode Island, when a fresh south-wester was blowing—had I seen the tide come up in such grandeur and power. Next day we visit Bedruthan Steps. Here four or five tall rocks stand out in line a short distance from the bold, precipitous cliffs of the shore—an advanced guard, bidding defiance in the name of the British Isles to the wildest storm or the fiercest hurricane the tropics can send forth. The tide is well-nigh up, so we cannot examine the caverns, but we enjoy the glorious breeze fresh from mid-ocean. We see Diggory Island with its famous cave; and we easily mark Queen Bess Rock standing out in the sea, “crown, profile, ruff, hoop, and all—a weird, uncanny, gigantesque figure, unquestionable by the dullest fancy.”

This is our first full day of actual tramping. The knapsack has to be fitted to the back. From Bedruthan Steps we direct our course along the coast to New Quay, a rising sea-port town near Towan Head. The road beyond Mawgam Porth over the hill is taken, and passing Tregurriion we come to Watergate Bay, and ascend, when we reach them, two green tumuli, whence there is a fine view of Flory Island, New Quay, and the coast almost from Trevoze Head to St. Agnes. The rain threatens; hut we descend to the sandy beach, explore the caves, bathe in the sea, dressing in a dry sandy cavern, after a natural shower-bath is superadded. Hastily seeking quarters at New Quay, we get comfortably settled before the heavy rain sets in. Woe now to the belated traveller! Pouring, dashing, driving, streaming, swilling, pelting it comes, and comes till sundown and after, as if it had never rained before and should never have the chance to rain again. A solitary tourist, caught on Piran Sands, comes in at ten o'clock drenched to the skin through his macintosh! But there is hope for the morrow. An old salt takes an observation, and sees “the sky coming in to the nor'-nor'-west,” and prophecies fine weather in the morning. It is a cheery message, and we sleep upon it, seeing even in our dreams how “the sky's coming in to the nor'-nor'-west.”

The old sailor was right. The morning comes with light woolpack clouds

and long spells of sunshine. We get among deserted mines on the Piran Sands, on our way to St. Agnes. Our footsteps are uncertain and slippery. No wonder the Cornish saint, St. Piran, is said to have been a jolly miner, not always very steady on his legs. It may have been a slander after all! The church of Perran Zabuloe, buried in the sands that have laid waste so many acres, we pass at a respectful distance. It is better to “embroider” our naked feet with the cool “white lace of the waves” upon the sea-side than to bury them in hot sand hills. Striking inland at Piran Porth, we find refreshment and a good road to St. Agnes, where we survey the bare, bleak Cornish landscape from the Beacon, and miss Harmony Cottage, Opie's birthplace, whose saying about mixing his paints “with brains” has passed into a proverb. From St. Agnes we proceed to St. Ives, escaping a dozen miles of uninteresting country, by rail. St. Ives is called a Greek town. It lies like a half-moon on a curved promontory, round a clean, white-sanded bay. It charmed us by its beauty as we descended to it from the Hayle road; we were speedily disenchanted by the dinginess of the narrow streets. This head quarters of the pilchard fishery is always redolent of tar, tobacco, filth, and fish. After refreshing ourselves we were soon off again, making our way over an open moor between lofty hills and the sea. Celtic remains strike the eye from the hill-top, and a Logan rock was once poised somewhere on this road, which, when logged, tradition says, could be heard for miles. So writes our great authority, Max Müller. But there is no time for loitering and lingering, the clouds are gathering black and drear over the sea. Our pace must be quickened, and shelter for the night obtained. Not more than half an hour or three quarters after we have found a comfortable inn, the dark rolling mass of vapour that had roofed the world with doubt and fear is carried away by the wind. The evening is spent clear and bright on Gurnard's Head, a wild, rocky promontory, lonely and grand, in appearance a huge monster of grotesque antediluvian form, changed into stone and capped with a head-piece of granite as he flopped his way into the Atlantic.

But not in detail must our story be told. From Gurnard's Head our way lies through Morvah and Carnyorth to St. Just, and thence to Sennen, or Land's End. Here—at the “first and last” of hostelries, on the remotest south-western point of England, where cold, bleak, desolate, buffeted on all sides by ocean winds that sing round our roof all night, we cannot well breathe purer air—here we halt for the Sabbath. A sunny Monday morning sees us on the road to Penzance; and thence we go to Marazion (alas! for legends of Jewish sorrow, we have read Max Müller) to Helstone, to the Lizard, and on to Falmouth, Truro, and Probus, till at Grampound Road again, where we first alighted, we take the train back to Plymouth. It is a tour of nine days, and it has been done chiefly on foot, and by easy stages of from ten to twenty miles per day. Our main object, physical rejuvenescence, has never been overlooked. We have kept near the coast, and have not gone out of our way for Celtic memorials or Cornish wonders. To us the great wonder is always the sea, the sky, the cliffs, and the sandy shore. Nevertheless we have often been impressed with “the air of antiquity which pervades the county, and seems like a morning mist, half to conceal and half to light up every one of its hills and valleys.” Gazing at old way-side crosses, at Logan rock, at Druidic circle, at rude Celtic fortification on the hill-side or by the sea, the early inhabitants of Cornwall cease to be names to us and become living persons. Drinking from “the spring bubbling up from the natural granite basin,” we remember that though it is “now a meeting place for Baptists and Methodists, but a few centuries ago it was a holy well, attended by busy friars, and visited by pilgrims who came there ‘nearly lame,’ and left the shrine ‘almost able to walk;’ while still further back the same spring was a centre of attraction for the Celtic inhabitants, the rocks piled up around it standing as witnesses of a civilization and architecture more primitive than the civilization and architecture of Roman, Saxon, or Norman settlers.” But after all, what most deeply interested us was the wild, rugged grandeur of the coast scenery, of which in its endless variety, its indentations, ravines, caverns,

islands, promontories, sandy coves, and over-glorious waters, we could not well be weary. From the bold, precipitous heights of Bedruthan Steps and Water-gate Bay, the wild, fantastic rocks of Gurnard's Head, the piled-up, column-like cliffs of Land's End and Logan Bay, to the dark, serpentine islands, and the cool, damp, grotto-like caverns, with soft and sandy floor, of the Lizard and Kynance Cove, it was one perpetual panorama of ever-changing magnificence. Nor must mention be omitted of the fine bay at Penzance, with its graceful sweep of waters, and St. Michael's Mount, never surely a “hear rock in a wood,” rising in pyramidal stateliness near its shores. Nor yet must we forget the wide, open, expansive view from Pendennis Castle of Penryn Creek, and Carrick Road, and Falmouth and the far-off sea. The grey weather gave us very little colour in sea or sky, and only one or two sunsets flushed the western heavens with purple and gold. But we were not in search of tints for a new picture for the Royal Academy, but of that colour upon our cheek that should betoken sound digestion. The bare, bleak downs, without a tree to hide their nakedness, the empty sheds and ruined engine houses of exhausted or abandoned mines, which in the interior almost everywhere met the eye, made the landscape dreary and dismal, and drove us to the coast. But in wooded valleys, in hills clothed with verdure, in uplands fringed with firs or pines, in rural homes embosomed amid groves of oak and elm, what county can vie with our own counties of Leicester or Derby? All drawbacks of weather and landscapes notwithstanding, our rambles were of greatest freshness and interest, and much enjoyed; and our acquaintance with Cornish people and Cornish customs will store the memory with new illustrations of the varieties and idiosyncrasies of this mixed, yet somehow homogeneous, English race.

The religious life of Cornwall is marked by a predominant Methodist element. The footprints of the revival of last century are as apparent as the footprints of Celt or Roman in the land. John Wesley has left the tide-mark of his fervid, glowing spirit upon this county. Everywhere the Wesleyan chapel shows its white-washed walls or spacious handsome frontage, and

rings with the loud voices of earnest men and women in exhortation, in song, or prayer. The noise sent us to church on the Sunday morning, and to a "Gadsby" Baptist meeting-house in the evening. The Baptist brother sounded with much unctious some of the higher notes of the "Lord's song." The Vicar of Land's End (or Sennen rather) read to us the Thirty-nine Articles, declaring his belief in them all. The divisions, strifes, jealousies, that rend the bosom of "mother Church" herself are a singular comment upon that spectacle of unity presented to the imagination—and alas, to the imagination alone—by the thought that all benefited clergymen of the Anglican church from John O' Groat's to Land's End, on "reading themselves in," accept publicly the same creed.

Of the social life of the Cornish people our short visit could teach us little. Education is not far spread, but the "naughtye Englyshe," once so rare, has long ago supplanted the old "Cornyshe speche." Superstition lingers, possibly, on the moors, but children are not now dragged through crick-stones to cure diseases, nor are the Druidic stone-circles regarded as men

or maidens turned to stone for dancing on the Sabbath. There is apparently much of the simple, unadorned life in the towns and villages. There is occasionally not a little of the Irish cabin about the dwellings on the heath or by the sea-coast. Neatness and cleanliness are not, however, altogether wanting. The rain comes down sometimes with such tremendous force that it may be fairly expected to do more of sanitary work in Cornwall than could safely be entrusted to it elsewhere. But one thing must not be forgotten. The good pastures which Atlantic showers water yield ripe, rich, excellent, most delicious cream—a Cornish and Devonshire luxury which, rather than the golden saffron cake or the sharp cider, we regretted we could not transplant as an institution to the Midland counties. It was, therefore, with no expectation of finding a more kindly and hospitable people, or purer air, or grander scenery, or better fare, that, after our rambles round the north and north-west coast of Cornwall, and a visit to the downs of Dartmoor, and a day's excursion up the beautiful river Tamar, we bade farewell to the west for the Isle of Wight.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. IX.—*A Forgotten Commandment.*

It was one of the sunniest of the opening days of the August just passed when Arthur Causton and I strolled out of the thriving town of Wiltringham towards the pleasant leafy woods that skirt the northern side of that busy hive of manufacturing industry. The summer sun was shining in his strength, gladdening the hearts of the fearful, but making work irksome, and places of rest and shadow a double delight. Soon, however, we were well protected from the fierce glare of his hottest beams by the far-reaching shade of branching elm and hoary oak. The scene was one of intense interest. The endless variety and marvellous beauty of green foliage covering trees, all of which drank from the same soil and of the same air, and stood still in the same place in which they were born, were pleasant and refreshing to the sight, and also stimulating to minds ready to receive the lessons which the symbols of nature

set forth. There was, moreover, that general buzz of summer life, that indescribable soothing noise—a sort of cheerful whispered conversation of the animated tribes that creep among the brushwood or flit from flower to flower. Brilliant butterflies chased one another, gaily-robed beetles raced along the earth, bright green grasshoppers leapt about the grass, the well-laden bees thrust themselves far into the heart of God's vast honey stores, and, crowning all, sweet strains of bird-music ever and anon fell on the sensitive ear and thrilled the susceptible heart.

But strange truth it is that, when the mind is charged with some solemn and weighty purpose or oppressed with heavy care, Nature in any of her many moods ceases to speak her own language and convey her own messages, and seems only to take up, and echo, and illustrate, the thoughts and feelings of the onlooker. What all this

quiet grandeur and surpassing beauty said to Arthur Causton I know not; but having staid with his father some days I had been forced to accept the unwelcome conclusion that Arthur's behaviour to his parents was not all it should be; and so intent was I upon introducing the painful subject to the attention of my cheerful companion that all this luxuriance of life and loveliness, this leafy shade, this shining glory of earth and air, seemed only to enforce and illustrate the "sweet reasonableness" of Divine commandments, the immeasurable worth of wise laws and just restraints, and the unspeakable charms of faithful obedience.

Now Arthur was a bright, sharp youth, the eldest son of prosperous tradespeople, who had with much industry got together, and with greater prudence kept, their little property. Hard and long had they striven to give their firstborn a good education, and therefore had kept him at school till he was nearly fifteen—a year longer than they could well afford, considering their means and their duties to the rest of the family. For the last six months Arthur had held the post of junior clerk in a large manufactory. A year ago, and while at school, he became a Christian, and united himself with the General Baptist church at Wiltringham; but still he had either never learnt or had quite forgotten the commandment which says, "Honour thy father and thy mother." He was haughty and discourteous in his behaviour to his parents. There was a very unpleasant "snap" in his talk. His tone was always that of an oracle who was to be believed; he was right, every one else was wrong. His father's experience counted for nothing by the side of his bit of book-learning. He assumed to dictate on most questions; knew everything, could see through everything, and might have been lord and master of everything, so domineering was the air with which he carried himself. He laughed at his father's faults, made sport of his defective grammar, disregarded parental advice, ignored parental authority, and neither respected nor honoured his father and mother. I had seen enough. I was resolved to say at least one word before I left on behalf of one of God's greatest and best laws.

Still it was not an easy or pleasant

thing to do. But "where there's a will there's a way." After sauntering along for some time, chatting on business and books, we came to a shady spot where the spirit of quietude was queen, and the trunk of an old oak felled last winter seemed to say to us, "Rest here awhile." Accepting the invitation, I soon began with a little "tacking about," as the sailors call it, making my way towards the forgotten commandment. Sundry introductory words led up to the question—

"Don't you think, Arthur, that you sometimes treat your father and mother with less kindness and consideration than they deserve?"

"I don't know that I do, sir. I don't intend to, I'm sure, and I'm always in by the time they want me; and ever since I have been at Elsworthy's I have paid my board and kept myself."

"Yes, that is all very well as far as it goes; and it is not far either, taking into account what you owe, as a son and a Christian to the parents who nourished your life, and, at the cost of much self-denial, obtained for you, what is better than life, a good intellectual, moral, and religious training. But did you not see how you pained their minds at breakfast this morning, when you spoke so jeeringly about your father's ignorance of *Tennyson*; and again when you called his attention to the false aspirate in the use of the word 'air'?"

Arthur, at this, blushed to the roots of his hair with shame, and for a moment seemed confused, but at length stammered out, "Oh, that—Well—yes—perhaps—but it's so provoking when you've told them again and again, and they will not alter, but go on blundering away, and so tell everybody they never had any education and only sprang from the lowest ranks."

This surprised and aroused me. What, thought I, you are ashamed of the rock from whence you were hewn. You, too, have fallen before the great idols of the hour, and worship the false gods—adored by too many, alas!—"Appearance," "Descent," and "Social Position." And at once this one youth seemed in my fancy to grow into that exceeding great host of young men and women who, as a great preacher says, are chargeable with "one of the meanest, most graceless, and most

dastardly vices of which human nature can be guilty;" and with some warmth I said—

"Indeed; but surely that is no reason why *you* of all others in the world should not treat them kindly and lovingly. Is it for *you*, their son, their eldest son, until just now dependent upon them for everything—for body and mind, culture, and all—to lay bare their errors, and to irritate them by displaying in a painful way that very superiority they have given you? Who sent you to school year after year, and at what self-denial? Did not they? Whose good character was it that got you your present place? Not your own, for it had to be made. Was it not theirs? Why, even a cub will not turn upon its mother bear, and the fierce tigress can get defence from her grown offspring. You surely cannot mean to say that you are to use the very advantages you have received at their hands for annoying and distressing them."

Perhaps this was a little too severe; and, as Arthur was scarcely ready to reply, I proceeded in a somewhat subdued tone to say, "But I am sure you cannot think so. You, as a Christian, know that Paul tells you to obey your parents, without saying a word about what sort they are. And whilst you are in the house, you will admit you ought to regard its rules, and to honour and respect those whom God has placed at its head. The greatest of all German writers says, 'No creature is happy, or even free, except in the circuit of law.' Obedience is the first and noblest of duties. I would hardly 'give a fig' for a youth who is clever in debate, sharp in business, fond of reading, but scornful and haughty at home. Respect and honour are due to parents, not only for their sake and the sake of brothers and sisters, but for your own sake—for your happiness and well-being. Ruskin, of whom you were talking a while ago says in his 'Two Paths'—and I am reminded of it by what I see yonder—'A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more just because

it is subject to certain laws, which fit it for orderly functions in bee society.'"

Arthur's spirit was still chafed, and he replied, "That is all very well; but if I may speak my mind, I want to ask whether you *can* honour where you love but little, and whether you *can* love where there is very little to love? All parents are not loveable. They have many faults; and because they happen to hold the parental relation, that does not make them the loveable beings whom it is easy to honour and obey."

"I will admit all that. Parents are not perfection; they fail often in wisdom, tact, and sympathy. Some of them are coarse, selfish, and unjust. Many are slow even to weariness, and cautious up to the point of inaction. But there is another side to this picture. Let me recall a visit I paid to your own house about fourteen years ago. I well remember seeing and hearing then a fretful, peevish little child, not quite two years old. For what he was in himself nobody could love him—indeed the house would have been well rid of him; and yet father and mother poured out all their affection upon that cross-grained mortal, and were ready to suffer anything for his sake. Need I say it is that much-loved, but very unloveable creature that has just now hinted that he is not bound to treat his parents with courtesy and kindness because they are not altogether what they should be?"

My companion managed to force a smile, and said that he was completely beaten, and would certainly think over what had been said; whereupon I changed the subject at once, and we set out on our return journey.

Yesterday a letter, containing the following, came to hand:—

... "I have thought much about our chat in the wood. I am really very grateful for it. It has done me good. *I had quite forgotten the Fifth Commandment.* Every morning, and often in the day, I pray to God to incline my heart to keep His law. Our home is much happier, and no one more thankful now than—Yours gratefully,
ARTHUR CAUSTON." J. CLIFFORD.

ANOTHER CHURCH OF ENGLAND WITNESS TO BAPTISM.—"Baptism in the primitive church was evidently administered by *immersion of the body in water*—a mode which added to the significance of the rite, and gave a peculiar force to some of the allusions to it." INFANT BAPTISM "is not mentioned in the New Testament. . . . It is not an apostolic ordinance. . . . It belongs to the third century."—*Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament*, by Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D.

GENERAL BAPTISTS IN 1871.

OUR Year-book is to hand. It deserves the patient and thoughtful attention of at least every officer of our churches, be he pastor, or elder, or deacon, and indeed of all who are interested in the principles we promulgate and the good we endeavour to do. It is a full and faithful account of our one hundred and second Assembly; but contains what we could not have then—the detailed statistics and written reports of the churches. There are many points on which we fain would speak, but the space at our command forbids more than a passing notice of some two or three particulars.

I.—STATISTICS. The book bristles with statistics. Let no man despise them. We have only met with three men who regarded church statistics as deserving contempt. We were curious about them, and on inquiry found that their church books were kept in the most disorderly way, and that their opinions were both the effect and the mirror of their conduct. Need we say that they were not General Baptists? Like many other things, statistics may be good or bad. There is no reason why they should not be accurate and thorough, and those published in this Year-book have been prepared with great care, and have more than ordinary merit. There is, surely, something of weight in such facts as these. One hundred and fifty-eight churches, consisting of more than 20,000 members, show only a gross increase of 1,358, and a nett gain of 87. One-third of the churches have had no additions by baptism, and three-fourths of these that have had additions report very slight progress. Only 889 have been baptized this year, as against 1,097 the year before. Speaking broadly, baptisms represent the number of conversions to God amongst us. We do not ignore the fact that some are converted by our labours who do not unite with us, that others join the church without baptism in some cases, and that much good is done which can never be assessed. But after all, is not the painful conclusion forced home, that we fall far short in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God? Brethren, we must aim to win souls. It is a one-sided and false view of our Mission which denies that the ministries of the church are to seek the conversion of souls. We must preach, and pray, and worship, and work, with this aim definitely before us. When nearly all the denominations are only just holding their ground, and some of them not doing that, ought we not to seek the increase of our zeal for God and love for men?

II.—WEEK-NIGHT MEETINGS. Loud is the lament of the churches about the attendance at week-evening services. Only

in one or two cases is an exception reported. Is not this complaint due to the fact that we try to make the mid-week lecture, or the Monday evening prayer meeting, according to the pattern of the Sabbath services? This is not what we want. We should get greater freedom. There ought to be more sociability. Life, opportunity of speech and action, real fellowship, and social warmth and glow, are what we need. Meetings like the two held by the Broad Street friends should be multiplied. We have found them of great service; and a plate at the door will receive more than they cost, in case the question of provision raises a difficulty. For years such social church meetings have been the most useful, popular, and best attended of the week-evening services we have held. Occasional celebration of the Lord's Supper in the week would be a gain. At Dr. Landel's church this feast of love uniformly precedes the transaction of church business. In some cases, perhaps, we have two or three thinly-attended meetings in the week, instead of one good and vigorous gathering.

III.—THE CENSUS AND THE YEAR-BOOK. Nothing could be more suggestive than laying these two documents side by side. The census shows that the law of English society is the *concentration of population in huge masses*. The villages are decreasing in numbers, and this means that the churches have greater difficulty to subsist, that their young people leave them for the towns. Small towns, *i.e.* towns of the middle size, are either at a stand still or only increasing slowly; but in the largest towns the growth is extremely rapid. Does not this teach, amongst other things, (1) the necessity of *grouping village churches*, after the style of Barton and Slack, where that can be done, and of uniting them with town churches where that is possible? (2) The need of greater attention to our local preachers. Might they not as unions meet, not annually, but monthly, or fortnightly, and have addresses given by experienced and able men on doctrinal topics, methods of preaching, &c.? The work of our village churches will require the aid of this agency in a larger measure, and it is surely wise to render it as efficient as possible. (3) The need of special and absorbing devotion to the claims of the *largest towns*. The next problem to be solved is the regeneration of the thousands upon thousands that congregate together in the vast centres of human life. The denomination that does not address itself with all its might to this question will be unequal to its work, and soon lose its place and power. Two centuries ago London had a popula-

tion of half a million, now it contains the amazing host of more than three millions and a quarter. Manchester and Liverpool are each nearly equal in population to the London of two hundred years ago. Have we no message to the myriads of shepherdless sheep in these places? In every line of these two pamphlets we read our only wise policy for the future—a vigorous and united effort to evangelize the masses of the large towns.

IV.—Signs of PROGRESS are not wanting. Our efficiency for organised work is increasing. The Board of Advice and Arbitration is perfected, and is prepared for its tasks. The rule as to payment of Asso-

ciation expenses has worked admirably. Chapels are being improved and chapel debts reduced. The area of church work is broadening, covering the various evils of our social life. More churches have "Bands of Hope" and "Temperance Societies" than formerly, and there is greater zest than ever in the work for the young. With one voice let us urge as we labour the prayer of Moses, the man of God—"Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it." J. CLIFFORD.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. VIII.—*Loughborough, Sheepshead, Queenshead, Birchcliffe, Long Whetton, East Leake.*

It was not until the Loughborough school had been in existence six years that it was agreed to conclude the school with singing and prayer; and this, with the teaching of writing and arithmetic in addition to reading, indicates that probably the school was regarded principally as a substitute for day school instruction; and the more so, because those who went to day schools were not allowed to write and do sums at the Sunday school—indeed an early minute records the fact of a boy being dismissed because he went to a day school. The cost of Bibles at this time was found to be too serious an item for a Sunday school to possess many of them. There were only four Bibles and eight Testaments in the school in 1806, and half-Testaments were frequently used. In 1808 it was "resolved for Mr. Outhbert to purchase two dozen Bibles of Mr. Rowbotham, as soon as possible, as there is a probability they will be raised soon. If Mr. R. cannot afford them the same as the last (viz., 4s. 6d.), he is not to purchase any."

The school kept increasing gradually until, in 1808 (when there were 107 scholars, 20 teachers, 9 assistants), the teachers applied to the church for permission to build two new school-rooms in the graveyard at the back of the chapel, over the vestry. Their request, after two or three conferences on the subject, was complied with on June 5th, and so eager and earnest were they that they commenced the work the very next day. The teachers gave liberally towards the cost of these rooms; but they were obliged in a few years, that is in 1816, to build three additional school-rooms, the chapel being enlarged at the same time. There was now accommodation for more than 400 scholars, but the school outgrew that in a few years,

for in 1827 there were nearly 600 scholars, so that either a new school-room must be provided or else additional scholars refused. Besides this, such was the success of the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Stevenson, that a larger place of worship became a necessity. A piece of land was purchased in Baxter Gate, and a substantial and spacious chapel built, capable of seating from 1,200 to 1,300 hearers. The old Wood Gate chapel being now altogether available for the use of the school, they were able to accommodate several hundred more scholars. The debt upon the old school-rooms was paid off in May, 1826, and the friends entered upon their new responsibilities with zealous liberality and devotion. The teachers rented the old chapel from the church at £12 per annum, and the bottom part was fitted up as a school-room, the gallery pews being appropriated to the same purpose. The pleasing result was that in 1834 there were 732 scholars, far surpassing any school in the neighbourhood. Some time after this, in 1837, a new Church of England was opened in the town, and the friends of that movement made considerable exertion with regard to education, allowing children to attend their day school at a penny a week, *provided they would attend the church school on Sundays.* This, with the depression of trade and consequent removal of many families to other towns, caused a reduction in the number of scholars; but it was only temporary, for in 1840 the number rose to 800; and at the anniversary services in 1841, when the Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., preached, there were 816 scholars. This was the highest number ever reported. In 1846, when a part of the church returned to Wood Gate chapel and re-opened it for public worship, the school also was divided; and for the

accommodation of those who remained in connection with the friends at Baxter Gate, new school-rooms were erected in that year at the back of the obapel. In the autumn of 1856 the old school-rooms in Wood Gate were pulled down, and new and much enlarged ones were built, at a cost (including vestries) of £710. They were opened on October 21st, when, by subscriptions, collections, and tea meeting, the sum of £200 was paid off. The rooms built by the Baxter Gate friends at the rear of the chapel being dark, inconvenient, and insufficient, they built a commodious and handsome room in 1866 at a cost (inclusive of fittings) of more than £600; so that there are now two schools in the town, with comfortable modern appliances for carrying on their useful labours. The two schools contain about 600 scholars, this lesser comparative number being accounted for by the opening of other schools in the town during the last thirty years. In addition to the sums already named, expended upon the erection of school-rooms at various times, the sums collected at the anniversary sermons in support of the Loughborough school amount in the aggregate to the noble sum of £3,973 7s., being an average of £60 4s. per annum!

Since the establishment of the school in 1804 there have been admitted 9,560 scholars, of whom about 600 have been honourably dismissed, and presented with a copy of the Scriptures. I have no means of stating how many have joined the church from the school, but I know they have been very many. At the jubilee meeting held in 1854, it was stated that of those who were then members of the church seventy-seven had been scholars and 40 of them teachers in the school.

It has been the high privilege of this Loughborough school to have had connected with it, either as scholars or teachers, a large number of ministers, some of whom have held distinguished positions in the Connexion, and rendered signal service to the cause of Christ.

SHEEPSHEAD school was established through the influence and help of the Loughborough teachers in 1822. In 1823 there were 73 scholars. They were robbed of scholars through inducements offered by the church school, but they have now a good school of 120 scholars; and a few years ago they built two very useful and convenient school-rooms. Mrs. Lacey, wife of our missionary, the Rev. Charles Lacey, was a teacher in this school in 1823.

QUEENSHEAD (NOW Queensbury) Church, established in 1773, was without a Sunday school until the summer of 1805. In July of that year a member of the congregation intimated his wish that something should be done towards a Lord's-day school. It

was at once, and with excellent spirit, taken up by the congregation. A numerous meeting was held, the 29th July was appointed to receive scholars—180 gave in their names—and when the school was opened on the 4th of August, more than 200 children presented themselves. The school was held in the chapel during the intervals of public worship, and so it was conducted until November 3rd, when, in consequence of the distance some of the scholars came, the coldness of the season, and the bleakness of the situation, it was deemed most prudent to suspend the school during the winter months. This necessity was the more regretted because it was a neighbourhood in which such an institution at that time was thought to be peculiarly desirable. The encouraging number of scholars soon became a great and serious difficulty. The chapel was not large enough to accommodate them, and it was proposed to limit the number to 120. How they managed until 1825 it is difficult to conceive; but in that year they built a school-room, which was enlarged to double its size in 1854, and they are now about to enlarge it again, so that when done it will be a spacious room of sixty feet by 42 feet. They now have 250 scholars and 49 teachers. I am informed the school has been a great help to the church, very many of its members having been scholars, and several useful local preachers have also been scholars. Our friends here are to be congratulated, not only on the maintenance of their own position and usefulness, but that, by being the first in the neighbourhood to establish a Sunday school, they set an example which has been followed by other sections of the church of Christ, so that there are now seven other Sunday schools besides theirs.

Our BRICHLIFFE friends, who as a church date back to 1763, have no records of their school farther back than 1833, but still they think their school is about a century old (?). The school is most liberally supported by the public. They have about 290 scholars, and are now contemplating the erection of new school-rooms.

LONG WHATTON school was established in 1806, and they reported to the Conference held at Ilkeston, in September in that year, that they could not accommodate their scholars in the chapel during worship, and asked what they must do about enlargement. Their difficulty was kindly received by the Conference. They were advised to keep the children together as well as they were able, ascertain what they could raise amongst themselves, and to report next Conference. This was held at Kegworth in the following December. They gave their report, were commended to the churches, but advised not to build until they knew what they might expect in pecuniary help.

They were able in a short time to accomplish their object. The Sunday school became a popular institution in the village, and has ever since been very well supported; and, with the school in the branch at Belton, they have now 164 scholars.

The EAST LEAKE Sunday school refers to 1807 as the year of its commencement; and a tombstone in their chapel grave-yard is dedicated to the memory of Thomas Osborne, one of the founders of the school. At that time Mr. Hoe was minister of the church. The school was first convened in the little parlour of a cottage (the residence of Mr. George Burrows), which being too crowded, they were received into the larger house of Mr. Joseph Bosworth—the girls then met at Mr. Thos. Fowkes's—and then at Mr. W. Bosworth's barn. After all these wanderings, the school was held in the bakehouse at Mr. Bosworth's; but here there was such crowding that the elder boys sat upon the steps of the ladder to the flour chamber, and a smaller child had to sit between their legs. There was not at first any classification, for they had not gained any idea of that kind yet. Arithmetic, reading, and writing were taught, although some of the teachers could not write themselves. The children were very ignorant. The *cane* in this school was

used unmercifully, and modes of torturing punishments were invented. The offender was made to stand on one leg on a brick placed edgewise—the leg not on the brick he had to hold up. At other times the arms were outstretched, and half a brick placed in each hand. The teacher would stand by with a cane, and if, in either case, the hand or leg were dropped before the specified time, it was smartly applied. Boys were kept in this position until covered with perspiration. Another mode of punishment was the carrying of a log of wood. A staple was driven into the end, to which was attached a piece of whit-leather to hang it around the culprit's neck; and he was made to walk in this fashion to his home, and back again, with the other scholars in procession, so that his deeds might be made known to all men. There were other punishments, but these are surely enough. The old friend who told me these was once struck so severely across his thigh, when letting his leg drop through sheer exhaustion at his uncomfortable position, that he said to me, "I seem as though I could feel it now." One would think they placed a far higher value upon instruction than we do in our day, or they certainly would not have continued in attendance with such treatment.

Reviews.

RAY FROM THE LIGHT OF TRUTH. Select Sermons by the Rev. J. Fielder. London: Yates and Alexander.

THE writer of these sermons modestly informs us that when he prepared them he had no intention whatever of publishing them in their present form: but that he was led by an intimation that they might prove useful "to present them to the public. No pretension is made to originality; what *has* been aimed at *are* (*sic*) earnestness, clearness, and simplicity. They are written in love to the Redeemer, and for the good of men."

Such is the author's account of this publication. We much, very much regret, that we are obliged to say it was a pity the intimation as to publishing was ever given, and a still greater pity that the author had not sense enough to take no notice of it when it was given. We have every confidence in the writer's intentions, and credit him with all the praiseworthy motives he claims, but we are bound to say that a less careful production we never met with. Mr. Fielder, of whom we know nothing whatever beyond what this volume

reveals, seems to us to fail in the perception of the meaning of the Scriptures, and in expressing with even tolerable "clearness and simplicity" any ideas he may have. In several instances the simplest rules of grammar are broken. The style is uniformly careless and slipshod. Epithets seem to be taken as they come; and since they do not come very freely and appropriately some are used to satiety. Common place figures reappear through the sermons like policemen on their rounds. Metaphors are inextricably mixed, and bathos is wearisomely abundant. In three or four successive pages we find the following, "The anticipation of life, of freedom from mortality and of diseases incident to our present condition, is joyously thrilling!" One would like to know what these diseases are that may be anticipated with such a joyous thrill? On the next page is this—"Faith is the *keystone* by which all the treasures of the great *arch* of revelation are *unlocked*." Unlock that if you can, gentle reader! We give it up! What, again, is the meaning of all this eloquence standing close by the previous specimens?

"The vigour and fulness of immortal life, presenting to the soul an ever-heightening mark of perfection to which it may soar, constitutes its eternal happiness, and amid the countless variety of pursuits and pleasures, in which Christ and His work will ever be blended, filling heaven with exquisite strains of richest music, the soul shall unceasingly climb to the ennobling perfections of its own nature, and to the satisfying of its own deep spiritual and eternal wants." And these examples, along with many others, such as the repetition of the favourite epithets "*grand*," "*deep*," etc., are all met with in the short space of three or four of the opening pages. Finding such spoil at the beginning, we turned to the end, only, however, to be confronted with the following matchless statement—"A spiritual germ is sown in his heart, which, in the course of development, increases in brightness, beauty, and power, and amid the frailties of human nature, and the many failings of his Christian warfare, that *germ*, in its fuller *light*, shall cement his soul more firmly to God"—p. 215. This is, surely, too much in the "Select Sermons" of an author who aims at "clearness and simplicity." A *key-stone* used to unlock an arch is bad; but a germ in its fuller light is worse; and a germ cementing is worst of all. Surely where Morell's "*Analysis of Sentences*," and Whately on "*Style*," are so much wanted, an intimation to publish was, to say the least, slightly premature.

Nor does Mr. Fielder compensate for these defects by skilful analysis of texts and careful building up of sermons. The laws of sermonizing, which are nothing more than formulated expressions of the methods by which the truths of a text may be most effectively presented to the mind, are either not known or disobeyed. To pass from the first and the last, let us take the second sermon. It is on James i. 27. The subject is, "the Nature of Revealed Religion;" and the divisions are, "the Nature, Fruits, and Personal Application of Revealed Religion." A scheme which, though faulty, might be made to embrace the entire teaching of the text. But inasmuch as our author treats of the "fruits" more largely than of anything else in discussing the "nature" of revealed religion; and yet in neither the "fruits" nor the "nature" finds room for a word on "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" and moreover because, under the third head, viz., personal application, there is not a line about a stainless life, and yet much is declared in the introduction, and in all three divisions, that might be equally well applied to half the popular texts of the Bible, we cannot say that Mr. Fielder's volume is more to be commended

for sermonizing ability than for "clearness and simplicity" of style. It is no pleasure, but real pain, to us, to have to write in this way; and nothing but a sense of what is due from us to the purity of sermon literature would have induced us to pen these words.

DARWINISM REFUTED: An Essay on Mr. Darwin's Theory of "The Descent of Man." By Sidney Herbert Laing. *Stock*.

THE ADAM of Science v. the Adam of Scripture: this is one of the questions of our time. The first Adam of Science, according to its chief prophet, is "an ape-like creature,"—"a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits and an inhabitant of the Old World." The first Adam of Scripture suddenly leaps into life by the quickening breath of the Almighty, and is at once the conscious lord of earth, and so incapable of companionship with any of the creatures that God has made that He provides, by a special creative act, a "help meet for him." The Adam of Mr. Darwin travels along by a process of slow development from a "marine creature"—a jelly-fish, through lancelets, sturgeons, frogs and toads, and on through reptiles, birds, and mammals, up to his present greatness—a long and interesting process, only needing to be proved. The Adam of Genesis becomes a living soul, and has fellowship with the God who made him at once. Now we find the account of the Adam of Eden in a book that has such claims on our faith, and love, and reverence, that we surely must demand solid evidence in favour of Mr. Darwin's Adam before we choose him as our progenitor. Mr. Laing shows that such evidence does not exist, and that the witness of true science is far more on the side of the Bible than on that of "The Descent of Man." Mr. Darwin's work has one grand defect—it lacks proof. It is nothing but a gigantic inference from totally insufficient premises. He "imagines," and does not prove. This is shown most conclusively in this little treatise. Those who have but little time, and wish to understand this question, cannot do better than get Mr. Laing's book.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By R. W. Dale, M.A. *Hodder and Stoughton*.

THOSE who listen to discourses like these on successive Sunday evenings are to be congratulated, if not envied. It must have been a rare treat to hear such manly utterances. Even in the printed form they appeal to us with such force as to furnish remarkably healthy reading. The subjects dealt with—religious, political, and social

—are such as come home to the daily life of men, and the interest is well sustained from beginning to end. The author brings to his various themes rare powers of head and of heart, and he so manages each subject that, in the absence of a formal application, one cannot fail to receive wholesome impressions. The book is characterized by perspicuity of style—quiet touches of humour—closeness of reasoning—and a thorough grasp of the principles underlying the decalogue as a whole and in its several parts. Mr. Dale feels called to “preach the word,” and nothing but “the word.” He is no Procrustes—lopping off an inconvenient feature or stretching unduly the meaning of the text. He faces difficulties manfully. He fears not, for instance, to attack both the rationalism of M. Renan and the positivism of M. Comte; treats controverted themes—as “Darwinism” and the “rights of women”—with blended power and modesty; and handles with singular wisdom and tact the delicate questions involved in the Seventh Commandment.

Perhaps the discourse on the Fourth Commandment will conflict most with the opinions commonly held. Everybody will not agree with him when he argues against the existence of the Sabbath (as a religious institution) prior to the giving of the law; and many good people will be startled by the statement that “the observance of the Sunday, as a religious institution, is a question of privilege, not of duty.” But those who disagree with him the most will be constrained to admit that his views are at least the result of patient and careful thought. We strongly advise all who care for a thoroughly effective treatment of this familiar portion of the Bible to get this book; and to few will it be more valuable than to students for the ministry. J. F.—R.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

Appeal—Church—Congregationalist—Hive—Sunday Magazine—Spiritualist—Old Jonathan—Bye-paths in Baptist History, Part V.—Biblical Museum, Part VIII.

Church Register.

THE CHURCH AT YARMOUTH.

Pleasure and Service.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Dear Sir,—Will you permit me to speak to the preachers of the denomination on behalf of the General Baptist Church at Great Yarmouth.

There is urgent need of supplies for the pulpit. The pastor is laid aside from preaching by failing health. The income of the church, which is derived from monthly collections, is so small as to do little more than meet incidental expenses. The pulpit is supplied gratuitously by lay preachers of other denominations. The church is diminishing in numbers; and with the present arrangement there is scarcely any hope of prosperity. Now it seems to me that important service may be rendered by some of our preachers who leave for awhile the cares of business, or the anxieties of pastoral duties, to inhale the salubrious breezes of the sea. There are few places where they could unite pleasure and service more effectually than at Yarmouth. There is a fine sea. A larger number of vessels come within sight in the Roads than can be seen from any other place on our shores. There is a good town, many interesting antiquities, ample accommodation for visitors, and what is

very important, *an opportunity of helping a very feeble church, and of thus serving the denomination.*

“Of your charity,” therefore, think of this ancient church, and in arranging your summer excursions remember Great Yarmouth. Mr. T. Wright, Queen Street, the senior deacon, will be delighted to receive a letter from you stating that you will give your services for one or more Lord’s-days.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for permitting me to speak through your columns,

I am yours cordially,

WILLIAM ORTON.

Bourn, July 24, 1871.

CONFERENCES.

Next LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE will be held at Lineholm, on Monday, Oct. 2. Rev. W. H. Allen will preach. Public meeting in the evening. J. MADEN, Sec.

The MIDLAND AUTUMN CONFERENCE will be held at Burton-on-Trent, September 12. 11.0 a.m., paper on “Church Discipline,” by Rev. J. H. Lummis. 2.30, resumed conference on Village Churches. The Rev. W. Evans will preach in the evening. The occasional preachers of the Midland District, whether associated or not, are invited to attend and take part in the deliberations. CHARLES CLARKE, Sec.

NEW CHAPELS.

ALLERTON, near Bradford.—A very eligible freehold site has been purchased near our preaching room, Copy, in Allerton, on which a new chapel and school rooms are to be erected, D.V. From five to six hundred pounds are already promised, and preparations for holding a bazaar have commenced. Proposed cost, about £2,000.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.—On Monday evening, June 5, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new chapel took place. The service was commenced by the Rev. W. March giving out a hymn and reading a portion of Scripture. Rev. Mr. Pratt offered the dedicatory prayer. Rev. E. Johnson delivered a suitable address preparatory to his laying the stone. A tea-meeting was held in the chapel afterwards, when addresses were delivered by Mr. Abington, Mr. Maud, Mr. Wright, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Colclough, and Mr. Johnson. Mr. Abington, as the treasurer, presented a statement showing the estimated cost of the undertaking, which, he said, would be about £700, including the site, towards which something like £200 had already been given or promised.

SCHOOLS.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—Sermons by Rev. H. Cross, July 16. Collections, £24 6s. Annual treat, Thursday, August 10, in the Bath Grounds.

ALLERTON, near Bradford.—On Whit-Sunday, school sermons were preached by Rev. F. Harper, of Howarth. Collections, £24.

EARL SHILTON.—The seventieth anniversary was held, July 30. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Parkinson, of Hinckley. Collections, £18 1s. 6d. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, the scholars, accompanied by their teachers and friends, formed a procession through the village, carrying with them a large number of banners and flags bearing suitable mottos, and at intervals singing hymns, being efficiently assisted by a brass band. After the procession was over, the scholars were regaled with tea and plum cake at the chapel, and then repaired to a field kindly lent by W. Wright, Esq. This seventieth anniversary will long be remembered.

LONG WHATTON.—The annual sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Salter on July 23. Collection, £7 2s.

PETERBOROUGH.—July 30, the annual sermons were preached by the Rev. H. B. Robinson, of Chatteris. Collections, £15 10s.

SMALLEY.—Anniversary services were held, July 2. Preacher, Rev. C. Springthorpe. Collections, £7 9s. 6d.

TODMORDEN.—The anniversary was held on Sunday, June 25. In the morning the Rev. E. W. Cantrell, of Louth, delivered an address to parents, teachers, and scholars, in the chapel, and in the afternoon and evening preached the sermons in aid of the school. There were excessively large congregations. The collections amounted to £46 15s. 8d., being £14 3s. 8d. more than those of last year.

* * The first Vale mentioned in the *Magazine*, page 251, August, should be Vale, near Todmorden; and the second West Vale, near Halifax.

MINISTERIAL.

THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.—As it is intended to publish shortly a memoir of the late Rev. T. W. Mathews, will friends who possess letters from him, or have special reminiscences of his visits, be so kind as to forward whatever they may have to *Mrs. Mathews, Skirbeck Quarter, Boston?*

CANTRELL.—The Rev. E. W. Cantrell, of Louth, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the General Baptist church, Wellington Road, Todmorden.

DYSON.—The recognition service in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. Dyson at Old Basford, was held on Tuesday, July 25. Tea was provided at five o'clock in the school rooms, which were tastefully decorated for the occasion. In the evening, at seven, a public meeting was held in the chapel. The Rev. Dr. Underwood presided. Letters explaining absence, and expressive of kindly feeling, were presented from the Revs. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., and Samuel Cox, of Nottingham, and D. Maccallum of Melbourne. Mr. W. Burton stated the reasons why the church had invited Mr. Dyson; and Mr. Dyson, in reply, gave his reasons for accepting the invitation, and an account of his religious life, theological beliefs, and ministerial hopes. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., E. H. Jackson, C. Forth, J. Felstead, and J. Fletcher. The meeting was one of the most successful ever held in the chapel.

EVERETT.—The Rev. E. K. Everett has notified his intention of resigning the pastorate of the Audlem church.

GILL.—The Rev. T. Gill, of Allerton, having accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate at West Vale, near Halifax, will commence there on the first Sabbath in September, with cheering prospects of usefulness.

HACKETT.—The Rev. B. Hackett, late of Macclesfield, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Fleet and Holbeach to the co-pastorate, and entered on his labours, July 16.

RICHARDSON.—Rev. G. D. Richardson has resigned the ministry of the church at Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire.

TAYLOR.—The Rev. W. Taylor has announced his intention to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, Wintown Street (late Call Lane), Leeds. His labours there will cease at the end of the present year. Till then communications may be addressed to him at 25, Glover Street, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUDLEM.—A tent tea meeting was held here on Tuesday, Aug. 1, when about two hundred and fifty were present. Chairman, Rev. S. Massie. Various friends spoke, including the Rev. G. Needham, of Burnley, who preached the anniversary sermons on the preceding Sabbath.

NANTWICH.—A tent tea meeting was held on Monday, July 24, about a mile out of the town, when about three hundred persons sat down. A public meeting was addressed by various ministers, presided over by the Rev. R. Kenney. The proceeds were nearly £16.

BAPTISMS.

ALLERTON.—June 3, three, by T. Gill.

ASHEY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—Aug. 9, one (a member of an Independent church), by C. Clarke.

COALVILLE.—April 25, two; May 7, two; August 3, two; by W. Salter.

HALIFAX.—Aug. 6, six, by I. Preston. One of them the pastor's daughter.

LENTON.—Aug. 6, five, by J. Fletcher.

MARCH.—Aug. 1, four, by S. S. Allsop. The first in the new chapel.

MEPAL, near Chatteris.—Aug. 2, seven, by H. B. Robinson.

PETERBOROUGH.—July 23, six, by T. Barrass.

SMALLEY.—July 30, three, after a sermon by Mr. Bird, of Nottingham.

WIRKSWORTH.—July 27, three, by W. Dyson.

Total reported baptized in third quarter, 1870 148
Third quarter, 1871 171

CHILWELL COLLEGE.

The Annual Sermon to the Students will be preached on Tuesday evening, Sept. 19, at Stoney Street chapel, Nottingham, by the Rev. A. McLaren, B.A., of Manchester.

Marriages.

BOOTH—FIRTH.—August 9, by the Rev. T. Gill, Mr. Joseph Booth, of Stock Close, near Bingley, to Miss Sarah Firth, of Lane Bottom, Allerton.

STARKEY—SMITH.—July 27, at the Baptist chapel, Coalville, by the Rev. W. Salter, Mr. J. Starkey, of Wirksworth, to Kate, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Smith, of Coalville.

Obituaries.

JONES.—Martha Jones, the beloved wife of the Rev. J. A. Jones, was placed early in life in the seminary of Miss Wheat, at Gosberton, and under her judicious moral and religious training she grew up in the fear of the Lord, and in the ways of wisdom and piety. Accustomed to attend the General Baptist chapel while under the care of Miss Wheat, she continued to do so after she left the school; her own home being in the neighbouring village of Surfleet, close by. She became a teacher in the Sunday school, a tract distributor, and missionary collector. She soon became fixed in her religious principles, and united in fellowship with the church, being baptized July 20, 1851. In 1853 she was united in marriage to Mr. Jones, the pastor of the church, and continued to labour on in her engagements until an increasing family and delicate health compelled her to relinquish some of her work. Her constitution, never robust, became weakened by time,

and seemed hardly equal to the cares and anxieties attendant on a family. But the shock that brought her down was given to her system by the death of her first-born, in July, 1868, a boy of much promise; who, in addition to being an affectionate, obedient, and remarkably discreet boy, was able, in virtue of his scholastic attainments, to go to the Oxford Local Examination in June, 1867, when only thirteen years of age, and, beside the preliminary departments and Scripture examination, to pass also in Latin, Greek, French, and mathematics; being the only boy who passed in Greek at the Lincoln centre in that year, and one of three who passed in the second division that year. It must be supposed that such attainments, and such moral worth, had greatly endeared the dear boy to his parents. The mother felt the stroke so much that she mourned and became weaker still. Another son was given her, but it did not repair the breach.

She now and then gave gentle hints to her family that they might be called to have to journey along without her; and but too truly were those intimations fulfilled. Her death took place on October 23, 1870, the birthday of her departed son. She said in the morning she should die that day, and she died in the evening. She had her children called to her bedside, and spoke very affectionately and urgently to the elder ones on the subject of religion. She was quite joyful in the prospect of dissolution. Her end was, indeed, triumphant. In life she was retired and unassuming, but her piety endeared her to those who truly knew her; and most to him who feels a loss he cannot express, for on him is now devolved a double portion of parental care. Yet her dying experience has strengthened his faith in the gospel, and his sorrow is accompanied with liveliest hope in regard to her eternal welfare. "Blessed," indeed, "are the dead who die in the Lord." J. A. J.

MILLS.—July 8, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Lewis Mills, of Smarden, aged 58. She was for thirty years a member of the G. B. church in that place.

PEDLEY.—Aug. 6, at Wintaley Cottage, Rev. R. Pedley, aged 71, for forty years the beloved and faithful pastor of the Baptist church, Wheelock Heath, Cheshire.

WINKS.—July 28, at the residence of her brother, Mr. J. G. Winks, of Leicester, Charlotte Sutton Winks, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Winks, aged 39 years, very suddenly. During the long period of more than twenty years she had been a great sufferer from spinal and nervous affection, and was compelled to spend the greater part of that time as a prisoner to either her bed or couch. But in the goodness and mercy of God she was permitted, during the last few years of her life, to enjoy partial restoration to health, and much comfort and peace of mind. Her recovery, after so long and severe an illness, was to herself and all her friends a constant theme of wonder and gratitude. Her last days were, in every respect, her best and happiest; and the prophets words were, in her case, most forcibly illustrated, "And it shall come to pass, *that* at evening time it shall be light." W. E. W.

YOUNG, JOHN.—It is meet that something beyond the fact of the death should be recorded concerning this useful and devoted servant of the Lord Jesus. Mr. John Young, of Nottingham, was born in 1811, and, like many other good Christian men, he was blessed with a Christian mother, whose exalted piety was on the lips of all who knew her, and after whose decease it was considered desirable to publish her letters in a small volume, edited by the

Rev. Thomas Stevenson, of Leicester. Under the ministry of Mr. Stevenson her eldest son John, the subject of this brief memoir, was converted to Christ, and united in fellowship with the friends at Archdeacon Lane. He was apprenticed to the late Mr. J. F. Winks, of Leicester, during which time he gave the greatest satisfaction to his employer, and laid the foundation of a holy and upright life. He subsequently came to reside in Nottingham, and was transferred to the church in Stoney Street; and from the first day of his union with that church down to the last day of his life on earth he was always what he professed to be, uuder any and every circumstance. His religion was not confined to the Sabbath-day, neither was it a religion that depended upon excitement. It was a thing of daily life, a permanent abiding reality, subject to less fluctuation and more uniformity than that of most men. Yet he had a quiet enthusiasm. His zeal was as a fire that burned with a white heat, but made no noise. This steadfast integrity, and living active love for the Saviour, fitted him for useful service in the church. For a considerable time he sustained the post of Sunday school superintendent; and though that had been relinquished many years before his death, he retained the office of deacon, to which he had been early elected, to his dying day. In this latter capacity he was most exemplary, and showed such sympathy towards the suffering and the poor, that all who had been benefited by his visits and almsgivings felt they had lost a real friend when he passed away. That, perhaps, by which he was best known, and for which he was so highly esteemed, was his gentle disposition. While in him all the fruits of the Spirit were manifested abundantly, the fruit of "gentleness" was always borne a hundredfold. He had a kind word for everybody, and he lived peaceably with all men; while those who best know his home life, his sorrowing widow and his now orphan children, are ready to testify how much this "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" acted as a talisman to keep domestic broils and household strife far from his dwelling. On the evening of Tuesday, November 20, 1870, he returned from his business as usual, and soon after he had retired to rest he was seized with paralysis, which terminated in a fit of apoplexy, in which he died about noon the following day. Of him it may be said, as of Barnabas of old, "He was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." And it may also be declared, with equal assurance, and for the comfort of his bereaved widow and children, that he is "with Christ, which is far better."

Missionary Observer.

CIRCULAR OF THE MISSIONARY SUB-COMMITTEE.

THE Sub-Committee appointed, in conjunction with the Secretary, to arrange for the holding of Missionary Services throughout the churches of the Connexion, met at Peterborough on the 3rd ult. As a preparatory step, it was resolved to communicate with the churches by circular in order to ascertain the time most suitable for the visit of a deputation in each locality. A copy of the circular is appended for the information of the friends of the Society generally, and in the hope that they will heartily co-operate with the Executive for the accomplishment of the important objects aimed at. Many of the churches have already replied. Will the rest kindly do so with the least possible delay?

Leicester, August 9th, 1871.

DEAR BRETHREN,—When the operations and prospects of our Foreign Mission came under review at the last Annual Association, it appeared to the brethren assembled that, under the Divine blessing, the existing interest in the welfare of the Mission might be largely extended and greatly deepened, and, at the same time, a considerable addition be secured to its funds, so as to enable the Society to send out more missionaries, if something further could be done to ensure more united and systematic effort throughout all the churches of the Association.

With this important end in view, we were appointed, in conjunction with the Secretary, to communicate with the churches. In accordance with the duty thus assigned to us, we now address you on the subject. We are deeply persuaded of the importance of securing, for *all* the churches of the Association, the following among other objects:—

1.—The visit of a Deputation regularly once a year at such time as shall, as far as practicable, both meet the convenience of the several churches, and, at the same time, by judicious arrangement, duly husband the Society's funds.

2.—Such arrangements in connection with each church as will afford an opportunity for *every member* to contribute to the funds of the Mission; in order to which we are firmly persuaded that each church should appoint a Treasurer, Secretary, and a sufficient staff of suitable Collectors (say not less than one to each twenty-five members)—the Collectors to visit their Subscribers as may be arranged.

We also recommend that a meeting of the Collectors, with the Treasurer and Secretary, be held at least once a quarter, for paying in the amounts received, and for the transaction of any other other business connected with the Auxiliary.

Will you kindly say, *without delay*, what time would be most suitable for the visit of the Deputation to your church? Be assured we will do all in our power to arrange accordingly; but you will see that, from the circumstances of the case, we shall be compelled, in many instances, to draw largely upon the kind consideration and forbearance of the brethren, inasmuch as the arrangements to be made have to include the whole of the churches.

In so far as the above suggestions may be applicable to the circumstances of your church, we trust they will receive your kind consideration and hearty co-operation.

We remain, dear brethren,
Yours faithfully,

CHARLES ROBERTS,
F. SQUIER,
G. F. BAYLEY,
J. C. PIKE, *Secretary*.

A PLEASING INTERVIEW WITH THE PASTOR AND CONGREGATION OF THE 41st M. N. I.

THE social aspect of Christ's character is frequently referred to by the Evangelists. "The Son of Man came eating and drinking;" and even the hospitality of Pharisees, publicans, and sinners was not refused by Him. In one of the first scenes of His memorable life He is represented as taking a prominent part in the festivities of a wedding; and in one of the last as partaking, on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias, the humble fare of the disciples. From these social gatherings we see how thoroughly human He was, and how ready He was to appreciate every act of kindness. The Jews, as they returned from the Pentecost, would ever retain pleasant memories of "the breaking of bread from house to house;" and these seasons, when hallowed by spiritual conversation and prayer, will be recalled when we sit down with the patriarchs in heaven.

Last week the missionaries at Cuttack received an invitation from Anthravady, the pastor of the church in the 41st M. N. I., to meet Mr. Kerry, Baptist missionary from Calcutta, for dinner. Padoo Lochan, Ananda Daffidar (two Bengalee native brethren, who have come with Mr. Kerry to the car festival), Baboo Sadananda (our senior deacon), and two apothecaries (friends of our host), were also invited. In accepting the invitation we were careful to state that there should be no distinction whatever made between ourselves and native friends. The repast was served in European style; there was not only an abundance, but considerable variety, and the table was decorated with fruit and flowers. The arrangement for our comfort was about as complete as it could be. Our brother had arranged for a religious service after dinner, and had directed all his people who were off duty in the regiment to come. As we took our seat at the end of the room, and watched these dear native friends come in and take their seats on the mats that had been spread for them on the floor, and saw the reverent manner in which they bowed their faces in silent prayer, we felt that Christians of other lands might improve by their example. The women most attracted our attention—their garments were so beautifully white; there was not much "outward adorn-

ing," but there was "the meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." There was no special preparation by these godly women for *our coming*, for what we saw that night may be seen any Sabbath day in their chapel in the cantonment. A hymn was sung in Telegoo. The Telegoo is much softer than Oriya, or, in fact, than any other language in India, and seems especially adapted for the service of song. There was such life and enthusiasm in the singing that it reminded one of the cheerful melodies sung by the Hallelujah Band in England. Very earnest prayer was offered by the pastor, and then our brethren Kerry and Buckley delivered appropriate addresses in English, which he with great fluency interpreted. The attention of the congregation was very marked—not a word seemed to be lost; and the children were as eager to listen as their parents. I expressed my astonishment to the pastor that the children at such a late hour (ten o'clock) showed no signs of weariness; and he said, "Oh, the children have as much interest in our work as the men—they always meet with us;" and then, taking a little girl by the hand of not more than seven years of age, he said, "*she engages in prayer.*" The minds of all the children seem saturated with religious ideas. The last prayer was offered by a native woman; and as soon as the benediction had been pronounced, all the congregation arose and sang a doxology—or, as they call it, "a blessing"—and the effect was most thrilling. We felt grateful to our brother for his sumptuous entertainment, but *far more grateful* for the privilege of meeting with his people. Our brother from Calcutta had never witnessed such a scene, and he will carry with him impressions of the power of native work which he never had before. Anthravady has had several offers from missionaries (not from ours) to relinquish his secular employ, but he is too jealous of his independence to join any Missionary Society. He has baptized about 160. More than half of these are scattered over India and Burmah, but he keeps up a correspondence with them all, and often writes as many as a hundred letters in a month. It has been recently said by an enemy of Missions that, "if native churches were left to themselves, they would soon become a wreck;" but here is a native church that has never had any European con-

trol, that has increased in strength and power every year, and has sent several from its midst who are evangelizing other parts of India. W. BAILEY.

THE STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, LIMEHOUSE.

IN the Report for the present year of the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, some interesting details are given of the missionary's experience who labours among those frequenting the Home:—

"Among those who have availed themselves of the advantages of the Home was a prince of the royal house of Delhi, the nephew of the last king of that line. While the eye runs along a long line of princes as distinguished for success as injustice, it is pleasing, at least, to light on one who is a christian man—Mirza Feroz Shah, who has visited our shores, and resided for four months at the Asiatic Home. He was baptized seven years ago, having been under instruction some five years previously. The deposition of the royal family of Delhi produced altered circumstances for Feroz Shah, which was the occasion of his visit to England. During his stay at the Home we had almost daily readings of God's word; and as he was desirous of learning English, he used to read in that language, and translate into Hindustanee, to assure me that he understood what he read. On one occasion I had the pleasure to hear him defend the christian doctrine of the resurrection with a native gentleman, who sought to maintain the Mohammedan idea of judgment after death. It was a pleasing sight to see one of the Mogul princes enter on such a worthy campaign—doubtless the only one of his line that had done it. He left us with a thankful heart, and we daily expect to hear of his safe arrival at home.

"An African evangelist from Jamaica resided several months in the Home. He came to us without means, but in the name of the Lord and as a servant of the great Master he was taken in, and not only maintained, but clothed. His mind was wonderfully stored with God's word. Never do I remember to have seen him without the precious volume in his hand, and very few have I known who could refer to the Word of life with such readiness.

"My work has been very much scattered during the past year, but each

department has yielded some pleasing reminiscences. I will confine my remarks on the Orientals afloat by referring to the effect of the circulation of the Word of God among them. About two years ago I visited the 'Ganges,' a ship with fifty Lascars on board, and had several opportunities of reading the Word of God, and pointing out the way to eternal life. This led to a request on the part of some of the Malays to possess the Scriptures, on which I made an arrangement with them to meet me one Sabbath morning at my residence, when I promised to supply them. The Serang and others came, and thankfully took a Malay Testament, but were not permitted to leave before I had given some exposition and explanation of a portion of it. Last year the ship returned to England, but with almost an entirely different crew. On again visiting the ship, I was told by one man (who spoke for others) that he had seen Mohammed (the former Malay Serang of the ship) constantly reading a book which was very good, and that he would not part with it, but told him he might get one like it at the Strangers' Home in London. They had now come to London, and they wanted the book. I invited them to my house, and promised to supply their wants. Not a Sabbath passed while the ship was in London but I had a visit from some of this crew, when Scriptures were solicited, and after the reading and exposition of the Word portions of it were given away. This proved the most interesting crew I have visited. Thirteen copies or portions of the Divine word in Hindustanee, Bengalee, Malay, and Javanese, were circulated at these pleasing Bible-readings and expositions at my own house and on board ship. It seems scarcely to be expected that a copy of the Scriptures sent off to the extreme East should be heard of again, but it has indeed produced much fruit; for only a few weeks ago another large ship came into London with a crew of Malays and Javanese, who had seen some of the Scriptures given to the crew of the 'Ganges,' and these, with no ordinary degree of earnestness, pressed their request for a similar supply, which was given them. Thus a Malay Testament, given away two years ago, has produced important results; and probably the gift will lead other crews and individuals to apply for a further supply of the Bread of Life."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

THEN again as to our social standing and intercourse, we surely present an aspect more like civilization than we did some years ago. I remember the time when we had no foreign house built at Ningpo, and we were nearly suffocated in Chinese dwellings. Now we have many excellent houses; then we had only one Consul, now we have of several nations; then we had only one general store of provisions kept by a Chiuaman, now we can obtain almost any foreign goods for money, either here or at Shanghai, as we could have them in England or America. And as to our meetings and associations, what a contrast! We have social parties, musical entertainments, reading rooms, and book clubs, public lectures, family circles and religious assemblies on the Lord's-day, all of which clearly indicate that we have multiplied considerably, and have realized to a greater extent, and in a higher degree than in former years, the enjoyments of civilized life, and the graces and privileges of that blessed culture which can only be found in Christian communities.

Humanity and mercy are essential attributes in our Christian profession; and hence our medical gentlemen for many years have rendered essential services to the Chinese in healing their diseases and mitigating their sufferings. Such works reveal to them the superiority of our medical skill and compassion, and imprint upon their conscience a favourable impression of the religion and humanity of foreigners.

I have known the day when it was currently reported, again and again, that Ningpo must be given up, because we had no trade and none could be expected; but the agonies of despair have passed away, forbidding prognostications have been supplanted by the indications of success far more hopeful and noteworthy. Rome was not built in a day; and as atoms form the globe and drops of water fill the ocean, so we may sustain those relations and agencies which God has created for the well-being of all, and the land in which we live.

The occupation of Ningpo by the rebels was to thousands of the natives a great calamity, and to some foreigners a subject of great distress and expense.

The people were dispersed and their property was destroyed, the city was gutted, and hundreds were rudely slaughtered and became the innocent victims of the violence of their fellow men. We may be gradually recovering from the cruel effects of civil war, but some years may elapse ere we regain our former condition. When the shrill horn of the insurgents announced the entrance of the rebels into the city, Dec. 9, 1861, hundreds of the natives (men, women, and children) sought refuge at my house in the city, where they obtained protection and support for a considerable time. Through the kind intervention of Sir Harry Parkes, he being at Ningpo at that time, with the rebel chiefs, and the exertions of others, the fugitives were removed under the protecting shade of the rebel flags to Keang-pih, where asylums were provided to mitigate their sufferings, and supply their wants. These were times of great tribulation and mental agony. By the wishes of those in authority missionaries left the city, and when we had done so, leaving the house in the care of Chinese, every door and pane of glass was broken at Kae-ming-san, and we suffered a heavy loss.

Application was made through the British Consul to Peking for some compensation for the unmerited injuries and losses we had sustained in protecting their people; but no notice was taken of our appeal, and as yet we remain minus all we had to expend to repair the injuries inflicted by the wanton foolishness of selfish hordes of wicked men, and the neglect and studied worldliness of the Imperial authorities at Peking.

Amid the triumphs of the insurgents and the destruction of idols, Buddhist priests were compelled to follow in the track of their enemies, as useless members of the community. The gods were unshrined and dethroned. We had hoped for a waning and pernicious superstition to be buried in the devastations of idolatry, and the wails of despair created by a civil insurrection, and persecutions of the rebels, so anti-buddhistic in its character, and moreover professedly so favourable to the doctrines of christian theology. But we were mistaken. Persecution always fails; and hence we now see temples repaired and rebuilt every where, and restored to their former glory.

The Chekiang Province has eleven Foo cities, one Chow, and seventy-five Heen cities—in all eighty-seven cities, besides market towns and villages in large numbers with a population of upwards of twenty-six millions. Chekiang has no mean standing in the provincial histories of this Empire. It may be said to be distinguished for its literary attainments, wealth of its merchants, the trading proclivities and mechanical skill of its people, and for a friendly and industrious rural population, with teas and silks, coal-beds, and mineral materials in various localities, resources sufficient to render Ningpo of great value as one of the open Ports of China. Nor is it less distinguished for its religious emotions and activity as we have large religious establishments for priests and students, Teen-tang, Teen-tae, Yuh-wang and Poo-too, with numerous temples in every locality, and hosts of priests, not only to supply their own wants, but to travel to distant regions to perform for the people the professional rites and ceremonies of their own superstitious creeds.

Though void of all true theology and biblical knowledge, they have sought out many inventions, and have been very expert in forming religious schemes to satisfy conscience and the cravings of immortality, all of which are based on a complicated system of deceitful philosophy, and the sensuous conceptions of gross idolatry; yet they are perhaps more moral and well-behaved, more open to reason and the power of conscience, than in some other parts of the empire. May we not, therefore, view this province as a fine opening for the development and progress of trade by the combined activity of our commercial men, and as presenting a very large field for missionary devotedness and success, where we have a people so friendly, on the whole, towards foreigners so long resident among them.

When the devoted Xavier was living and dying on the island of San-chuen, on the borders of China, then closed against us, he cried out, "O, Rock! O, Rock! when wilt thou open to receive the light of truth and civilization." The rock, which had resisted for ages all the approaches of foreigners, has at last reluctantly yielded a narrow chasm to the external pressures of modern times, through which doors have been opened which no power, however determined,

can shut against us. Christian nations have since been awakened to new life and activity; and now Great Britain, France, America, and Germany under the Prussian flag, have treaty relations with thirty millions in Japan, and three hundred and fifty, or four hundred millions in China.

As the basis of my reflections upon the position and residence of foreigners in China, I beg leave to remind you briefly of the existence of several historical and veritable facts, the tendencies of which in their combined operation and influence may indicate to us the gracious intentions of Jehovah in regard to this ancient people, and teach us the part we have to act in being called to dwell in "the land of Sinim."

FIRST FACT.

That the Chinese people are historically and closely connected with the original dispersion of the human race from the plains of Shinar, in the regions of the Tower of Babel, as narrated in 10th and 12th chapters of the Book of Genesis. Whatever might be their root ideas, or fundamental conceptions, or their traditional knowledge, which they had derived from Noah who lived 350 years, and from Shem who lived 500 years after the flood, they evidently adopted, when they migrated, the Polytheistical system which was first established by Nimrod the mighty hunter and builder of cities, and his rebellious adherents; and when they finally became located and settled down in the north of China they acted in a similar manner—building cities, establishing monarchies, framing hierarchies and systems of idolatry, which in all their essential principles and results are one and the same with those which their ancestors had derived from the apostate crew, whose language was confounded, when building the Tower of Babel. "Thus severed, far away they sped, uncertain, into realms unknown; thus kingdoms rose, and the glad world was filled."

SECOND FACT.

That the dispersions and emigrations of dominant races from western nations in modern times, to the shores and open ports of this country, and to have treaty relations with the Chinese government, is for the recovery and restoration of this ancient people to their allegiance to God, and to indicate to us the com-

prehensive import of his original design in the creation of man as seen in the first chapter of Genesis and at 26, 27, 28 verses, when He conferred upon him dominion over every living thing, and commanded him to subdue and replenish the earth.

THIRD FACT.

That these emigrants from western nations appear to be in every respect prepared and qualified, as to superiority of race, constitutional government, scientific knowledge, and theological religion, to become the efficient agents of the almighty providence of God, for the accomplishment of His designs in regard to the inferior and unenlightened races among whom they are called to reside.

THE MISSIONARIES, & THEIR EXPECTED DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

The passage of Mr. and Mrs. Hill has been taken in Messrs. Green's magnificent new steamship, the "VICEROY," appointed to leave the docks on the 25th of September. Messrs. Green have long

been celebrated for their line of passenger ships *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope to India, but the opening of the Suez Canal having diverted much of the traffic from the Cape route, they are about to send their passenger ships by the Canal. The "Viceroy" is the first, and has been built specially for the new route. She is 320 feet long, 38 feet wide; her carrying capacity is 2,225 tons; she is driven by engines of 1,200 horse power, and draws, when loaded, 20 feet of water. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were intending to go by the same ship, but every cabin was taken. They may possibly stay a few weeks longer in this country, but it was felt to be most important that the opportunity of securing a very small cabin for Mr. and Mrs. Hill should not be lost.

The arrangements for valedictory services are not complete. It is probable that those for Mr. Hill, and perhaps for Mr. Miller also, will be held at the Osmaston Road chapel, Derby, on Wednesday, Sept. 20th. Further particulars will be given in the bills announcing the services, and which will be forwarded to all the churches within a reasonable distance from Derby.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Bailey, May 20, 23; June 7; July 3, 5.
 " J. Buckley, May 13, 24; June 7.
 " Miss Guignard, May 1, July 3.
 PIPLEB—T. Bailey, May 12; June 1; July 4.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from
 July 18th to August 18th, 1871.*

	£	s.	d.
Billesdon—W. & O. Fund	0	15	4
Hose	7	2	0
Lincoln Sunday School	2	8	1
Spalding Sunday School for Orphans	10	0	0

DONATIONS FOR THE CUTTACK CHAPEL.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Coltman, Fleckney	0	2	0	By Rev. W. Miller—			
Mr. Frederick Hill, Nottingham	0	10	0	Mr. Thos. Lace, Port St. Mary, Isle of			
By Rev. W. Orton—				Man	1	0	0
Rev. W. and Mrs. Orton, Bourn	2	2	0	A Friend to the Mission, Birmingham	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Louth	2	2	0	W. H. Avery, Esq., Birmingham	5	0	0
Swainston Adamson, Esq.	5	0	0	L. A.	0	10	0
Mr. B. W. Pike	0	10	0	A. Friend	1	0	0
	9	14	0		12	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. PIKE, the Secretary, and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, the Travelling Agent, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1871.

INDIVIDUAL GIFTS; THEIR DEVELOPMENT IN THE
CHURCH BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

BY THOMAS GOADBY, B.A.

EVERY Christian disciple possesses some gift or talent which is to be used in the Lord's service. The Scripture account of spiritual gifts takes us into the region of miracle. It speaks of prophecy, of gifts of tongues, of healing, of the discerning of spirits, of interpretations. But it speaks also of teaching, of help, of government. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; differences of ministries, but the same Lord; diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all." These gifts of teaching, help, government, ministry abide. They are found in the region of ordinary divine influence—a lower, yet a higher, region than the realm of miracle. For it is more to speak words and do deeds whereby souls are saved from sin and death than to speak in unknown tongues, to cleanse the leper, or to raise the dead. These are the greater things which our Lord says we shall do in His name through faith and by the Spirit He pours out from on high.

A spiritual gift, as it now exists in the church, is a natural endowment or talent capable of use and service in the kingdom of God.

Every man has some such gift; every man has a speciality of endowment—the power and possibility of excellence in something. Every one can do or say something somewhere which no one else in all the world can do or say so well. Every man content to be himself and do his own work will be distinguished from all others. But the humblest faculties are gifts not the most brilliant only, the commonest not simply the rarest and most extraordinary. Men are spoken of as gifted in a special sense when they possess a talent or endowment in a marked degree above others; but at the same time every man is more or less gifted. Wherever there is mind, there, with all its manifold faculties, is God's gift. Wherever there is an eye to see, a tongue to speak, a hand to work, a head to think, there are gifts of God—precious and bountiful gifts—and the Spirit of God may use them for high and holy ends. Gifts will differ in different individuals, even as the countenance of men differs, and as that subtle, unexplained, and perhaps inexplicable, adjustment of our nature we call our constitution differs. One man will be more prepared to act silently,

another to speak in public, another to watch and pray, another to comfort and console, another to awaken, to counsel, or advise. One man's special force and strength will lie in one thing and in one direction, and another's in another. But all men are what they are originally by the gift of God, and all may use their peculiar powers for God's praise. God has given to us our faculties of mind, our powers of body, our endowments of natural life, not for ourselves alone, not for personal aggrandisement, but for His glory; and not for mere display and parade, but for practical service and use in His kingdom. "To every man is given the manifestation of the Spirit,"—the power of showing in a particular manner the inward working of the Spirit—"to profit withal,"—to profit himself, his brethren, and the world. The gifts are diverse, but there is need for diversity; the endowments are various, but there is need for variety; and one Spirit and purpose may inspire and animate all. No Christian man can say, "The Lord hath no need of me and my service; my talents are too small or too great, too insignificant or too precious." Nothing is beneath the notice of Him without whom the sparrow does not fall to the ground, nothing shall pass unaccepted of Him who rewards the giver of a cup of cold water in His name. And no powers are too high or too large for His service whom angels worship and archangels reverently honour and obey, and who is the great fountain and source of all intelligence and wisdom. He who has given us life and all its endowments has a claim upon our service, and He who has called us out of the world and into His kingdom by His grace has a special claim upon our active and earnest effort for His glory. Every one of us has something more to do in the world for God than merely to pass through life with the least possible trouble

and the greatest possible ease, and at last be just saved somehow by the mercy of the Lord.

Our gifts, however, may lie dormant and inactive, or may be developed into use or power. They may be present, but not manifest—unknown to ourselves, unknown to others, hidden alike to all. What treasures of power, what possibilities of useful and distinguished service may be in us, we perhaps few of us consider. There is no region so undiscovered and unopened as the region of our own nature. There is no realm so rich with hidden and unused wealth as the realm of divine gifts within us. In common life men are often a wonder to themselves—surprised at the discovery of their own powers. Capacity and skill, and gifts of various kinds are developed that they once never dreamed that they possessed. In the struggle and pressure of difficulty, or under the influence of ambition, or passion, or human affection, or greed of gain, or the instinct of self-preservation, many a hidden and unimagined capability will show itself. Who has not marvelled that he has safely passed some severe trial of patience and endurance? Who has not been astonished that he was ever able to unravel some intricate and perplexing mystery? Who has not been surprised that, in some unexpected conjuncture of circumstances, such rapidity of thought, such quick, sudden grasp of intellect, such freedom of action and utterance as he displayed, were at all possible to him? What skill and ability, what keen perception of advantage, and power to use it, will ambition develop! With what nervous eloquence of words, and with what mighty force of action, will a strong frenzy of passion sometimes charge us! What self-devotion, what prolonged and patient endurance, what waiting and watching day and night, will natural affection make easy and possible to us, and what fertility of resource it

will reveal! Our gifts are often greater, far greater than we think and self-esteem itself is surprised at; the vanity which some small talent occasioned when a larger and greater gift was passed by unregarded and unemployed. Our best and highest endowments often lie unrecognized and unused for years, till some need awakens them to action and calls them forth to service. If deep sea soundings startle the geologist and explode some early theories, great emergencies in God's providence sound the depths of our nature and startle us at ourselves, scattering for ever the idea that no latent force lies undeveloped within us.

There are many talents lying hid and idle in the church of God. There is a mighty force of energy and life asleep and unemployed. There are gifts without number—diverse, varied, useful, precious—buried in neglect and oblivion. The spirit of the world, the fear of man, the follies and frivolities of social life, the all-absorbing demands of business, the petty rivalries and ambitions of men, repress or divert energies that are capable of great things in the Lord's kingdom. There are mines of unexplored wealth of talent and service, treasures of unused power in God's church, that God in His providence call us to open and bring forth for Him in the work of the gospel and the conversion of the world.

Furthermore, our gifts are seldom fully manifest, and are never raised to their highest exercise and usefulness, but by the Spirit of God. The whole teaching of the Scriptures clearly implies this. No man can say that Jesus is Christ but by the Holy Ghost. No man, it is equally certain, can know fully, or can rightly use, his gifts in God's service but by the same Spirit. It is one God that worketh all and in all, one Spirit that quickens every soul and develops every gift. He who at first gave us spiritual life, by the

same gracious power gives us also the discovery and the highest development of our spiritual gifts. He lays a burden upon the conscience which makes the sealed lips break silence. He puts a joy into the heart which constrains the tongue of the dumb to sing. He supplies an impulse and a force to our desire for the world's regeneration, which draws out the modest, secluded talent, and gets it to open service for the Lord. He creates in the soul so passionate a longing, and so sublime an enthusiasm for the coming of His kingdom, that our powers are touched and transfigured thereby as by the hand of God.

This is what the very nature of the case would lead us to expect. Man never knows himself until he knows God. Man never does his best until he works for God. Religion tests, and at the same time ennobles and elevates, everything it touches. The higher the aim, the higher the inherent strength of our nature rises to sustain it, and the greater the result accomplished.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

No skill of mind or hand, no charm of music or song, but is heightened and intensified by the influence of religious feeling and devout aspiration. No earnest heroism of life but is made nobler and grander in proportion to the sacredness of its aim.

The high and holy works amid lesser lays
Stand up like churches amid village cots.
It is a joy to think that in every age
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God.

The architect conceives his most glorious ideal of symmetrical form and columned magnificence when projecting a suitable temple for the worship of God. The poet sings his loftiest and most rapturous song when he vindicates divine providence, rehearses redemption's story, or celebrates the high praises of God. The musician pours forth

from his melodious spirit the most inspiring and exquisite strains—now in soft and melting plaint, now in joyous, exulting harmony, now in swelling and triumphant chorus—when the glory of God and the praise of His grace are his theme. The painter makes the canvas glow with forms of imperishable beauty and with scenes of highest grandeur when faith transfigures his fancy, when devotion kindles his genius, when unseen and divine realities fill and fire his soul. The orator speaks in words that live through the ages, and are instinct with the passion and flame of a burning and vivid eloquence, when the fulness of God's love in the gospel, and the earnest and solemn appeals of His word, tremble in earnest accents upon his tongue. The hero goes forth to dare and die with a grander calmness and a more exulting hope when called to God's work by His grace, when witnessing for Christ in city or wilderness, in bonds or imprisonment, in the judgment-hall or at the stake. Man never does his best, and he cannot do it, until he works for God; and man never works for God with his greatest capacity of service, and he cannot do it, until he is lifted up beyond all fear, and doubt, and hesitation, and beyond himself, and charged with divine energy and purpose by the Spirit and power of the Most High.

Gifts are different things, as the power is different which develops them. The noblest heroism is the heroism of faith. The purest enthusiasm is a passionate zeal for God's kingdom out of love to the Saviour and the souls of men. The grandest hope is the hope of eternal life. But faith, hope, zeal, love, which make men greatest, are qualities and graces which require the Spirit of God as the element in which they live, or the fire from heaven by which they are kindled. Only as God's spirit and power move us do we get the best of what is in

us or possible to us. When lower and worldly influences bring out our qualities of character and endowments of mind, they are far inferior to what they would be if developed by the Spirit of God. They do not shine with such unsullied purity; they are not cleansed and hallowed with such refining grace; they rise not to their highest altitude, and wield not their mightiest power. Saul the persecutor was earnest and zealous, but his fervour was as the blaze of a volcano or as the passing glare of the meteor in the sky. Paul the apostle shows the same gifts in their higher use, and they shine with the pure and steadfast splendour of the sun in the heavens. Saul at the martyrdom of Stephen breathes out threatenings and slaughter, and chants the dirge of hatred; but Paul tried, persecuted, slandered, despised, breathes the spirit of heaven and chants the glorious psalm of love, the praise of that charity that never fails when prophecies fail, and tongues cease, and knowledge vanishes away, when hope attains fruition, and faith is lost in the vision of God.

The paramount need of the influence of the Spirit of God in the church is thus abundantly apparent. A scriptural faith is important, purity of fellowship is most necessary, organization is indispensable; but neither orthodoxy, nor discipline, nor method, nor all three combined, can take the place of spiritual life. Without the blessing of Pentecost, individual gifts, which make up the totality of the possible efficiency of the church in Christian work, will neither be fully manifest nor properly employed. The best-furnished religious community in the world is inefficient and dead without the realization of the power of the Spirit of God. It is the Spirit of God that, so to speak, moves the wheels of the whole complicated mechanism of church organizations. It is the Spirit of God which is the

soul animating and directing the life and action of the different members of "the body of Christ." It is the Spirit of God which comes, in its influence upon our being and capabilities, like the sun and rain upon the earth, developing the gifts of nature and life. Of what service is it that in any piece of mechanism everything is perfect, beautifully adjusted and balanced, each part fitted to the other in admirable harmoniousness, if power be wanting? Of what use are the eye, the hand, the foot, the brain, if the freshness of life be absent and the breath of God be gone? Of what advantage are the hidden gifts of possible foliage, and blossom, and fruit, which the bare and naked tree may possess, if the rain never falls about its roots and the sunshine never bathes its branches in its living tide? Of what service is the gift of song the bird of morning possesses, if morning never dawns and the radiant glory of earth and sky never wakes the trill of gratitude from its full heart of joy? Of what benefit is the gift of beauty and fragrance in the flower, if the dews never descend around it, if the sunlight never manifests its rich form and colouring, and the air waits not to diffuse its odour on all sides?

The gifts with which the church of God is endowed in its individual members need, in some such way, as the element and principle of manifestation, the power and life and light of the Spirit of God. The outward organization may be complete, possible means of communicating and diffusing power may be prepared and may wait to be employed, large and abundant may be the faculties of usefulness and tokens of good, but beyond and above all this, in the midst of it, and in every part of it, must be the Spirit of God moving, inspiring, and animating all. The church, should it exist apart from the realized presence of the Spirit of God may become a

well-ordered educational institution, a respectable society for the cultivation of the moral sentiments and the discussion of religious problems, but it will be, for the purposes of God's grace, a feeble, inefficient, and puny thing, a body if not utterly dead, yet cold, languid, dying, ready to pass into inevitable decay. But as God's Spirit and power are strong and mighty within it as the essential elements of its life and being, it is a strong man armed and furnished for the kingdom of the Lord, its eye brightens with the light divine, its vision is clear and far-sweeping, its hand is apt for use, its foot is swift for service, its brain throbs with the mighty thoughts, and its heart beats with the mighty impulses of God. We do verily "live, and move, and have our being" in God. In ourselves we are a dreary waste, dark, unblessed, without promise of verdure or fruitfulness, yet rich with undeveloped seeds of life and germs of power. When the sweet heavens pour down the gentle rain upon us, and open above us the glory of the sun, we become as the garden of the Lord where fairest flowers bloom and sweetest fragrance exhales, where the golden fruit ripens at noonday, and rich strains of jubilant song hail the freshness of the dawn.

The transcendent privilege of the church in its Pentecostal blessing reveals the harmony of all God's ways. It pleased God in old time to dwell among men by His special and glorious presence in one nation of the earth, and in one temple. In the fulness of time it pleased God, in His infinite condescension and grace, to dwell in the fulness of His power in one born of woman, made in the likeness of sinful flesh. The Lord Jesus Christ, God with us, took not on Him the nature of angels, but took on Him the nature of man. As by man came sin, so in the person of the Son of Man was atonement for sin offered. As by man came death, by man came also the

resurrection of the dead. As by man came evil and woe, and all the long troop of human sorrows, so by the Divine Son of Man came strength, and life, and all the joys of salvation. In like manner it has pleased God to entrust to sinful men such as we are the continuance of the Saviour's work in the world. They who have wrought the evil are also appointed, in God's marvellous wisdom, to be instruments in working out the recovery. To us is given the word of reconciliation; and by us, in God's hand, is the redemption of man to be accomplished. Christian men, and Christian churches, stand now to the world in the place of Christ in the flesh. How solemn the responsibility, how high and distinguished the honour God puts upon us! Who does not at once ask, How shall we be sufficient for so great a privilege, so high a duty? The answer is fully written in the story of our Lord's earthly life. It is said of this great Son of Man that God gave not the Spirit by measure unto Him. In His baptism the Holy Ghost descended upon Him like a dove, and abode upon Him. After His temptation He came in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. The Spirit of the Lord was upon Him, anointing Him to preach the gospel to the poor. By the Spirit of God He cast out devils and did many mighty works. Through the eternal Spirit He offered Himself without spot to God, by His own blood to purge our conscience from dead works to serve the living God. He was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, put to death in the flesh but quickened by the Spirit. So now in the church, which is the body of Christ, the fulness—filled up receptacle—of Him that filleth all in all, He dwells by the same Spirit, and then it is mighty to work for Him in the world. This is our blessed and glorious privilege. He is with us. He is in us. He works by us and

through us. He is the river that makes glad the city of God, and everything lives whither the river cometh.

But it is with this great privilege of Heaven's grace as with our own personal gifts. We do not recognize as we should the presence of God's Spirit; we do not realize His power, we are not baptized with His gracious baptism. So we are weak and feeble and often discouraged, and unbled, when all the time the strength divine is near us and the blessing is waiting to descend. Some measure of the power of God's Spirit we know, or we should not now be the disciples of Christ, we should not care for the things of His kingdom, we should not yearn for larger and fuller gifts of His grace. But how little of this divine anointing is upon us! How dull and dim is our faith. How fainting and sometimes weary our hope. How lukewarm and fading the glow of our love. How ready are we to excuse ourselves from earnest effort because our gifts for useful service are so poor and meagre. It is needful, therefore, emphatically, and it may be frequently, to assert that no member of Christ's church is without some useful gift, and that no gift can be raised to its highest power and efficiency but by the Spirit of God.

What is a minister of truth and grace without this power from on high? How can he speak for God, but in the Spirit and power of God? How shall his gift of useful service in word and doctrine be fully developed without the Divine aid and quickening? How can he move the hearts of men, reach their consciences, speak words that shall kindle and burn like fire in the soul, but as God is with him? How shall he awaken the slumbering, and arouse the careless, and startle the thoughtless to inquiry and prayer, but as the great Master of human souls is with him? Words, words, words, however beau-

tiful, or strong, or pathetic, or earnest, will not of themselves lead men to God, will not break hard hearts, and bind up smitten and troubled spirits. They must be charged, and steeped, and penetrated through and through with that subtle electric power, that persuasive and winning force which God's Spirit alone can give. The faculty of utterance is enlarged and made effective, the heart yearns, the brain thinks, the whole energies of the nature are put forth mightily to save souls from death only as the Spirit of the Lord is mighty upon us. "The God-intoxicated men" of Novalis, men "walking this dim earth bathed in the eternal splendours;"—these are the ideal men of God to preach the gospel.

How, too, shall any who bear office in the church rightly discharge their duty in God's sight, but as His hand is strong upon them? It is said of the first seven servants of the church that they were to be men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom; yet their whole duty appears to have been, at that time, simply the distribution of the alms of the church. Now that, of necessity, there is a larger duty resting upon those who bear office in the church, and share the responsibility of directing its manifold activities, how shall they discharge the various functions of their office with freshness of interest, with highest efficiency and usefulness, but by the help of the Spirit of God? Human and earthly considerations are feeble and shifting. Human sympathies and antipathies are misleading, and prejudicial to the purity of our motive. Everything is to be done unto God, and with the help and power that He imparts; and as God gave wisdom to the builders of the tabernacle and the temple as well as to Moses and Solomon, so will He to all workers in the outward things of His kingdom as well as to the workers in the things of the spiritual life.

How, too, shall any department of

Christian effort be well sustained but by the presence and power of God's Spirit? The school will be fairly furnished with zealous teachers; the teachers will find their gifts developing for use; the leader of devotions in the social prayer meeting will acquire freedom and fervour; the preacher in the cottage, in the village, by the wayside, will have a door of utterance open to him; consolation will be given to the sick and sorrowing, joy and rejoicing to the downcast and weary; light and guidance to the inquiring and perplexed, only as the grace of God is mighty upon His people and the Spirit of all life and power moves the heart, and mind, and tongue.

How, too, shall God's word be appreciated as it is expounded and enforced, how shall there be a gift of discernment of truth and spiritual sympathy with it but as the ear is opened and the heart is touched by God's grace? Nor will the soul be carried up to the eternal throne by the public prayer, nor the inmost spirit pour forth in sweetest strains the song of praise, but as the mind is attuned by God's Spirit for devotion, and the heart makes melody with the lips unto God.

Thus it is abundantly manifest that without the realisation of the presence of the Holy Ghost, God's house will want worshippers, God's church will want workers, workers will want gifts, and gifts will want manifestation and power. It is all stationariness where He is not in something of the fulness of His power; it is all life and energy where He manifests His grace. It is winter, cold, frost-bound, unfruitful winter in the church where the bright shining of His countenance is hidden; it is all spring and summer, bursting, bounding, joyous spring, rich, full-verdured, golden-fruited summer where He unveils His glory. It is as one vast continent of sand, hard, unproductive, barren, dead, where He is unknown

and unsought, and energy may well lie paralyzed like a stranded ship; but as He moves and works all is changed, wave after wave comes rolling in upon the sands from out the great eternal deeps; freshness, and life, and power, pour in as a gracious tide from the living God; music breaks forth as the voice of many waters; there is again the rushing of a mighty wind, and the soul is lifted up from its earth-bound deadness, and its moorings to this world are loosened, and it is borne along with rejoicing to high, holy, efficient service for God.

The divine power so indispensable in the church is, blessed be God, freely and readily vouchsafed. "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." All fulness is in God. Exhaustless is the fountain of His

grace, undiminished the power of His eternal Spirit. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Seek, expect, realize this divine presence. So hidden gifts will be discovered, and the blessing of heaven will rest continuously upon our churches. There will be not now a flush of prosperity and then a time of barrenness and dearth; the tide of fresh grace and life will flow in from God day by day, and there will be no ebb. It will be one season, perpetual summer, with tropical verdure and fertility, and abounding fruitfulness; and the Scriptures will be fulfilled which declare, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; waste places shall be comforted, the wilderness shall be like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord."

CHAPEL AND SCHOOL—THE MISSING LINK.*

BY FRED THOMPSON.

THE wide, wide world, is in too many instances the great finishing school for our Sabbath scholars. In this school they are educated after a worldly manner, and grow up into a worldly likeness. The day may arrive when the sanctuary will become their fixed and settled abode; but as yet we find existing a radical defect in the coupling irons connecting the chapel and the school. The chain which should unite the two is broken, and how to supply the missing link, this paper, with the discussion thereon, may possibly determine.

Because some chapel-goers have been scholars, it does not follow that all scholars may be expected to become chapel-goers. A fearful percentage of scholars, on leaving school, cease to attend regularly any place of worship; and indeed, of those who do in after life become habitual frequenters of the house of God, are they not as one to five of those who do not? To argue otherwise is to go against "the inexorable logic of facts." The number

yearly leaving our schools, with the normal condition of our congregations, shew this. Every teacher is only too familiar with the ebbing and flowing character of his class book. Take for example a school of four hundred children, divided into forty classes. On the average, two scholars per year, at the least, in each class of ten, do not answer to the roll-call. Twenty per cent. per annum registered names lost to the school. It is of no use to account for this by saying that in these days of cheap travelling our senior scholars remove to other centres of industry. This may apply to village schools; but in towns is there not a "give and take" principle at work—a compensating process in operation?

On the other hand, what is the case with our congregations—not that floating element, here to-day, gone to-morrow—but the congregation proper, as tested by seat-rent statistics? Does it fluctuate in like proportion? Most assuredly no. "The family pew" is

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with us an institution. The good seat-letting shepherd knows every "box" by its number, and can tell all the absentees thereof by their names. What boots it? If not occupied, the seat is paid for! But suppose we were able to draft into our chapels a tithe, say, of our absentee scholars, who should prove steady, earnest, Sabbath-observing men and women; by and bye a few, at all events, of those dummy worshippers, who having ears hear not, neither speak they through their throat, would either wake up and take their rightful place in the church, or be elbowed out to make room for an ever-increasing influx of earnest and zealous workers, such as every Christ inspired school would supply.

In clearing the way for the free discussion of the subject before us, this paper does not pretend to do more than endeavour to discover the hiding-place of the missing link, and to unearth it. Buried it is. By whom or where buried it will be our duty to ferret out. Numbers of odd links have been found and tried, only to be thrown upon one side as inoperative. One instance we may notice. Much blame has been cast at the minister for not more frequently adapting his sermon to the minds of the children. The cry now being raised against the servant of Christ for not adjusting his phraseology to the comprehension of children, coming principally, as it does, from the Sabbath school teacher, is unworthy of his usually shrewd character and generous disposition. Preaching as it is to-day may not be quite suited to the intellect of a child; but the preacher is what his adult auditory has made him. He must preach at least two new sermons weekly, and those sermons must be "up to the mark," or his seat-rents suffer, and his hearers show unequivocal signs of mutiny. The incomes—good, bad, and indifferent—which in our wisdom we give to our ministers, are not voted in order that the rising generation may have historic sermons preached to them, or little domestic stories related. Strong meat is asked for, and strong meat will be had. Doctrinal niceties must be nicely defined. Saints, of great and varied experience, have to be "edified," "fed," "built up." It must first be clearly shown that the scholars are deterred from entering our sanctuaries through the

style of the minister's address; and if that be satisfactorily demonstrated, the question will still arise, not why cannot our ministers accommodate their preaching to the scholars' needs, but, if they did, would their congregations accept milk diet? When will teachers cease to find fault with outsiders, and be willing to accept the lion's share of responsibility when mischief arises?

The children's separate service is the closest approach to the required bond of union; but this seems to fall short of the great object in view. Too much cannot be said in their favour. They supply a want more and more discernible. The heart and affections have often been won over at one of these simply-conducted meetings, which the oft-repeated lesson in the class has failed in accomplishing. But then, the holding of them is not always practicable. The number of schools is happily increasing which successfully carry out these separate services; and, so far as they succeed, supply a missing link between chapel and school. But it is not every school which has a separate room quite away from the chapel. It would be intolerable for the congregations to be listening to the scholars giving voice to our popular melodies whilst engaged in the services of the Lord's house. Certain schools are adapted for holding such services. Certain other schools are not; because, where the windows of the school and chapel look out upon the same area, the singing of the one must disturb the worship of the other. This is a question, therefore, for individual schools to take up, rather than one applicable to the subject before us.

Hitherto the missing link has been sought for too far from home. M. Alex. Dumas, the younger, has within the last fortnight been addressing his countrymen. His language, with very slight alteration, may be made to do duty here. He says: "All the world is crying that we want a man. Where is the man who will save us? Don't look so far for this man, you have him at hand, this man—it is you, it is I, it is each one of us. Be each one a man; and the providential man, the great man, whom we always end by overturning and vituperating, will become completely useless." Whilst the teacher has been exploring likely and unlikely fields abroad, he has omitted his own little

paddock hard by. He has resembled too much the pastor of whom he complains. That proportion of his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength—whatever that proportion may be—which he has been giving to Sunday school work, has been centred in the school room, seemingly oblivious of the fact that his scholars neither eat, nor drink, nor work, nor sleep there. Three hours out of one hundred and sixty-eight per week—fifty-six chances to one against him and in favour of his adversary. We need not wonder at his want of success, or that his scholars should break loose from *such* a tie; but we may marvel that, when he sees how little hold has been gained on the after-life of his late scholars, he should look for other shoulders than his own on which to throw the onus of his individual want of success. The chapel will never be thoroughly welded to the school whilst the teacher remains in ignorance of the home life of his scholars. Teachers either cannot, or will not, visit. The absence of a scholar two consecutive Sundays is suggestive either of illness, want of clothes, or, what is more likely, want of interest in the school. A scholar away for but two Sundays may be brought back with little or no difficulty; whilst the absence of twice two Sundays is often sufficient to sever all connection and association with the school. If teachers rightly understood the value of the three hours' exclusive Sabbath influence over which they have control, and recognized the duty of personal visitation to the homes of their scholars, there would be little or no need for papers like the present. Sunday schools, instead of being made what they might be made—an immense blessing to thousands and tens of thousands of stragglers from her fold—are, comparatively speaking, huge failures. Two or three per cent. per annum gained to the church! Brothers, what do you think of this beggarly interest for capital embarked? *Twenty* per cent. lost to the school every year. Brethren, what of this? *Twenty* per cent on the wrong side of your ledger annually. Commercially speaking, bankruptcy in five years. It is the exception, not the rule, to find a grown-up person who, at some period or other of his life, never entered a Sabbath school. Is it the rule, or the exception, to see that same person fre-

quenting the courts of the house of the Lord, zealously affected in the good cause? The sooner we blurt out the unwelcome truth that the world, the flesh, and the devil are competing—aye and successfully competing—with us for the rich spoils of our schools, the sooner we shall cease to make excuses for our ill success, and do battle to gain the vantage ground which has been so long monopolised by the enemy.

Many collateral causes suggest themselves as barring the way from plucking the ripe fruit; such as the evil influences of unconverted parents, traffic in strong drink, and Saturday night casinos. All these are sadly working the leaven of unrighteousness, and stand in the path alike of preacher and teacher. But it is not for the Sunday school teacher, engaged as he is in a specific work, morbidly to dwell on evils outside his chapel or school duties; *this* will not conduce to a healthy condition of Christian activity.

The Union statistics have of late years shown a lamentable falling off in the *morning* attendance at school. Remedy this evil, and to a certain extent you remedy that of non-attendance at our places of worship. But the problem before us is, really, how to prevent the drifting away altogether of our scholars from both school and chapel. *Go* they do—the fact is indisputable. Why *do* they go? Is it too grave a charge to lay the blame in a vast number of instances at the teachers' own door? The teacher must himself show the more excellent way. Absentee teachers, as a matter of course, make truant scholars. The rank and file of the class can always be judged by the teacher's own personal attendance, as well as by his promptness in looking up defaulting scholars. Where there is one teacher who religiously makes it a duty to prepare for his class, there are two who leave that preparation to the doctrine of chances. Reading chapter after chapter in the Bible is not teaching, any more than sending to the librarian for a good story book, and reading it by the half-hour at a stretch, is teaching. There needs more forecasting, and less impulsiveness, in our teachers; more *sustained sympathy* towards the scholars on the part of the teachers. Care must be taken that we rightly understand this word. Walk-

ing straight up to your class—possibly shaking the scholar formally by the hand—giving, it may be, unmistakably “good” lessons, marking the names, and walking straight back again, is not sympathy. Sympathy is not duty. Sympathy often commences where duty leaves off. The one is the pure outcome of simple conscientiousness, the other the simple outflow of pure affection. The teacher should be felt to be the personal friend of the scholar. A teacher of the writer's acquaintance makes a *practice* of taking a country walk with one or two of his scholars. He knows their daily habits, advises them in their difficulties—indeed, has made himself a necessity to the class. *The result is a collection of young men not often seen in our places of worship.* Another adult class of young men, intimately known to the writer, was similarly shepherded by a valued teacher, now residing in London. How many of those young men are indebted to him for the painstaking care he exercised in obtaining for them situations and looking after their temporal interests, it is impossible now to say; *but the fragrance of his name alone has linked those young men*—one in Australia, one or two in America, a few scattered about the country, *all doing well—to some recognised religious body.* A lady teacher, bearing the name of one of our most honoured fathers for Christ's sake, is better known to her girls in the week-day than even on the Sabbath-day. Mark her influence in the class. She happens to hold strong opinions as to the future restoration of God's ancient people, and there was not one of those scholars who did not subscribe to the Mission for evangelizing that nation. Her love to the Orissa Mission was no less ardent, and most, if not all, of her class subscribed to that Mission too. And when circumstances arose which prevented her from continuing her school duties, it was an understood thing—and is so to this moment—that she would remain their friend and counsellor. *The great majority of those girls have become members of one of our Baptist churches.* Teacher, go thou and do likewise. Let it be said of you—

That “in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her now-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

There is a latent power for good possessed by teachers which is little dreamed of—a mild, beneficent way, which, if gently exercised, would be followed with startling results; the secret of it all lying in those little nameless attentions which come so gracefully from the teacher, and are so welcomed by the scholar; creating that subtle bond of union, which cannot be characterized, but which bind the hearts of those under its influence to the same people and to the same God.

Do we, then, plead for a more highly educated class of teachers? All things being equal, *Yes.* All things not being equal, *No.* We already possess the material in our existing staff of teachers. There is no necessity whatever for fresh faces in our classes. We have too many as it is. Scholars do not care for them. Nothing conduces so much to making the Sunday school the Sunday home as the well-known and oft-scanned countenance of the veteran teacher. It is not new blood so much that is wanted, as the old blood renewed. The heart is there, the affections are there, or why their presence at all in the school? An engine may be perfection itself—every rod, and crank, and cylinder of highly-finished metal—the fire under the boiler be briskly burning, but the engine itself remains cold and motionless. There is a strange absence of life about it, and yet power is there—a wondrous working power—waiting for the touch, it may be, of but a child's hand to make it the means of forming agents of usefulness, that have the ends of the earth only for their boundary. As the touch of the infant is sufficient to set in motion the powerful steam engine, so may the weakest member of the class sometimes bring into play the pent-up fountain of a teacher's soul—perennial springs of love and devotion, that shall flow on and on until they lose themselves for ever in that “pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, which John saw proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.” Oh, let the Lord send forth the Rod of His strength out of Zion,

that our children may drink of that spiritual Rock—the Rock Christ Jesus.

We do not, then, ask for other teachers than those who now work in this vineyard of the Lord; but we do plead for a larger share of personal attention to the individual scholar than at present is deemed requisite. It would be more than ungenerous—it would be unjust—to compare the teacher in our school to the modern shepherd, who drives his sheep before him with whip and dog. But have they entered into the spirit of the good Shepherd, who, going before his sheep, calling them all by their names, *leadeth them out*, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice. We would say with the weeping prophet, “Stand ye in the way and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein.” Had our Saviour confined his teaching to the precincts of the temple, the woman with an issue of blood twelve years could not have approached Him so closely as to touch Him. Had He conformed to the manners and customs of society of that day, it would never have been said of Him, “This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.” He consulted not his own physical comfort when weary at Samaria’s well. He was as accessible to the timid Nicodemus by night as he was in the day-time to the boldest of His disciples—the indomitable Peter.

The water which He poured into the basin, and the towel wherewith He girded himself, were not a rebuke confined to the days of the apostles. He was a pattern teacher. He not only *called* the little ones unto Him and said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,” but He *TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS* and blessed them.

Become, then, beloved fellow-teacher, the elder brother to your class on the six days of the week, that God may hallow and bless your work on the seventh day. Be more familiar with fustian jackets than you are with broad cloth. Sunday holiday attire is not the index to a child’s life. Sink and blot out for ever the appellation—Sabbath-day teacher. Let it not be once more named amongst you. Assume your new and legitimate title—the EVERY DAY FRIEND—and you will find yourself in the possession of almost a magnetic attraction over each member of your class; and such will be the fascinating influence of your Christ-like life upon the heart of the young impressionable scholar, that he will in his own conduct testify to the recovery of the once missing link, while he exclaims, “Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. X.—*Companions.*

“WHAT, is it you, Charlie! Can it be possible!” exclaimed Thomas Algar, as he looked with blank astonishment and dismay at the bloated face, bent and feeble form of a young but worn-out man staggering along, and leaning his heavy weight upon a weak and dejected woman, who seemed even more wretched than the miserable creature she patiently and lovingly sustained. Thomas Algar had just got out of the train at Moorgate Street Station, and was hurrying along to his offices in the City when his attention was thus suddenly arrested by the sight of Charles Butler, an old class-mate at the Grammar School in the country, and, indeed, in some small degree, a companion of

his earlier years. The first impulse, even in so kind a heart as his, was to turn away in disgust and pay no heed to an object so loathsome and despicable; but more generous and Christian thoughts soon prevailed. Pity gushed forth in sympathizing streams, and making himself known to the sorrowful and despairing woman, he at once set himself bravely to the unwelcome task of helping the miserable drunkard along. Away they went, on one side of Finsbury Circus, and through Wilson Street, until they reached the dilapidated and ill-furnished rooms in Worship Street, which, by a sort of painful satire, was called “*homo.*” Mr. Algar, having tried in vain for some

moments to converse with his old companion, turned to Mrs. Butler, and said, in a soft, piteful tone—

"And pray how has all this come about. I was never more astonished in my life than I was this morning to see Charles Butler in such a state. It is fifteen years since I last saw him. Then he was just leaving a school in which he had been one of the cleverest as well as one of the most amiable and well-disposed lads I ever knew."

"Well, sir," replied Mrs. Butler, with a subdued tenderness that told of her grief, and with a grace and accuracy that spoke very forcibly of better days, "the story is short, though sad. Probably you know that he went as a clerk to Glynn's, the banker's."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, there it was that he made the acquaintance of Herbert Lewis, a youth of extremely 'fast' habits, but of winning and captivating manners. He was, what is commonly called amongst young men, 'good-hearted,' extremely clever, brimming over with wit and anecdote, always ready for a 'spre'e,' and withal as vicious as he was agreeable, and as sceptical as he was clever. His frank and open countenance only deceived you, for behind it was a most polluted heart. Too soon, alas! Charlie was caught in his wiles. His parents, hearing of it, and having in his growing indifference to them full proof that something was wrong, warned him again and again, but in vain; he suffered himself to be more and more ensnared; and though he kept his place and did not seriously commit himself for years, yet he gradually fell from bad to worse, until now I almost despair of his recovery!"

Mr. Algar was both a total abstainer and a Christian, and from his experience and by his sympathy he encouraged the weeping woman to hope for the restoration of her husband to habits of sobriety, and a life of comfort and uprightness, and with a promise to call again as soon as possible, he hasted away to his work in the city. He arrived there somewhat later than usual, but filled with the satisfaction that springs from honest and loving efforts to do good, although saddened with the painful reflection that Charles Butler's was only one case out of the thousands of young people in this city who have fallen a prey to fascinating,

mirthful, "good-hearted," but ruinous companions.

Few acts in life require more care, deserve more thoughtfulness, than the choice of companions, and yet few get less of either care or thought. *Mostly young people take their friends as they come, and make no real choice at all.* They drift into friendships, urged along by the winds of circumstance and feeling, and do not steer their way to any haven they understand, or along a course they can intelligently and safely trust. And yet to allow ourselves to drift into companionships is far less wise than to sail on the broad ocean without either helm or chart. Life or death, prosperity or adversity, success or failure, are in the power of these youthful friendships. They make or mar, and that for ever. You are not crystals, hard, unyielding, and of definite forms; but plastic masses waiting the moulding influence of those with whom you associate. I notice that the caterpillars on my gooseberry bushes are mostly of a delicate green hue; in fact they have taken the colour of their food, and so we exhibit the colour of the society in which we move. Make friends, therefore, with the mind fully awake, and take care not to have any one as a companion because he or she seems to be thrust upon you. *Choose, and choose wisely!*

And in choosing, follow this plain rule—*Reject doubtful companions at once.* Dr. Hamilton tells the story of James Nisbet (the publisher) coming to London. "On a wintry day in 1803 a lad left his native Kelso so sad at heart that as he stood that night on the bridge at Berwick the tear had almost frozen on his cheek. It was on his eighteenth birthday when he found himself, for the first time, in our great labyrinth, and on one of the first evenings after his arrival, a youth who from the same vicinity had gone up to town the previous year took him out to see the sights. The street ended in a blind alley, and as his companion knocked at the door it was opened by some light looking girls, evidently well-acquainted with their visitor. With instant revulsion the new-comer started back, for instinctively he felt that it was the house which inclineth unto death. In much agitation he exclaimed, 'Oh! where are you going?' and he entreated his companion to

come away. That companion only laughed at him; and as our friend sought his way back to his lodging he felt very desolate. Here, in a few months, London had made a virtuous youth a profligate; and as if walking amid snares and pitfalls and strange mysteries of iniquity, he trembled for himself. The whole thing was too painful for him until he went into the sanctuary. Then the little church brightened into a Bethel and helped to cheer the following week, and then came the introduction to the minister, and the class in the Sunday school, and the acquisition of one friend after another, till at last the streets, which at his first arrival were haunted by gloomy phantoms and cruel ghosts, grew populous with brethren in the Lord; till he who had himself been so graciously preserved became distinguished for his efforts in preserving and strengthening his younger brethren." That is the only right plan. Shun doubtful companions AT ONCE. It is far easier to keep from them than it is to leave them after having once associated with them. Take care of the *beginnings* of friendship. When once on the edge of a whirlpool you know not if you will ever come out. A moth has just urged his way through my open study window, attracted by the glare of the gas-light. Round and round he flies, and round again. Now he scorches his wings, and darts away as though warned in time. No! even that is not enough. Here he comes again, and with less wing-power he approaches the flame. He is burnt again, still he keeps near the light, as though he could not leave it. At last he falls, and lies dead on the desk. So hundreds of young persons are led into the fires of remorse, charmed by the fitful glare of pleasant but false and ruinous companionships. Better play with serpents and let them send their deadly fangs into the tender flesh; better seek the fierce prowling wolf, or lie down in the path of the panther, than yield to corrupt and godless society. *Have no companions at all rather than bad ones.* If you are already in the net, break loose at once. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

But by bad friends I do not mean openly and avowedly bad. Such will not ensnare you. You have rather to

watch against those who, in spite of much apparent goodness, are likely to turn out bad. Your friends are young, and you do not see yet what they really are. Their characters are *being made*, and are not yet fully manifested. Still there are indications which you must study. Straws will tell the way of a stream, and feathers the course of the winds. "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right," and those who are older ought to be more easily known. Gather up, then, the "instances" which show character, and try to make out what they mean; and if they only faintly suggest double-dealing, two-facedness, insincerity, dishonesty, extravagance, indolence, uncleanness of thought and desire, or irreligion, be on your guard. Stand warily, as one expectant of a foe. Accept no mere professions of attachment till you have made sure that these evils do not exist. Do not trifle with the wrong because it is slight. There may be but a scarcely perceptible speck on the surface of a tooth full of decay, and needing only a little more than the usual pressure to break away. Above all, observe, as *beacon-marks*, any signs of FALSENESS, IMPURITY, or IRREVERENCE, and give their possessors the widest possible berth.

(1.) On every account have *truth* in your companions. It is a jewel above all price. It is the basis of all moral worth. The soul moves on truth as a lever on its fulcrum. What the helm is in steering a vessel, and the anchor in holding it, such is truth to man. To be without it, is as though we had houses without foundations, and arches without key-stones. Never "buy" a companion with your love and friendship unless you "buy the truth" in him. Avoid those who equivocate. Shun the path of such as always dip the brush in the deep colours of exaggeration before they paint. Nothing will make up for the absence of truth, therefore, by all means, get it, or go without a friend.

(2.) And *purity* is scarcely of less importance: for it is the girdle which holds all the graces together, and when once it is lost, honour, and love, and all their sweet kindred, droop and die. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Watch the lips. If they yield unclean words,

or suggest unclean thoughts, make up your mind at once, and have done with their owner forthwith. Eve listened to the tempter, and fell.

(3.) But the surest test of all is in the point of *reverence for God, and truth, and goodness*. We surely need in our companions those who can help us, who will strengthen faith and godliness rather than render them weaker and put us in peril. Such as jest with sacred things, trifle with religion, mock the claims of conscience and jeer at the Bible, should be avoided with as much care and anxiety as you avoid deadly poison and virulent contagion. He is my worst enemy who weakens my faith in Christ, and from him I

should flee as from Satan. Shun, then, the idle, the extravagant, the "fast," the dishonest, the lover of pleasure, the impure, but above all keep clear of the irreverent and irreligious, and covet earnestly the society of those who are true Christians, thoroughly and transparently good, and eager to follow the broad precept of Paul, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are seemly (or honourable), whatsoever things are right, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: and whatever virtue there is, and whatever praise, think on these things."

J. CLIFFORD.

THE DENS OF CENTRAL LONDON.

No. I.—*Cow Cross and Clerkenwell Green.*

Cow Cross! Where is that? exclaims the reader. It is a district in the vicinity of Smithfield meat market, east and north-east of the Farringdon Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway. Let the reader suppose himself at the top of Cheapside, by Peel's statue; then passing up Newgate Street, and by Christ's Hospital and the forbidding Newgate prison, he turns up Giltspur Street, and leaving the new Holborn Viaduct to the left passes the celebrated "Pye Corner," at which the great fire of London ceased, after burning continuously day and night from the second to the tenth of September, 1666. Pye Corner is at the angle which Cock Lane (the scene of the notorious Cook Lane ghost story) forms with Giltspur Street. Over the public-house at the corner is the figure of a little white boy, very fat indeed, placed in its present position to denote the supposed fact that the fire of London was due to the sin of gluttony. A preacher there spoke on the anniversary of the fire: "The calamity could not be occasioned by the sin of blasphemy, for in that case it would have begun at Billingsgate; nor lewdness, for then Drury Lane would have been first on fire; nor lying, for then the flames had reached them from Westminster Hall. No, my beloved, it was occasioned by the sin of gluttony, for it began at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pye Corner." At the top of Giltspur Street is Smithfield; then going up St. John's Street and along St. John's Lane, the traveller arrives at one of the most curious remains of old London now standing. This is St. John's Gate, now known as "the old Jerusalem Tavern," founded A.D. 1100, and restored A.D. 1804. On one side of the archway is

a picture, nearly defaced, representing a procession of the old Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem issuing forth in full array. Excepting to the antiquary, literary man, or denizen of the locality, this relic of the past is almost unknown. It is in the parish of Clerkenwell, one of the most ancient parishes in London, and was the site of the once magnificent priory of St. John. In later times literary associations are connected with it. In 1731, Edward Cave first published here one of the oldest and most respectable of our monthly periodicals, the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and several of Dr. Johnson's works also issued from thence, and the Doctor's chair is still preserved in a room upstairs. Leaving this antique Gothic structure, you emerge into St. John's Square. The houses in this square are high, old-fashioned buildings, and were once inhabited by persons of great respectability; but now they are the abode of the lower classes. Many families dwell in one house, large numbers have only one room as a residence, and strong indications of poverty are visible on every hand. As we look at these houses a small notice board affixed to one of them attracts our attention—"London Bible and Domestic Female Mission, District No. 2." This is the Mission-room of one of the Bible women on the Cow Cross district, and a more fit spot for such valuable toil it would be difficult to find. These women are now stationed in many of the destitute and demoralized parts of London. They are under the direction of lady superintendents, whose duty it is to overlook them, and also to give addresses to the poor persons who come to the Mission-rooms; and these ladies are in their turn under the

guidance of the well-known L. N. R. (Mrs. Ranyard), the editor of the "Missing Link Magazine," and the author of "The Book and its Story." The Bible woman is the "missing link" in Christian effort. She penetrates where few others go; she is found by the bedsides of the sick poor, holding forth the "word of life," obtaining access—by virtue of her sex—to hearts which are closed even to the City Missionary. Many are the tales of wretchedness and sorrow poured into her sympathizing ear, and many the daughters of want and woe she consoles. God speed her work!

The lady superintendent of District No. 2 is Miss Burns. This Mission has been successfully carried on for nearly three years, and has aimed to supply not only the religious but also the temporal wants of those in the neighbourhood. Mothers' meetings, fathers' meetings, prayer meetings, and other meetings are held. Sound religious instruction is given at all these meetings to many whose ignorance of divine truth almost exceeds belief. Some, as might be expected, are seemingly uninfluenced by it; but many others give good evidence of their appreciation of the interest thus manifested in them. A young man was dying of a lingering disease, and though at first he refused to hear the Bible read, yet by and by his prejudices gave way, and ere he departed to another life he was able to rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven. A poor woman, who with her husband was a decided opponent of the truth was at last prevailed upon to commence a weekly subscription for a Bible. For a long time the Bible women tried to get her to the meetings without success. Every week she made excuses of one kind or another, but at length she came to one prayer meeting, and then to a second. Thus she heard the story of God's love in Christ. A day or two afterwards she was taken with a fit, and never left her bed from that time. During her illness she was visited almost daily. She appeared to be deeply anxious, and cared for nothing but to hear the Bible read. Her sense of sin was very deep. She was pointed to Him who takes all our sins away. After a while she seemed able to trust in Jesus, and to have peace of mind. The day before she died she rallied a little, and seeing the neighbours preparing to go to the meeting, she said, "Oh, I would give anything to go once more and hear the prayers and singing." But this was not permitted her, and her spirit fled the next day. Many sad cases of consumption come under the notice of the Bible woman. Exposure and want of proper food and clothes hasten many of the inhabitants of the back settlements of the metropolis to an early grave. Evil habits do a large share of the work,

as might be supposed. One of the women attending the meetings begged the Bible woman to go and see her nephew, who was dying of this complaint in a workhouse. His heart was opened to receive the gospel, and he died rejoicing in the faith of Christ. The Fenian explosion in Clerkenwell added to the long tale of woes, and injured a great many people who will never recover from its effects. One such case comes to our mind. A woman, whose husband was a Roman Catholic, now regularly attends the meetings, and seems greatly to prize them; whilst her husband has given up working on Sunday, and is interested in the preaching of the gospel in a neighbouring room opened for that purpose.

Another case must not be forgotten. A man and woman were living together unmarried. *This is not an uncommon custom in the courts and alleys of London.* Various causes contribute to this. Partly it arises from the low moral tone of the society in which these people live, and partly from the expense of being married. Many good meaning persons have paid the cost of numerous marriages in these degraded localities, the ministers of religion doing their part without charge. The man of whom we have spoken had been repeatedly urged to make his companion his wife. She was much younger than himself, and was considered a good-looking person. He always seemed much attached to her, but said he had vowed never to marry, and would not. Frequent persuasion at length induced him to give his consent. In almost every case of the kind of which we ever heard, the unwillingness is on the part of the man and not of the woman. Her sense of propriety convinces her of the rightness of honourable union, and the legal hold which marriage gives her over her husband increases her desire. This couple were in due course united, and the wife was soon afterwards led to the Lord Jesus; and when after a six weeks' illness she died, she gave evidence of "a good hope through grace."

To those who have never visited such localities as Cow Cross, much that eye-witnesses say about them looks like gross exaggeration. Every word we write is true, for if we have not seen the things described we have had them from those actually engaged in the work, and whose veracity is undoubted. In many of the courts and alleys—some are indeed dens—vice and its concomitant, wretchedness, abound. In numberless instances the misery arises from misfortune and poverty which can hardly be alleviated. Recklessness and imprudence have much to do with the crime in which they often end. Dense, gross, dark ignorance also contributes its share to the influences which sink the

population of the "back slums" lower and lower. But certainly experience has shown that Bible-Women-Mission work has been honoured of God, and that in the densely-populated metropolis, and among the lowest class, the worker must be one who can speak to the people in their own way and from a fully sympathizing heart, and with that delicate tact which only women possess. And if any are inclined to judge harshly of the success of the workers, we beg them to bear in mind the enormous difficulties of doing *anything* among the people here described, and to pray that through their instrumentality the "Sun of Righteousness" may illuminate hundreds of the benighted dwellers in the dens of central London.

Leaving St. John's Square we pass through Jerusalem Passage, turn to the left through Aylesbury Street, and come out on Clerkenwell Green. It is a summer Sunday evening about seven o'clock. Groups of people are standing around various men who are addressing them. Let us hear what they have to say. The largest crowd is listening to a man who speaks with a strong Irish accent on the wrongs of Ireland, and as an advocate of the "Land and Labour League" pleads for a division of the soil of Great Britain and Ireland among the poorer classes, so that each person may have enough to cultivate for the wants of himself and family. Little regard is paid to the rights of present owners—the poor have a just demand upon the wealth of the rich. Nor is this all. Universal suffrage, short Parliaments, vote by ballot, paid members, are also the crying wants of the people. He clearly belongs to the extreme Radical party. "Reynolds'" and "Lloyd's" are his favourite newspapers at home, whilst in Ireland his views are upheld by the "Flag of Ireland," the "Weekly News," the "Irishman," and others of less note. The speaker becomes very warm on the forced exile of so many Irishmen to America, and is by no means satisfied with Gladstone's Land Bill and other measures which have of late been introduced into Parliament to redress the wrongs of Ireland. In fact he is an "irreconcilable," and around him are Fenians, Socialists, Secularists, and others—all opposed to the existing order of things. During the months of February, March, and April, 1870, we were in Ireland, visiting Belfast, county Tyrone, and other places, and we saw that these orators grossly overstate their case. Doubtless there are difficulties. The evil results of generations of misrule cannot be rectified in a moment, but men of the class we have just described only complicate the position of affairs. In Ireland they are summarily dealt with by the strong hand of the law;

and to us it is a matter of surprise that while the Government will hardly allow even a fair discussion of these subjects on the other side of St. George's Channel, they permit most disloyal utterances in the centre of London. The words of the mob orator evidently found a ready response, and his auditors showed their appreciation of his rude eloquence by frequent cheers.

A smaller crowd is listening to a Secularist. He advocates the opening of the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, and other places of instruction and amusement on Sunday. The theatres, also, he would open for the recreation of the people. His ideal is a Parisian Sunday, except that he would not have any work done by the labouring classes in the fore part of the day. The chief burden of his speech is the monopoly of influence enjoyed by the ministers of religion over the public. No words are too hard for him to use towards them or the religious truths they teach. The Bible is a book full of errors—useless as a guide in matters even of history and morals. Its miracles are fictitious, and even the character of Christ is not above reproach. It is enough to say that his "leader and guide" is the "National Reformer," and his prophet is Mr. Bradlaugh.

A third group is assembled round a Pole from Warsaw, apparently about sixty years of age, and of most haggard aspect. His purpose is to tell them that he has just been set free from an unjust imprisonment, for though he has been in several prisons in Poland and Germany, yet he never committed a crime. He claims to be the Messiah, and therefore he has been incarcerated. Three Saviours of the world have appeared—Moses, Jesus, and himself—the last being the greatest. He is very bitter because he has not been accepted, and because the police in Poland, Germany, and England have taken him in custody for creating disturbances with his foolish public addresses, by mixing up political matters with his personal grievances. The fact is, he is insane, though on some matters he talks very rationally. He was sent to prison by the magistrate on this last occasion for disturbing the peace and insulting the court. His proper place is a lunatic asylum.

Another company is addressed by an uneducated, illiterate, and earnest street preacher, whose first sentence is "These is solemn words," referring to his text. As he proceeds he informs his hearers that they can "hunderstand the Bible without heducaation." He "don't want no heducaation." "Aint the Bible plain? The Bible is full of blood. The devil would blot it out if he could; but the Lord Jesus has placed it there, and he can't." Such is his

style of speech. His views of future punishment are not uncertain: "In the future hell to which you will go, unless you repent, you will feel the waves of brimstone going over you for ever and ever." He is a type of a few of the preachers of the pavement, who call congregations together in the metropolis on Sunday evenings, and seek to communicate the blessing of salvation to the lost around them. All of them are very zealous in the cause of truth, and as a rule they are evangelical in sentiment. They are rough, very rough diamonds. But we know the Almighty often uses singular instruments to effect his purposes, and some of these men are useful in His service.

Immediately in front of the Sessions House we see the stand of the City Mission. Chosen for the work on account of their qualifications for it, their agents are men of a different stamp from those above. Their characters and abilities are properly investigated before they are accredited by the Society. Their districts are spread over the great metropolis in nearly all those parts where they are needed. In the "slums" around Clerkenwell Green, Seven Dials, Drury Lane, Ratcliff, Shadwell, and similar haunts of poverty, vice, ignorance, and dirt, these pioneers of Christianity are to be seen—ministering to the bodies and souls of those under their care, going from house to house reading the Scriptures and offering prayer with the lowest of the low. They also conduct prayer meetings, social meetings, night schools, penny banks, Bands of Hope, and other useful agencies. To

speaking a word about the love of Jesus by the bedsides of the sick and dying, to read a portion of Scripture to the blind and infirm who are confined to their homes, to address a few earnest kind words to the groups of costermongers as they are preparing for the day's business, forms part of the Missionaries' task. The man who leaves his native land for India, Africa, or the South Seas, is the recipient of much honour. He is regarded as one who has by this act ennobled himself. For a time, at least, his name is illustrious, and his friends remember him with pride. The Home or City Missionary is not looked upon in this way. He is often spoken of as "*only* the Missionary;" yet he is really doing a great and noble work. He toils among those who, but for him and the Bible woman, are often without a friend. It is impossible to imagine what London would have been now had it not been for Christian workers such as these. "Sinks of iniquity" have become comparatively respectable—nay, more than respectable, even Christian, through their influence. As we approach the preaching stand we hear the well-known hymn—

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

The discourse which follows from the Missionary is a plain gospel sermon, setting forth in a homely way such truths as ruin, redemption, regeneration. The wickedness of sin, the folly of repentance delayed, the willingness of God to welcome the sinner, are the ideas which are presented to the minds of the crowd around the preacher. May God bless His word!

R. A. HATCHARD.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

It is as we expected. Every School Board is finding the "religious difficulty" in its way. These Boards cannot compel parents to send their children to school without offering to pay for them. If they pay, then the question arises, shall they pay for a sectarian and irresponsible school, or for the Board school. To such an inquiry there is only one just and true answer, and that is the rulers of the Education Department are strongly bent on withholding, as witness their recent treatment of the by-laws of Portsmouth and Walsall. Mr. Foster and his allies are in favour of denominational education, and desire to give the parents who take the pay for their children's education the right to choose a sectarian school if they think fit. This is not "religious equality." This is not justice. If adopted, it will be another crusade on our consciences and pockets; and if we Nonconformists are worthy of our fathers

and of our principles, we shall resist such encroachments to the last degree, and "take joyfully the spoiling of our goods," rather than submit to a resurrection of the condemned and abandoned church rate. To apply public moneys to support schools in which sectarian doctrines are taught is (1) to misuse the public funds, (2) to hand over the rates to persons who are not compelled to account to those who provide them for the way in which they are spent, and (3) to violate the first principles of civil and religious equality. Mr. Foster has mastered the "religious difficulty" in the same chivalrous way that Betty's husband conquered the bear when he leapt into the loft and left her to fight the invading monster single-handed. But we shall fight on, and when we have triumphed over this injustice, as we shall, the Minister of Education will be heard saying in joyful tones—"Hav'n't we done it? I told you we should."—ED.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. X.—*Wymeswold, Derby, Halifax, Spalding, March.*

WYMESWOLD School, which is connected with Leake, was established in 1806. The "Friar Lane log" was here patronised, but one desperate youth, who had it locked upon his ankle, managed to get down home with it, where it was soon put upon the fire, and was only saved from the devouring element by the timely arrival of a teacher; but it proved the death-blow to its further use. Badges of disgrace were pinned upon the backs of swearers, fighters, thieves, and the like; while good behaviour was rewarded with books. Unruly scholars were made to hold a *large Bible* in the hand stretched over their head, for so long a time as to make it very painful and trying to them. There seemed to be a rivalry in the schools of this period, in their early history, as to who could be most ingenious in their coercive treatment, and one wonders that boys would go at all. The Revs. John Underwood, Dr. Underwood, Joseph Underwood, and Thos. Hoe, were scholars in this school, as also were Messrs. Geo. Stubbs and T. W. Marshall.

At DERBY, where the General Baptist church was formed in 1791, they commenced a Sunday school in their first chapel in Willow Row, on the 30th of August, 1807. The Rev. Jas. Taylor, then the pastor, became its secretary, and Mr. Wilkins (father of the senior Mr. Wilkins, now of Derby) was appointed treasurer. I have no special details of the early movements of this school. The jubilee meeting is reported in the *G. B. Magazine* of Nov., 1860, as having been held on the 10th of the previous September, at St. Mary's Gate. At this meeting the school was stated to contain 605 scholars, of whom 91 were members of the church, and there were 222 above the age of fourteen years. 7000 scholars had been received into the school, and, as nearly as could be ascertained, 700 had joined the church since its commencement. It was also stated there were 55 teachers, of whom 50 were members of the church. The Sunday school possesses unusually good accommodation. In May, 1856, the friends commenced a Sunday school at Junction Street, a branch of St. Mary's Gate, which now contains 308 scholars and 17 teachers, from which many have joined the church.

Osmaston Road School, Derby, established in 1830, furnishes an instance of rapid progress and efficiency. In 1840 there were 200 scholars; in 1860, 350; and now there are 700 scholars. When the handsome new chapel was opened in Osmaston Road about nine years ago, the old Sacheverel Street chapel became wholly

available for Sunday school purposes, and our friends do not find it any too spacious for the requirements of so large a school. The pecuniary support which has been accorded to this school has been most liberal, about £1200 having been contributed to it at the anniversaries since its formation. There have been about 320 of the scholars who have become church members.

HALIFAX School was established in 1810. Nothing unusual appears to be remembered by some who have known it all along and been connected with it. They experienced at one time considerable difficulty for want of school-rooms, but they do not seem to have need of complaint on that score now. Reading and writing were taught—the latter has long since been discontinued on the Sunday. The stick and the ferule were in occasional use. I understand that a considerable number of the most reliable members of the church have come from the school. In 1841 there were 272 scholars; in 1850, when there was no minister, the number was only 173; in 1860 there were 310; and in 1869, with their branch schools at West Vale and Owendin, they report 680 scholars and 59 teachers.

The SPALDING General Baptist Sunday school was established in 1814 by Miss Thorpe, who became Mrs. Bampton, the wife of our devoted and now sainted missionary. It was commenced in a small dark room, and Miss Thorpe's first scholar (Mrs. Newling) is now living. The school was much prospered, until the increase of the numbers, and the growth of the congregation, led to the taking down of the old chapel and the erection of a new one. Our friends have found that a good school increases the congregation, by attracting the parents, whose children are kindly treated. The rod was here in use, but has long been obsolete. Catechisms were once the fashion, but are now discarded for the Sunday School Union Notes. The influence of this school upon the church has been very blessed, very many young persons having been gathered from it into the church, especially during the last two or three years. The cause at Pinchbeck, where there is now a church of about 60 members, and 100 Sunday scholars, owes its existence to the origination there of a Sunday school by the Spalding friends in 1818. Again, in 1849, another effort was commenced at PODE HOLE. A Sunday school was opened, preaching introduced, a chapel built; and last year it was reported:—"Our cause at PODE HOLE is prospering." Many from that dark neigh-

bourhood have been converted and added to the church. Another branch school, with 80 scholars, has recently been opened at Spalding Common, through the zeal of several young men connected with the Bible classes, and a good chapel is now built. With noteworthy liberality and Christian enterprise, our Spalding friends have recently erected new and fine school-rooms at a cost of £1200, including six separate class-rooms for young men and women, all conveniently and comfortably fitted up. These they find a very great advantage, as thereby they are better able to secure the attendance of adults. Prayer meetings are frequent between scholars and teachers, both on Sunday and week evenings. A most cheering revival of religion, with which these prayer meetings had much to do, took place in 1868; and out of 111 who were baptized and added to the church, 80 were scholars in the various Bible classes.

Our friends at MARCH, whose existence as a church dates back as far as A.D. 1700, opened the first Sunday school in that town in the year 1808, when four friends devoted themselves to this laudable undertaking. Unlike many others, this school was commenced in the chapel, arising probably from the absence of that prejudice and mistrust which had met the introduction of the Sunday school into other places. In a few years afterwards it was determined to extend the education given on the Lord's-day by the adoption of a night-school, which was held every Tuesday and Friday. The interest of the teachers in the happiness of the scholars was evinced still further by a resolution passed on the 25th January, 1815, part of which is somewhat amusing. It was that the Sunday scholars should have a treat of tea and cake, and after that "a glass of wine each!" The wine, I believe, has been discontinued, but the treat of tea and cake is still a standing annual institution at the March Sunday school; and I am witness to the good use they make of these anniversary occasions. Home ex-

ertions have not been the limit of Sunday school work at March, but they have established and maintained several branch schools; the first of these being opened at Eastwood End in February, 1815, and in late years relinquished for lack of teachers. The report of the March school, read at the meeting of the Isle of Ely Sunday School Union in the year 1816, gave the number of scholars as 148, deplored the fact that new scholars could not be received for lack of teachers, although some who had been trained as scholars were now usefully engaged as teachers. The influence of the school was manifest in the attendance of many of the scholars upon the means of grace. A branch school was opened at Whittle End about twenty-five years ago, which is still in useful working order. They afterwards report the opening of another branch school at Chain Bridge in 1856, which reached the number of 60 scholars. This branch, amongst other causes, suffered so much from the bigotry and persecuting intolerance of adherents of the Church of England, that it has been discontinued. This spirit has been shown against the school in the town also, where children of poor parents attending the day school in the hands, principally, of the Church party, were told that if they did not go to the Church Sunday school they should not be allowed to attend the day school. A British school was, therefore, established, and is now prosperous, and the attendance at the Sunday school has been kept up. A well-sustained infant class, adopted in 1850, and a good school library, are amongst the sinews of war of this school. Corporal punishment has always been eschewed. Only one case of expulsion has been known, and that was followed by the penitence and forgiveness of the once refractory youth. There appears to have always existed a happy spirit of sympathy and co-operation between the church and the school, and to this may be traced, in great measure, the success of this institution.

"I WILL MAKE HIM A PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE OF MY GOD."

THIS shapeless mass of stone
Shall not for ever be
Thus shapeless; wait, my working see,
And thou wilt humbly own
To me such power belongs, to me, and me alone.
I work with chisel keen,
With calm consummate skill—
No blows are wasted, all fulfil
Some purpose, though unseen;
And therefore none are wasted, therefore none
are mean.

'Tis coarse and stubborn stuff,
With flaws not slight nor few,
But still my purpose I pursue,

Manchester.

Here smoothing down the rough,
There striking angles off, till wisdom cries,
"enough."

And then, in flawless grade,
A stately pillar stands,
A labour worthy of my hands,
Without the faintest trace
Of aught that might its perfect loveliness deface.

And in my Father's shrine,
The temple I have planned,
And built, it evermore shall stand,
Shall ever brightly shine,
And from its surface smooth reflect the light
divine.

W. T. S.

Reviews.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH, DELINEATED FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT, IN ITS CONSTITUTION, WORSHIP, ORDER, MINISTERS, AND MINISTRATIONS. By Henry Webb. *Simpkin and Co.*

FIDELITY to Scripture language, and to the New Testament church precedent, is the avowed distinguishing characteristic of this elaborate treatise. Mr. Webb holds that the Bible contains an authoritative revelation of the gospel church. The written word is the product of the ministration of the first ministers of Christ, consequently whatever the churches observed, evidently with the Divine approval, is to be taken as exemplifying the oral teachings first given, and then recorded for the purpose of directing our obedience. Narrow is the sphere allowed to the dictates of expediency. The apostolic pattern is to be faithfully and thoroughly imitated. How that pattern differs from the Mosaic church on the one hand, and from its contemporaries—the Jewish Synagogue and the Grecian Assembly—is very fully described. All Christians, it is shown, are bound to enter into the fellowship of a Christian church, and regularly to attend to the leading ordinances enjoined. But what are these ordinances? Our author easily passes over baptism, and finds no room whatever for it; for he begins his description of the ordinances, not from the forty-first verse of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles—and which, describing the divine order, says, "They therefore that *gladly received his word were baptized*, and the same day there were *added unto* them about three thousand souls"—but at the next, the forty-second verse, "They continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers;" and bases upon these words his statement that the "leading ordinances" are the Lord's Supper, prayer and praise, study of and instruction in the word of God, and fellowship—which last includes giving. In this way baptism is shelved, and the ordinance which marks the crisis of the new life is quietly ignored. What right Mr. Webb has to begin his description of the ordinances of the church at the forty-second rather than the forty-first verse we know not, nor does he declare it; and we strongly protest against his assumption that baptism is not obligatory upon all believers. As to ministry, our author is a strong advocate of the liberty of individual ministry; holds that ministers should be plural in each church, that females may

minister, and that the conventional eminence of any one minister is unauthorized. Students of church polity will find this a helpful teacher on most of the points they may have to consider, although on many they may be unable to agree with the conclusions of the painstaking author.

THOUGHTS ON THE WAY AND WORTH OF RELIGIOUS ASKING. By Rev. J. T. Jones. *Cheltenham: W. Clee.*

THESE "thoughts" on prayer are of the most healthy and stimulating kind, free from all that is morbid and enfeebling, broad and unselfish in their sympathies, practical in aim, urgent in feeling, and childlike in the simplicity and fervour of the spirit of trustfulness they breathe. The key-note is taken from the words of our blessed Lord, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son;" and the themes discussed are such as—"Ask, expecting to have," "Ask for your minister's success," "Ask for your Lord's presence," &c. No one can read these thoughts without profit, and most will find them eminently calculated to feed the fires of true devotion. They are fresh as the breezes from the sea, clear as crystal streams, and quietly helpful as the gently distilling dew.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE NO FICTION. A Tale founded on Facts. *Elliott Stock.*

A STORY of Mission life in tropical Africa presented in the form of fiction, but in its chief features and prominent characters so well sustained by the experience of the church in recent times, that it is truly described as "a tale founded on facts." As a work of art it can scarcely be considered a great success; the delineation of character is not vivid, the grouping of the leading figures does not fix and hold the attention of the reader, and the conversations are too sermonic and stilted; but still the events described are of such real human and Christian interest, that the volume is likely to kindle enthusiasm in the work of Missions to the heathen.

PERIODICALS, ETC., RECEIVED.

Appeal—Church—Congregational Miscellany—Biblical Museum (ix.)—Bye-paths in Baptist History (iv.)—Old Jonathan—Hive—Sunday Mag—Sword and Trowel.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

The next LONDON CONFERENCE will be held at Praed Street Chapel, London, Oct. 4. Business meeting at three p.m. Home Missionary meeting in the evening; addresses by the Revs. J. Lawton, J. G. Pike, and J. Sage.

The next CHESHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Macclesfield, on Tuesday, Oct. 3. Rev. E. K. Everett will preach. Service in the morning at 11.0; business at 2.30.
W. MARCH, Sec.

The MIDLAND AUTUMN CONFERENCE met at Zion Chapel, Burton-on-Trent, Sep. 12, the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., in the chair. Devotional exercises, in which brethren T. Goadby, G. Wright, T. Stevenson, T. W. Marshall, and W. Holmes, took part, commenced at eleven o'clock. After which the Rev. J. H. Lummis, of Swadlincote, read a paper on "Church Discipline." A brief conference on the subject of the paper then followed. All the speakers were agreed in affirming the importance of keeping in view the truth that the end of discipline is not to inflict a punishment, but to restore the offender. A vote of thanks for the interesting and excellent paper, with a request that the writer would send it to the *Magazine* for publication, was cordially passed.

The afternoon session was opened with prayer by Mr. J. Pike, of Derby.

I. The brethren appointed to search for the *Windley Trust Deeds* reported that the deeds had been found. Thanks were rendered to the brethren for their service. It was resolved, (1.) We recommend the trustees to meet and appoint one of their number to have the custody of the deeds. (2.) We recommend the church to enter a minute in the church book stating in whose custody the deeds have been placed.

II. The Rev. H. Crasweller, B.A., gave notice that at the next Conference he should propose, "That we have some acknowledged place where all the denominational trust deeds may be deposited."

III. The Conferences of *next year* to be held as follows:—The Spring Conference at Beeston; the Summer at Hugglescote; the Autumn at Melbourne. President for 1872, Rev. J. Salisbury, M.A. The Business Committee, brethren T. Goadby, F. Thompson, W. Underwood, D. Maccallum, and E. Stevenson.

IV. The church at *Watson Street, Derby*, was admitted into the Conference. There are forty-eight members, one hundred and fifty Sunday scholars, twelve teachers.

V. The *next Conference* will be held at Beeston on the Tuesday after Shrove Tuesday. Subject for the morning paper—"Our senior members; their position and duties in the church." Writer, the Rev. J. Alcorn; in case of failure, the Rev. D. Maccallum. Subject for the afternoon, "The duty of the Christian Church in relation to the drink traffic." Writer, the Rev. T. Ryder. Reports from the Churches will be given at this Conference.

VI. Resumed Conference on the *Village Churches*.

Resolved, 1. That grouping village churches with a view to pastoral help is most desirable.

2. That we recommend village churches without pastors to appoint elders from among themselves whose duty shall be to look after the spiritual interests of the church.

3. It is desirable that town ministers should occasionally visit and preach in the villages on the Sunday or week-days.

4. It is desirable that the stated and occasional preachers in each district should confer together at least once a year.

The state and prospects of our village churches (besides a patient conference thereon by an influential and representative committee) have now occupied the anxious consideration of the conference during two afternoon sessions, and the above resolutions have been passed, believing that their adoption would greatly promote the prosperity of the churches in question.

The Rev. W. Evans, of Dover Street, Leicester, preached in the evening.

CHARLES CLARKE, *Secretary*.

CHAPELS.

DERBY—*New Chapel, Junction Street, Branch of St. Mary's Gate*.—On Sunday, August 27th, the first services in connection with the opening of the new chapel at Junction Street were held in St. Mary's Gate. Mr. H. Varley, of London, was the preacher, morning and evening, to very large and attentive congregations. On Sunday, Sept. 3, the new chapel was opened; the morning service was conducted by the pastor of the church, the Rev. H. Crasweller, B.A., and that in the afternoon by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A.; and in the evening a public prayer meeting was held. On the following Monday a public tea meeting took place, at which over two hundred sat down to tea. At the meeting afterwards, the pastor presiding, appropriate addresses were delivered by

the chairman, also the Revs. W. Griffith, T. Goadby, J. H. Lummis (Swadlincote), W. Hill, Mr. E. C. Ellis, and other friends. The choir of the St. Mary's Gate chapel assisted the friends at Junction Street, and several anthems, &c., were performed. The congregations were large at each meeting, and the collections very liberal. The contributions to the re-building fund at the opening services amount to £100. The new chapel, which has been built by Mr. Dusautoy, of Derby, is a plain and substantial structure, capable of seating some 400 persons, with numerous school and class-rooms underneath, there being a large and highly flourishing Sunday school of 350 young people in connection with this branch.

DUFFIELD. New Organ.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 17, Rev. J. Alcorn preached two sermons to crowded congregations on the occasion of the opening of a new organ. Mr. T. Abell presided at the organ. On the Monday following a public tea meeting took place, and afterwards Mr. Alcorn preached again. Collections over £7 6s.

LENTON, near Nottingham.—The anniversary sermons were preached on Sunday, Sept. 10, by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B. Tea and public meeting on Monday, J. Bayley, Esq., in the chair; addresses by Revs. J. Clifford, T. Ryder, J. Wolfenden, and Messrs. Marriott and Parkes. Proceeds £36.

WEST RETFORD.—An interesting ceremony took place a few days ago, when a large company assembled to witness the turning of the first sod by the wife of the pastor on the ground dedicated to the erection of a place of worship to be known as Trinity Baptist Tabernacle. The church at Retford, under the ministry of the Rev. J. J. Dalton, has revived, and has resolved to build a chapel worthy of the town.

SCHOOLS.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE AND CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE GENERAL BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, held its forty-third anniversary at Gedney, Broadgate, July 20. The usual prayer meeting was held at 7.0 a.m., and at ten o'clock (Rev. B. Hackett presiding) the reports of the various schools were read, after which the Rev. T. S. Purser, of Long Sutton, preached the annual sermon from Galatians vi. 9. At 2.30 p.m., Mr. R. T. Bayley, of Boston, the chairman of the year, gave the annual address. Mr. J. T. Atton, of Spalding, read a paper entitled, "The Picture of a well ordered and successful Sabbath School." The following took part in the subsequent discussion, Revs. W. Sharman, J. C. Jones, Mr. T. Sharman, and the Chairman. At 6.30 the evening meeting commenced, the Revs.

F. Chamberlain, B. Hackett, T. S. Purser, Messrs. Sharman, Fish, Green, and others, giving addresses. The next meeting is to be held at Spalding. Preacher, Rev. B. Hackett; or in case of failure, Rev. E. Bott. Chairman, Mr. Franks, Gedney. The subject of the annual paper, "The best means for securing the more regular and punctual attendance of our Sabbath scholars." Writer, Mr. Best, of Boston.

KIRBY.—On Lord's-day, Aug. 23, two sermons were preached in the G. B. chapel on behalf of the Sabbath school by the Rev. J. Alcorn. The place was crowded almost to excess. Several suitable and interesting pieces were recited and hymns sung by the children. Collection, £14.

KIRBY FOLLY.—Sept. 3, two sermons were preached at Kirby Folly (where we have hired a room until we can build a chapel) on behalf of the Sunday school, by Mr. Godkin, of Loughborough. Collection, £4 5s.

THURLASTON.—Sept. 10, the Sabbath school sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Dickenson, of Enderby. Collections, £8.

MINISTERIAL.

BARNETT, J. P., REV.—On the 17th July, recognition services were held at Longford, near Coventry, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. P. Barnett. Three hundred and fifty took tea in the school-room. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. G. Smith, the senior deacon, who welcomed Mr. Barnett. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. W. B. Davis, E. C. Pike, H. Cross, S. Hilyard, G. L. Withers, and J. Barnett, the father of the pastor.

EVANS, W., REV.—On Aug. 22, recognition services were held at Dover Street chapel, Leicester, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. Evans (late of Stalybridge) as pastor of Dover Street church. The Mayor, J. Stafford, Esq., presided at the public meeting. Mr. Harvey gave a statement concerning the history of the church. The Rev. A. North, of Stalybridge, spoke of Mr. Evans' career in the town he had just left. Rev. Dr. Underwood expounded "The Pastoral Office," and Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., described "The Duties of the Church to the Pastor." Then the pastor elect delivered a fitting, practical, and outspoken address, and the enthusiastic meeting was concluded with words of welcome to Mr. Evans from the Revs. T. Stevenson, J. C. Pike, A. Mackennal, B.A., and J. Wood.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. J. HARRISON.—A meeting was held in Lombard Street chapel, Birmingham, on Sept. 19, to present a testimonial to the Rev. J. Harrison,

the late pastor. Mr. Harrison has held the pastorate of the church for ten years—first as the colleague of the Rev. G. Cheate, and for the last seven years as sole pastor. For two years past he has been in a declining state of health, his ministry being interrupted by more than one season of complete prostration; and, acting under medical advice, he has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the church. Under these circumstances, the church and congregation determined to present him with a purse of gold, as an expression of their sympathy, of their personal sense of his worth, and of the valuable services he has rendered to the church in Lombard Street and to the town of Birmingham during the last ten years. The chair was occupied by G. Atkin, Esq. The chapel was filled. The Rev. J. J. Brown addressed the meeting, and then an address to Mr. Harrison was read by Mr. Hitchcock, and presented by Mr. Pattison. The latter stated that, during Mr. Harrison's pastorate, 200 persons had been baptized. The address was as follows:—"With unfeigned regret we take leave of you as the pastor of this church, and as a minister of Christ in this town. There are some present who welcomed you here with joy ten years ago, and who bid you farewell with heartfelt sorrow. We gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in sustaining you during your residence among us, and in so greatly blessing your ministry. You have maintained an unblemished reputation; you have made a warm place in the hearts of many; and your ministry has been prospered to the growth and extension of the church of which you have been pastor. We glorify God for the grace and goodness he has displayed towards you. In bidding you farewell, we beg you will believe how deeply we sympathise with you and your dear wife in the affliction which has caused your removal from this town, and how heartily we shall rejoice in your restoration to health, and in the renewed exercise of your ministry; and we confidently assure you of the continued affection and prayers of the church and congregation to which you have so faithfully ministered." Attached to the address are signatures of the chairman, secretary, deacons, and several ministers in the town. In presenting the cheque for £200, the chairman alluded to the works which had been carried out in connection with the Lombard Street chapel through Mr. Harrison's instrumentality. The list of subscribers to the testimonial included the names of Mr. George Dixon, M.P., Mr. P. H. Muntz, M.P., Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., Rev. Chas. Vince. Mr. Harrison acknowledged the presentation in fitting terms. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. L. H. Parsons and Mr. J. W.

Kirton. Mr. Harrison's address for the winter will be 15, Norfolk Square, Southsea, Hants.

[We only speak the sentiments of the denomination generally when we say that we deeply sympathise with our brother in his enforced retirement from the work of the ministry, and fervently pray that he may be speedily restored to health and labour, and that the church at Lombard Street may be kept and nourished by the chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls.—ED.]

GILL, T., REV.—In the flourishing village of West Vale an interesting cause has been raised, chiefly by the agency of the Baptist church, North Parade, Halifax. In 1863 a room was rented, and a Sabbath school and preaching services commenced; and in August, 1869, the beautiful new chapel, with school-rooms, vestries, and minister's house, were completed. All the premises are as complete and commodious as could reasonably be desired. The cost £2000. A short time ago, the members of the Halifax church residing in and near West Vale, by their own request, were amicably dismissed in order to be formed into a separate church, and to secure the privileges of a resident ministry (*See Mag. p. 249*). The Rev. Thos. Gill, of Allerton, accepted their unanimous invitation to the pastorate, and the inaugural services were held on Saturday, Sept. 2, 1871. Tea was provided in the school-room at five. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, during which the church was organized and the pastor recognized. Mr. J. Binns, of Halifax, presided. The Rev. W. Gray, of Birchcliffe, described the nature and constitution of a Christian church. The Rev. Isaac Preston, pastor of the parent church, proposed suitable questions, first to the people, then to the pastor elect. Mr. Jonathan Horsfall responded in behalf of the people, and gave a brief history of the rise and progress of the cause. The Rev. T. Gill gave a brief reference to his ministerial history, the reasons for his removal to West Vale, formally accepted the renewed invitation, and stated the doctrines and principles which were to form the staple themes of his ministry. The Rev. J. Haley, of Stainland (Independent), presented special prayer for the pastor and the newly-formed church; and Rev. I. Preston gave a solemn and affectionate address on the relations between the church and pastor, and the duties of the former to the latter. Mr. R. Dempster, in behalf of the West Vale branch, presented to the parent church through Mr. Danl. Wilson, its senior deacon, an address, neatly engrossed on vellum, framed and glazed, as a memento of these proceedings and in grateful acknowledgement of their uniform kindness and liberality, especially their "crowning" beneficence in the beautiful chapel and other premises. Mr. Wil-

son received the presentation in behalf of the church, and in a suitable speech expressed the kind feeling of the North Parade church towards their West Vale friends, and their earnest wish and prayer for continued prosperity. The attendance was good, and the proceedings deeply interesting.

RYDER.—The first anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. T. Ryder over the church in Stoney Street, Nottingham, was celebrated at a large church tea-meeting on Tuesday evening, the 5th inst., presided over by the pastor. A handsome purse containing fifteen sovereigns was presented to Mr. Ryder by E. Barwick, Esq., on behalf of the church. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. W. Handford, E. K. Everett, and Messrs. H. Hickling, H. Cooper, J. Fernyhough, jun., E. Barwick, and W. Brown.

The Rev. T. E. RAWLINGS has intimated that he intends closing his connection with the cause at Congleton, Cheshire, at the end of October.

BAPTISMS.

BEESTON.—Aug. 30, three; Sept. 21, four, by W. Underwood.

DUFFIELD AND WINDLEY.—Sept. 3, three, by T. Abell.

EARL SHILTON.—August 27, five, by T. Hawley.

HITCHIN.—Aug. 7, two; Sept. 17, two, by J. H. Atkinson.

LEICESTER, *Dover Street*.—Aug. 20, eight, by W. Evans.

LONDON, *Praed Street*.—Aug. 30, eight, by J. Clifford.

OLD BASFORD.—Sep. 3, two, by W. Dyson.

SAWLEY.—Aug. 27, four, by J. Stenson.

SPALDING.—June 4, four; Aug. 27, four, by J. C. Jones.

TYDD ST. GILES.—Aug. 27, three, by W. S. Harcourt.

WALSALL.—Aug. 30, five, by W. Lees.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR YEAR BOOK—*Omissions, see page 58.*
—Swadlincote has contributed 1s., and Halifax 5s., towards the expenses of the late Association. S. ALLSOP, Sec.

OUR COLLEGE.

The Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A. preached the annual sermon on behalf of Chilwell College at the opening of the new session to a large congregation in Stoney Street chapel, Nottingham, on Tuesday evening, Sep. 19. The discourse was mainly addressed to students. The effects of the sermon will, it is believed, be most salutary, not merely on ministers and ministerial candidates, but on the Christian people who paid the most profound attention to it. The collection was nearly £16. The new session commenced with pleasing prospects of usefulness.

Marriages.

CORNWELL—CORNWELL.—Aug. 31, at the Pound Lane chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, by the Rev. G. Towler, Mr. Cyrus Cornwell, to Sarah Ann Cornwell, both of Isleham.

SILBY—PASSMORE.—Sept. 16, at Praed Street chapel, London, by Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., Rev. Robert Silby, of Lineholme, Yorks, to Mary Ann Passmore, of Marylebone.

"OH, THAT HE WERE A CHRISTIAN!"

HUSBAND or wife, brother or sister, parent or child, teacher or scholar, from whose heart this aspiration goes up, listen:—

Have you besought God that this dear friend might become a Christian? God hears prayer. He will hear yours, if you come to Him truly, and pour out your whole soul to Him for this blessing.

Have you warned him of the error of his way? Have you told him of the love and compassion of Jesus? Have you pointed him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world? Have you tried to bring him to the house of God, or to the prayer meeting? God's house is, in an especial manner, the place where he delights to meet the sinner, and bestow upon him His pardoning grace.

Have you prayed with him, as well as for him? If not, seek the opportunity to do so now. In tenderness and love persuade him to bow with you before the mercy-seat, and thus bring him to Jesus.

Have you so lived and acted before him, that he may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus? Christian brother, Christian sister, there is no sermon that preaches so loudly, so effectively, to the sinner, as a holy example. Glorify God in your body and spirit, which are His, and He will glorify Himself by bringing your friend to the knowledge of the truth, exemplified in your case by the beauty of a holy life.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they seeing your good works may glorify God in you."

Obituaries.

RODGERS.—Thomas Rodgers was born in the parish of Stavely, Derbyshire, in the year 1792. He came to reside in Misterton in 1811, and for nearly fifty years he worked upon one farm. For 54 years he lived what might be called a moral life, free from the vices of gambling or drunkenness; and as a workman giving general satisfaction to all concerned. As a husband he was affectionate and kind; as a father he was tender, but firm, seeking so far as he knew to train up his children aright; as a neighbour he was peaceable, sympathising, ever ready to do a good turn. Even before his conversion he never rendered evil for evil—his maxim was, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." About the year 1846 it pleased God to awaken him to a sense of his danger as a sinner. He had been trusting in moral acts; now he saw they would not save him, and he was in deep distress about his soul's salvation. And what was remarkable, God was working at the same time upon the heart of his dear wife—she, too, was an awakened sinner; both were in distress, but were too reserved to open their minds to each other. One day Thomas Rodgers saw Elizabeth his wife on her knees, heard her calling upon God for mercy, and so the convictions received before were deepened, and he resolved he would serve the Lord. For some time he remained in this state, carrying his burden from his home to his work, and from his work to his home, seeking peace but finding none. At last he believed, and so felt that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. His conversion took place in a farm-yard on Fountain's Hill—there he saw the cross, and his burden fell from him; there Christ whispered peace to his troubled soul. The change was so great, his heart so full, that he cried out loud for joy. His fellow-workmen were astonished, and thought him beside himself. The master of the farm said he thought "the very devil was in old Tommy." "Nay, master," said our friend, he has just gone out of me." His shouts for joy alarmed the inmates of the house; doors were bolted and barred against this supposed maniac, for they thought him mad. His conversion was genuine, and he and his wife were baptized in the Chesterfield canal, and received the right hand of fellowship from the late Rev. W. Fogg, of Retford. Thomas Rodgers was a thorough Baptist. He was a man of few words; his every-day life was a living testimony that he was right. In his early days his education had been neglected;

he could just manage to read the New Testament. After his conversion he improved his mind by careful, prayerful study of the word of God—it was the one book with him. He was a regular attendant upon the means of grace. He was a lover of all good men. Himself a man of peace, he pursued it; he was neither a tale-hearer nor a tale-bearer—a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost. For some time his health had been failing, but God enabled him to bear his illness with fortitude and patience. At times his sufferings were very great, but his mind was at rest. This prayer was constantly upon his lips, "Lord, help me;" in fact, he seemed to be always praying or repeating over some favourite hymn. The Lord kept his mind in perfect peace. God gave him his reason up to the last moment of his life. His minister was with him, watching by his bed-side for six nights. The death-struggle was not of long continuance—it was soon over; putting his hands together and looking upwards, he cried out as loud as he could, "Victory, victory, for ever." All night long he had been very restless. About three o'clock in the morning his minister said to him, "Thomas, you will soon be home now." The answer was, "Yes, sir;" then lifting up his hands, he fell back upon his pillow and expired, on the 21st day of August, 1871, aged 79 years. J. Fogg.

LEES.—Mary Bowman, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Lees, of Walsall, departed this life for heaven Sept. 14, 1871, aged 16 years. She was born in Glasgow. At an early age she had very deep convictions of sin, and at ten she was converted, and at eleven confessed Christ in baptism. Her ardent love to Christ showed itself immediately after her conversion in prayer meetings for the young, distributing tracts, collecting for missions to the heathen. During a long and lingering illness she maintained an unwavering trust in the Saviour, and she died with the sweet words on her lips, "Oh, my Saviour." We shall never forget her calm serenity, her cheerful content with the will of the Redeemer, her bright and joyous hope of heaven, and her absorbing love to Christ. For her to live was Christ, and therefore to die was gain. She often sang—

"Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This 'watchword' shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be."

BAMPTON, Mrs., widow of our first missionary to Orissa, departed this life at Boston, July 22, in the 84th year of her age.

Missionary Observer.

DEATH OF MISS GUIGNARD, OF CUTTACK.

THE affecting intelligence of the death of the above truly valuable and devoted labourer among the orphans at Cuttack is communicated in the following letter received a few days since from Dr. J. Buckley. We add no more now, further than to say that the loss to the Mission is a very heavy one. Our departed sister's capabilities for teaching were of a very high order.

Cuttack, August 16, 1871.

TO REV. J. C. PIKE,—

My dear Brother,—It is my painful duty to inform you and the friends of the Mission that Miss Guignard died at our house on Monday evening last, the 14th inst. My former letters in reference to her illness will have prepared you to expect that her return to England for a season would be absolutely necessary; but while we were thinking and talking of England, our heavenly Father was designing her for a better country, that is, a heavenly one. The stroke has come on us with affecting suddenness. A little more than three weeks ago she complained of indisposition, but nothing serious was apprehended. She decided on a visit to Miss Packer, and thought that a change for a few days to Piplee would restore her. The time was fixed for her departure, but she was then too ill to undertake the journey. We now see that the prevention of the journey was a merciful appointment of Providence, as she could not have had the medical attention there which Cuttack affords. The doctor did not at first take a serious view of her case, but, when she became worse, said that the sooner she was out of India the better. A fortnight before her death Mrs. Buckley had her removed to our house, and no attention either on her part or on the part of other dear friends that sisterly kindness and affection could render was lacking. At the request of the sufferer, and much to the satisfaction of all, Miss Packer came in three days before the scene closed. The last scene was marked by great suffering, but it ended at nine p.m. on Monday, and we doubt not that

to die was gain.* Her remains were committed to the tomb last evening in the presence of a goodly number of Europeans, East Indians, and native christians. I delivered a brief address, and the closing prayer was offered by Mr. Bailey. When the Lord shall come in glory that dust shall rise, and the body of humiliation shall be changed and "fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things to Himself."

In our present afflictive circumstances you will see how much we need the help that we trust will soon be on the way. Pray for us, and especially for the dear orphan children who have lost one who lovingly watched over and cared for them, and who deeply feel their loss. The Lord took them up when father and mother were taken away by the terrible famine, and He will care for them still. While some of us live they will never lack friends.

Our departed friend was, I fear, comparatively little known to the supporters of the Mission; but the name of Mary Guignard will be inscribed on the roll of those who have nobly and successfully struggled with the disadvantages of an early lot; and her history, whenever written, should encourage those who have still to maintain the struggle. It will be written, too, in the roll of those who, in the disinterested spirit of christian love, have patiently and zealously toiled to guide the daughters of Orissa to Christ, and the priceless value of whose labours will be seen in its brightest light when earth and time have for ever passed away.

Yours very affectionately,
JOHN BUCKLEY.

VALEDICTORY SERVICES AT DERBY.

VALEDICTORY Services in connection with the return of brethren Miller and Hill to India, were held in the Osmaston Road Chapel, Derby, on Wednesday, the 20th ult.

The morning service was introduced

* Her disease was inflammation of the liver.

by reading appropriate portions of Scripture and prayer by the Rev. W. Orton, of Bourn. An eloquent address was then delivered by the Rev. John Stevenson, M.A., of Derby, in which he reviewed the past history of the Mission. Questions to the Missionaries in reference to their reasons for returning to India and the work they set themselves to do when arrived there, were asked by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., and answered by them in a truly manly and noble manner. Special prayer having been offered by the Rev. J. C. Pike, of Leicester, the morning meeting was brought to a close.

The evening meeting was held in the same chapel at six o'clock. The Rev. T. Goadby, minister of the place, presided. The Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, delivered an affectionate and fraternal parting address to the missionaries. Stirring addresses were also delivered by the Revs. T. Ryder, of Nottingham, J. Salisbury, M.A., of Hugglescote, J. H. Atkinson, of Hitchin, and W. Evans, of Leicester.

We are glad to be able to give in full some of the addresses, and hope to add others in a future number. The meetings, though not quite so numerous attended as could have been desired, were of a very hallowed character, and all who were present felt it good to be there.

**ADDRESS BY THE REV. J. SALISBURY, M.A.,
OF HUGGLESCOTE.**

WE intend especially to refer to some of the chief objections urged against christian missions, and to the best method of meeting them. Some show little or no disposition to support christian missions because they profess to regard them as an unwarrantable interference on the part of man, with the work of God. If He has a remnant among the nations, by the calling out of which the number of His elect will be completed, He will, in the exercise of His divine sovereignty, call them out in his own time and in accordance with His own predetermined plan. Missionary institutions, they say, are at best a needless intrusion, a presumptuous putting forth of our own feeble hands upon the ark of God's strength. Others, who go to the contrary extreme in religious opinion, because they hold strong convictions in favour of the salvability of the heathen, do not, for this reason, especially concern themselves about their reclamation from the present state of

ignorance, vice, and misery, into which they are sunk, but calmly commit them to the tender mercies of God, whose compassion is infinite, and who, as "the judge of all the earth, will do right." Many objectors profess to be so deeply impressed with the paramount claims of home, that they regard such claims as strong reasons for cherishing little sympathy or showing little concern for the religious condition of the dark and distant nations of the earth. Only look, they say, at the state of society around us. Vice lifts up its monster head and reveals its protean forms everywhere. Scepticism is wide-spread, and threatens to predominate. Superstition is everywhere busy in putting forth her meretricious arts to beguile unstable souls. The field around us still abounds with noxious weeds which must be eradicated, that the good seed of the kingdom may be at once cast in. How can we allow our thoughts, under such circumstances, to be diverted from our proper work by the consideration of the religious condition of Hindoos, Chinese, Caffres, American Indians, or other almost unknown tribes of the earth? We have surely enough to do to respond to the pressing appeals for help which are made at home. There are not a few who, to justify their indifference, maintain that foreign missions have hitherto proved a failure—a very startling conclusion, in truth, to which to come. We may well ask how such a conclusion has been reached, by what particular process of deduction or induction, or from what premises, inasmuch as it is so thoroughly opposed to facts and common sense. Further, there are others who endeavour to vindicate their want of sympathy with foreign missionary work on the ground of certain data at which they have arrived by arithmetical process. Attentively studying missionary reports and treasurers' accounts from year to year, they very carefully estimate the cost in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings of the conversion of every soul rescued from the darkness of paganism and brought to Christ. The expensiveness of missionary operations is thus so clearly brought before their view that they are filled with amazement at the discovery they have made, and determine to resist every appeal made to their liberality from henceforth and for evermore. There are also other persons innumerable who try to justify their parsimony by perpetually complaining of the inadequacy of the

established missionary organisations, of the want of wisdom shown by brethren who serve on missionary committees, of the plans they originate and maintain, of the missionaries they appoint, and of the modes of operation adopted in the field of labour. Nay, we believe the world is not yet entirely rid of those who regard the missionary enterprise as little better than a quixotic expedition; or as a scheme for giving vent to the pent up ardour of a few visionary enthusiasts; or as the means of satisfying the predilections of certain romantic and erratic ladies and gentlemen who desire to live in comfort, ease, and dignity in distant lands at the expense of a deluded public.

Having thus stated some of the numerous objections urged against helping in missionary work, we may well ask, Whence do these objections come? We are sorry to be compelled to say that they do not always proceed from those who profess to have no sympathy with christianity and the moral regeneration of the world. They come from those who bear the name of christians. They are either openly expressed or uttered with "bated breath" by those who profess to have laid themselves, body, soul, and spirit, in full consecration, on the altar of the Lord. What, then, shall we do with these objectors? How shall we meet their objections? Shall we busy ourselves with answering them in succession? Shall we so far show our sympathy with objectors as to expend our time and energy in incessantly endeavouring to knock down and set fire to the miserable men of straw which they assiduously and persistently set up? No. We can find better work to do. The true worker for Christ will do well not to allow himself to be continually pestered by objectors and objections, especially when he has abundant reasons for concluding that the opposition thus manifested to the work of God mainly springs from the want of a right state of heart.

We conceive that the best reply which can be given to the objections adduced is that which reveals and unfolds the main principles on which the work of christian missions is based—principles which, in themselves, are quite sufficient to justify the firm position we take as propagators of the gospel of Christ everywhere.

We maintain, for instance, that it is the duty of the church of Christ to spread the gospel on the ground of *gratitude*. As believers in the Lord Jesus Christ

we must surely be grateful to God for our position of religious privilege. We can rejoice in the forgiveness of sin through Christ; in our personal restoration to communion with God; in the renewal of our minds by the Spirit of truth and grace; in all the immunities of the church of Christ, and in the hope of everlasting life. The gratitude we feel may and ought to shew itself in the vocal expression of praise and thanksgiving; or, like the man out of whom the legion of devils was cast, we may take delight in sitting calmly at our Master's feet, and thinking of His wondrous grace. But, like him, we shall best please our Lord by letting our gratitude gush forth in some practical form, that so, through the sounding forth of His name and grace among men, they also may be brought to realize the blessedness of personal submission to the Lord's rule. We contend that, when the church is engaged in any kind of christian labour, it is thus practically giving expression to its gratitude for light and grace received. Every true labourer in the vineyard of the Lord is, by his labours, acknowledging his obligations for the love wherewith Christ has loved him. By the breathing forth of his earnest prayers, by the consecration of his property, by the putting forth of his efforts on behalf of the kingdom of God, he is only showing forth the fervid thankfulness of his heart.

"The light which thou to me hast given,
Shall, by thy grace, break forth and shine;
I'll point to men the road to heaven,
And show the power of love divine."

We maintain that it is the duty of the christian church to engage in the work of christian missions on the ground of *benevolent sympathy*. The missionary work is the highest and purest form of philanthropy. It is its grand aim to bring fallen man to the realization of present and everlasting union and communion with God; to save individual souls from the greatest of all conceivable evils, and to lead them out of moral darkness into the pathway of light and true blessedness. Taking this view of it, we may well ask what real value those objections can have by the force of which many are induced to hold back from this glorious enterprise. When Howard the philanthropist was commencing his long and frequent peregrinations of mercy, we can quite conceive that many, not actuated by a like spirit, would look down with contempt upon his personal

and practical sympathy with the miseries of his fellow-men and upon his peculiar methods of expressing it. But, after all, the nature of the work itself and its results were a sufficient answer to all cavillers. Christ points us to the good Samaritan as the pattern to which our conduct should be conformed. When his attention was arrested by the spectacle of misery which presented itself on his way he did not pass by on the other side. He did not view the scene with philosophic calmness. He was not satisfied with bending down to feel the pulse of the wounded man, and silently to watch the ebbing away of his exhausted life. Nor did he rest contented with uttering a few words of condolence as he proceeded on his journey. Benevolent emotions were aroused. Benevolent activities were excited. The man stripped by thieves and left half dead became the immediate object of his thought, care, and skill. He was ready, also, to sacrifice time and money for his sake. "He bound up his wounds, pouring in them oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn and took care of him." In his conduct he showed the greatest possible regard to the present and prospective wants of the object of his sympathy. We have thus set before us the spirit of Christ Himself, the spirit of the gospel. He has bade us proclaim; the spirit of devoted missionaries in all ages, who have not counted their lives dear to them, that they might minister to their fellow-men for Christ's sake; the spirit of those who have laboured, and still labour in the mission-field of Orissa; and the spirit of those brethren now present, who are about to enter again on the work to which their lives are consecrated. The claims upon our help of the benighted, down-trodden, suffering, perishing heathen, are our justification in answer to all objections. Whilst 600,000,000 of heathens are perishing, such objections are ill-timed, inopportune, in the highest degree impertinent. Millions are perishing; we would "by all means save some." Love for our fellow-men prompts us to go to their rescue.

But above all, and beyond all other reasons for the prosecution of missionary work, we have the *mandate of our blessed Lord Himself*. We have reason to thank God that we are blessed with the light of His blessed example of self-sacrifice and self-consecration for the good of

others. We rejoice to be assured that the gospel of His grace is adapted to meet the moral wants of man in every age of the world. History, observation, and experience, prove this. But Christ Himself speaks to His believing church words of peremptory command; words uttered previous to His ascension to glory. "Go ye," He says, "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." This mandate was not given to a particular class or section of the church, but to all the church. It was not addressed solely to the church in primitive times, but to the church throughout all time. As the Lord Jesus thus spoke to His apostles and first disciples, so He now speaks to us who are the members of His church. He places on us the yoke of obligation. He will not release us from it. Nor can we cast it off. Nay, we have no disposition to cast it off; but we trust that all of us find true joy in wearing it. If, then, we would show that we are willing to bow to the authority of our Lord; that we are one with Him in thought, feeling, and purpose; that we are identified from our hearts with the accomplishment of His great plans of redeeming grace; that we sympathise with Him thoroughly in the great work of regenerating a lost world, and of bringing it back again into the orbit of divine light and love, we must surely feel ourselves irresistibly impelled to give heart, soul, and strength, to the prosecution of the missionary enterprise, that so, through our instrumentality as co-workers with our Lord, "His way may be known in all the earth, and His saving health among all nations."

Let us, then, heedless of all objections, continue to prosecute this good work in *faith*, fully assured of the approval of God; of the presence and sympathy of Him who has graciously said for our encouragement, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" of the adaptation of the Gospel of God to meet the pressing spiritual wants of all mankind; and of the glorious results which will yet follow, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

Whilst we promise to sustain you, dear missionary brethren, by our sympathy, our prayers, and our offerings,

we bid you again go forth to your work among the heathen with renewed confidence in the approval of God, and with renewed assurances of His blessing. Speak to them of the true Brahma, of Him who is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders. Direct them to the True Incarnation—Jesus—God manifest in the flesh, full of grace and truth. Call off their thoughts from their vain sacrifices, and point them to “the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.” Be not satisfied with revealing to them the absurdities of their lying shastres, but open to them the holy shastres of the true God, and unfold, illustrate, and enforce the facts, precepts, and promises, contained therein, that they may “become wise unto salvation” through faith in Christ Jesus. Invite them to enter into the true caste, the holy fellowship of those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ, and sanctified by the Spirit of His grace. Devoted to such a work the divine blessing will, nay *must*, rest upon you.

ADDRESS BY REV. J. H. ATKINSON, OF
HITCHIN.

It is said, sir, that the word “Good bye” is a contraction of the phrase, “God be with ye.” In saying “Good bye” to our friends to-day we would use the word in its broadest and largest meaning, and say, “God be with ye,” dear friends. God be with you in all your journeyings, and grant unto you journeying mercies. May He who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand watch over you and bring you to your desired haven. God be with you in your work, and give you strength to work, and faith to believe, and patience to wait, and crown all your labours with abundant success. God be with you at all times, in all places, under all circumstances. May you realize the fulfilment of the promise, in all its preciousness and fulness, “The Lord thy God shall be with thee whithersoever thou goest.” I cannot help thinking, sir, in connection with the return of our friends to India, that whilst men engaged in commercial pursuits would, if they were returning to that land, take back with them all the latest inventions and improvements in any machinery that would aid them in their work, our friends go back with no new invention in their grand work of evangelizing Orissa—they take with them

no substitute for the preaching of the gospel of Christ. They have no new theme—it is still Christ crucified—it is the old, old gospel, in all its freshness; ay, and it is the only gospel that can satisfy the wants and supply the needs of a perishing world. I rejoice to-night in the power of the gospel. India, with all her systems and all her religions, has nothing to be compared with it. She may have her systems of philosophy, hoary with age and bright with the halo of glory that has gathered around them, but these cannot supply her need. She may have this world’s wealth in barbaric pomp, and be able to supply all the earth besides with her fruits and gems, but her physical grandeur only makes her moral condition all the more striking and appalling. These things cannot satisfy her want. She may have her varied systems of religion, with all their craft and learning, worldly power, and promised sensuality, but these can never save her. It is the gospel of Christ, and the gospel of Christ only, which is the power of God unto her salvation; and this gospel is to be preached—“Go into all the world, and preach the gospel,” was the substance of the great commission. This is the *means* which God has ordained for the conversion of the world. I know men tell us that the means is insignificant. A man of the world laughs at the idea of idolatry being overthrown, and deep-seated superstition uprooted, and christianity established, by the mere preaching of the word. But remember, brethren, God has often wrought out His ends by apparently the most unlikely means. Look you back in the world’s history. God has determined to deliver His people from bondage; what a mighty work! It is surrounded with immense difficulties—how is it to be done? What means should we have employed? Doubtless for a leader we should have selected a man in the prime of life, of eloquent speech and martial spirit—a warrior who had been trained and lived in the midst of the people. Behold the means employed by God! He takes a man who had spent forty years in the court of Pharaoh, and the last forty years as a shepherd. He comes to an old man leading his flock in the desert, and He invests him with the commission; and yet He gives him neither money, nor army, nor weapons of war, not even a servant to accompany him; alone He sends him forth, and

Moses delivers the children of Israel from the hand of Pharaoh. He brought them out of bondage, and they crossed the Red Sea in triumph, and the people of Israel sang, "The Lord hath done marvellous things." And so in after days, when that haughty giant of the Philistines marched up and down the valley bidding defiance to the Lord of hosts, when Goliath thundered forth his challenge, "Bring me out a man that I should fight with him." Whom should we have brought? Would it not have been the mightiest and bravest man from Israel's hosts? But mark you whom the Lord chose. He went up to a ruddy youth, to David watching his flocks—a youth who knew nothing of military movements; and he went forth without sword and without armour, with simply sling and stone. And the giant fell, and the daughters of Israel sang, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David has slain his ten thousands." And so ages after, when the time had come for the planting of christianity in the midst of the heathen world, when the world was to be converted by preaching, how was it to be done? We should doubtless have gone to schools, and halls, and colleges; but, leaving these, God summoned His preachers from the shores of Galilee. The helm of the church is entrusted to hands that had never steered aught but a fishing-boat. And the first missionary, who was he? One who had been the bloodiest persecutor of the church, one of the narrowest of hearts, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, the strictest of his sect; for it was from the lips of Paul that we first heard the glorious words, "God hath made of one blood all the nations that dwell upon the earth." And further down the path of time, when the Reformation began, and Popery was to receive a blow from which she has never recovered—and God grant she never may—what means did God employ to carry on His work? Who was to be the champion in the fight? Behold the man! God went to the very ark of Popery and called out Martin Luther, "the solitary monk that shook the world;" and Popery has never rallied from the blow that monk's arm dealt. And later still, when God wanted to send an ambassador to India, who was the man He called? Did He go to the Universities for some learned Professor? No; he summons "the consecrated cobbler," as Sydney Smith terms him. He invests him with the honour, and he

went forth on his glorious mission, and India rejoices to-day in the work of that man's hand. And, sir, when God thus chooses the weak things of the world to confound the strong, and the foolish things to confound the wise, what does God teach us in it all? Is it not to look above the instrument to the great hand that moves it? and that, whether it was a giant or a devil that was to be conquered, the eyes of the body or the eyes of the soul to be opened, walls of stone, or, what are stronger, walls of ignorance to be overthrown, individuals or nations to be delivered, men are but instruments in His hand, the meaneast mighty with Him, the mightiest mean without Him? "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," is God's eternal principle of doing. Courage, then, brothers! The work may be great, the difficulties immense, the instruments feeble, but the Lord of hosts is with us. Listen to the word of the Lord to you to-day: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

I cannot read, sir, the history of our mission without marking the great pains God has taken to teach us lessons of faith, and patience, and courage. Why look you to the very beginning, for seven long weary years our missionaries toiled without any apparent success. Often, I doubt not, their souls were discouraged, and their hearts faint, and their hands weary, and the bitter cry went up—"Master, we have toiled all the night and taken nothing." But God gave them courage to work, faith to believe, patience to wait. At last the visible success came, and in that rich firstfruit of theirs—in the conversion of Gunga Dhor, a man with the heart of a child and the zeal of an apostle—the Lord gave unto them a large return for all their years of labour. Forty-three years have rolled away since the baptism of Gunga Dhor. I know not how many have been baptized since then, but our churches in Orissa to-day report more than six hundred members. What hath God wrought? But whether we look to former years or at the present time—whether we look at our dangers, our trials, our difficulties, or at our joys and successes; at the trials which first beset us, or the new trial which has fallen like a thunderclap upon us to-day—we shall find all the way through God has been

teaching us lessons of faith, and patience, and courage. It would be well for us, surely, if we could catch more thoroughly the spirit of our fathers, who through the long night of apparent failure had courage to toil, and patience to wait, and faith to believe the promise would be fulfilled. One cannot read the lives of the fathers in the mission field without seeing how those lives were characterized by an earnestness of purpose which nothing could move, which neither difficulties nor dangers could turn aside. It was the same spirit which characterized the Apostle Paul. Oh, I love, sir, to read the life and watch the labours of that great missionary. What an earnestness of purpose had he. Nothing could move him, nothing could turn him aside. Pleasure, riches, honour, trials, persecutions, were all powerless. "Behold," says he to the elders of the Ephesian church, "Behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy; and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God." I have sometimes fancied I saw him as he went forth to the great race-course for glory, prosecuting his ministry, testifying the gospel of the grace of God. In visions I follow him from place to place, from city to city, and I see pleasure smile upon him in her wondrous beauty, and whisper her incantations; I see honour wave an enchanter's wand and open out before him a prospect of unbounded earthly splendour; I see riches and power spread out before him, and I hear the fair promises that all may be his; and I say to him, "Paul, do neither riches, nor honour, nor pleasure move thy ambitious soul?" and, without pausing a moment in his work, he cries, "None of these things move me." I see him in weariness and painfulness; I see him with the care of all the churches—settling disputes, reconciling enemies, combating error; I see him deserted by his brethren, evil spoken of by those who should have been firm and true; and I say Paul, "It is a hard road, it is a difficult ministry; this care is too much for you—the anxiety will break you down; you had better withdraw—send in your resignation;"

and he smiles upon me as he exclaims, "None of these things move me." I see him in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; and again I go up to him and say, "Paul, it is a very dangerous road, as well as a hard road—you can't bear this thing long; had you not better give it up?" and again he says, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself." I see him preaching in yonder city—for a while they listen patiently; but soon the tumult begins, and they drag him without the walls of the city. The missiles fly thick and fast upon him, he falls wounded and bruised, and his enemies leave him for dead. I go to his side, I lift him up, I wipe the blood away from his face; at last he opens his eyes, and I say, "Paul, you had better give up preaching, they will kill you; don't go to the next city, don't go any further on this missionary tour." As soon as he is able he speaks. I bend my ear to his lips, and he whispers out these words, "None of these things move me." I follow him to another city, and after the sermon they arrest him there. He is taken out of the city, his robe taken off his shoulders; a strong man lays on the lash—forty stripes save one—and the blood trickles down his garments, and he is left there, with bleeding back and smarting wounds. I go to him, and putting my arm affectionately round his neck, say to him, "Paul, I am sure now it is quite time to quit preaching; they will certainly kill you soon, and then what are the converts to do?" But the first word he speaks is, "None of these things move me." Oh, what a hero! Bonds, imprisonment, trials, persecutions, cannot change his undaunted spirit. Here is earnestness of purpose—here is persistent effort, worthy of our imitation. And I believe, sir, this heroic spirit is still in our midst—I believe that the martyr spirit is to be found in the hearts of our missionaries to-day. I have confidence in our brethren and sisters abroad, and I have confidence in the friends who are with us to-day. I believe they are imbued with the spirit of the great apostle; and though difficulties may be before them, and dangers about them, and trials meet them at every turn, yet I know each could say, "None of these things move me." And oh,

brethren, let us all—whether we be labourers at home or labourers abroad—let us all catch this spirit, for it is the spirit of the great Missionary, the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing moved Him from His purpose, but for the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross and despised the shame. And the final triumph shall come—the work may be slow, but the consummation draweth nigh. Jesus shall reign. The dark places of the earth shall be filled with the light of the gospel of Christ. I lately stood on a mountain top to see the sun rise. Far away in the east I saw the horizon grow brighter and brighter, till at last there appeared a little spot like the first appearance of a ball on fire. "See, it rises," the bystanders cried; and I turned me round and found that right away in the west the highest Alpine peak was tipped with golden light. Higher rose that ball of fire, and peak after peak caught the golden glory. All the while the valleys were filled with mist, and fog, and darkness; but higher still rose that glorious sun, and ere I left that mountain top the darkness had fled, the mist had rolled away, and the valleys were flooded with the golden light. Long and anxiously men waited and watched for the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. The cry often went up to the weary watcher, "Watchman, what of the night?" and often the disappointing answer came, "It is night still." But at last the note was changed, and he called, "The darkness is not so dense, the clouds are rolling away, there are faint streaks on the distant horizon; mist is in the valleys, but light is on the distant hills—the morning cometh." Ay, the morning has dawned at last; the Sun of Righteousness has risen, and here and there in this mission field and in that, in India and in China, in Africa and in the South Sea Islands, in east and west, in north and south, in every mission station the world over, like as on some Alpine peak, we see reflected the golden glory. The Sun is rising still, and the perfect day shall soon come—the day when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." May the Lord hasten that day!

ADDRESS BY REV. W. EVANS, OF
LEICESTER.

THE circumstances which have brought us together to-day, are of a deeply interesting and important character, and

ought to have a very practical bearing on our little mission cause. There are those whose part seems to be to discern errors and weaknesses in our organisations, and I regard their keen business capacity as a divine gift by which we ought to profit. There are others who always seem disposed to look at the dark side of things, and who seem as if they could think of nothing except the apparent failures of our work.

These exposures of our errors, weaknesses, and lack of success, real or fancied, can hardly fail at times to produce discouragement in the hearts of those who are by nature more hopeful. Now it is of no use for us to shut our eyes to the defects in the working of our institutions; we ought to be thankful to those who kindly and faithfully point them out, and at once to remedy them as far as lies in our power. It is of no use disguising from ourselves and others the disappointment which we sometimes feel at the slowness of our progress, but then we may dwell upon these things till we lose heart, a result we should carefully guard against. There is a bright side to our mission work, and there are circumstances constantly occurring calculated to fill us with confidence and hope. Here are two brethren who are as capable of forming as correct an opinion of the nature of our organisation as we are. They know more about the work than we do. They are in a position to judge more correctly than we can as to the results of their work, and they are about to give proof of their unshaken confidence in the mission work as a whole, and in our own organisation in particular, by starting afresh from their native land and entering upon the work. Moreover they are no novices, and this fact ought to give their conduct all the more weight. They start for their work under no merely temporary impulse, but under the deep conviction, based upon personal knowledge and experience, that their mission will not be in vain. They are not putting on the armour for the first time. They are no strangers to the inconveniences, toil, and anxieties connected with the work; and yet, with their fuller knowledge than we possess, and their experience to which we are strangers, they are willing again to enter the mission field. Surely their confidence in the mission cause ought to shame our misgivings, and the trust which they evidently repose in us should be met by such a generous and hearty support, as shall

prove to them that their confidence is not ill-founded. So long as men like these can be found who are willing to go down into the pit we ought to be ashamed of ourselves if we weary of holding the ropes, or if we fail to hold them so steadily as to inspire our brethren with increased hope and trust. They will find enough on the other side of the water to sadden and discourage them. Let us see to it that there be nothing on this side connected with our movements to add so much as a feather's weight to their burden. While we would not for a single moment underrate the difficulties and trials connected with the work of our brethren, it will be well both for them and for us to consider the different circumstances under which they enter upon their work as contrasted with those of the first Indian missionaries. The time was when permission must be sought from the government to preach the gospel in India, and when British statesmen did not hesitate to express their fears in the House of Commons lest its introduction should loosen our hold on the Indian empire. *Then*, faint-hearted friends doubted and enemies denied the possibility of bringing the poor Hindoo under the power of the Gospel. *Then*, it was said that nothing in the world could remove or shake the prejudices, which for thousands of years had been striking their roots deeper and deeper into the Hindoo mind. *Then* our government, as a kind of sop, did not scruple to tamper in one way or another with the heathen practices and festivals which our brethren sought to abolish. All this, however, is completely changed. The field is now wide open without hindrance or restriction of any kind. No clause in the East India Company's charter is necessary to warrant our brethren in proclaiming their message. The danger to our rule which was supposed to attend the introduction of christianity can hardly be said to have passed away, since it never existed, except in the minds of those who were strangers to its benign power. The government no longer aids or abets the system against which our missionaries contend. The strong arm of the law has been laid on the horrible practice of suttee, not so much in the interests of christianity as at the call of humanity. It is fearful to think of the number of victims who were annually sacrificed. Between the years 1815 and 1823 the average number per year in the province

of Bengal alone was 600. This, however, is a thing of the past. Thousands upon thousands have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, thereby silencing the declaimers who denied the possibility of converting the Hindoo; and the cry comes to us from all quarters, that the vast system which it was supposed could not be shaken has received its death-blow. And to whom or what are these marvellous changes to be attributed? Doubtless social and political reformers have done much, without any particular regard for christianity; but who were the men to show up the necessity for these reforms? Who, indeed, but our missionaries? Why, brethren, the changes which have come over the land are such as the most hopeful would not have ventured to predict fifty years ago. They ought to inspire us with thankfulness to Almighty God, and with confidence and hope in relation to the future.

Men may tell us if they will that in the general breaking up of the Hindoo system those who throw it off are more likely to become Mohammedan or Deistical than Christian, but we place our finger on the divine declaration—"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," assured of its ultimate accomplishment.

QUEENSLAND.

THE first quarterly meeting of the Queensland Association of Baptist Churches in the Ipswich district was held on Friday, April 14th, in the West Street chapel. There was a large attendance, and the Rev. Mr. Gerrard, minister and superintendent, conducted the services. The association at present consists of the West Street church, numbering 47 members; the Normanby Reserve church, numbering 58; the Brisbane River church, 59; and the Bremer River church, 33. The Normanby Reserve church was recently opened as a branch church, and the remaining two places have been constituted preaching stations. At the regular morning service at eleven, the proceedings were conducted by several brethren in the German and English languages, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Gerrard, from Ex. xvii. 11, 12. At half-past two o'clock a second service was held, and the exercises were conducted in the English, German, and Welsh languages. The principal object

of this meeting was to recognise or ordain two ministers in connection with the association. The credentials of two candidates—Owen Egan and William Peters—were examined in presence of the congregation. The address upon the conjoint duties of the church to ministers, and *vice versa*, was delivered by Mr.

Beard, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Woolley, whose especial duty it was. The usual questions were asked by Mr. Denham, a deacon of the Ipswich church, after which the Rev. Mr. Gerrard delivered the charge, and offered the candidates the right hand of fellowship, as ordained ministers.

POSTAL ADDRESS OF THE SECRETARY.

MR. PIKE has removed from Seymour Street, to *The Fosse*, Leicester. He takes the opportunity of informing his friends and correspondents, that although he is in the habit of receiving letters with all sorts of incorrect and queer addresses (*e.g.*, *Fleckney*, more than eight miles from Leicester), letters will be sure to find him if addressed simply—*Rev. J. C. Pike, Leicester.*

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Bailey, July 19; Aug. 16.
" J. Buckley, Aug. 2, 8, 12, 16.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from August 18th to September 18th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
ALLERTON—				LEICESTER, <i>Friar Lane</i> —			
Collections and Subscriptions ...	11	14	0	S. A. Spencer's Subscription and Box	0	18	4
BARTON, BARLESTONE, BAGWORTH, &c.—				SHEEPSHEAD—			
Cash on account ...	48	1	0	By Miss Proudman, 8s. 6d.; Sunday			
School, 10s. 6d. ...				School, 10s. 6d. ...	0	14	0
DNHOLME—				SMARDEN—			
Collections and Subscriptions ...	2	2	0	Collections and Subscriptions ...	3	4	0
ECCLES—Mr. W. Newell ...	2	0	0	WOODLESFORD, <i>near Leeds</i> —			
HATHERN—Collection ...	1	5	0	The Misses Woodhead ...	1	1	0

DONATIONS FOR THE CUTTACK CHAPEL.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
By Thomas Hill, Esq.—				By Rev. W. Orton—			
Mr. Rofe, Swarden ...	0	10	0	Mr. C. Roberts, Peterborough ...	5	0	0
By Rev. W. Hill—				Mr. W. R. Wherry, Bourne ...	1	1	0
A poor Friend ...	0	10	0	Mr. Whitworth, Measham ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Robert Pegg, Derby ...	50	0	0	Miss E. Boyes, Highfield, near Burton-			
Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman, Barlestone ...	1	5	0	on-Trent ...	0	10	0
Mr. Wilkins, Derby ...	1	0	0				
	52	15	0	SUTTERTON.			
By Rev. W. Miller—				Rev. E. Bott ...	1	0	0
R. C. Childers, Esq., Matlock ...	0	10	0	Mr. M. Scott ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Potter, Birmingham ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner ...	0	7	6
R. Wherry, Esq., Wisbech ...	5	0	0	Small sums ...	0	15	0
By Rev. C. Springthorpe, Heptonstall							
Slack ...	5	0	0	By Rev. I. Stubbins—			
Rev. J. C. Raddaway, Birmingham ...	1	0	0	Mr. Henry Hill, Nottingham ...	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Mills, Birmingham ...	1	0	0	By Rev. J. C. Pike—			
Arthur Hough, Esq., London ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Case, Leicester ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Christian, Sheepshed ...	0	10	0	A Widow's Mite, Derby ...	1	0	0
Mr. Dunicliff, Uttoxeter ...	1	1	0				
Mr. J. A. Woodroffe, Derby ...	5	0	0				
Mr. Swingler, Derby ...	1	1	0				
Mr. E. Johnson, Derby ...	0	10	0				
	21	18	0				

It is understood that various friends throughout the Connexion are intending to contribute to the fund for the Cuttack Chapel. The Missionaries having now left for India, and these amounts being kept distinct from the funds of the Mission, it is desirable that any further donations should be sent at once, and *direct* to the SECRETARY, as the account will shortly be closed.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. O. PIKE, the Secretary, and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, the Travelling Agent, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 NOVEMBER, 1871.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.*

BY THE REV. J. H. LUMMIS.

THE subject of Church Discipline, meaning thereby the legal safeguards of the church's purity, is really but a branch of the larger subject of Church constitution and government. Upon this larger subject our views, as Baptists, are most distinct and pronounced. We esteem her purity to be the chief glory of the Church of Christ, and feel that if we, as a denomination, have a mission in the world at all, it is the defence and promotion of her essential and ideal character as "*blameless, and harmless, and without rebuke.*"

Our peculiar fitness for the accomplishments of this mission has been, and is still, dependent upon three things: (1) The uniform and consistent refusal of a constitution which admits upon low, high, or broad church principles, any other than the professedly regenerate to the visible fold of Christ. (2) The maintenance of Baptism, not as a means of sacramental grace or of infant dedication, but as the confession and profession of individual loyalty and love to Christ. (3) The qualification on which we confer to-day,—the acknowledgment and enforcement of Primitive and Apostolic Discipline.

The assumption of this essay, and one for which the writer is not responsible, is that some of our churches have in this matter done "*things they ought not to have done, and left undone things they ought to have done;*" although it is difficult to say whether the blame should be cast upon faulty theories or defective powers of administration. It should cause us no surprise to find that the advocates of an all-embracing church, of a communion promiscuous and impure, should greatly set at nought the claims of a pure discipline; for by their very theory of church constitution they cut the nerves of discipline, or grossly caricature it, as *e.g.* in the damnatory utterances of the Athanasian creed. *Practically* they render the sword useless, and then cast it away! We have made some attempt to gain the stand-point of this great party on this subject, but we have not been able to find any sufficient defence of the contempt of discipline in the Anglican Church; although we have been most fully indoctrinated into the reason why discipline should not be maintained as we deem it binding upon us. *Precedent and Parable* are the chief batteries that have opened

* A paper read at the Autumnal Midland Conference, held at Burton-on-Trent, Sept. 11, 1871, and published by request.

fire on our position. In replying to the second the first battery also will come within range. The parables made to speak upon this question are "The Wheat and the Tares," and "The Draw Net." They cover substantially the same ground, "the chief point of difference being that in the former more prominence is given to the present intermixture of the good and bad, and in the latter to their future separation."* Remarks applicable to the one may therefore in their substance be extended to the other. Now the parable of "the wheat and the tares" is held by this writer, and the great school he represents to relate to the visible church. It denotes, according to his view, if not the designed, at least the permitted, intermixture of good and bad therein; and both discountenances and forbids the attempts of the Donatists and their modern successors—that is to say, ourselves—to prevent such an intermixture, or, failing to do this completely, to repair and remedy it. In fine, this parable establishes the breadth and comprehensiveness of the visible church—a Noah's ark, including both clean and unclean; a pasture whereon both sheep and goats may graze; a great house, possessing both vessels of honour and dishonour! Behold the true church! Who, by these signs, fails to identify it?

We have, however, certain objections to this conception of a true church. It clashes most completely with the theory of the church laid down by the apostles in their acts and writings. It is not only contradictory to the apostolic idea, but it rests upon a very suspicious foundation, since parables are of various and doubtful interpretation, and should be appealed to rather for the *illustration than enunciation of divine truth*. Beyond these there are grave objections to the proposed interpretation of the parable. I cannot endorse one—that the parable

applies to the intermixture of the good and the bad in the *world* rather than in the church. Truly "*the field is the world*," but only so because the world is the field of the church. So that we concede that most strictly and truly it is a parable of "*the kingdom of heaven*."

But here it becomes a question whether the intermixture denoted in the parable should be attributed to the Divine sanction or to human unwatchfulness; whether it belongs to the praise or blame of the church; whether it be a prophecy of church corruptions or a manifesto of church polity. I incline to the prophetic view of the group of parables in the thirteenth of Matthew, and follow the great authorities who regard them as prophecies and forecasts of the seven ages of the church. Thus interpreted, the real key to this parable consists of those three words, "*while men slept*;" and thus it relates "to the age when watchfulness against false doctrine began to diminish and heresies to creep in."* Remembering that, whenever begun, this "age" is certainly not yet ended, I am ready to accept this view, with the obvious addition that "the tares" do not denote merely false doctrine, but false disciples also—"children of the wicked one"—sown, too, "*while men slept*." Thus interpreted, the parable is a portraiture of a church overrun, infested, cumbered with false doctrine and false disciples, because she has refused a pure constitution and been unwatchful as to the devices of our great enemy the devil. Whether it be our blame or our praise not to belong to such a church, judge ye, and say now whether we shall "sleep as do others," or still defend the purity of Christ's mystic bride.

But it seems that we have been wrong, not only in guarding the portals of the church, but also in seeking to remove her corruptions. We are compared to the men who

* Trench.

* Trench.

wished to gather up the tares; nay, we have gone beyond them, in attempting the separation in opposition to the Lord's command, "*Let both grow together until the harvest.*" Is it so? Then, as one ground of consolation, we find ourselves in the best of company; for even the first of the apostles avowed himself "*jealous over the church with a godly jealousy, that he might present her as a pure virgin to Christ.*" But it appears it is not so. For (1) it is very probable that the only attempt at discipline the parable forbids is that which has continually been made by religious intolerance, with the weapons of persecution; so that the spirit and behaviour censured are such as were displayed by James and John when they desired fire from heaven to consume Christ's enemies; FOR NO DISCIPLINE WHICH SEEKS RATHER TO DESTROY THAN TO SAVE IS PERMITTED IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST. (2) Moreover, what were sown by the enemy were "*tares.*" And "*tares*" are what? A species of degenerate wheat—a kind of depraved grain! I suppose the very plant—the "*zizanea*," or the tares of Palestine—is found to the present day, and is characterised by its great resemblance to the genuine wheat, at least in the first stages of its growth; and a second characteristic is the very marked way in which it intertwines its roots about those of the wheat, so that—at least in the later stages of growth—the removal of the one means the destruction of the other. Now, turning to the parable, observe how clearly and fully these same characteristics come into view; for it was only "*when the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit that the tares appeared, and only because the removal of the tares meant the destruction of the wheat that the separation was forbidden.*"

Hence result two important conclusions: that the intermixture alluded to in the parable is merely an intermixture of the good with

those who for a time are not known as evil, and whose evil to the last is cloaked and disguised. And again, that the intermixture, so far as it is countenanced at all, is maintained in the interest of the good, lest in the separation by fallible hands, feeble and imperfect, but faithful and true souls should suffer injury and wrong. In other words, the parable is about "*tares*," and not about thorns and thistles, and denotes the treatment that tares, rather than thorns and thistles, must receive. Or, giving a truce to figure, we here learn how we must deal with hypocrites, masked characters, men with the form of godliness but destitute of its power. We must bear with them, we must suffer their continuance, waiting for their full development and departure from us, "*because they are not of us,*" or for the day of unerring division and final separation. We have not the wisdom required to read the heart or to unmask the character; so that, although the intermixture is most pernicious and corrupting, the separation of hypocrites from genuine disciples must be left to the uncloaking which sooner or later must befall every deceiver, or to the consuming judgment of the final harvest. Enough for us to root out thistles and thorns, which we may safely do; leave the tares to God. Open transgressors the church must rebuke and censure; He will see to the cloaked and masked intruders into the holy fold! "*The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His.*"

I spoke just now of precedent being quoted against us; and the most formidable precedent which can be cited is the case of the deceiver among the twelve—a Judas among the apostles. Again and again is this urged as an illustration of the intermixture permitted in the church and countenanced by the command, "*Let both grow together until the harvest.*" Exactly so; but let it be

remembered that, however depraved was the character of Judas, hypocrisy the most consummate belonged to him. Indeed, so perfectly did he play the hypocrite that, notwithstanding the repeated intimations of Christ, to the very last not one of his fellow-apostles seemed to have suspected him. There was no lack of overt and concealed acts such as proclaimed the man, but socially and publicly he seemed what he professed to be—a true disciple. And he was continued in the fellowship of Christ and the apostles, perhaps for exceptional purposes and ends; but perhaps, too, that we might learn that in the purest communion there must be impurity, and that hypocrisy must vex the church, until the day of revelation throws off the mask, and the day of judgment sentences every hidden transgression.

To sum up these remarks. The whole result of the argument brought to bear upon our position is this: that as we cannot read the heart we must bear with those whose lives are negatively correct; that hypocrites, as distinguished from open and undisguised transgressors, are reserved for the identification and judgment of the Lord; that “tares are to be purged from the church by divine rather than human agencies—conclusions to which we most heartily add our “Amen;” conclusions we, at least, never called into question and never shall contend against.

But, as no farmer forbears to purge out weeds, and thorns, and thistles, because he cannot gather up the “tares,” so no true church must spare open and acknowledged transgressors, because, forsooth, it must embrace hypocrites and formalists. For, just as no agriculturist can, at any stage of growth, confound the thorns with the wheat, and just as he from their very first appearance will purge them away, so, neither on the one ground nor on the other—neither on the score of resemblance nor on the score of

advantage—should open and undoubted transgressors be retained in church communion.

But “what saith the Scripture?” for our appeal must be, as ever, to the written word, whose decisions are final. As Baptists we, at least, have no manifesto on this question but that found in the “standing orders” of our great Captain. My work to day has caused me to look closely into these “standing orders,” and I have sought to read them free from any bias but that of loyalty and love to the church’s Head; but in the New Testament we neither look for a perfect theory nor a complete detail of church constitution. All we expect to find is the assertion of prominent, essential principles, which we accept as binding upon us, both on the ground of their intrinsic excellence and of their divine origin. Abiding by these principles, every church has considerable freedom and latitude of action, and may claim to exercise whatever powers have been delegated to her by the divine Head.

And now, so far as our conclusions on this subject of church discipline have been formed, we give them a hurried enumeration.

I. THAT THE USES OF DISCIPLINE IN THE CHURCH ARE VERY LARGE AND IMPORTANT; for even in the church of the first days we find a very constant and diligent endeavour to gather up the thistles and thorns. The primitive churches, instead of being, as some suppose, societies pure and perfect—fragments of “Paradise Regained”—were greatly marred by corrupt doctrine and plagued by false and faulty disciples. Consequently we find the apostles evermore reminding them of their ideal and potential completeness and perfection, and urging them to rise to the high dignity of their calling. We find them (the apostles) chafed and wounded, and righteously incensed, by their grievous slurs and blots, and singling out again and

again for rebuke, avoidance, or exclusion, the more flagrant or hardened transgressors. The catalogue of offenders requiring discipline is indeed a most comprehensive and suggestive one—the *fornicator, the covetous, the idolater, the reviler, the drunkard, the extortioner,* the heretic, lovers of their own selves, lovers of money, boasters, haughty, evil speakers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, implacable, slanderers, incontinent, fierce, haters of good, traitors, headlong, besotted with pride, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God†*—all, all these, and many beside, are named as obnoxious to discipline, and demanding in one form or another the censures of the church. In one sense we are accustomed to speak of all as being under discipline; in another sense it now appears that the sword hangs over us, for who can plead guiltlessness in view of many of these sins?

II. But we have ascertained THAT PRIMITIVE DISCIPLINE WAS VERY VARIED IN ITS FORMS AND DEGREES. In the original text, as well as in our authorised version of the New Testament, we meet with a great variety of terms expressive of church discipline; such as, “avoid,” “turn away,” “mark,” “keep not company with,” “rebuke,” “admonish,” “reject,” “deliver over unto Satan.” Nor are these terms synonymous or interchangeable; but they mark separate degrees or stages of discipline, degrees or stages which are at least three; and which I distinguish as admonition, estrangement, and exclusion. The first degree, admonition, is very intelligible, and comes into view continually. Thus, “*A man that is a heretic, after the first or second admonition, reject.*”† The only question causing any difficulty concerns the circumstances of the admonition, whether it was private

or public; to which the answer probably is, private, if the offence was private, public if the offence was before all.

More difficulty is occasioned by that degree of discipline called *estrangement*—the best word I can find for that suspension of friendly intercourse, that withdrawal of confidence, and attachment, and fellowship, which very certainly resulted from the unworthy behaviour of a professed disciple. This sort of estrangement went very far in those early days, an illustrative instance being given of the apostle John fleeing from the baths at Ephesus because he had ascertained that the Gnostic heretic, Cerinthus, was within, and fearing that the presence of such an enemy to the truth might bring down the building upon his head. My mind, however, is not exactly made up as to the order in which this stage should be placed; for to shun and to avoid certain characters so as to refuse to sit at the same table with them, or be beneath the same roof with them, seems to imply very extreme and manifest sin on the part of the offender, and the very last degree of estrangement on the part of the church. It must have been a very extreme degree of discipline which even outdid this, but most probably it was outdone by the final degree of discipline—the final sentence of the Christian communion—that of exclusion, or “excommunication,” or “delivering up to Satan;” a sentence of the most solemn gravity, weighty significance, and critical results; a sentence which, however set at nought in these modern days, in those simple days for the excommunicate oft kindled the fires of bitterest remorse, or extinguished even the light of hope.

III. CHURCH DISCIPLINE IS INVARIABLY BENIGNANT IN ITS SPIRIT AND CHRISTLIKE IN THE ENDS IT CONTEMPLATES. An agency capable

* 1 Cor. v. 11. † 2 Tim. iii. 2-4.

‡ Titus iii. 10.

of such effects as those just noted, must necessarily demand great intelligence, and involve great responsibility, on the part of those employing it. What purposes are to be sought in the administration of discipline? THE RESTORATION OF THE OFFENDER—THE SALVATION OF THE TRANSGRESSOR. It breathes the spirit of the Lord: "*Not to condemn, but to save.*" Certainly in the pursuit of this end, and before its attainment, it may necessitate chastisement and suffering: but still the end of discipline is not punishment, but amendment. The incestuous Corinthian was certainly subject to the most extreme discipline; he was utterly excommunicate, cut off from the Corinthian church, "delivered over unto Satan," which last expression, whatever it may signify, is not mere rhetoric. He was "delivered over unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh;" meaning, say some, that he was subjected to peculiar judgments and sufferings, brought upon him by God through the agency of the wicked one. But the ultimate design and the eventual result was not punishment or suffering, but "*that the spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus;*" so that, in the actual fact, the man was restored—restored from his grievous fall—and as was most fit, and agreeable to the Apostolic command, brought back with rejoicing to the visible fold. Full as the Epistles are with directions and exhortations on this subject, there ought to be no possibility, either in theory or in practice, of the substitution of any other object as the final design of church discipline. "*To restore the wanderer in the spirit of meekness*" is the unvarying object the church must desire and seek.

Again, *there is no human or divine code which would treat with equal severity the occasional and the habitual offender.* Unquestionably, New Testament discipline makes a difference between those who are "*overtaken in a fault*" and those

who deliberately choose a life of evil. Guided by the nature of the case, as well as by apostolic precedent, we should "make a difference," and be careful beyond everything lest by undue rigour and severity we drive "without" those who have stumbled, and cut off the bridge of their return; for I do verily believe that—

"The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us after of whose fold we be."

Tell me not that the church's honour is concerned in this rigorous extirpation of all evil, that the church is bound to become actually what she already is ideally and potentially—"without blame!" for I ask in reply, how is Christian character formed, if not through many temptations and many falls? We attain the Celestial City only after "Sloughs of Despond" and "By-path Meadows" have witnessed our defeats and victories. And has the church no shelter for souls in conflict—now wounded and now triumphant, now prone and now again risen? Will she be so unlike her Head that she will break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax; that she can find no compassion for the unwary who have fallen into the fire? I had thought of the church as an asylum for sin-bruised and wounded souls, under the healing of the great Physician. Is it an illusion? or in the spirit of His mission "who came not to destroy but to save," shall not the church leave her safely-folded flock and go after that which is lost, until she finds it with rejoicing?

IV. CHURCH DISCIPLINE IN AN EMINENT DEGREE DEPENDS UPON CHRISTIAN WISDOM AND DIVINE CHARITY. We shall look in vain, I think, either in the acts or writings of the apostles, for "hard and fast lines" within which the action of the church upon matters of discipline must be confined. I do not think, for instance, that we can find anything like a list of offences that

must invariably and evermore demand or incur the extreme sentence of excommunication; and in the absence of this we cannot be too much on our guard against accepting, from any conventional standard of morality we find in the world, sins scheduled and classified according to their enormity, since there is much probability that thus—

"We shall compound for sins that we're inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to."

The nearest approach to a classified list of sins of excommunication is given by Paul, and there the first character is the *fornicator*, and the second the *covetous*.* What a suggestive conjunction; and yet the one character we loathe, the other is an accredited and esteemed Christian brother!

Nor does the New Testament lay down the idea that the same sentence must evermore follow the commission of the same sin—that in each case excommunication *i.e.*—must result from heresy. We look again in vain for "the hard and fast line," and only see that upon its merits—in the light of its circumstances, of its extenuations, or its aggravations—each case must be adjudged, without partiality, under the teachings of Christian wisdom and divine charity.

* 1 Cor. v. 11.

V. My last remark is that, WISELY AND FAITHFULLY EXERCISED, CHURCH DISCIPLINE IS A MOST EFFECTUAL AND SALUTARY MEANS OF THE INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE PURITY OF THE CHURCH. Not otherwise! as witness Papal anathemas, and, nearer home, the lax and passionate action of some "religious republics!" Not that I claim for church censures any supernatural efficacy. I am not thinking now of "binding or loosing," nor of "delivering unto Satan." These truly are great phrases, which may be more full of meaning than we sometimes think, or than we can now attempt to suggest; but my point is this, that the exercise of wise and faithful discipline is the church's struggle for self-purification. She remembers her ideal. She is unleavened; she therefore purges out the old leaven. And in proportion as she does this, growing in purity she increases in power; for not in numbers, nor in the prestige of intellect or wealth, nor in a misnamed Catholicity, but in WHITE-ROBED PURITY, is the church's power. And we, too, shall have power to allure, constrain, and impel anxious souls seeking the light of God; when, true to our great mission, faithful to our supreme work, we shall arouse the cry, "*Who are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?*"

LIGHT AT HAND.

Crossing the Gemmi Pass to get from Kandersteg to Leuk we had one of those experiences in travelling which make an impression never to be erased, and leave a vision on which the fancy often delights to dwell. Wearily we had toiled for three hours up some 6,000 feet through dark clouds, packed as thickly as autumn leaves on the forest grass; the rain and snow mercilessly driving their way through the stoutest garments, and a fiercely cold air penetrating to the very marrow of the bones. Chafed and depressed, still we journeyed on, wondering when the day would break, and the stiffening cold abate, and, lo! suddenly as sheet lightning splits the clouds at sunset, we stepped out of midnight darkness

into midday splendours. The long Rhone valley burst upon us like an angel escaped from paradise, all light and glory. Stretching away for miles, it was lit up with indescribable brilliance, painted with the most gorgeous colours given by the sun, and crowned with a halo of white dazzling lustre. In a moment the cloud-line was passed, and we stood enraptured at the inconceivable glories and surpassing beauties of the scene. So, wearied Christian, you may pass from sorrow to joy, from tribulation to victory, from earth to heaven. Be of good cheer. Keep on, the light of God is not far off. The *next step* may bring you to behold the full glory of your Father's face.

J. CLIFFORD.

ON INDIVIDUALITY OF THOUGHT AND ACTION IN THE CHURCH AND DENOMINATION.*

BY J. WALLIS CHAPMAN.

SINCE the subject of this paper was first announced, its importance, always great, has been enhanced in its practical issues by the decisions which have been given in the Purchas and Voysey cases; for though these decisions have not defined all the teaching of the Established Church, they have placed certain limits beyond which transgression is penal. Moreover, the desire for the "reunion of Christendom" still shews itself in many ways, and on a small scale in the union of Particular and General Baptists. But the terms of any just and lasting union must imply (in matters outside the articles of federation) the surrender of the control of the majority and the maintenance of individual rights and opinions. I propose, therefore, to enquire to what extent the rights of the individual may be maintained when they are at variance with the will of the majority.

Again, the progress that has recently been made in the study of Biblical criticism and comparative theology justifies attention to the present subject. Modern scientific methods are brought to bear upon ancient questions of metaphysics and theology. Even if previous results are confirmed, it can hardly be expected that the same effects will be produced by the examination of similar phenomena under different circumstances, as by the acceptance of the explanation upon isolated testimony or from a narrower generalization. Hence these studies are daily becoming more progressive studies. Perhaps, if it were true, no more bitter satire could have been passed upon theology than that uttered by the Home Secretary in reply to Mr. Miall. Mr. Bruce said, "My hon. friend compared the progress of science with the progress of theology. . . . The two things are not analogous. Science is essentially progressive. . . . But theology is, in its very nature and essence, stationary. The relations of man to God remain now as they were five thousand years ago," &c. Have not the "laws of nature" remained the same for five thousand years, equally

with the "relations of man to God?" But it does not follow that our knowledge of the one or of the other is the same now as always. "You cannot make new discoveries in religion," said Sir Roundell Palmer; but surely you may learn to discriminate between superstition and religion. As it has been given to man from the earliest times to provide in some way for his physical wants, so has it been given to him to know those primary truths which are necessary to his spiritual life. We call one instinct, the other revelation. But neither instinct nor revelation proscribe the results of experience, in a progressive knowledge, tending ever to new discoveries.

Taking, again, the lower planes of education, if the present movements are to have half the results anticipated from them, we must expect to find increased intelligence and mental activity. I do not say that such qualities are absent in Nonconformist churches, but it is acknowledged that they are largely composed of the poorer classes, and that it is these classes which, directly, will most benefit by the movements in question. Whether Nonconformity shall gain or lose by this increased intelligence will depend, amongst other matters, upon the position allowed by the church to *individual* thought and action.

The immense increase in chapel-building affords another reason for the consideration of our subject. It is daily becoming a greater anachronism to control living energies by the counsels of the past. Hence the resumption of endowments by the State, for the benefit of the people, is a cause that is gaining strength. If Dissenters obtain the secularization of the ecclesiastical property, they must expect to have the same measure measured to themselves; and, though the more recently acquired property of the Nonconformist churches may escape at first, it seems clear to me that, hampered by their trust deeds, the old institutions will diminish in efficiency, and ultimately give place to those more consonant

* The paper, of which this is an abstract, was read at Chesham in May last, and is published here at the request of the London Conference.

with the spirit of the times. We need to trust the future. Nonconformists, we yet reject some of the teaching of our own forefathers. Shall we bind our descendants to *our* Nonconformity? We need a power of revision in our trust deeds. It would be easy to devise a plan which should preserve the spirit of the trust, whilst fidelity to it would be increased by the removal of any ground for glosses and equivocation.

But a more prominent question than that of endowments and its collateral, that of entail, is the question of the State establishment of religion. The aspect of this question has changed of late years; for the battle of religious toleration, in its legal phases, has been fairly won. The main Nonconformist argument for disestablishment is now the gain to the Established Church itself, if it were freed from that "yoke of bondage" imposed by Privy Council judgments. It is retorted that the Nonconformist imposes as heavy a yoke of bondage; for that what the one does by the machinery of the law, the other does by its church government and the ostracism it practices. So far as this retort is true, so far will Nonconformists be hampered in their efforts at disestablishment.

But, beyond the legal equality of Churchmen and Dissenters, there lies a whole sphere of religious toleration. You may give all social and legal advantages to Conformists and Nonconformists alike—you may remove all unequal pressure and abolish all privileges—and you have then done all the State can do; but you leave the great heart of the matter untouched—where the State leaves off, there the church and the individual should begin. "Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is carnal." So, when all outward inequalities have been abolished by law, the church, going into the spiritual relationships, dealing with the consciences of men, has to preach the spiritual correlative of disestablishment—the *moral* equality of all genuine belief. But when I speak of the moral equality of all genuine belief, I am far from affirming that the moral effects of all beliefs are the same, or that the social effects are so. But if we are to arrive at the basis of religious toleration, of religious equality, we must come to this, that the specu-

lative acquiescence in one dogma or in one system of dogmas, is not *in itself* more virtuous than a similar acquiescence in another totally different; and further that even the heartfelt acceptance of the one is not more virtuous than the heartfelt acceptance of the other. It is true we may feel, and consider the evidence proves, that the results of the one are evil, and those of the other are good; though, here we must remember that rebutting evidence may be adduced, that no system is wholly false, and that the power of discriminating between good and evil is not the same in all persons. Hence the measure of the moral worth of people is not to be found in their beliefs, not even in the logical results of their beliefs, but in the sincerity of their devotion, the purity of their purpose, and the thoroughness of their conviction. The truth of this point will be pressed further by the consideration of the small influence any abstract speculative opinion, apart from morals, has, *per se*, in forming the character. The mental and physical character of a person will materially tend to mould his speculations. The Baptist, the Independent, the Churchman, the Catholic—can you say of any one of them, he is a Baptist or otherwise, therefore he is good or bad? You deal with him in business, and you find him upright, strictly endeavouring to do as he would be done by; you go to his home, and you find he is considerate of others, gentle, zealous, and devout, serving God with full purpose of heart. But you cannot tell from this what are his speculative opinions; you could not predicate his opinions except from expressions or direct conversation. Yet you find men of this stamp in every community, even where the differences are still more radical. It is true that the peculiar speculations, or the circumstances in which they are held, may enforce previous characteristics; such as a proud self-consciousness may be fostered in a Baptist by his baptism, or immorality in a Catholic by his belief in a ready absolution; but neither in the one case or the other is the moral fault to be ascribed to the speculation, but to the predisposing character which gave effect to the evil aspect of the doctrine. It must not be inferred from this that one form of belief is as good as another, but that the character has

an existence independent of the belief; that, in fact, to use the language of religious parlance, two men may be "converted," may be "regenerated," and yet hold speculative opinions in the theology as widely different as is the difference between yes and no. To many this will appear a truism, to some it may even appear blasphemy. To myself it appears to lie at the very foundation of religious equality, of which the motto is, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

If to obtain genuineness of personal conviction were the sole reason of the existence of denominations, it is obvious they might be dissolved at once, and the churches become all inclusive. But the *raison d' être* of denominations, of parties political, religious, or otherwise, is the consideration that they hold some truth which it is desirable to proclaim with emphasis—the Baptist, his baptism, the Independent, his independency, and so forth. This is good. But if it is further urged that therefore there must be one type to which all in each church must conform in order to gain the full effect of combination, I think there is a grave error. Let this type be set up in the form of articles requiring actual subscription, or of a creed to which tacit assent is expected, or the pressure of the public opinion of the church, or the threat of expulsion from the church, I hold it to be equally false in principle and vicious in practice.

It may be urged in defence of exclusiveness that we do not permit a benefit building society to speculate on the Stock Exchange, nor the managers of the co-operative groceries store to trade in ironmongery, nor even the Home Missionary Society to spend its funds on Foreign Missions. And this is true, and the analogy would be complete if the Baptist churches were simply organizations for the spread of opinions on baptism. But any Christian church, or any society analogous to it, has a higher duty. Its claim to respect, to reverence at least, rests on a much more noble calling. It goes to the heart of our common humanity, it approaches the throne of our common Father. Its work is with the poor, its mission to the sorrowing; its lessons are for the ignorant, and its search is for truth. It is not concerned with one moment, nor should it care for a

passing triumph. It should not seek its own victory, nor care for its own supremacy. It should be passionless in its judgments, though infinite in compassion; and convinced, yet open to conviction. Shall we find this in a club of propagandists, or in a community which excludes all who differ from it? However forcibly, then, a church may enunciate its special views, and whatever its terms of first admission, I hold that it has no right to restrict the belief of its component members, nor to reproach them if they change their opinions.

But there is another point of view from which we judge of the rights of the church over the individual members. All the compound relations of life are in the nature of tacit contracts; by which I mean that, upon the faith of a certain act, undertaking, or relationship, other acts are done or developments are allowed to arise. While in material things these developments or vested interests may be assessed by the pecuniary loss, or may be compensated for by a given sum of money, there is a class of vested interests which cannot be so assessed. So when a person in communion with a church, by the interest he takes in that church is bound to it by personal ties of friendship, may be of kinship—when his spiritual affections intertwine round it—when tradition has laid hold of it, and it is sanctified by the remembrance of work done there—I say you may not lightly touch these moral vested interests, nor can you offer any compensation. But all these sentiments grow round the thought of that church, while the separation of speculative opinion, maybe, is possibly growing wider and wider. This affects broad churches—churches broad by custom or history, or broad in their basis of membership, not necessarily their theology—more than exclusive churches, because the former have in the first instance allowed of a certain divergence. But it affects all, for the man who is honest and earnest must not resist the developments of opinions, though they clash with his affections. But this development is a slow process, and in the meantime his moral vested interests are unconsciously accumulating.

Shall the churches, then, set forth their creed and terms of membership

in such a form that they may retain the right of withdrawal from or exclusion of members on account of contrary opinions? In short, shall the church require subscription—tacit or literal, it matters nothing? I have shown the injury this inflicts upon the individual; it now remains to show that for the church it is ineffectual; that it conduces, as we have seen, to injustice, and further to immorality; and that it is not warranted by the New Testament.

It is ineffectual. Suppose a favourable case, that of a new church. A certain number, holding a common faith, draw up a set of formularies to which each gives a hearty "assent and consent." They exclude all who cannot do this. Years pass on—years full of joy and sorrow; they bring struggles to some, plenty to others; knowledge and activity to these, stagnation to those; the middle-aged man has become conservative, and the young man has come to his full powers. Shall we say that all other things have been altered, but that their view of those formularies to which they gave so hearty an assent alone has remained unaltered? Can it be doubted that the intellectual unanimity is gone, whilst, if there has been the right spirit, there has grown up that unity which enables them to recognize their true brotherhood notwithstanding diversity of powers and varying circumstances?

But what is the evidence of history? Consider those churches which have suffered most from secessions, and also the history of those principles which were the occasion of secession or of animadversion. The Church of Rome, with all its apparent unity, has been torn by factions and sects from the days of Arius to those of Père Hyacinthe and Dr. Döllinger. Profoundly dogmatic as it is, can it with equal truth be said of any other church, that a large portion of the men are disbelievers, who yet wish the women and peasantry to be *dévotés*? Look at France and Italy; is not the Reformation amply avenged in those countries? Or look at the Anglican Church in Ireland. Dogmatic to-day, it has in times past been dogmatic even to persecution, in its opposition to Romanism; yet the Catholic Church has a stronger hold in that country than in any other; whilst at the recent synod of the An-

glican Church the greatest danger was felt to lie just where the dogmatism was greatest, that is in the inroads of Ritualism or modified Catholicism. If we consider the Established Church in England, we find that in Elizabeth's time it framed a plan to enforce uniformity of religious observances, that the seventeenth century regarded this plan with abhorrence, that the eighteenth neglected it, and that many churchmen of the nineteenth century despise it as crude and inefficient. We find, too, that it rejected Wesley with his field preaching and lay help, whilst to-day the largest section of the church is infused with his spirit, and is also forming lay-helpers' associations. Non-conformists, too, afford us illustrations of the futility of subscriptions. There can scarcely be a wider difference in numbers and influence, in strength, completeness, and ingenuity of organization, in activity and diversity of labour, than exists between Wesleyans and Plymouth Brethren. The very point in which they have some resemblance manifests itself in different ways. In one conformity is enforced by authorized tribunals, in the other but too often by the bitterness of personal or party recrimination and the *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine of exclusive salvation. But Wesleyanism has suffered many disruptions, and Plymouth Brethren are divided into cliques.

Consider further the case of special doctrine, for example, that of baptismal regeneration, which in some form was early manifested in the Christian church. To-day those churches which seek to follow most closely the early models are exactly those which reject this doctrine. In nothing was the *mediæval* church cursed more than in its belief in the malignant opposition of a protean but personal devil. He subsequently became the fool of the play, whose modern descendant is the clown of the pantomime. The *reformed* churches both of Geneva and Germany, with scarcely less tenacity, held to this diabolism, but associated it more constantly with the doctrine of eternal physical torment. The most vapid and yet, shall I say, most customary oaths of to-day are in connection with these two most awful doctrines. Again, the doctrine of particular salvation is now neglected or given up by many of the Particular Baptist churches of large

towns. The New Connexion of General Baptists in 1770 "believed that it is the *indispensable* duty of all who repent and believe the gospel to be baptized by immersion in water, in order to be initiated into the Church state; and that no person ought to be received into the Church without submission to that ordinance." The constitution provides further that the Union or Association shall only embrace churches which hold to this, along with other articles. In 1870 and 1871 we learn that "most of the churches have now free communion, and some of them open fellowship."

Are not these episodes in church history sufficient illustrations of the futility of expecting that the creeds and formularies which satisfied the wants of one age will express and convey the aspirations of another?

There are several passages in the New Testament condemnatory of "heresies" or "sects." St. Paul counts them as amongst "the works of the flesh," St. Peter calls them "damnable." But is there any evidence to show that these "damnable sects" were created by the exclusion of members on account of difference of opinion? St. Paul does not seek to reconcile the various "schisms" in the Corinthian church by a policy of exclusion, but by reference to the things they have in common (see 1 Cor.). It is true that the same apostle says that he had delivered Hymenæus and Alexander "unto Satan that they might learn not to blaspheme" (1 Tim. i. 20). It is by no means clear what this punishment was, nor is the offence stated. We learn elsewhere, however, that Hymenæus was given to "profane and vain babblings," "striving about words to no profit" (2 Tim. ii. 14-18); and that Alexander had done Paul "much evil," greatly withstanding his words (2 Tim. iv. 14, 15); but, further, do we know for certain that these men (see Acts xix. 33) were members of the Ephesian church, and not opponents of the new faith? If Matt. xviii. 17 refers to a church, as we understand the term, we must remember that the fault is that of an unsatisfied injury done by one man to another. St. Paul tells the Thessalonians (2 Thess. iii. 12-15) to have no company with the disorderly, the idle, and those who "will not eat their bread with quietness;" though

such an one is to be admonished "as a brother." If Gal. i. 8, 9, and 1 Cor. xvi. 22, present an apparent difficulty, I would suggest that the difficulty will probably be found in the word "anathema," translated "accursed" in one passage and left untranslated in the other.

Nor do we find in the New Testament marked indications of theological tests for converts. On the day of Pentecost the people were told to "repent and be baptized every one in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." Those who gladly complied were "added to the church." At another time the community of goods (Acts iv. 32) was the evidence that "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul." Philip, it is true, required an expression of belief from the eunuch, before he would administer the rite of baptism to him; but this was an expression as to the purport of the ceremony in which they were about to be engaged (Acts xviii. 37, 38).^{*} When, however, some argued (Acts xv. 5) that it was necessary to keep the Mosaic law, the apostles only enjoined abstention "from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication;" and in one of these particulars St. Paul allowed a certain liberty (Rom. xiv., 1 Cor. viii.). The apostles' creed is said by Mosheim to be an amplification of an older and much simpler creed. It would, in fact, seem that from the middle of the first century to that of the sixteenth there was a progression of creeds towards greater and greater exclusiveness.

But, in conclusion, the imposition of tests conduces to immorality. As before observed, *it matters nothing whether the subscription is to be made tacitly or literally*. I have pointed out the injustice to the individual. But where the fear of this injustice is present, one of two evils will arise: either a conscious concealment of differences, or an unconscious twisting of thought. The one is direct falsehood, the other is a depravation of those powers of the individual which are less his property than that of the whole human family.

What does a church gain by its tests? The shadow of uniformity! The substance of such an uniformity

^{*} On the authenticity of v. 37, see the September Number of this Magazine, p. 200.

as it seeks will never be obtainable so long as there are diverse capabilities, limited powers, and fallible judgments.

Nor need there be any dread lest the dissentients from any communion should gain the majority; for the development of opinion is a slow process, and in a small society proceeds very unequally, from want of sufficient intellectual sympathy. But, so long as the hearts of the community are right, the desire for usefulness overshadows minor differences of opinion, if these are not unduly emphasised by the opposition of those in power. And again, the time will come, if the divergence increases, when the dissentient will feel that it is better to sacrifice sacred ties and hallowed remembrances than endure the shocks, the unintentional shocks, to his convictions, which he receives at the hands of those he respects and with whom he is desirous of working. That such a time will come who can doubt, unless, indeed, there is a re-convergence? But when it does come it will be grievous for all—grievous for those who go, grievous for those who stay, grievous to part, grievous to lose.

"A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth; her banks recede;
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding,
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing,
Shouts of mariners winnow the air,
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that shrouded so fair.

While, O my heart, as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow with lips that quiver
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—I know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day.

And yet I know past all doubting truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved me, he will love me duly,
Yea better, e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river—
The awful river so dread to see—
I say, Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

I would now in a few words ask your attention to individuality in action. This may be compared to the operation of free trade. In the old times of trade restrictions, the resources of the country and of the men in it were not developed as they are now. There were great inventions, truly, in those days, but there was but small scope and little inducement for general im-

provements. So there have been great inventions in the church—Missions, Home Missions, Sunday and Ragged Schools. But we need more that each man should, if possible, make a work for himself; and having made it, know that he will find in the church both loving sympathy and cordial appreciation. If each man and woman could contrive a work suited to his or her capacity, or take part in some such suitable work, we might hope to see more earnestness and more fruitful labour. But for this we need more intelligence and independence of thought on the part of the individual members, and more appreciation and broader sympathies on the part of the church.

To gather into one strand these various threads. Let us be earnest in our own convictions, but reverent towards those of others. Let us not say, "Ah! they know no better," but rather, "We are members one of another." Let us not seek specially to advance our own opinions, but rather to arrive at truth, though it find us in the wrong. Let us acknowledge the supremacy of our own conscience, though it leads us contrary to received opinions; and let us acknowledge in others the supremacy we claim for ourselves. Let us not act by our own device nor for our own glory, but for the advancement of His kingdom of whom it was said, "He that wills to do the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Thus humble, reverent, and learning, when we have done all which love and intelligence can dictate, let us each yet acknowledge that—

"Our little systems have their day—
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee—
A beam in darkness—let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For me it lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee."

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. XI.—*About saying "No."*

As I got into the railway carriage at Manchester the other day, and almost before I was comfortably seated, a gentleman a little advanced beyond middle life, sitting next the door, suddenly addressed me. He had just heard a person who was bidding "good bye" to a friend in the next compartment say in very decided tones, "No, I shall not, and so it's no use writing me;" and without further ado, his mind manifestly full of his subject, the stranger began:—"There, sir, that young woman has mastered one of the biggest difficulties in life, and possesses a greater treasure than all the flimsy accomplishments a first-class education could give her; for she has the power to say 'No,' and to mean it."

"Very likely," said I, being quite ready for a chat, and specially with a man so earnest and outspoken, "Very likely; few qualities of character are to be preferred to firmness and decision; but surely it is possible to be as firm as a rock without giving up those 'flimsy accomplishments' of which you speak."

"Yes, yes, I would not say much against them in their place;" though I could tell from the curl of his under lip that he did not think much of modern accomplishments; "but what matters it if your daughter can sing like an angel, play a piano like a—well—like a professional, and paint like I don't know what, and yet she goes down with the first storm of temptation?"

Just as this question was finished the ticket-inspector looked in, and having found that we were "all right," the train immediately started. I at once thought we were going to have an animated chat on elegant accomplishments as contrasted with solid virtues; but my talkative and eager travelling companion, instead of waiting for my reply, laid bare in a single sentence the reason why his mind had grappled so tightly to those words of the young woman which I had heard only with indifference. "Why," he began, "this very day I have been to the funeral of a man in Manchester, and I'm sure that if his whole history were written, every bit of it, it would all be just this, and nothing more, 'He never could say No.' He was my cousin, and as cousins we

knew one another well—went to the same school, sat at the same desks, worked at the same 'sums.' There was not a lad to beat him in the whole school, and there were some clever ones there I can assure you. He was as sharp as a needle, and had an eye like a hawk. His 'sums' were nothing to him, and he could do all his work in half the time it took me. And yet he never won more than two or three prizes, and at last left the school in disgrace. Once he took some money out of the master's desk, not because he was a born thief, but merely because when he was asked to join in an expensive 'spree' he couldn't say 'No;' and so he got into trouble, and robbed to get out of it, but of course only fell into more. Another time I well remember, he was caught in a lie; for like all lads he was very unwilling to be thought poor—was ashamed of poverty he had not incurred and couldn't help—and so on being asked whether his father was well off, couldn't say 'No,' and yet he knew very well that his parents had hard work to send him to school at all. Indeed I can hardly bear to think of what he might have become, if there had only been a little more granite in his nature, and not so 'confoundedly' much soft putty."

I suppose I must have indicated surprise at this last sentence, for, as if to justify the flush of anger in his face and the strong words he had used, he said, "Excuse me, but really I have lost all patience, and can hardly restrain myself. Why, only this very day I've had to pay over £300 for him. Not, of course, that I wouldn't do it with pleasure if it were misfortune, or anything like that; but it's very hard when you know it's all because he was so easily led."

"Then did not your cousin alter after he left school?"

"Well, as I've begun, I may as well tell all. You'll never know who he was, for I shall mention no names. No, he did not alter. After we left school, which was very early, we were put to work in a Manchester factory. My cousin was not long before he gained the master's good word, and was soon promoted above me. His

quick manners, kind and obliging ways, and natural ability, won him favour and reward. But his promotion led to his ruin, for he was thrown into company much older than himself, and they tempted him, and as usual he gave way at the first assault, once more fell into trouble, and lost his place within two years of his entering upon it. Fortunately, however, he was not out of work long. An uncle of ours had made a great lot of money, and was not altogether indifferent to our welfare, and so he took my cousin into his business and gave him another chance. Again he was successful, soon became cashier, and after a while he had a share in the business. Then he married, mixed with business men of large means, and tried to do as they did; went and lived in a 'flash' house, and drank his wine and bought his pictures, as other men did who had a hundred times his wealth. His uncle said, 'Don't,' but others said 'Do,' and he couldn't say 'No;' and so he went on, making some money but always spending more; and last Tuesday he was taken off suddenly, and died without leaving enough to pay all his debts, to say nothing about providing for the wants of his poor wife and children. Ay, sir, you may teach all the accomplishments you like, but if I had any children the first thing I would drill into them would be how to say 'No,' and the next how to stick to it."

I could scarcely withhold a word of praise as in his intense earnestness he finished his story; but as I was about to speak the train stopped, and I found my interesting companion had reached his destination; and so, bidding him "good morning," I began to think on what I had heard, when it occurred to me that it would be well to keep the ball rolling. So looking at the warmly-clad motherly woman who had just moved into the speaker's place, I said, "Do you think that gentleman's story at all uncommon?"

As if utterly surprised at my inquiry, the good woman opened her eyes, and said in a lofty key, "Ay, bless thee, no, mester! There's lots like it if you'd only a mon like that to tell 'em. Why, there's my sister's girl has just ruined herself in one of the mills here in the same way. She was one of the nicest girls as is, but she listened to temptation, and though she's only about fifteen she's gone from home, and her

poor broken-hearted mother has heard nothing of her for months."

This, and much more to the same effect, I heard in that railway carriage during my journey from Manchester to London; and since then, naturally, my mind has frequently gone back to the story of the man who couldn't say "No." It is indeed a serious defect. Like a fatal axe, it strikes at the very roots of the tree of character, and fells it to the ground. Joseph says "No," and is saved. Eve cannot say it, and brings "sin into our world, and all our woe." Daniel utters it, and it is honour, and promotion, and happiness, and fame to him. David lets passion lock his lips when he should declare it, and he blots his character with ineffaceable stains. One fall may shatter to atoms the finest vase that ever was made, so once failing to give a decided "No" may whelm in utter ruin a creature made in God's image. Cleverness, talents, elegant manners, graceful speech, and winsome ways, are nothing unless they are protected by the shield of firmness. Says one—

"He had faults, perhaps had many,
But one fault above them all
Lay like heavy lead upon him,
Tyrant, of a patient thrall—
Tyrant, seen, confessed, and hated,
Banished, only to recall.

Oh! he drank? His drink was water.
Gambled? No, he hated play.
Then perchance a tenderer feeling
Led his heart and head astray?
No! both honour and religion
Kept him in the purer way.

Then he scorned life's mathematics—
Could not reckon up a score,
Pay his debts, or be persuaded
Two and two are always four.
No! he was exact as Euclid;
Prompt and punctual—no one more.

Oh! a miser? No; too lavish.
Worst of guessers—guess again.
No! I'm weary hunting failures.
Was he seen of mortal ken,
Paragon of marble virtues—
Quite a model man of men?

At his birth an evil spirit
Charms and spells around him flung,
And with well-concocted malice
Laid a curse upon his tongue—
Curso that daily made him wretched,
Earth's most wretched sons among.

He could plead, expound, and argue,
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow;
But one word for ever felled him—
Source of all his pain and woe.
Luckless man! he could not say it,
Could not, dare not, answer—"No!"

Say "No," then, my young friends, and say it out bravely. It may get you into a little trouble sometimes, but

it is sure to save you from more and worse troubles. Make up your mind to say it to all that is unjust and untrue, to every bad thought, to all evil desires; and having said it, stick to it. Let your aim be upright, your eye single, and your stand decided, and God will help you. Never believe the falsehood that you cannot be honest and live; it comes from Satan. There is no need to lie, to be false, to be impure; therefore, whenever tempted to step across the line of perfect integrity, if only for a hair's breadth, say "No," and say it out. Once across, you know not how far you may go on the other side. One "Yes" to Satan gives him the key of your heart, and having that he may come in when he pleases. Take care of your inmost thoughts; say "No", to all that is impure. Don't encourage the leprosy of evil in the thoughts, for it spreads with fearful haste to the words and acts. Lose rather than lie. Be like Adam Clarke, who, when told to stretch a short measure to make it enough, promptly said, "I can't do it, sir; conscience won't allow me." You will not suffer for it; but even if you did, it is better to suffer than to be false. But you will not lose by it in the long run. A Bristol gentleman, in his "Advice to Apprentices," says: "On one occasion an order had been received by my employers which was countermanded in a post or two afterwards. The second partner in the firm came to me with a persuasive smile and said, 'Mr. —, reply to this letter and say that the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order.' 'I cannot, sir,' was my reply. 'And why not, sir?' was asked with angry hastiness. 'Because the goods are now in the porter's yard, and it would therefore be a lie on my part, sir.' 'I hope you will always be so particular,' he remarked, turning on his heel and leaving me. From that time I had more frequently intricate and confidential matters entrusted to me. When I left I received a present of a sum of money, and my successor was received by my recommendation."

Above all, be brave for Jesus. Never deny Him. Face fire and death rather than give up Christ—He is all and in all. The daughter of an English nobleman was brought to know and love the Lord Jesus. Her father was

distracted at the event, and sought by violent threats, by temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading works of fiction, and by travelling in foreign countries, to divert her mind from the things unseen. But to every temptation she said courageously "No." Her heart was fixed; she was resolved that nothing should displace her Saviour from the centre of her affections. At last her infuriated father hit upon a desperate expedient. The drawing-room was crowded with nobility, and the daughters of lords and earls were each in turn to entertain the company with a worldly song accompanied by the piano; and her father determined that if his daughter refused her part she should not have a fraction of his property. She had to make her choice. Disgrace in society and loss of wealth, or the love of Jesus—which? At last her name was called, and the suspense in all minds *except hers* was great—what would she do? Without any hesitation she rose, went to the instrument, and with a prayer in her heart for the Lord's gracious help, she began to sing sweetly and softly—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy,
But, oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be Thou my guide, be Thou my stay,
To glorious happiness.
Oh, write Thy pardon on my heart,
And whencesoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!"

She ceased. She had been true to her Saviour, and He honoured her. The appeal went to every heart, and the solemnities of eternity overshadowed and penetrated the assembly. They dispersed in silence. The father wept aloud, sought the counsel and prayers of his child, and was led to trust in the Lord Jesus, and to consecrate himself and his estates to Christ. "Verily, them that honour *Me* I will honour."

J. CLIFFORD.

THE DENS OF CENTRAL LONDON.

No. II.—The “Lamb and Flag.”

THE lamb bearing a flag was originally one of the heraldic emblems used by the old knights, but the “Lamb and Flag” of which we write is a Ragged School close by Clerkenwell Green. It was established by a city missionary about 27 years ago, and has always been the centre of much useful and quiet work. The average attendance is 300, and the schools are open every day in the week except Saturday; on Sunday special children’s meetings are held. The teachers, so far as they are able, visit the sick children and their parents, and thus seek to carry the good news of the love of God to the homes of the little ones when they are unable to attend at school. The object of the school is the free education of the very poor. The Rev. R. Maguire, M.A., is the president, Mr. Wilson is the schoolmaster, and the late Judge Payne was for many years its steadfast friend; and among those who have taken an interest in the school, and who have aided it by their influence, are the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Brougham, the Earl of Carnarvon, and the late Dr. Stanley, Lord Bishop of Norwich. Unfortunately, the parents do not sufficiently appreciate the advantages of education, or are too poor even to send their children to a *free* school. How often in this locality have we asked a mother, “Does your child go to the school?” and in reply have been told, “I cannot spare him; he goes on errands;” or, “She cannot go, she nurses the baby;” and not infrequently, “My children have no clothes to come in.” This defect, however, is generally one that could be overcome, for garments are freely given away to those unable to buy them; and there is also a clothing fund belonging to the school, by contributing to which the parents might, if they desired, be able to send their children respectably attired. Some of the most attractive features of this institution are the annual excursion and the Christmas dinner—treats indeed to these little “waifs and strays” of humanity, who but for this would never see the country or get a taste of roast meat. But the occasion on which to see these children thoroughly enjoy themselves is when they are taken to the Zoological Gardens; for most of these little Arabs have a large fund of humour, which is very freely drawn upon, and especially when they get into the monkey-house.

Surrounding the “Lamb and Flag” is a network of courts and alleys, the chief of which are Lamb Square, Bit Alley, Fryingspan Alley, Rose Alley, and Broad Yard.

These dens emerge into Turnmill Street, which runs along by the Metropolitan Railway. We have seen the Cowgate in Edinburgh, and the Judengasse in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, with its gloomy, dirty, and antiquated houses, its numerous passages and brokers’ shops; but we think that for squalid misery the palm belongs to this locality.

Here is narrow, dirty, and unpleasant Bit Alley. Let us just call with the missionary at the room of an aged couple. The wife is a tidy, intelligent Irish Roman Catholic. The husband is a Protestant, and he can earn enough to supply the actual wants of himself and wife when he is sober; but drink is his besetting sin, and he often falls into temptation. He readily acknowledges his error, and promises to amend, but so he has a hundred times before. The result is always the same—a relapse into the old habit. The missionary speaks to him about his soul and the nearness of eternity. He allows all this, and says he knows he must prepare to meet God, but— Always “*But*.” He makes many excuses. Alas! they are the kind of excuses which so many men make for not giving up a sinful course and trusting to Christ for salvation. After much conversation and many kindly entreaties the man promises to attend the meetings at the “Lamb and Flag,” and to strive to seek to lead a better life. Wishing him God’s blessing we take our leave.

From Bit Alley we pass on to Fryingspan Alley. In this place we visit an old woman who is 89 years of age. She is now compelled to keep her bed, but until recently she was able to walk about comfortably. She is in better circumstances than many of her neighbours. Her room is clean, and to some extent comfortable; although how she lives on the pittance she has from the parish we do not know. However, she seems cheerful, and is really happy in the prospect of the nearness of eternal rest. She is at peace with God. When we speak of the “better land,” her dim eye kindles into brightness, and her countenance, furrowed with age, appears to grow young again. She has but few friends left, and she looks forward to the “gathering at the river.” It is cheering, indeed, to see this aged Christian in a spot like this. In the alley below all is ungodly carelessness, rude mirth, and reeking vice. But in this little room at the top of the house is one who has far outlived the usual age, calm, peaceful, and in communion

with the great Father of all. Soon her pilgrimage will cease, and she will wear the robe and crown, and bear the palm.

"Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter—no crowds attend,
Enter—no guards defend,
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head."

On leaving Frying-pan Alley we proceed to Broad Yard, and to a little garret up a dark, dirty staircase. One or two broken chairs, an old table, a few wretched rags huddled together on the floor for a bed, form the family nest in this human rookery. The husband, a silver-plater by trade, is out of employment, and having gone to the workhouse for assistance, is set to pick oakum. This is reducing rope to hemp, by untwisting the cords, and then pulling them apart fibre by fibre. It is most trying work, and what makes it worse is that the best hands cannot earn more than sevenpence per day at it. The man in whose attic we are could only earn at most fourpence, and often not more than twopence halfpenny per day. He gets a few loaves of bread, and this, with a little help from the missionary, wards off absolute starvation. And even in such circumstances the trifle of rent *must* be raised. Formerly he was an infidel, but now professes to be a Christian. His wife appears to be a lover of the truth, and is very thankful for whatever help is rendered to

her. We should think her to be a good woman; if so, she has a trial of her patience almost as great as that of Job.

We now find ourselves in Turnmill Street. Our first visit is to a woman in a room about ten feet square. Dirt, darkness, desolation, reign supreme. Here, again, is the old tale of poverty. The husband at one time earned good wages at a large warehouse, but a bale of goods fell upon him and very seriously injured his leg. He was in the hospital for a long time, and when he came out he could earn but little. He is now in the country for a short time, employed at a railway station. They had parish relief. The wife, however, took the relief of another woman in the same house, while she was at work hoppedicking in Kent. This she had no right to do. She told the workhouse officer that the woman was not at work, and when he found out the untruth he stopped the help afforded to both of them. This woman has five children. She now is on the verge of starvation, and laments the loss of the parish help.

On the ground floor of the same dwelling we go in to see a woman 70 years of age, who gets her living by mangling and a little parish assistance. She has a hard struggle to get through the world. The officer has often asked her to "come into the workhouse," but she will not. She says she has tasted no other meat than a little bacon for six years; she has no butter, but lives on rice, potatoes, and tea with bread. Her husband and her five children are dead. At one time she and her husband had a farm in Wales, and many relations and friends. Now she is alone in London—*an old widow alone in the world.*

R. A. HATCHARD.

EVANGELIZING IN YORKSHIRE.

UPON it being known at Heptonstall Slack that I was intending to visit the neighbourhood, the old folk who knew "Mester Taylor" spoke with pleasure of seeing and hearing his "grandson." I reached Hebden Bridge on Saturday, Aug. 5, and soon climbed the hill up to Birchcliffe. After receiving the first instalment of many kindnesses from Mr. Gray and his hospitable wife, Mr. Gray and I sauntered towards the homestead where Dan Taylor (my great uncle) abode, and in his old study (where the marks of his book-shelves still appear) we sought the converting grace of God upon the unsaved living in the house. Close by dwell two aged women, one of

whom very distinctly remembers Dan and James Taylor. We also visited the spot where Dan Taylor preached his first sermon in Yorkshire—at Wadsworth, a place where three roads meet; also the loft which was used as the first chapel, now filled with hay; and here spoke of Jesus to a man who remembered Dan Taylor, and had heard him preach. Thence we went down to Hebden Bridge. We held an open-air service for nearly an hour, and had a large attendance, though without any previous announcement. On Lord's-day morning I spoke in Birchcliffe chapel, on "Yielding to God," and was pleased with the size and character of the congregation, especially in

a place where there appeared so small a population. After dinner I "crossed over to the other side" of the beautiful valley, and after a long and warm up-hill walk, passed through the old village of Heptonstall to Slack. The evening meeting was one long to be remembered; it was held in the open air. Some 200 were present, while the two "begans" (to be in want—to be merry) in the parable of the Prodigal Son were described. On Monday a smaller meeting, principally of believers, was held in the new school-room at the same place, and to them was presented the duty and characteristics of working for God, with the confidence of blessed results (Ps. cxxvi. 6). On Tuesday I revisited Birchcliffe, where the great Bearer of sin was pointed to, and weary souls invited to come and find rest. At the close of this service, my brother Gray invited inquirers to remain. About a dozen did so, and after earnest exhortation these were asked to decide there and then, and publicly to confess the Saviour. None did so, although some have professed to be inquirers for two, others for one year, and all for several months. I cannot understand their condition. It must be most trying to the pastor, as well as most unsatisfactory and dangerous to themselves, and to all whom their example may influence. On Wednesday I went to a pretty chapel at Nasebottom. The next evening I spoke at Broadstone, another village branch-church in connection with Slack. Here the name of the place suggested the subject, and I spoke of the fearful difference between building on the great Foundation-stone and having it fall on us to grind us to powder. On Saturday I departed for Bradford, and on Sunday morning spoke in Infirmary Street chapel for Dr. Ingham, on "For me to live is Christ." Kindly driven to Queensberry, I spoke there in the afternoon. "The sinful woman at the Saviour's feet—what she did, why she did it, and what she received," engaged attention. I saw my great grandfather's grave, and heard some interesting items of ancestral memorabilia. I walked down after tea to Halifax, where brother Preston asked me to speak in North Parade chapel. After service some two hundred of the congregation kindly followed me to the New Bridge foot, where a large number very patiently listened to an address upon the virtue of a touch. Just as the service was being drawn to a close, a Romanist commenced and continued to interrupt; however, the Lord was more on our side than all against us; and the blessed hymn, "Just as I am," and

prayer for our enemies, closed the twelfth meeting in this trip to Yorkshire.

Let me note one or two things which occurred to me during this holiday run. I was surprised at the absence of any form of assent either during or at the close of the prayers in public worship. In the old church book at Slack I saw a resolution that, in my opinion, needs to be re-passed in many churches. It ran somewhat to the following effect: "Resolved, that all persons who agree with the sentiments of the prayers offered in public worship do express the same by an audible 'Amen.'" Frigid silence reigned supreme at every meeting at the close of every prayer. Men and brethren, these things ought not so to be. While speaking of the Slack church book, I was much amused by one resolution, which, as near as my memory may serve, ran thus: "Resolved, that brother Taylor admonish those women who are in the habit of going up the gallery stairs in their pattens, and thus disturb public worship." Then the next thing I noted was the apparent entire absence of Home Missionary effort. "Go ye out" might have been blotted in some of the Testaments in Yorkshire, and "Compel them to come in" had better be re-translated, and would better suit the fashion in the hill-country, if read, "Open your doors and wait patiently, and rest resignedly, for those who may come in." Energetic effort is the need of the present times. By all means let business men take up the work of evangelization. Three qualifications—brains, heart, and lungs—and these sanctified to the service of Christ, and He will be glorified in the preaching of His blessed gospel, and precious souls will be saved. Business men have time for Rifle Volunteering, fishing, cricket, croquet, and many other things; but what of the great work—worthy of an angel's powers—that of spreading the savour of Christ's name to men dying for lack of knowledge? Surely there are hundreds of earnest, intelligent, and spiritually-minded business men, who ought to be thrust out into the frequent voluntary and honorary preaching of Christ wherever and whenever a crowd can be gathered and an opportunity seized. One thought more—we all need more earnestness. Are we sincere in our creed? If so, as honest men, as sympathetic men, as ourselves saved men, we ought to be in earnest—all in earnest, always in earnest. Eternity demands it at our hands.

GEORGE WILKINS.

Reviews.

THE FOOL'S GOSPEL. *Elliott Stock.*

THE attempt of the author of this strangely-titled volume is to explain the gospel of Christ, and to set it forth in its pure simplicity, free from all the darkening clouds of human creeds, so that it may more readily find its way into the hearts of men. The intention is praiseworthy in the highest degree, and the treatment of the subject is marked by some commendable literary qualities. The language is simple and forcible, and the style is richly dight with appropriate and telling illustrations. But the spirit of the book is not to our taste, and its conclusions are opposed to our convictions about the plain and simple teaching of the New Testament. The writer is an implacable foe of "scientific theology," and denounces it with rasping vehemence; and meanwhile proceeds to elaborate his own "scientific theology" on every page with a simplicity that is almost inexplicable. He threatens "creeds" with war to the knife; they are "artificial, far-fetched, and fantastical;" and yet in these eighteen chapters (will you believe it, courteous reader?) we have the *author's* creed on "sin," the "soul," "man in a savage state," "pardon," "punishment;" and, in fact, about all the main points with which the "creeds" of "scientific theology" are conversant. He scorns the notion of a "plan" of salvation, but tells us that "we are saved through repentance and real change of purpose," as though that way of salvation involved no "plan" whatever. Trinitarianism is a theory, a "heresy," and a part of "scientific theology," and therefore to be abhorred by all who care for simplicity; but Unitarianism being the *ism* of the author, is not a theory at all, does not belong to scientific theology, and is, in fact, "the fool's gospel." He reasons out his ideas of "providence," supplies a theory of the "Incarnation," of the "sufferings," and "death of Christ," of "miracles," and many other cognate subjects; and yet, forsooth, he is "rejecting *human* creeds because their framers unceremoniously contradict one another. One of these two things seems to us certain. Either the intellect of persons who write in this way about "scientific theology" and "human creeds" is so seriously at fault that they fail to see that they are befooling themselves in advocating their own dogmas against all others, and in the same breath dealing out wholesale condemnation of creeds; or else their moral nature has received a twist, and they can without any compunction lower themselves to take

advantage of an existing antipathy to creeds to foist their own reasonings upon the minds of others, as though they alone were free from all the drawbacks usually attending such productions. We leave the author of "The Fool's Gospel" to make his selection, but only on one or other ground can we account for a book like this.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO THE GATES AJAR? FAITH OR FANCY? AN EXAMINATION OF THE GATES AJAR. By E. S. JACKSON. *Stock.*

THESE two pamphlets discuss, from totally different points of view, and with perfectly opposite purposes, the teaching of "The Gates Ajar." The first defends that imaginative story, and exposes with ability some of the weaker points of the "antidote." The second critically examines the statements of the gifted authoress of "Gates Ajar," shows that many of them are not only unsupported by Scripture, but are contrary to its spirit and tenour, and in fact deals more fairly with the subject than any pamphlet we have seen. Still this seems to us to err somewhat in its entire suppression of the exercises of imagination on such a theme as heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack, 1872.
John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack, 1872.
Price one penny. *Passmore & Alabaster.* These Almanacks, by Mr. Spurgeon, are attractive, racy, evangelistic, and sure to be useful. The sheet almanack should be in every cottage.

Lessons from Lilies. By J. Woolley. *Winks.* A chaste and beautiful sermon, well adapted to lead to a loving trust in the thoughtful and abiding love of God.

Conscientious Scruples, and Christ the One Master. By J. Lewitt. *Scarborough: Dennis & Case.* Two able and practical discourses, abounding in earnest and timely words.

Pictorial Drink Bill of the British Nation, by D. Burns, is a vivid, highly and appropriately coloured, and most painful exhibition of the annual expenditure of £108,000,000 on alcoholic drinks, compared with what is spent on cotton goods, &c.

PERIODICALS, ETC., RECEIVED.

Appeal—Biblical Museum. Part. x.—
Church—Congregational Miscellany—
Hive—Old Jonathan—Sword and Trowel.

Church Register.

ON ADMITTING MEMBERS TO THE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—The esteemed writer of the paper on this subject, published in the September *Magazine*, has misapprehended the views to which expression was given in the discussion which followed. Allow me, therefore, a few lines.

Church membership, in my view, so far as it rests on election, represents only the right of the individual, by himself or by delegation, to a share in the regulation of the government of the church, and in the administration of its discipline. Baptism is a question of individual obligation, and not a church ordinance. The authoritative interposition of the church between the individual who seeks baptism and the individual who baptizes, unless in the way of discipline, is therefore indefensible. A well-known friend of mine, or it may be my own child, comes to me, confesses his faith in Christ, and desires baptism. I have the evidence of the life. An open baptistery—a pond or stream—is accessible. Prayerfully and devoutly, as in the presence of Christ, with or without a few friends gathered around, I baptize him. Will any among us dispute the validity of such observance of the ordinance? I trow not.

With regard also to the supper of the Lord, and to worship. Through each of these believers are called in their social capacity, as distinct from any formal church organization, to the communion of saints. Where the church, as a church, appoints meetings for any of these purposes, such will be open to all who, on their own responsibility, wish to unite; purity of communion being protected, as far as it is possible it should be, by the spirituality of the service and by the veto of the church officers.* Church membership I thus distinguish from church fellowship, from the responsibility of *election* to which it will be a happy day for the churches when they free themselves *in toto*.

For membership itself, as thus narrowed and rigidly defined, it would appear that in the early church the voluntary adhesion of an individual was held sufficient, without any appeal to election. This cannot be

* Does not this clause surrender the whole principle A. B. M. contends for? It appears as though, after all, other persons besides the communicant himself are to be judges of fitness; in which case the question simply is, shall the officers of the church be the judges, or the whole body of members as represented by the church meeting?—W. R. S.

now. Not to mention any other obvious consideration, the total absence, in our times, of the extra ecclesiastical apostolic authority which subsisted in the primitive church, or of anything corresponding to it, *necessitates* the creation of a clearly-defined circle of authority.

As to the ground of election, nothing more pertinent or forcible can be written than is conveyed in the words of Mr. Stevenson: "What the church ought to be concerned with is, not the changes of feeling through which the mind of the candidate has passed, or even the amount of scriptural knowledge he may possess, but whether or not he has really submitted himself to the rule of Christ; and of *that* the only reliable evidence man can have is the evidence of the *life*." And this evidence of the life must of course form the basis of all individual or social fellowship.

The importance of the due consideration of scriptural principles, as distinguished from sacerdotal traditions and ecclesiastical pretensions, can hardly be overstated. I offer these few suggestions for thoughtful consideration more than for criticism.

A. B. M.

CONFERENCES.

LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE.—The next meetings of this Conference are to be held at Fleet on Thursday, Nov. 23rd, when brother Robinson, of Chatteris, is to be the preacher.

WILLIAM ORTON, *Secretary*.

The half-yearly CHESHIRE CONFERENCE met at Macclesfield on Tuesday, Oct. 3rd. Rev. J. Maden, of Shore, opened the morning service, and Rev. E. K. Everett preached from John xiv. 12. Rev. R. Kenney presided at the business meeting. Appropriate references were made by the chairman to the loss which the Conference and the denomination had sustained by the death of the late Mr. Richard Pedley, sen., of Wheelock Heath, of whom it may be most truthfully said that "he sleeps in Jesus," and "his works do follow him." Twelve were reported baptized, and three stand as candidates. Revs. I. Watts, of Macclesfield, and P. Prout, of Haslingdon, took part in devotional services. Resolved:—

I. That we most cordially welcome the Rev. Isaac Watts (late of Godmanchester) into this Conference.

II. That the report of the Home Mission Committee be received, and that it be a recommendation to all the churches,

assisted as well as unassisted, to make annual collections on behalf of the Cheshire Home Mission funds. The report from Oct. 1870, to Oct., 1871, showed an income of £186 16s. 8d., an expenditure of £200, and a deficit of £13 3s. 4d. The Congleton chapel, which has undergone extensive alterations and repairs, has cost for heating, cleaning, lighting, &c., £376, towards which had been raised in subscriptions and collections £220, leaving a debt of £156.

III. That the Rev. E. K. Everett, of Nantwich, be requested to continue as pastor of the Audlem church also.

IV. That Mr. Ford, of Congleton, and all ministers of contributing but unassisted churches, be added to the Home Mission Conference, and that reports be sent from Home Mission stations to the half-yearly meetings of the Home Mission Conference.

V. That the resignation of the Rev. T. E. Rawlings, pastor of the church at Congleton, and the supply of its pulpit for the next six months, be left for the consideration and arrangement of the Home Mission Conference.

VI. That our hearty thanks be presented to the Rev. E. K. Everett for his earnest, thoughtful, and profitable sermon.

VII. That we sympathize with the friends at Macclesfield in their desire for a new chapel on a better site in the town, and that we help them to the best of our ability.

VIII. That the next Conference be at Nantwich, on the first Tuesday in April, 1872, and that Rev. Isaac Watts be the preacher, or in case of failure, Rev. W. March.

IX. That a topic for discussion at the close of the business be suggested and announced by the Home Mission Conference.

WILLIAM MARCH, *Sec.*

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Lineholme on Oct. 2. The morning service was opened by the Rev. J. Preston, and the sermon was from Col. i. 19, by the Rev. W. H. Allen, of Burnley. The attendance in the morning was unusually good, and a large number met for business in the afternoon. The chair was occupied by the Rev. R. Silby. The reports on the whole were encouraging. Baptized 24, and candidates 13.

Resolved,—

I. That the question relating to local preachers be taken up at our next Conference.

II. That we express our sympathy with the churches at Bacup and Allerton in their chapel-building projects, and assure them that we shall be happy to consider their cases as soon as we can with a view to help them.

III. That the church at West Vale be cordially received into this Conference.

IV. The Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., desiring the appointment of a superintendent who should see to the canvassing of our churches on behalf of the Centenary Fund—resolved, that the Rev. J. Maden, jun., be appointed superintendent of this centenary business in this district.

V. That we very heartily welcome the Rev. E. W. Cantrell (late of Louth and now of Todmorden) into this Conference.

VI. That the Revs. C. Springthorpe, W. Gray, and J. Maden be a committee to consider our present Conference arrangements with a view to their improvement.

VII. That the next Conference be held in Infirmary Street chapel, Bradford, and that the Rev. R. Silby be the preacher, and in case of failure, the Rev. E. W. Cantrell.

JAMES MADEN, *Sec.*

The LONDON CONFERENCE met at Praed Street on Oct. 4th. The Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., presided in the afternoon, and the Rev. J. Batey offered prayer.

I. The reports of the churches stated 23 baptized, 14 received, and 16 candidates. Seven churches not having reported, the sec. was requested again to write to them, earnestly urging them to report to the next Conference. The report from *Rushall* received special consideration, and the sec. was desired to obtain from the church further explanation as to its condition, and, if practicable, to visit it.

II. The sec. having reported that the trustees were not willing to sell the *Aylesbury* chapel property, brethren Clifford, Lawton, Cayford, and Chapman were requested to confer and act concerning it as they deemed best.

III. The committee appointed to consider the communication from the committee of the General Baptist Assembly reported that—"They recommend that the invitation to the ministers and other members of the Conference to meet the Assembly Committee be accepted." The report was received, and the time for meeting was left to be fixed by Revs. J. H. Atkinson and J. C. Means.

IV. The Rev. J. Clifford was re-appointed sec. to arrange for the ensuing *Foreign Missionary Meetings*, and the Revs. Dr. Burns, Harcourt, and J. G. Pike were requested to act as the reserve deputation.

V. The next Conference to be held at Tring, or in case of failure, at Wendover; Rev. J. H. Atkinson to be the preacher, and Rev. J. G. Pike to be the writer of the paper on "What to do with our small churches."

VI. The Rev. J. H. Atkinson introduced the subject of Home Mission work in the

London district. After some discussion it was resolved, "That this Conference, having considered the general state of Home Mission work amongst us as a body, warmly recommend united action throughout all the churches and Conference, so that the strength of the whole denomination may be concentrated upon establishing one church at a time; that one such church be formed every year, or every two years, as may be practicable; that this recommendation be sent as a case to the next Association; and also that before that time it be forwarded to the secretaries of all the Conferences."

VII. The Revs. J. C. Means and J. Marten were introduced to, and briefly addressed the Conference; and brethren Clifford and Harcourt were appointed to represent the Conference at the meetings of the General Baptist Assembly at Whiteside.

In the evening a Home Missionary meeting was held. The Rev. J. Marten prayed. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Sage, on "The power in the church for doing good;" by Rev. J. Lawton, on "A pure gospel for our own dear country more and more;" and by Rev. J. G. Pike, on "Means of inflaming zeal in church work."

JOHN SAGE, *Sec.*

CHAPELS.

BILLINGSBURST, near Horsham, Sussex.—The fourth anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. F. Kennard was commemorated on the 24th and 25th Sept. On Sunday, 24th, sermons were preached by the Rev. F. R. Young. On Monday a well-attended tea meeting was held. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. Kennard, and addresses of an evangelical character were delivered by the Revs. F. R. Young, J. C. Means, and — Harris (Independent) of Billingshurst.

CHELLASTON—The anniversary services were preached in the above place of worship, Sept. 24, in the afternoon by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., and in the evening by Mr. H. A. Blount. The weather was very unfavourable, but collections good.

HALIFAX—*New Chapel at Ovenden.*—The corner-stone of this sanctuary was laid on Saturday, Sept. 16th, by J. M. Bowman, Esq., in the place of his brother, F. H. Bowman, Esq., of Halifax, who was unexpectedly prevented through a bereavement. The building is in the Gothic style, with an entrance in front, at each side; will be a nice roomy place of worship, with classrooms at each end, and gallery. Having a high pitched open roof, the ventilation will be good. The cost of the ground is

over £400, but there is sufficient room on which to erect a larger chapel at some future time, in addition to the one now building. The estimated outlay upon present chapel and ground, boundary walls, &c., is £1500, towards which about £600 has been given or promised. Amongst the contributors are Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P., £100; Miles Birkbeck, Esq., £100; Mrs. Pezg, Chesbam, £25; John Crossley, Esq., £10; E. Akroyd, Esq., M.P., £10; &c. Rev. T. Gill, of West Vale, read the Scriptures; Rev. W. Gray, of Birchcliffe, prayed; Rev. I. Preston, of Halifax, explained the principles and belief of the denomination; Rev. B. Wood, of Bradford, gave an address; Revs. J. Andrews, of Clayton, and R. Hardy, of Queensbury, also took part. A public tea meeting was held afterwards, when speeches favourable to the object were made. The results of the day's proceedings amounted to £35. The architect is Mr. Horsfield, of Halifax. This part of the town is nearly new, and no provision has been made for education, so our friends intend furnishing the school in such a manner that an efficient day school may be conducted therein, under the Halifax School Board.

HITCHIN, Walsworth Road.—On Sunday, Oct. 8, two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Evans, and on the Monday afternoon a sermon by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., and in the evening addresses by the above gentlemen and the ministers of the town. The pastor, Rev. J. H. Atkinson, gave some account of the work of the church during the past year, and the treasurer, R. Johnson, Esq., gave a financial statement. About £300 has been raised for every object. The congregations were large, and the meeting a very good one. The gross proceeds of the anniversary nearly reached £60, including most of the provisions for tea and one hundred and eighty trays given by members and friends of the church and congregation.

LONDON, Praed Street.—Anniversary sermons were preached on Oct. 15, morning and evening, by the pastor, and in the afternoon by Mr. H. Varley. At the public meeting on the 16th, addresses were given by the Revs. J. Harcourt, J. C. Means, J. G. Pike, W. Stott, J. O. Fellowes, and Messrs. Arundel, Cayford, and Dexter. Mr. Clifford presented his thirteenth annual report as pastor, from which the following statements are taken. Sixty-eight have been added to the church during the year, and forty-two of these by baptism. Death, transfers, and erasures leave the nett gain in members at fourteen. The financial summary of receipts for the year is:—Church funds, £387 7s.; Sunday schools (Praed Street and Hall Park), £80 18s. 1d.; Society for Ministering to the Poor, £71;

Church Poor Fund, £71 2s. 2d.; Temperance Society, £14 2s. 3d.; Dorcas Society, £10 6s. 8d.; Mutual Improvement Society, £13 1s. 3d.; Centenary Fund, £31 16s.; Chilwell College, £15 16s.; Foreign Missions, £74 6s. 6d.; Bible Classes, £2 4s.; London Baptist Association, £22 15s.; New Chapel Fund (inclusive of interest), £569. Total, £1363 14s. 11d. It was stated that the Westbourne Park freehold site, costing £2560, was paid for, and that about £200 were in hand for the new chapel. The church is aiming to increase that sum by £700 during its next year, and the pastor has engaged to get £200 out of the £700. It seems not to be generally known that, though we are building a new chapel at Westbourne Park, we shall also retain and renovate Praed Street chapel. The great difficulty in chapel-building in London is getting a site; therefore, though we have only a lease of thirty-five years at Praed Street, yet since the position is so extremely good, and holding the lease will give us the strongest claim in renewing it, we feel that it would be a serious mistake to part with our present building. We could sell at once, and get into our new chapel in a very short time. We are not, however, consulting our own comfort and convenience, but the glory of the Saviour's kingdom; and therefore we mean by patience and self-sacrifice to do the double work of first building the new chapel and then of renovating the old one. The new site is three quarters of a mile from Praed Street, and two-thirds of our five hundred members reside nearer to Westbourne Park Place than to Praed Street chapel; so that with two pastors, and about two hundred members at one chapel and three hundred at the other, we hope to do much more effective service in the kingdom of Christ than we are doing now. Will not friends aid us? Our own ministers commend the work, and Drs. Brock and Landels, and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, have spoken and written well of it. Friends, help us, and please help right early.

Commercial Road, East.—Jubilee Services.—On Sunday, Oct. 8th, two sermons were preached in connection with the jubilee of our chapel; that in the morning by our pastor, Rev. J. G. Pike, and that in the evening by Rev. J. Harcourt (Borough Road). On Tuesday, Oct. 10th, we had a tea and public meeting, which were well attended. It was stated that "we celebrate the jubilee entirely free from debt." The treasurer of the church, Mr. C. Attersley, announced he had a small balance in hand, whilst the bazaar held in the last week of September had more than accomplished the object which the committee had striven

for. In spite of difficulties—there had been only three months for preparation, the weather was most unpropitious, and the expenses probably as heavy as they would prove with a much larger bazaar—the ladies were enabled to pay from the gross receipt of £71 the bill for repairs and for painting the exterior of the chapel, and also to present the pastor with a purse of ten sovereigns. The Rev. J. Clifford, Revs. R. Thomas, M.A., E. Price, J. Benn (Independent), A. G. Brown, J. T. Wigner, and J. H. Jeffries, took part in this most joyful, profitable service.

LOUGHBOROUGH, Baxter Gate.—Sept. 25, the annual tea meeting of the members was held, and addresses were delivered by the pastor, and Messrs. Read, Adcock, Tuckwood, and Warren. After a comparatively long dearth, we trust there are symptoms of revival.

SHORE.—Re-opening of Chapel after Enlargement.—For some time it has been necessary to increase the chapel accommodation at Shore, and the work was vigorously and unitedly undertaken in the spring of the present year, and has very happily been brought to a consummation without any serious drawback, or accident to workmen. Strangers and friends from a distance speak of the chapel in eulogistic terms. The acoustic properties of the building are excellent; all the pews are arranged so that from every part of the chapel the pulpit is looked at with directness and ease. The place will now accommodate about six hundred people. Opening sermons were preached by the Revs. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., J. Burns, D.D., C. Williams, and J. Maden, on Sept. 29, Oct. 1st and 8th. The actual cost has been about £1120. This sum has been realized from the subscriptions promised, a bazaar held, and proceeds of opening services. The people on Sunday, the 8th, in their zeal and generosity, gave a few pounds more than were needed to clear off the debt; but, after a few months, £100 more will be required for pointing, outside work, &c. The original estimate, when that is done, will be exceeded by about £20. The friends have given nobly and worked well, and the kindness of those who have helped them they will hold in very grateful remembrance. The chapel is an ornament and a convenience to the district, and reflects honour on the pastor, people, and workmen, whose combined labours have been crowned with such signal success. The design is Italian, and the front has double doorway with circular pillars and carved capitals—a triple arch over them, and windows on each side to light the lobby and staircase; large three-light centre window above, with ornamental head and inscrip-

tion stone; four slightly projecting ashlar pilasters in the front, returned at the sides, and bold projecting cornice and frieze. The side elevation has windows on the ground-floor, with segmental arches, and the gallery windows have semi-circular heads and key-stones. The stone has been got on the ground adjoining, is a very good sample of the white sandstone, and is well worked. The whole of the pewing in the chapel bottom is of pitch-pine; it is a beautiful selection of that kind of wood, and the workmanship superior. The pews are made to lean back, are fitted with book boards, have stall ends and low doors, and are very complete and comfortable. The pulpit is of elegant design, with double staircase, small circular pillars, carved capitals, and arches, very completely finished, neat, and commodious. The ceiling of the chapel has panels deeply recessed, having moulds round them; suitable plaster trusses are under the beams, plaster architraves around the window heads, and plaster capitals to the iron pillars under the gallery. The chapel is lighted by two large star-light pendants in the gallery, and by six small ones in the bottom. The whole place is effectively warmed by small hot-water pipes, put in by Mr. J. P. Longbottom, of Blackburn. It has been altered from designs by Mr. T. Horsfield, architect, Halifax, and the works carried out under his inspection.

TROWBRIDGE, Wilts.—The forty-fourth anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. Samuel Marten was commemorated on Sunday, Oct. 8th, when two sermons were preached—in the morning by the Rev. J. Marten, of Peckham, and in the evening by the pastor; and the beautiful chapel, which will seat 500 persons, was full. On Tuesday, 10th, the anniversary tea meeting was held. About 360 persons met. Afterwards the chair was taken by the Rev. S. Marten, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by Rev. D. Batchellor, Mr. Jacob Hawkins, one of the deacons, Revs. J. Callwell (Presbyterian), of Glenarm, Ireland, J. C. Means, of London, and John Marten, of Peckham; Messrs. Rison and J. Smith (Independents), of Trowbridge, and the Rev. J. A. Brinkworth, of Shepton Mallet.

WHITTLESEY.—On Thursday, Sept. 14, the jubilee and harvest thanksgiving services were held. The Rev. T. Barrass, of Peterborough, preached at three o'clock, and a goodly number met at the public tea meeting. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held. A review of the church's history was read by the pastor, after which the following took part in the meeting:—Revs. W. Telfer (Independent), S. S. Allsop (March), H. Waits (Barnsley), T. Barrass (Peterborough), and Messrs. Baldwin and

Crofts.—On Sunday, Sept. 17, two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Orton, of Bourn. Proceeds £14 11s.

SCHOOLS.

BURNLEY.—The school premises in connection with Fnon Chapel, Burnley, have just been thoroughly repaired and decorated. A new pitch pine platform has been erected, the gas fittings renewed, and both schools and class-rooms partially refitted and furnished. The comfort and convenience of the place is greatly increased, and the whole now presents an exceedingly neat and elegant appearance. On Sunday, Sept. 24, the anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. Burns, to crowded congregations. Rev. W. H. Allen, pastor, addressed the scholars, teachers, and friends, in the morning. Collections, £103 12s. 7d.

HYSON GREEN, near Nottingham.—*New School Room.*—Great inconvenience in Sunday school teaching has been experienced for several years in consequence of the smallness of the rooms. Many applications to attend as scholars have been refused. Therefore, at the beginning of this year, the church and congregation (composed entirely of working people) decided to help the teachers to build a commodious and suitable room, and promised subscriptions to the extent of £90. Gentlemen residing in Nottingham and the neighbourhood have given £69 5s. The committee have also borrowed £120, which it is intended to obtain ultimately from the Nottingham Building Society, to be repaid by yearly instalments. The school room was opened on Thursday, Sept. 21. Tea was given to the scholars (numbering 190), also a commemorative card. After the scholars had taken tea and walked through the village in procession, two hundred friends sat down to tea in the new room. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, the Mayor of Nottingham, John Manning, Esq., in the chair, the chapel was crowded in every part. Addresses were given by various ministers, the choir also giving their aid, and a very interesting meeting was the result. Also on Sunday, Sept. 24, three services were held for the benefit of the building fund; in the morning a sermon by the Rev. S. Cox, in the afternoon an address by the Rev. S. Chester, and in the evening the Rev. T. Ryder preached. Collections, £9 10s. 10d. The cost of the new room will be about £320; of this sum the committee have received or borrowed nearly £290, leaving £30 or more to balance. The committee earnestly appeal, through these pages, to the Christian public, and all those who take an interest in Sunday

school work, for this amount. The room is situated in a very populous but poor neighbourhood; and to show how it is appreciated, twenty scholars have been added since the opening, all of whom have been waiting for room being found for them. The room will seat comfortably 250 scholars. Subscriptions will be gladly received by the Rev. C. Forth, New Basford, near Nottingham.

MINISTERIAL.

ALLEN, W. H.—*Burnley, Enon Chapel*.—On Monday evening, Sep. 25, a social gathering of the members of the church and congregation was held to celebrate the first anniversary of the pastor's settlement. A substantial tea was provided by the ladies. The reports presented were of the most encouraging nature. Both school and congregation have considerably increased; the Young Men's Society, with the evening classes, reading room and library, the theological class, sick and clothing funds, and other organizations in connection with the chapel, are in a healthy condition. A Band of Hope and Juvenile Missionary Society are also in course of formation. The meeting, which was in the highest sense a happy and successful one, was addressed by the Revs. Dr. Burns, G. Needham, J. Maden, W. H. Allen (the pastor), and Messrs. E. Heap, J. Kilshaw, and other friends.

BATCHELLOR—On Oct. 11, a recognition service was held in the General Baptist Chapel, Trowbridge, on occasion of the settlement of the Rev. Daniell Batchellor as assistant to the venerable minister, the Rev. S. Martin, whose growing infirmities have rendered him unequal to the duties of his office. The service was held at seven o'clock, and the chapel was crammed in every part; probably six hundred persons were present, and many were obliged to go away from inability to find room. After the introductory hymn the Rev. Samuel Martin gave an address showing that the service was to be regarded, not as imparting any ministerial authority or qualification, but as solemnizing an important stage in the experience of their young brother, and commending him to the blessing of Almighty God. Mr. Batchellor then gave an interesting account of his religious experience, and of the steps by which he had been providentially guided into his present connection with the Trowbridge congregation. This address was followed by the ordination prayer by the Rev. John Marten, of Peckham. The charge to Mr. Batchellor was given by the Rev. J. C. Means, of London, under whom he had studied for the ministry, and was founded

on 2 Cor. v. 20. The sermon to the people was given by the Rev. John Marten from 2 Peter i. 13.

GREENWOOD, J.—*Bathurst Street, Sydney, N. S. W.*—The first anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. J. Greenwood, M.A., was celebrated by special sermons on Sunday, July 30. In the morning the pastor, in the evening the Rev. J. Graham, preached. On the Monday following a tea and public meeting was held. From the report read it appeared that during the year twenty-five members had been added to the church, many of them from the Sunday school. The congregation is increasing, and the various agencies in the church are in active and harmonious operation. The meeting was addressed by the pastor, who occupied the chair, and the Revs. A. Burdett, S. C. Kent, A. W. Webb, T. Johnson, and others.

PRESTON, I.—A tea meeting commemorating the settlement of Rev. I. Preston at Halifax, two years ago, was held on Oct. 3. Gratitude was expressed for the success attending his labours, and for the peace and harmony which has characterized the operations of the church.

WATTS, ISAAC.—A public tea and recognition meeting was held on Tuesday, Oct. 3, at the General Baptist Chapel, Macclesfield, in connection with the settlement of Rev. Isaac Watts. A large company partook of tea. The evening meeting was presided over by Rev. R. Kenney, formerly pastor of the church. After singing, reading, and prayer by Rev. T. E. Rawlings, and the opening address by the chairman, Mr. Clarke (deacon) explained the circumstances that led to Mr. Watts' call to the pastorate. The pastor then briefly referred to his conversion, call to the ministry, call to the pastorate of the church at Macclesfield, and doctrinal views. Addresses of welcome and congratulation were then given by Rev. W. March, Rev. E. K. Everitt, and Rev. J. Eglinton (Wesleyan); the Rev. J. Maden spoke upon "The Pastoral Office," and Rev. P. Prout upon "The Relation of the Church to its Pastor." The Baptists in this town of some 35,000 inhabitants have great need of a new chapel in a more central and accessible position, and the friends of the church have in contemplation the erection of such a building.

REV. WILBERFORCE SAUNDERS, late pastor of the church at Crowle, having resigned the appointment he has held for nearly six years in connection with the United Kingdom Alliance, will be glad to preach for churches needing a pastor. Present address—Ipswich.

REV. H. WOOD has accepted an unanimous invitation to the co-pastorate of the Barton church, and commenced his labours on October 22nd.

BAPTISMS.

HALIFAX.—Oct. 1, three, by I. Preston.
 LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—June 11, three; Aug. 1, one, by J. G. Pike.
Praed Street.—Sept. 27, three, by J. Clifford.
 LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter Gate*.—May 7, four; Sept. 24, four; Oct. 1, one; by E. Stevenson.
 NORWICH.—Oct. 15, two, by R. B. Clare.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Oct. 1, four, by T. Barrass.
 WOODHOUSE EAVES.—Oct. 1, two, by G. Payne.

Marriages.

CHARNLEY—BANKS.—Sept. 30, at Shore, by the Rev. J. Maden, James William Charnley, to Mary Hannah Banks, to whom a beautiful copy of the Scriptures was presented by the pastor: this marriage being the first in the enlarged chapel.

CRABTREE—RHODES.—Oct. 16, at Shore, by the Rev. J. Maden, Thomas Crabtree, to Emma Rhodes, both of Portsmouth.

CHRISTIAN—STORRAR.—Oct. 17, at Queen Street Chapel, Peterborough, by Rev. T. Barrass, Mr. Robert Christian, to Miss Elizabeth Anne Storrar, both of Peterborough.

HEATH—STURTON.—Oct. 10, at Queen Street Chapel, Peterborough, by Rev. T. Barrass, the Rev. Noah Heath, of Newhaven, to Miss Hephzibah Sturton, of Dogsthorpe Grange, Peterborough.

SPRAY—SMITH.—Oct. 3, at Beeston, by Mr. Jas. Brown, of Chilwell College, Mr. Joseph Spray, of New Lenton, to Martha Smith, of Beeston.

WILDERS—WOOTON.—Sept. 27, in the Baptist Chapel, Kegworth, by the Rev. T. Yates, Mr. Robert Wilders, to Miss Evangeline Wooton.

WILDERS—NORTH.—Same time and place, Mr. George Wilders, to Miss Betsy North.

Obituaries.

EVERITT.—Feb. 28th, 1871, at Wisbeach, Cambs., Alice Everitt, in her 25th year. Her last affliction, consumption, was endured with unusual resignation and cheerfulness. The last text and verse she could be heard to repeat were Psalm xxiii. 4: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;" and "There shall I bathe my weary soul." At the age of sixteen she was baptized and became a member of the church at Wisbeach. She was deprived of her mother at an early age, and at the time of her death was an orphan. She had lived eight years and a half with Mrs. Peggs, who was much attached to her, and at whose house she breathed her last.

GARSDIE.—Oct. 2nd, at Halifax, aged 28 years, John Henry Garsdie; when in health, a diligent Sunday school teacher and staunch supporter of the temperance cause, but for three and a half years all but laid aside owing to failing health. Yet during this time, bore all with Christian fortitude; though at times exhausted and racked with pain, yet patiently desiring the "will of the Lord to be done." Though painful to friends to witness his sufferings in his last days, yet he grieved at his impatience and his littleness of love for Him who suffered that we might live. He desired to be with Christ, which is far better.

GEE.—William Gee, of Pinchbeck, Lincolnshire, passed away to his reward, Sept. 11th, 1871. Mr. G. was baptized by the late Mr. Kiddall, of Louth, and became a member of the church of which he was pastor. On leaving Louth he removed to Wisbech, and united with the church in that town. In 1865 he came to Pinchbeck, and entered at once into work as a Sabbath school teacher, and was also appointed a deacon of the church, which offices he sustained until removed to a higher sphere and a purer life above. Mr. G. was a man of considerable general knowledge, a thorough Dissenter, and a conscientious Baptist. He was highly respected as a tradesman, greatly esteemed by the church, and a credit to any Christian community. His removal will be deeply felt in the church and school, while his excellent wife and two little boys must experience an irreparable loss. But "it is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good." He was buried in the cemetery at Spalding, attended by a great number of sorrowing friends; and the event was improved on Sunday evening, Sept. 24, to a large and deeply affected congregation. J. S. P.

WARD.—On August 21, at Tburcaston, near Leicester, Mr. Robert Ward, farmer, aged 66 years, having been a member of the churches at Rothley and Cropstone forty-three years.

Missionary Observer.

EMBARKATION OF THE MISSIONARY PARTY.

OUR dear friends, Messrs Miller and Hill, with their wives, and children in the former case, and child in the latter, embarked on board the "Viceroy," lying in Plymouth Sound, on Saturday, Sept. 30th. They were accompanied to the ship by the Secretary and Mrs. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, and Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Pike, of Derby, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Goadby, of Plymouth. We copy from the *Western Daily Mercury* of Oct. 2, the following particulars, observing at the same time that when the word "magnificent" was used in a former description of the "Viceroy," it was not meant of pomp and splendour, but rather with reference to the size of the vessel and her special adaptation for the conveyance of large numbers of passengers to and from India.

"SAILING OF A NEW STEAMER.—Yesterday (Sunday) the first of a new fleet of steamers, intended to run between this country and Calcutta by the Suez Canal, left Plymouth Sound and proceeded on her destination. The 'Viceroy' is an auxiliary screw steamer of 2,225 tons burthen, and belongs to and was built by Messrs. Green and Co., of Blackwall; her engines, of 240-horse power, being supplied by Messrs. Ravenshill, Hodgson, and Co. The vessel left London on Wednesday, but owing to the rough weather did not reach the Sound until three o'clock on Friday afternoon. Workmen were still busy upon her, and continued so during the whole of Saturday. The accommodation for passengers is excellent. There is a fine promenade on the upper deck; the saloon pleasantly and tastefully furnished, is 56 feet long by 22 feet wide, and is seven feet five inches high; whilst there are eighty first-class berths, every one of which was bespoke long before she arrived at Plymouth, as well as most of the second-class ones. The passengers all embarked at Plymouth, special through train arrangements having been made by Messrs. Green with the Associated Companies; and the amount of luggage reaching Plymouth station and the Barbican must have convinced bystanders that something important was going on, both on Friday and Saturday. A steam-

launch was set apart on Saturday for the passengers and their friends, and the usual liberal arrangements were made for the convenience of the latter, some of whom remained on board until after dark. There were several Mission families amongst the passengers. The 'Viceroy' is throughout splendidly equipped, and is rigged as a three-masted schooner, so that all her canvas will be used on favourable occasions. Her experienced commander, Capt. J. H. Taylor, late of the 'Renown,' and formerly of the 'Trafalgar,' expects to make Calcutta within thirty-four days. Messrs. Green and Co. have two or three ships of the same character in course of construction."

Our readers will be interested in perusing the following letter from Mr. Hill:

*Ship "Viceroy," off Plymouth,
Sept. 30, 9.30 p.m.*

MY DEAR BROTHER PIKE,

The letter-bag is to be taken on shore by the pilot early in the morning, so I just pen a few "last lines" to say that we are quite well, and, all things considered, happy in the prospect of the voyage. Since you left, the wind has been getting up and the rain has been coming down, and our noble ship, though steady as compared with the small craft around, is beginning to roll, much to the discomfort of sundry passengers. As you saw, things were far from being straight, but in the course of time they will settle down in their places, and, as we hope, all will go on favourably. The captain has just come on board, and he expects to reach Madras on the 1st of Nov., and Calcutta in about five days afterwards. Should his expectations be realized, we shall arrive at our destination in thirty-five days instead of one hundred and twelve, as when we went out sixteen years ago. May He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hands conduct us in His own good time to our desired haven, and on the distant shores of Orissa help us to live for His glory. We shall have, I am sure, an interest in the sympathy and prayers of friends in both England and Orissa. With our united Christian love to all inquiring friends,

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,
WM. HILL.

P.S.—Sunday Morning, 6.0, Oct. 1.—The captain has just told me that we shall be off in about half an hour. During the night, owing to the wind, which has been fresh, the rain, which has come down in torrents, and to noises in various parts of the ship, we have had but little sleep; still, with the exception of a little rolling, our gallant ship has been tolerably steady. We have a large missionary party on board, belonging to the Church, London, and Free Church Societies; but I have not yet made the acquaintance of all. We shall hope, however, to have united religious services during the voyage, and so become helpers of each other's joy. Would that the number of missionaries bound for India was a thousand times as large; and even then, contemplating its myriads, we might exclaim, "What are these among so many?" The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.

Later intelligence has been received of the "Viceroy." A telegram received by Messrs. Green on October 11 stated that she passed Malta on the morning of that day. The daily papers have since contained announcements of the ship having reached Port Said at the entrance to the Suez Canal, and then of her having passed through it.

THE LATE MRS. BAMPTON.

THIS esteemed sister in Christ, a notice of whose death was given in last month's magazine, was the widow of one of our first missionaries to Orissa. She was born in the year 1787, at a house about a mile from Boston. Her maiden name was Thorpe. Early in the present century she removed, with her father and the rest of the family, to Fosdyke. About that time Mr. John Bissil had removed from Wymeswold, and commenced preaching at Sutterton. Mr. Thorpe's eldest daughter soon joined the church there, but suffered much persecution from the members of her own family, and especially from her sisters, including Elizabeth. She married Mr. Edward Bissil. The result was that her sister Elizabeth was brought into frequent intercourse with dissenters. By degrees her prejudices gave way, and she also was baptized by Mr. John Bissil. During a protracted illness from which Mr. Bissil suffered, the pulpit at Sutterton was supplied by Mr. William Bampton, then living at Boston. He took up his

abode in the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Bissil, and remained there for three years. In this way Mr. Bampton became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Thorpe. Upon Mr. Bissil's recovery to health, he undertook the pastorate of the church at Gosberton, and after an interval of some years they were married. In the year 1818 they removed to Yarmouth, where the resolve was formed, in divine strength, to devote themselves to the missionary cause. After a short sojourn of about two years at Yarmouth, they left that place in order that Mr. Bampton might have further advantages of study before leaving England, which he had for a time at Wisbech, and then as a medical student in London. On the 29th of May, 1821, they embarked on the "Abberton" for India, and reached Cuttack on the 12th of February, 1822. Mr. Bampton laboured on with extraordinary perseverance and self-denial, till at the end of his sixth year he was honoured to receive by baptism Erun, the first Hindoo into the church of Christ in Orissa. Soon after this event, Mr. Bampton's health began to fail, and in two years more consumption had run its course. He died Dec. 17, 1830, and was buried by the side of Charlotte Sutton on the sands of Pooree. Mrs. Bampton was a worthy companion of her devoted husband in all his Missionary labours. In his preaching tours she used to go forward on horseback with the luggage, the tent, &c., while Mr. Bampton followed, dressed for the gospel's sake in native costume, and preached as opportunity presented. Her kindness, and especially her skill in nursing the sick, were much appreciated, both by the natives and the missionaries. She had immense influence over the natives—a very important thing when, as was the case at times, she was left alone, and not a European, male or female, within many miles. The resolution and firmness of purpose which led her at home to join herself to the despised Baptists, stood her in good stead during all the labours and perils of her residence in Orissa, and did not forsake her even to the end of life. A year or two after her husband's death Mrs. Bampton returned to England, and for the last few years resided at Boston. She paid her annual visit to the family of her beloved niece at Sutterton in June of this year, and remained a fortnight. At that time she appeared to be remarkably well in health, and likely to live for years. On her

return to Boston she had a severe bilious attack, which terminated in jaundice. She lingered about six weeks, gradually getting weaker, but without suffering and pain, until she gently departed on the 22nd of July, 1871, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. During the early part of her illness, Mrs. Bampton's mind seemed to be harassed with doubts, but the clouds at length completely vanished; fear gave way to a firm confidence, and she died resting all her hope on the finished work of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

BAPTISTS IN ITALY.

To the Editor of the Missionary Observer.

DEAR SIR,—During my present tour in this country circumstances have come under my notice which cannot fail to gratify many readers of our denominational journal, and I cannot forbear to communicate a few particulars.

Last Lord's-day, when in Rome, I met with a devoted Baptist minister from America, who apprised me of the existence of a Baptist church within the walls of the city, and who also gave me information of the existence of other Baptist churches in Italy. The church in Rome consists of about fifty members, all *baptized* believers; and at Civita Vecchia there is a church of about an equal number. On that very day, the pastor of the church at Rome had gone to Civita Vecchia to baptize five persons in the Mediterranean, and I deeply regretted that I did not hear of the event in time to witness it. The REV. W. NELSON COTE is the missionary pastor of these promising churches, and his labours extend occasionally to other parts of the country. At a town on the southern coast (I forget its name) I was told that the minister of a Protestant congregation had been baptized, and invited Mr. Cote to come over and preach to his people, and the result was the baptism of the whole church of about thirty members.

The fact of the existence of a Baptist church in Rome awakened my desire to find their place of worship; and on the same evening, accompanied by my wife and daughter, I soon discovered the place of assemblage, at Vicolo Gaetana, No. 5, first piano (on the first floor). A public lecture was announced for that evening, and on our arrival at the above

address we found a very interesting congregation of perhaps threescore, chiefly men, assembled, and listening with great interest to a talented young Italian brother, who was speaking with much fluency and power on the absurdity of the dogma of Mariolatry, and extolling the Lord Jesus as the only Saviour and the only proper object of Christian worship. Though unable to understand many of his words, it was not difficult to comprehend the general tenor of his discourse, for, like a true Italian orator, his manner, tones, and gestures, gave utterance to his sentiments. His address was evidently prepared, as a sheet of notes was before him, though he scarcely ever referred to them. At the close of his discourse a hymn was sweetly sung, and the service was closed by a short and expressive prayer, to which there was a hearty response of "Amen." The disciples gathered around the preacher with much evident affection, and it was our privilege to shake hands with a number of these brethren and sisters in Christ.

Whilst listening to the fervid, outspoken eloquence of this young evangelist, I could scarcely think it possible that I was in Rome, where but a few years since I had seen policemen stand at the entrance to the English church, outside the gate of the Piazza Popolo, to prevent the attendance of any Roman people; and where but very recently Protestant worship was prohibited within the walls of the city. Although this service was "in an upper room," the windows were wide open, and the voice of the preacher was heard for some distance in the narrow street, not very far from that Leonine city where St. Peter's is situated. Some of my tourist party had on that morning prostrated themselves before the Pope, and some had degradingly kissed his toe, having first had to attire themselves in sable toggery, to qualify them for presentation to the boasted successor of the Galilean fisherman; but we felt it to be a higher honour to bow before Him who is "no respecter of persons," in the company of earnest Christian worshippers, who, though humbly or meanly clad, gave evidence of that sincerity and humility which ensure Divine recognition.

I was sorry to have to leave Rome without being able to shake hands with the devoted pastor of this little flock, but hope on the occasion of another visit, a month hence, to have that pleasure.

There is nothing to fear for Protestantism in Rome, if honest *Baptists* are permitted publicly to declare their sentiments and practically oppose one of the leading features of Papal idolatry. There are rumours of Protestant churches about to be erected in Rome, and it is to be hoped the Baptists of all lands will unitedly assist in the erection of a suitable place of worship for this newly-organised Christian church. God be praised, Rome is free to receive "the truth as it is in Jesus." Will Charles Spurgeon go and preach the gospel in the Piazza Popolo? Let no Baptist visitor fail to make out the worship conducted on the Lord's-day morning at No. 72, Via Babuino, or in the evening at No. 5, Vicolo Gaetana. Lectures are also delivered on Thursday evenings at 72, Via Babuino.

If this communication is acceptable, I may possibly add another letter after my next visit to Rome.

I am, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS COOK.

Genoa, Oct. 1, 1871.

AN OFFER OF FORTY POUNDS
A YEAR OR UPWARDS TO
THE MISSION FUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Missionary Observer*.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to call the attention of your readers to page 190 in the June number of the "*Missionary Observer*." On that page will be found a "*Liberal Proposal*," which reads as follows—"Let every church in the London and Lincolnshire Conferences have a collector for every twenty-five members, and a warm friend of the Mission hereby engages to subscribe a penny a week to every one of the collectors."

Now how many of the churches think you, Mr. Editor, have accepted this "*Proposal*?" I have not the heart to say, for the number is infinitesimally small! The indifference, probably, arises from the apparent *insignificance* of the "*Proposal*." A penny a week! What is it? It seems a mere trifle, scarcely worth the trouble of accepting! But it assumes a far more important aspect when it is considered that a penny a week to all the proposed collectors

* DAN TAYLOR would have gloried in such an opportunity.

would amount to upwards of Forty Pounds a year.

Now, if this proposal be promptly and universally accepted, it is difficult to estimate the advantages that will accrue.

1st. It will at once add £40 to the income of the *Missionary Society*. And what will this do for India? It will support eight orphans, or two native preachers; or send thousands of tracts and books carrying the tidings of salvation into districts where the voice of the missionary has never been heard.

2. It will probably increase the number of contributors. "I have never been asked," is no unusual remark. "I should have given something if the collector had called upon me." Now, with an increased staff of collectors, it is morally certain that many will be solicited who have been hitherto overlooked, and it is not too much to expect that at least a second forty pounds will thus be added to the funds.

3. Nor is the movement likely to end here. It is not at all improbable that if this be promptly accepted, the same generous friend will make a similar "*Proposal*" to churches in other parts of the connexion. And who can foresee the results? It is not difficult to see looming in the immediate future thirty additional orphans received into the asylum, or six native preachers added to the present staff, or some districts of Orissa on which the foot of the missionary has never trod, visited by thousands of the silent messengers of salvation.

One collector to every twenty-five members! Such is the proportion desired; and such is the proportion which, since this proposal was made, the *Missionary Committee* have decided to recommend to all the churches in the Connexion. Will the churches in the London and Lincolnshire Conferences give the matter their earnest attention, and forward their applications to me without delay.

I am, dear sir,
Yours fraternally,
WILLIAM ORTON.

Bourn, Oct. 17, 1871.

REV. R. MOFFAT AT BRISTOL.

This venerable *Missionary* lately attended services at Bristol, where he was received with great enthusiasm. Premising that he no longer thought in

his own language, but in that of the Bechuanas, among whom he had laboured for more than fifty years, Mr. Moffat depicted his career in Africa, telling some laughable anecdotes of his adventures with the natives. Alluding to the change which came over their social tastes and habits after they embraced Christianity, he remarked that some men believed in civilising and then evangelising, but his experience went directly to the contrary. He might have preached civilisation for fifty years without the smallest result, so

pertinaciously did the people among whom he lived cling to their native manners and customs. The one thing that was wanted in Africa was native agency. His simple telling narrations of his work in Africa were listened to with the deepest interest. Speaking of the influence of the gospel on barbarous people, after what he had seen over and over again, he said he would be a missionary even were there no heaven to gain and no hell from which to escape.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Bailey, Sept. 11, 18; W. Brooks, Sept. 11.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from September 18th to October 18th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Legacy by late Rev. H. Hunter	44	0	0	NORTHAMPTON—			
BACUP—Collection	1	0	0	Moieties of Collection at Baptist Union			
BIRCHCLIFF—				Meeting	16	3	0
Collections and Subscriptions	21	6	9	NOTTINGHAM—			
BIRMINGHAM—Mrs. Potter	0	5	0	Cash on Account	12	13	1
DERBY—Osmaston Road—				QUEENSBURY—			
Collections at Valedictory Services	15	7	2	Collections and Subscriptions	24	18	0
LEICESTER—Friar Lane—				RIPLEY—			
Mrs. Case, for Orphan	2	10	0	Collections and Subscriptions	30	5	8
LINCOLN—Collection	2	0	1	TODMORDEN—Collection	3	8	4

DONATIONS FOR THE CUTTACK CHAPEL.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
By Mr. J. Bannister, Burton-on-Trent—				Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0
Mr. W. Thorpe	0	2	6	Mr. Thirby	0	5	0
Mr. J. Thorpe	0	2	0	Miss Raynes	0	5	0
	0	4	6	Miss Wright	0	2	6
By Rev. W. Miller—				Mr. Shepherd	0	2	0
Mrs. Spurgeon, Derby	1	0	0	Mr. Simpkin	0	2	0
A Friend	0	2	6				
Mr. Elliott, Wolvey	0	5	0				
Mrs. Potter, Birmingham (additional)	0	2	0				
	1	9	6				
By Rev. J. C. Pike—							
W. Stevenson, Esq., Derby	1	0	0	By Miss K. Anderson, Wisbech—			
By Mrs. Pickering and Mrs. Elliott,				Mr. John Cockett	0	10	0
Castle Donington—				Mr. R. B. Dawbarn	0	5	0
Mrs. Attwood	1	0	0	Mr. Tyars	0	5	0
W. Bennett, Esq.	1	0	0	Mr. Mancrief	0	2	6
Mr. Elliott	1	0	0	Mr. Gardiner	0	2	6
Mrs. Oldershaw	0	10	0	Mrs. Thos. Cockett	0	2	6
Mr. Pickering	0	10	0	Miss Jane Dawbarn	0	2	6
Miss Doughty	0	5	0	Mrs. Horn	0	2	0
				Mrs. Fairey	0	2	0
				Mrs. Gapp	0	2	0
				Miss Newsham	0	2	0
				A Friend	0	1	6
				Thirty-six Friends 1/- each	1	16	0
					8	15	6

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. PIKE, the Secretary, and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, the Travelling Agent, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1871.

THE PARABLE IN THE GRAVE OF MOSES.

“And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.—*Deut.* xxxiv. 6.

So closed the earthly career of Moses, the greatest of Israel's sons. On the plains of Moab he had just spoken his last, his farewell words of blessing to a people, whose deliverance from bondage and training for a pure and godly national life had been the absorbing passion of his heart for more than half a century. And now at God's bidding he wends his solitary way up Nebo's lonely heights, and enjoys, from the top of Pisgah, the thrilling prospect of the land flowing with milk and honey—a land, however, he is only to see, and not to enter; and then, as though his appointed work were done, the holy man lies down to die, and God takes up the lifeless body of His servant, and buries it in His own grave formed out of one of the clefts of the rock in the neighbouring valley. The prophet was going up to his death and burial, and he knew it. Yet he climbed those hill-sides without faltering in his step or fear in his heart, and marched to the closing scenes of life with as much strength and heroism, if not with the same exulting joy, as when he sang in sight of defeated Egypt, “The Lord hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.” And

though God had suddenly cut off “his strength in the way and shortened his days,” because of his angry haste and peevish distrust at the waters of strife, yet was not His lovingkindness withheld from him, for “He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor.” And now—

“By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.
And had he not high honour?—
The hill-side for a pall
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.”

Nor is this strange but beautiful story of life's ending, unquestionably unique as it is, out of keeping with the career of this distinguished Leader of the Hebrews and Prophet of the Most High God. Such a blending of light and shade, of surpassing brilliance and oppressive darkness, is a fit emblem of, and a most appropriate climax to, his conquered and many-sided life. Exposure and peril attended his infancy, but soon gave place to courtly protection, queenly caresses, and most

royal privileges. His manhood dawns with kingly promise, vast learning, and the enjoyment of all that heart can wish; then breaks out in fierce struggle, righteous indignation and heroic self-sacrifice; and afterwards speeds its way towards perfection amid the bleak solitudes of the desert and quiet communion with the God of the mountain and the flood. Brought into closest relationship with the Hebrew people, in rapid alternation come trial and triumph, chagrin and cheer, exulting delights and sad disappointments, matchless meekness and uncontrollable anger, sublime self-abandonment and weakening distrust, until he gazes with rapt soul on the vision of Canaan, and then dies in the very fulness of his vigour; and God closes the scene by digging his grave and directing his funeral with all that tender pity and condescending affection which had gladdened the great man's heart in its severest anguish, and graced his life both in its brightest and darkest moments.

Thus this register of the Burial of Moses seems to us another parable of the Divine Care; another forcible dissuasive from heart-corroding anxieties; another soothing message from the heavens with regard to the taking down of "this earthly tabernacle" in which we dwell, the work we have to leave behind us, and the ignorance in which we are often left on subjects that affection would strongly urge us to know completely. *It speaks to us of God's care for the bodies of His servants when they are dead; for the work of His servants when they have left it; and for the highest welfare of His children at all times.*

I. "And He buried him." When Moses was a babe, and exposed to the harsh law of the Egyptian king, enacting the murder of all the male Hebrew children, God, through his mother, provided him with a sure defence in the little

pitch-covered boat that guarded him from the monsters of the river and floated him along its waters to the hands of the tender-hearted daughter of Pharaoh; and now the life of His servant is spent, the same Lord selects a befitting home for his body in the ravine over against Bethpeor. He who gave him his schooling amid the splendour and opulence of an Egyptian court, shielded him in the desert, made him the Redeemer and Leader of His people, also confers upon him even the higher honour of putting him in His own burying-ground with His own hands; just as loving friends then and now would eagerly and assiduously show their high esteem and warm affection for those who had been taken from them by death. Moses was not forgotten by the Lord when his work was done, and the sands of life had run out. *God cared for his dead body.* Even the victory of the King of Terrors does not banish our frail flesh from the embrace of our Father's infinite love.

It is gladdening to us who have now to walk through the valley of the shadow of death to know that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," that up to the last moments of our mortal life our Father's love does not fail us, and that even amidst the agonies of separation from long-loved companions, and the quivering weakness of exhausted nature, God, like a loving and pitiful Nurse, bends over us with soothing words and comforting and sustaining presence. But is there not even a richer pity shown towards our weakness, which so often fetches its keenest sorrows from the unseen future, in the Scripture revelation of the Lord's care for our perishing dust? For we cannot altogether and always separate ourselves from our bodies, or think that after death somehow or other our life will not be sympathetic with the fortunes of our decaying and wasting bones. A divine instinct forces us

to revere the tabernacle out of which the living tenant has gone, and a fleet-winged fancy penetrates the morrow and selects the spot where the structure shall be kept till the day that it is fitted up anew for its perfected spirit by the Judge of quick and dead. "Bury me with my bairns," said a dying wife in plaintive strains I shall never forget, to her tearful husband; "bury me with my bairns, I should like to lie with them till the resurrection." By faith Joseph, when he was dying, gave commandment concerning his bones, and desired they, at least, should enter the land of promise. Nor does Christianity ignore the body; rather it proves it to be a partaker of the manifold blessings of Christ—redeemed by His blood, inhabited by His Spirit, and destined to be raised again a spiritual body by His power who is able to subdue all things unto Himself. Matthew Henry says: "As the death of God's saints is precious, so is their dust; not a grain of it is lost, but the covenant with it shall be remembered." Our buried children are safe in our Saviour's keeping. He has the keys of the grave; let us not fear. He is the guardian of the graves of His servants, be they in the neighbourhood of the teeming city, or under the spreading yew in the quiet village; in the far-off colony, or in the depths of the sea; and the God who buried Moses will bring every one forth in the great day of our transfiguration in the heavens. "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope."

And it is the more remarkable that the "Lord buried him," because in this his early death Moses had paid the penalty denounced by God for the transgression of one of His express commands. In the twentieth chapter of Numbers we are told the children of Israel were in great need of water, and with an impatience and fretfulness enough to anger the

meekest man on earth, they complained against Moses, questioned his kindness, and said that he had brought them out of Egypt only that they might die in the wilderness. As usual, the troubled man went from the complaining people to the pitying and helpful God; and God heard his cry, and told him to take his rod and speak to the rock, and the rock should hear and the waters gush out. And Moses took the rod and gathered the congregation before the rock; when, lo! as he looked at the unbelieving, ungrateful, and petulant crowd, a fierce whirlwind of anger seized him, and in his fury he exclaimed, "Hear, now, ye rebels! must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice, and the waters came out abundantly," and the thirsty multitude refreshed themselves at the flowing streams. But the man of God had sinned, grievously sinned. He, the leader and commander of the people, had mistrusted the God he was to glorify, taken the vengeance of the Lord into his own hands, met evil with evil, and in his indignation against men had broken the law of God. This was a great wrong, for "to whom much is given, of them much is required;" and therefore God said to Moses, "Get thee up into this mountain . . . and die. . . . Because thou didst trespass against me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah Kadesh, thou shalt see the land, but shalt not go thither." And the penitent, and pardoned, but punished man, went up the mountain and was obedient to death, even such a death of dishonour. Yes, dishonour; for though he was one hundred and twenty years old, he was in the full vigour of health; "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." No premonitions of approaching decay quivered in his speech, sounded in his steps, or flashed from his eye. He was not an old, decrepid, worn-

out man, with tottering foot and palsied nerve: the grasshopper a burden, and desire itself failing in the heart. Instead of that, he was still girt with manly strength, firm in his grasp, tenacious in memory, and quick in every sense; a hale, hearty son of the wilderness, in the very prime of his powers, and with the currents of life fast flowing within him. But suddenly, just as a well-equipped vessel in full sail, with all her hands and cargo on board, is sucked into the cavernous depths of the sea by a maelstrom, without the chance of hoisting even one signal of distress, so, for his distrustful anger, Moses is the prey of death when in the plenitude and maturity of his powers. Nevertheless the Lord, in His pitiful love, buried the body of His devoted servant in a grave of His own choosing and guarding, and thus conferred upon him the highest honour that man ever received.

Verily God does not retain His anger for ever, nor will He always chide. He will not utterly take away His lovingkindness from His people, nor suffer His faithfulness to fail; yet when they break His statutes and keep not His commandments, He will visit their transgression with the rod and their iniquity with stripes. Forgiveness of sins does not necessarily foreclose punishment. They may co-exist. God has other penalties than hell for the violations of His laws, and those other penalties overtake the believer in the Lord Jesus with no less certainty and weight than they do such as reject Him. We have the unspeakable joy of pardon, and are sure of the inheritance of the saints; but if we sow to the flesh we shall of the flesh reap corruption, in the degree that our life is fleshly, and selfish, and without Christ. The remission of the *guilt* of that sin which has enfeebled health and sapped the strength of the body will not forthwith flush the fount of life with energy and baptize

the body into new power, though it may set forces in operation which shall beneficially counter-work the evil consequences of former sins, and in some cases completely remove them. Nathan told David that the Lord had put away his sin: "Thou shalt not die; howbeit because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, *the child shall surely die, and the sword shall not depart from thy house, and evil shall rise up against thee in thine own home.*" So it came to pass. The king was forgiven, but his forgiveness stayed not the swift march of terrible plagues. He lost his child; his throne was taken away from him by Absalom, and he only regained it by the death of his much-loved but usurping son. Discord rung out its wildest notes in his family, and vice stained with its deepest dyes the children of his bosom; and his own name comes down to posterity with so dark a stigma upon it that the rolling seas of time have not yet washed it off, and never will. And do not the stories of Gideon with his ephod, Samson and Delilah, Uzziah and Hezekiah, and of the disease, affliction, and death in the Corinthian church, as well as the annals of "Moses and Aaron among His priests," justify the Psalmist when he says, "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance of their inventions?" The remission of the punishment of perdition, and the removal of the guilt of sin by the sacrifice of Christ, will not protect a believer from all the temporal consequences of his misdeeds. "God's mercy shall not depart from him, but if he commit iniquity God will chasten him with the rod of man, and with the stripes of the children of men." No infatuation is so absurd, no error so monstrous, as that which supposes that the sins of a believer in Christ will not weaken him, unlawful indulgences not deprave, and negligence,

indifference, unfairness, and selfishness, go unrebuked. On the contrary, the more saintly the man, and the higher the position to which God has called him in the church, the heavier will be the punishment. "You only have I known," says God, "of all the families of the earth; THEREFORE I will punish you for all your iniquities." He that knew his Lord's will and did it not shall be beaten with *many stripes*. The rebellious and stiff-necked Israelites of a new generation may go into the land of Canaan, but their great and illustrious leader is denied admission, and pays the penalty of his transgression on the heights of Nebo. And yet the Lord buried the man He thus so severely punished. Here is our consolation, brethren. Though our God thrust us into the fiery furnace, He does not take away His mercy from us, nor withhold His sustaining hand. His will is our sanctification and the salvation of the world, and when He chastises us for our transgressions let us bear it joyfully, remembering not only our deep desert and the finer issues of spiritual excellence secured thereby, but also that the loving care of our God will be manifested to us most tenderly when He rebukes us, and His pity be the richer in the day of our suffering and trial. So that we may bravely say with patient Job, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him."

II. Here is also *God's care for the work of His servants when they are gone*. One of the chief causes of anxiety to good and useful men is the absolute necessity of leaving their labours half completed, their plans partially executed, and the schemes over which they have brooded for years, and whose development they have made their life work, in such a form that they can with difficulty be understood, and with greater difficulty perfected, by their successors. There is scarcely a more fruitful

source of pain and regret. To be stricken down in the full heat of work before the step falters, the eye dims, or brain weakens, and before the ripe results of years of toil can be gathered, is a source of unspeakable anguish to men who live for the welfare of their fellows and with no stronger passion than that of doing good. For a hero to fall in the thick of the fight, a son of science to elaborate within a few stages a discovery of untold importance, and to die on the threshold of success, for a minister to be thrust into privacy and smitten with weakness just when, like young Alfred Vaughan, he is readiest and fittest for labour, is an inconceivable grief, and drains some of the noblest men of all the grace of submissiveness that is within them. The work has become part of the man. His very life is in it, and to take him from it is like tearing his heart-strings, and fills him with fearful visions of wasted life and useless toil. You see something of this apprehension in the prayer of Moses, the man of God. Filled with the thought of the vanity of human life and the futility of all human labours, he cries out, "Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us. Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

And that calm strong prayer was answered, if not in the lifetime of the lawgiver, certainly when the Lord buried the good man in a grave, and closed it in such a way that it has been unknown through all the centuries since. God hid the place of his burial, so that His servant's work might abide and be established for ever. He cast a veil of perpetual obscurity over his resting-place, that the seed he had scattered with much painfulness in the desert might not be hindered from yielding a rich and ample harvest in the land of promise. For nothing would have so utterly

blasted with the mildew of decay the labours of Moses for the spiritual good of the children of Israel as converting his burial-place into a shrine of devotion, and the mound that covered his body into an altar for idolatrous incense. As an earthquake lays in ruins a fair and splendid city, so such idolatry would have wrecked the work of this great man. The law that came by Moses was intensely spiritual, frowning on merely material and fleshly worship, proclaiming one God, invisible, but nigh at hand; always seeing, but never seen; always touching us at every part of our being, but never touched by us; always one, but everywhere present. With vehement urgency it forbade art to paint His form on canvass, or carve out His figure in stone or wood; and resented the slightest approach to the worship of any creature, however good or great. And, to protect and preserve His servant's work, to establish and crown his labours, *God* buried Moses, and kept the people in ignorance of his grave.

And that it was with such an aim is suggested by the fact that under the wise and loving arrangements of God a similar ignorance obtains to this day concerning the sepulchre of the Lord Jesus Christ. As with the greatest man of the Old Testament, so with Him who is the glory of the New—no man can certainly tell the place of His burial. The grave in the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa cannot be traced. God has hidden it. The first disciples went there, but were told not to seek the living among the dead, but to look to the risen Lord; and God has repeated that message ever since, so that He may shield men from the idolatry of place and give permanence to the work of His Son. Fellow-workers, let us calm ourselves; not with the falsehood that our work is unimportant because it is slight and fragmentary, for such an error will stiffen the fibres of our activity; but with

the true and abiding consolation that the work is God's, and that He loves it as well as us, and will therefore take care of it when we are gone from it. Let us toil on. He will perfect that which concerneth us. Men may misunderstand and malign us, and God punish us for our mistakes and sins, but let us be hopeful in Him. He is here when we are gone, and if we do any true work—work that has real spiritual life in it—He will put His great and powerful hand over it and preserve it till the day of Jesus Christ.

III. But this fact has a broader teaching. It shows *God's care for the highest welfare of all His saints*, as well as for the work of His servants when they have left it. Such was the ardour of affection felt by the Hebrews to their leader, and such is the pressure given by death to the manifestation of whatever love we have, that if the Lord had not buried Moses in an *unknown* grave, the valley of Bethpeor would have been crowded with superstitious pilgrims hasting to pay their devotions at the sepulchre of the man of God. Thus his grave would have become a rock of offence and a stone of stumbling. Death, as we well know, lifts every worthy man aloft, dignifies the good, and transfigures with glistening glory our dearest friends. We forget faults and foibles, and see nought but excellencies, and these in magnified proportions, surrounded by a halo of unfading splendours. Their memory is blessed. They live in our hearts as unopposed rulers, dwell before our fancy as glorified angels, and walk along the dusty roads of life with us as most welcome companions; and we say with Tennyson—

"So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy kindred to the great of old,
Thy likeness to the wise below."

Now Moses was a man of surpassing ability and of unequalled merits, and the generation that he was leaving was, in its better moments, full of

reverence for him, and therefore the feelings of veneration and homage that ordinarily are sufficiently strong would be likely to exhibit a wild luxuriance in such a case. He was the founder of their nation, and greater than Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The tenderest associations were bound up with his name and woven into his history. Did he not chivalrously adopt their degraded and despised cause in Egypt, risk his life, and fame, and prospects for their deliverance from a killing bondage, and carry them successfully through the Red Sea to the borders of the promised land? Moreover, was ever man so honoured of God as he? Nature had been his servant: winds had answered to his prayers and brought meat; hard rocks had become fountains of water at his touch. The future was not without light to his keen glance. There was no prophet like him. Tell me there was no danger of superstitious reverence being paid to the buried body of such a man, and that these half-taught Hebrews, so little spiritual in their desire, feeble in their grasp of principles, would not make his grave a shrine? Think you the regulations of the law as to corpses and graves would be a sufficient barrier against the rush of the pent-up feelings of this crowd in sight of the tomb of their chief? Never. As the over-full river bursts its banks, so their surging emotions would have made Bethpeor's vale resound with the voice of reverent and adoring pilgrims! What became of the serpent of brass? Why was it broken? How did the people treat the ephod of Gideon? Had the body of Moses been discoverable, its fate had been the same. Therefore the Lord in His love, and to keep His children out of the way of such temptation, buried him in a grave that never could be found. So good is He that though we complain against and misjudge Him, yet He keeps us in the dark, simply because

the light would injure us. He hides blessings from us and disappoints our hopes, because if we found them we should only convert them into snares that would lead us further from Himself. Jesus could not tell His disciples all He knew, for they were not able to bear it. When our Father hides anything from us it is because hiding is better than revealing, and ignorance more useful than knowledge.

"O hidden grave in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well."

But God did not only purpose to guard his chosen people from the weakness and misery that would result from deifying His servant, but also to lift up their hearts to Himself, and to make them rest in the sweet and ever welcome truths of the Divine Love, the Resurrection from the Dead, and the Life Everlasting. That unfound grave would be discovered truth. They could not look into the sepulchre, and therefore must look into the heavens. His absence would thereby become itself a sort of Pisgah, from whose heights the people would see the King in His beauty and the land that lieth afar off. Apparently giving them less, God was really giving them more; for

Every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, *itself is love;*"

and the undiscovered burying-place of Moses would teach and inspire far more powerfully than the graves of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob at Hebron, the bones of Joseph at Shechem, or the tomb of Rachel on the way to Bethlehem; just as the empty sepulchre in the garden of Joseph of Arimathæa declares the Son of God in a way that even His marvellous works and words cannot excel.

Nor is it otherwise with us, His children, now. He refuses our super-

ficial desires, so that He may meet and satisfy the deeper need. He casts us into the depths of adversity, so that we may from thence cry out for Him whom we had forgotten on the summits of prosperity. He takes the flower that is blooming in our well-kept garden, that we may not forget that yonder is our paradise, and not here. He seems to reject our prayer, but when we put His answer by the side of our real need, rather than by the side of our interpretation of it, we see that He has translated our thoughts and wishes truly, whilst we have erred, and so He has ministered to our wants more thoroughly than ever we anticipated.

Verily we may each say, "Return unto thy rest" in the Divine Love, "O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

Brethren, let us more fully and uncomplainingly trust our God, casting all our care upon Him, both as to our bodies and as to our work; and be assured that He cares for our growing purity, our increasing devotion to His service, and more complete resemblance to Himself.

"O Lord, how happy we should be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that one above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best."

J. CLIFFORD.

ROBERT HALL'S STATUE.

THE unveiling of the statue of Robert Hall on the 2nd of November, in De Montfort Square, Leicester, is an event in which not only the Baptists of Leicester, but Baptists—and indeed Christians—everywhere, take special interest. He was indeed worthy for whom this has been done, and Leicester has honoured herself in erecting this memorial to her most distinguished son. An acute philosopher, a clever mathematician, an accurate scholar, a marvellous conversationalist, a patient sufferer, a faithful teacher, and affectionate friend and pastor; he was also the most accomplished orator of his age. And though only removed from us by little more than half a century, yet we of this generation, and specially its younger members, need to be reminded of his worth and work. His writings are little to the taste of this period, and not often seen on the shelves of libraries that have been furnished within the last dozen years. Few young preachers know much of his sermons, and fewer still are acquainted with his literary writings; but that he was a man whom all should know who value Christian manhood, nobleness and symmetry of character, lofty genius sanctified to the highest ends, will be very apparent from the following impressive and beautiful inaugural address, delivered by the Rev. J. P. Mursell, who has so worthily and suc-

cessfully worn the mantle of his predecessor for nearly fifty years. Mr. Mursell said:—

We are met to-day to perfect a cherished design, much too long delayed, of erecting a monument in this ancient borough to one who, during a residence of eighteen years within its precincts, enriched its social circles and shed a lasting lustre on its name.

It has been the practice of civilized and advanced peoples in every age to gather up the sentiment of admiration diffused through society towards men of distinguished attributes and of merited renown, and to assign to it a local habitation and a visible shrine; a practice that commends itself to enlightened judgment and elevated taste. It is, in fact, the homage that cultivated nature delights to pay to those high priests who, in their several departments, have worthily ministered at her altars.

In the intercourse of society we not unfrequently hear the designative phrase, "That's a remarkable man"—one, that is to say, distinguished from the crowd. But the late Robert Hall stood alone in unassumed but solitary grandeur. In him, those attributes which, in the order of an infinitely wise Providence, are usually distributed, were beautifully and marvellously combined. The higher and the attendant faculties and properties of our common

nature dwelt with him, as in a stately temple; while they were devoutly consecrated to the service of God and to the best interests of men. Well might a celebrated divine—the late Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath—in placing a funereal wreath on the bier of his departed contemporary, announce from the pulpit as a text the language of the ancient prophet, “Howl, fir-tree, the cedar is fallen.”

As a preacher and Christian orator, he whom we seek to honour was confessedly unrivalled. His discourses were *always* thoughtful, beautiful, and impressive, and deeply imbued with evangelic life; while, on special occasions, he would show himself at home amidst the profoundest depths of thought, or with seeming unconsciousness conduct his hearers to dazzling heights, from which they might catch glimpses as of horses and chariots of fire. His published discourses on “Modern Infidelity,” on “The Duties Proper to the Present Crisis,” on “The Death of the Princess Charlotte,” and on the demise of the venerable Dr. Ryland, might be cited in support of this position.

John Foster, the celebrated essayist, in a sketch of Mr. Hall's character as a preacher, speaking of men of advanced judgment, piety, and taste, who were familiar with his ministry, says:—“By such persons, its loss is reflected on with a sentiment peculiar to the event—never experienced before, nor to be expected in any future instance. An animating influence that pervaded, and enlarged, and raised their minds, is extinct. While ready to give due honour to all valuable preachers, and knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually arise, they involuntarily and pensively turn to look at the last fading colours in the distance where the great luminary has set.”

Whilst few men paid more respect to elevated station and distinguished rank—especially when these were accompanied by the virtues that should adorn them—Mr. Hall was wont to listen to the sigh of the destitute, and to turn his footsteps to the habitations of woe. He seemed to have contracted none of that heartlessness which too frequently encrusts us in passing through the chilling atmosphere of life. “When

the ear heard him, it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and him that had none to help him.”

Honoured and favoured with the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. Hall in the earlier stages of my public life, I contemplate him in musing review, with mingled emotions of delight and awe. The mists of intervening years have mellowed, but not obscured, those radiant hours. A social morning spent with him in his happier moods was a rich intellectual treat, and seemed like a transient approach, under his guidance, to the precincts of the invisible and the abiding. I bear testimony before this assembly and beneath these heavens, that not only no wiser, but that a holier man, has seldom consecrated these sublunary scenes.

As a shield from the suspicion of grandiloquence and extravagance, let me fortify my position by testimony that indifference cannot weaken nor malice contravene or misconstrue. “Mr. Hall,” says the celebrated Dr. Parr, the late learned vicar of Warwick, “like Bishop Taylor, has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profundity of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.”

Though a man of profound erudition and of life-long research, his active mind disported itself in the regions of polite literature, whether of his own or of foreign climes, while he watched with admiring interest the expanding range of science. The penetrating judgment, the chastened imagination, the Attic wit, the withering sarcasm, that distinguished his critical writings, indicate at once the versatility of his powers and the purity and breadth of his sympathies. In defending the celebrated Dr. Priestley from an unwarrantable attack on his cherished principles and his public course, he writes, in his treatise on “Christianity Consistent with the Love of Freedom:”—“The *religious* tenets of Dr. Priestley seem to me erroneous in the extreme; but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue or my admiration of genius. From him the poisoned arrow will fall pointless. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of

science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favoured or those who have opposed him will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, or follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide."

While he was a Nonconformist alike by lineal descent and from deliberate conviction, Mr. Hall was impervious to the blighting spirit of bigotry. No man was better acquainted with, or held in higher esteem, the great thinkers, the distinguished writers, or the saintly virtues, that had adorned the English Church. From many distinguished Episcopalian who were contemporary with him, he received a measure of courteous attention and homage which he knew how to appreciate and was ever prompt to repay. In proof of the generous and catholic spirit that animated him, I need only point to his admiration of a gentleman who, his contemporary in Leicester, was one of the brightest luminaries of his day. In a speech delivered at the annual meeting of the Leicester Auxiliary Bible Society, on "The Character of the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester," he says:—"It is with a melancholy satisfaction I rise to express my entire approbation of the sentiments contained in the resolution just read. It would, in my opinion, have been unnatural to usher our annual report into the world, without noticing that solemn and affecting dispensation which has deprived this society, this town, and this county, of its principal ornament. We are weakened this day by the falling of a pious and a great man in Israel. In the formation of this society our incomparable friend had a principal share; and through every stage he gave it an unremitted attention, and watched over its interests with a parental solicitude. The idea of instituting an auxiliary society in Leicester was no sooner suggested to him than it engaged his most cordial good wishes; he lent to its support the vigour of his masculine understanding, the energies of his capa-

cious heart; and to him, beyond any other individual, it is indebted for the patronage and the maturity it has attained. He was indeed the father of this institution. But of what institution, formed for the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind in this place, was he not the father? We can look nowhere throughout this large and populous town without perceiving the vestiges of his unwearied solicitude for the advancement of the happiness of his fellow-creatures. He has inscribed his history in the numerous charitable and religious foundations which owe their existence or their prosperity to his influence. Our gaols, our hospitals, our schools, our churches, are replete with monuments of his worth, and with the effects of his energetic benevolence."

A plain edifice, situated in Harvey Lane, was the scene of Mr. Hall's ministerial labours during his residence in Leicester, towards which peers, jurists, and men of highest distinction were wont, as inclination prompted and opportunity offered, to direct their steps; while ministering spirits might have lingered in their flight to listen to the elevated and fervid eloquence that issued from his lips.

For eighteen years he formed the acknowledged centre of a distinguished body of Nonconforming divines in the midland region, among whom were the Rev. Andrew Fuller and Thos. Toller, of Kettering, moving among them with that beautiful simplicity, combined with unaffected dignity, that lent an unspeakable charm to his demeanour. He faithfully served his Divine Master in this town and its vicinity during his too limited sojourn, and when he withdrew, to use his own language in relation to another, "It was as though He had let fall a star from His right hand, and the whole hemisphere was darkened by his loss."

When it is borne in mind that this celebrated man was from his earliest years the victim of sufferings, which through a long life occasionally rose to such a height as to toss him as on billows of agony, it partakes of the marvellous that he should have ardently prosecuted his severe and unbroken studies, sustained without interruption the sacred duties of his office, and filled the church with his praises and society with his fame. Sir Edward Bulwer

Lytton, in his work, "The Caxtons," makes graceful allusion to this fact as a triumphant instance of the dominion of mind over the mere instincts of our common nature.

While, in the spirit of enlightened veneration, the opposite of superstitious adulation, we render to-day our united tribute to the memory of departed greatness and pre-eminent official worth, we will cherish the confident assurance that the Divine Head of the church will vouchsafe to His people an unbroken succession of devout and efficient servants, who, faithful to the sacred trust committed to them, shall, amidst the ravages of death, the decay of empires, and the solemn transit of generations, hold out with steady hand amidst surrounding mist and gloom that unadulterated "word of the Lord which liveth and abideth for ever."

Unless profound thought, rendered clear to ordinary minds, and clothed in a classic and fascinating garb, be destined to lose, amid social apathy and decline, its wonted sway, the *writings* of Robert Hall will be read and studied when monuments, however appropriate, of marble or of granite, shall have crumbled into dust. Upwards of forty years have passed since the celebrated man whose memory we meet to honour to-day was removed from our midst. If the splendid faculties, the mysterious yearnings, and the manifold graces, that distinguished and adorned him, have all been quenched in death, where

is the philosophy of our proceeding, and where the solution of the inquiry of perplexed generations, "Wherefore hast Thou made all men in vain?" No!

"The spirit shall return to Him
That gave the heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!"

This tribute to departed genius and worth, though long delayed, was projected during the mayoralty among us of John Baines, Esq., who, with his successor, George Stevenson, Esq., rendered cheerful and very efficient aid, both in their public and private position; while the list of contributors represents all shades of opinion, both religious and political, throughout her Majesty's British realm. We rejoice in our perfected intention to-day, while we cannot but congratulate the sculptor, John Birnie Philip, Esq., on the completion of the exquisite work of art we see before us. That a gentleman who never saw the original, and who had nothing to guide him but hints from the few who had, and from existing but most imperfect resemblances, should have succeeded in giving us the beautiful and commanding statue which has just been unveiled, cannot fail to add to his already high reputation, and might well command our congratulatory thanks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. XII.—"My Father's Business."

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-three years ago a company of pilgrims started from the small, obscure, but beautifully-situated hamlet of Nazareth, in the north of Palestine, to attend the celebration of the great Passover festival at the city of Jerusalem. As you know, no Jewish feast exceeded this in interest, or gathered together such swarming crowds from all parts of the land. Hundreds of thousands—indeed Josephus, one of their historians, says, more than two millions travelled to the metropolis on one such occasion, and spread their white tents on the hills surrounding the sacred city. Many of these visitors came, of course, for the

first time, brim full of eager desires and overflowing with curious thoughts and fancies. Others were only renewing the pleasures of their youth and manhood; and remembering the splendour of Jerusalem, the solemnities of Zion, and the joy of "brethren dwelling together in unity," they were glad to set out on a fresh pilgrimage to the national home of their holy shrines.

It is the month of March, and the most favoured season of all the year for such a journey. Innumerable flowers deck the mountain sides with beauty, spread a fascinating carpet along the vales, and fill the pure and genial air with fragrance. Nature smiles with

gladness. Water is abundant; and since the pilgrims need scarcely any baggage beyond that of a tent and a very slender stock of provisions, and as they travel together in bands, and with common hopes and common feelings, the journey, though lasting four days, is one of no ordinary interest, and kindles in all a high degree of enthusiasm.

"But who are they that form that small group coming out of yonder house?"

"They are people in very humble circumstances—indeed, artisans living by their labour; and the father and mother are taking that young bright-eyed and thoughtful lad up to Jerusalem, so that he may become a son of the law."

"A son of the law? And pray what is that?"

"Why, it is customary amongst the Jews, as soon as a boy is twelve years of age, to let him accompany his parents to one of the principal feasts at the metropolis, and there take upon himself the solemn obligation of keeping the laws of Moses; and then he is henceforward reckoned as one of the congregation of the people."

"And what is the name of that youth?"

"His father is known all about Nazareth and its neighbourhood as Joseph the carpenter, his mother is called Mary, and the boy himself bears the common name of Jesus."

But now all is ready for the journey, and whilst a few are saying "farewell" again to those who stay behind, most of the party start, cheerfully chanting as they descend the hill side towards the far-famed plain of *Esdraelon*—

"I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

Not far have they gone along the road when other groups of pilgrims are seen coming along, all bearing towards the same path, and all chanting aloud various psalms called "songs of degrees." Soon they meet. Old friends recognize one another; relations make kindly inquiries after each other's welfare; strangers begin to feel at home; and children and youths, with the simplicity and unconstraint so natural to them, seek each other's society, and talk much about the journey they are going, the scenes through which they

pass, and the city whose glories they hope soon to behold.

"And whence come all these people?"

"Some from *Shunem* and *Endor*; others from the heights of *Carmel* and *Tabor*. There, see! a devout widow and her only son from the city of *Nain*; and in fact they come from all the towns and villages that nestle amongst the hills, north, and east, and west of this plain of *Jezeel*."

After much pleasant discourse and sweet song, the pilgrims halt not far from the opening of the vale of *Jenin*. Here they pitch their tents, and before seeking rest sing aloud—

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
From whence cometh my help.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."

Again it is morning. Crested larks are sweetly singing in the air, delicate and lively turtle doves are cooing their melancholy yet soothing ditties in groves and gardens, and tiny blue birds swiftly skim along the grass. Soon the people break up their pleasant camp-life, and set out along the highway to Jerusalem, through Samaria; now refreshing themselves at *Jacob's Well*, not without scorn for those who own it; and now walking along the narrow valley between *Mounts Ebal* and *Gerizim*, not without astonishment at the audacity that dares to set up any rival to the claims of *Mount Zion*.

Rest is once more sought, and tabernacles are set up not far from the plains of *Moreh*, on which Abraham pitched his tent the first time he came into this land of promise. Ah! how much we should like to listen to the discourse of Mary and Jesus as they talk together about the journey of the day and about the rich associations of this place! But we must wait a little longer before we know the thoughts and feelings that are working in his young heart.

The third morning dawns; and as the roads become much more toilsome, the pilgrims must take shorter stages and rest oftener. But they forget the difficulties of the way as they gaze upon the wild and rugged grandeur of the scenery, and recall the stories associated with the sanctuary at *Shiloh* and *Jacob's stone pillow* at *Bethel*. At

length they reach *Beeroth*, and the pilgrims retire to rest gladdened with the thought that on the next day their eyes will rest upon Jerusalem.

"Hark! What strains are these which wake the sleeping travellers?"

"Why, scores of youths and others, stirring early, behold the beloved city of God, and sing with joyful hearts the song of David: 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.'" Up in the clear air rise the massive battlements and encircling walls of Jerusalem, the pure white towers of the temple of the Lord, glittering in grandeur, far more like a fairy picture than sober reality. The scene transports the pilgrims with delight, and they sing in responsive strains the familiar songs of Zion. It is a moment never to be forgotten, and is only exceeded in thrilling interest when they pass through the successive gates and arches of the temple and along its spacious courts, and watch its white-robed priests conducting the grand and solemn services of the great festival of the year.

Now all is over. The cords of the tents are loosed, the stakes are taken up, and on every hand glad and thankful people are returning to their various homes, north and south, and east and west. The Nazareth party is on its way, and is thought to be complete. True, the lad Jesus is not with his mother, but she thinks he is with his cousins, and therefore does not trouble herself about him, until they get to Beeroth, the first halting place, when she finds out to her sorrow her mistake, and in her eager motherly love hastens back to the city to look for her lost son.

And where is this boy of twelve, only just now made a "son of the law?" Has he taken upon himself the responsibility of keeping the law that came by Moses and thought no more of it? Not so. Is he walking about the streets of Jerusalem, fascinated with its buildings and its citizens? Not so. Where is he, then? In the courts of the temple, talking with the teachers of that law he is henceforward to obey. He asks them piercing questions, and gives them wondrously suggestive answers. The listeners wonder at his opening powers of mind, his eagerness to know what

the law means, how the statements of the prophets should be interpreted, and where these teachers get their authority for many of their instructions. This goes on for a couple of days, the interest increasing with the flight of the hours; when suddenly his attention is arrested by the appearance of the face of his mother peering in upon the circle of doctors. "Son," says she, "what have you been doing? Why did you stay behind like this? We thought you were following us with your cousins, and so went on till we got to Beeroth. Why have you made our hearts so sad?"

"Oh, mother," said the astonished youth, intensely earnest in his new vocation, "Oh, mother, why should you distress yourself? Did not you bring me here, all the way from Nazareth, so that I might become a 'son of the law,' and be thoroughly instructed in it, and prepared to meet its high demands? Don't you know I *must* be about my Father's business, learning His holy will, worshipping Him in His courts, and doing His work in the world?"

Wise and weighty words from a young and loving heart. Surely he has started life in the right way and with the right spirit. He begins with warm devotion to God, ardent desire to know His teaching, love for His worship, and zeal in His work. God's word is His most loved book, God's house his home, and God's work his joy. He feels that he must be about his Father's business first and always; not that he will despise the hammer and the saw, or treat with disdain Joseph and Mary. No; at once he went down with his parents to Nazareth, and became subject unto them. He left the city and its temple, and its learned teachers, and went to work as a carpenter—carried his tools about with him from place to place, laid the line, lifted pieces of wood, helped in the rearing of houses; made home bright and happy with his goodness, and increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

You need not, my dear young friends, leave your daily work or your humble home to begin a useful and noble Christian life. *Start where you are*, and make your heavenly "Father's business" your business at once. Think of Him *first—always first*. Serve God by obedience to your parents and faithfulness

to your master in your six days' work. Make the Bible your daily companion. Look to it as the mariner to his compass. Know it, love it, follow it. Become "sons of God's law;" as much attached to it as if it were your father, and so obedient to it that your companions may see that you give it all a father's honour. Worship God. Attend the house of prayer regularly and devoutly. Never let a Sunday pass without entrance into His courts. Never enter without reverence, and love, and adoration. Work for God's kingdom; for truth, and peace, and righteousness

in the earth, and for the spread of the gospel over the wide world. Keep ever fresh in your hearts the true, earnest, and devout feelings that prompted Jesus to say to his mother, "I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

J. CLIFFORD.

. These papers are in the press, and will be published in a few days in the form of an appropriate GIFT BOOK, entitled "STARTING IN LIFE." The price will be 2s. May be had of all booksellers. The publishers of this Magazine will be ready to forward copies in the Jan. Magazine parcels.

THE DENS OF CENTRAL LONDON.

No. III.—*The Cow Cross Mission.*

Is an undenominational gospel mission in White Horse Alley, Cow Cross Street, West Smithfield. Mr. and Mrs. Catlin are the missionaries, assisted by a number of voluntary and devoted labourers. One thousand poor families and twenty-one factories are open to the regular visitation of Mr. Catlin, and although it is close by the very place where the martyrs were burnt, yet no missionary laboured there before Mr. C. came; and the only ragged school in the parish was a Roman Catholic one, crowded with the children of Protestant parents. Mr. Catlin was originally an agent of the London City Mission, but having found he could not endure to visit the poor without attempting to relieve their *bodily* wants as well as their spiritual, and this being against the rules of the L. C. M., he was compelled to start the organization he now superintends. The Mission Room in White Horse Alley is a moderate-sized brick building, with hymns and pictures of the high priest and the tabernacle hung upon the inner whitewashed walls. Over the speaking desk is the motto, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The poverty and destitution of this neighbourhood is indescribable, and therefore the soup kitchen is a most valuable and useful aid to the Mission work. In one winter 10,000 dinners were given to destitute children. That this is needed may be seen from the following report, taken from the *Standard*:—Dr. Hardwick held an inquest at the King's Head, St. Giles's, on the body of Emma Adams, aged 16, who was alleged to have died from starvation and exposure. Deceased, who had never been to school, obtained her living by going out cleaning. Blake, the coroner's officer, in answer to a question, said the room inhabited by the deceased and her parents was in a dread-

fully filthy and dirty state. Five lived in the same room, in which (with the exception of two chairs without bottoms) there was no furniture, and the body was lying on some rags on the floor. Mr. James Paul, surgeon to the police, said he was called at two o'clock in the morning. He found deceased lying in a wretched, dirty room. *She was dead.* He had examined the body, which was very emaciated and dirty. Had she been attended to medically and had nourishment, *she would have lived.* The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased died from suffocation, accelerated by want of food and the proper necessaries of life!" John Ruskin, in a small work called "Sesame and Lilies," gives a very similar case which occurred in Spitalfields. He says, "I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure the facts themselves are written in that colour in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day. I say, you despise compassion. Look after Lazarus at the door-step."

Besides carrying on all the usual agencies of the Home Missions, such as Mothers' Meetings, Penny Banks, Temperance Society, &c., Mr. Catlin has been very useful amongst the criminal classes. His right hand man was once a notorious thief, but now converted, and proving the genuineness of his change by an upright life. He has for some time held a responsible situation in a jeweller's warehouse. On our last visit to the Mission Room we saw a ticket-of-leave man. He was first met at a tea meeting, and has gradually won the confidence of those who now help him by his honest efforts to get a living. But the difficulty of such men to gain a respectable position, in even humble life, is very great. Some of the police are very arbitrary in their dealings with returned convicts, and

they will hardly allow a man to pursue an honest employment; e.g., a ticket-of-leave man, who was very poor and had been sleeping in the streets, came to the missionary for help. In order to try him he was somewhat repulsed. As he seemed to be earnest, he had a box of brushes and blacking given to him for cleaning boots, and he was sent to the corner by Farringdon Street Station. In a few days, the policeman who had him in charge at his trial at the Old Bailey passed by and recognized him, and instantly kicked the box into the road, and said to the man, "Be off; I'll teach you to waylay people here." The man moved from this spot to another not far off, but in a day or two the same policeman drove him away from there. He then tramped through England and Scotland until he reached Inverness, and then he returned southwards to Eastbourne, in Sussex. Here a Christian man gave him work, and encouraged him in a good course. He had been living an immoral life, but he listened to the gospel message and became a saved man. One day, after having been at Eastbourne about a twelvemonth, he walked into the Mission Room at Cow Cross so respectably dressed that the missionary did not know him. He said he never could forget the words last spoken to him as he left the Mission Room: "*Remember you have a soul to be saved.*" He heard those words ringing in his ears as he tramped along the road by day, and they rose before him as he lay with his loose companions at the dead of night. They were the voice of God to his soul! Eventually he became an evangelist, and now seeks to lead those whom men despise to God.

In these brief papers we have gone round a spot just out of the city of London, which covers only a few acres of ground. Our walk has been short, but we have seen much—much of extreme poverty, ignorance, and filth. The question uppermost in the mind of the reader will be, "Can nothing be done to permanently relieve these people?" or, "Is there no remedy for all this misery?" Unhesitatingly we reply, "Yes, there is a cure; and that is emigration." This, however, applies to only the younger and able-bodied portion of the people. Parties of emigrants have recently been sent chiefly to Canada, from the eastern and central parts of London; clergymen and missionaries in some cases going with the emigrants to assist them on the voyage and on landing in the new country. 160,000 persons are now receiving poor-law relief in London, and there are 160,000 more on the verge of pauperism. For the sake of these despairing men and women, with their starving children, and as a lasting remedy for the immediate and pressing consequences of the superfluity of labour, Emigration Societies have been formed in central London to assist persons and families with advances of money towards their passage and outfit, and to render them every possible help in their transit to, and settlement in, their adopted country. Large numbers have been sent from Clerkenwell, and Mr. Catlin has himself aided more than one hundred families of Cow Cross to get to Canada, and he accompanied thirty families there in the middle of 1870. May God prosper this most useful Mission in all its various works abundantly!

R. A. HATCHARD.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

No. X.—*Boston, Wisbeach, Sheffield, and Ripley.*

THE General Baptist Church at Boston was represented by its pastor, Mr. William Thompson, at the formation of the New Connexion in London, in 1770, but it was not until 1810 that a Sunday school was established. A superintendent was appointed by the church, and it was resolved that there be a new superintendent every month, whose duties appear to have included those of secretary also. Sharp discipline was adopted amongst the teachers from the first, for the rod of exposure was held over any superintendent or teacher who entered school beyond the hour for commencement—such delinquencies being recorded and reported, even to the number of minutes. A scholars' library was established in 1811, use of books being allowed as a reward for good conduct. Parents of scholars and dismissed scholars were also

allowed to have books from this library. Corporal punishment does not seem ever to have had a footing in this school, but an endeavour was made to shame unruly scholars by giving publicity to their faults; thus on Dec. 23rd, 1810, this resolution was adopted—"That a number of labels be provided, with the words 'Too late,' 'Truant,' 'Liar,' 'Swearer,' 'Rude,' 'Task not learned,' and others with the word 'Merit,' to be worn by the children as occasion may require." In 1811 one of the teachers, after being frequently noted 'late,' was ordered to be visited by the superintendent. His excuse was that he did not like to get up so soon as to enable him to attend to teach at nine o'clock! This was deemed an "improper reason" for his irregularity, and he was forthwith cashiered. A minute of March 1st, 1812,

records that a teacher objected to the superintendent having posted him as being ten minutes late, because he had sent a substitute; but the superintendent defended his act in so noting him by stating that he had not provided for those ten minutes. In June, 1815, two daily charity schools being opened in the town, and providing for the education of all poor children, and instilling into their minds the first principles of Christianity, the teachers, with a retiring modesty which would not suit the competitive spirit of to-day, publicly announced the discontinuance of their Sunday school, as being now rendered unnecessary, thanked its past supporters, and declared their readiness to resume their labours should circumstances so alter as again ever to make it needful. This necessity presented itself in a few years, for it was re-opened January 2, 1820, and has continued to the present time. In May, 1841, our Boston friends, moved by the ignorance and religious destitution of Witham Green, a densely-populated part of Boston, opened a Sunday school, where sixty scholars were admitted the first Sunday, which number was doubled on the second. The hired house in which the school was held soon proved too small, so that a building was erected at a cost (including site) of £250, which should serve, not as a school-room only, but also as a place wherein the gospel might be preached. Winter evening lectures to parents were also adopted on week-nights. Here, as in other cases, the Sunday school has been the pioneer of the church. The good work of the school was supplemented in 1845 by a day school, for the benefit of this hitherto neglected district, and is still pursuing its useful work.

At WISBEACH, the church was formed in 1685, but there does not seem to have been any record kept as to when their Sunday school was established. In 1834 they had 230 scholars and 20 teachers. Public expulsion of offenders has been the severest mode of punishment adopted. The Union Notes are used, and some of the elder youths have written short essays upon the subject of the lessons. Classes are held, separate from the general school, for young men, and others for young women. The system of rewards by books, &c., formerly in use, has long been abolished. Here, as in many other schools, an address concludes the afternoon duties.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH Sunday school was commenced in 1815, and for many succeeding years the number of scholars was very small, but it has now for several years been the largest Dissenting school in the town. The Bible, Old and New Testaments, have been the only class books, and the teachers use the S. S. Union Notes. Annual rewards

are given according to attendance, and Bibles when scholars leave the school. The school has been an undoubted blessing to the church, and the majority of young friends who have joined it have been either scholars or teachers in the school.

SHEFFIELD.—The Home Mission commenced its work here in 1839, and a S. S. was opened in the following year, in a small warehouse in Duke Street, belonging to the property where the Eyre Street chapel was afterwards built. This was used only a few weeks, and then a small house was occupied, the girls being upstairs and the boys on the basement; the superintendent standing half-way up the stairs to give out the hymns, that he might be heard by both parties. The children gathered together appeared to be the outcasts of other schools, and were very rough in their behaviour. A joiner's shop was next used, where they were nearly roasted in summer and frozen in winter; but they survived it all, and at last got in 1842 to the vestries at the new chapel in Eyre Street. These they soon found too crowded, so that a school-room was hired not far from the chapel, until two new rooms were built at back of the chapel, and opened in 1850. In 1859 the last and best change of all was made, *i. e.*, to the present spacious school-rooms under the chapel at Cemetery Road. A few years ago two large and well-fitted class-rooms were built for the young people over sixteen years of age, who number about 50. Two smaller class-rooms accommodate about 30 of the scholars between fourteen and sixteen years of age. Infant classes, with about 70 scholars, are taught in the children's gallery in the chapel. The present number of scholars is about 480, and there are 35 teachers. This school has a good library, and the books are well read. The young men's class sustains a Mutual Improvement Society, for instruction in secular as well as religious knowledge. The school has sometimes been managed by a multiplicity of superintendents, as many even as six at a time; but there is now only one, and he was superintendent when the school was commenced thirty years ago. Many of the recent additions to the church have been from the school, and a very marked change is observable in the manners and habits of the young people compared with their state when the school was first opened.

Desirous of recording an instance of some quite modern Sunday school in the denomination, in contrast to those whose early history has been glanced at already, I have selected the RIPLEY one, as presenting features of great interest. The G. B. church there was established in 1833. A Sunday school was not opened until Sept.

26, 1846. Sixty scholars were entered on the first day of opening, and 20 teachers were enrolled; one small partitioned room held them all. The attraction of writing being added to other Sunday instruction, the number soon increased to 200. Then new rooms were built adjoining, at a cost of £450, large enough to hold many more scholars; but the town being canvassed for non-attendants at any school, they were soon filled. At this time several young friends in the first classes gave their hearts to God and became teachers. From that time to this about 250 have been added to the church from the school, 26 being so added last year. A continued and steady increase of the schools necessitated the erection of two other school-rooms and the enlargement of the vestries; this involved a further outlay of about £170. These rooms have been used more especially for the adult classes, and with this wise arrangement for their accommodation, and under the care of a *well-selected* teacher, they became of great value to the church. Educational advantages having increased in the town, teaching writing on Sunday was abolished, and a week-evening class was established for reading, writing, arithmetic, and essays; also a music class. Several young men trained in this class are now assisting in village preaching, and the choir has the benefit of the instruction given in the music class. The school still increasing, not only in the juvenile sections but also in adults, the accommodation was again too limited; so that, with characteristic energy and promptitude, other rooms were added at a cost of £200, and so all their available land was occupied. These rooms are now filled, and the chapel partially used. About 2500 scholars have been admitted in the twenty-four years. There are now 663 scholars and 82 teachers; they have ten rooms for their use, which have cost over £800. The weekly offerings presented to God by the scholars who have become members of the church during the last two years pay all the interest upon the chapel and school debt, which is now about £400; so the church has experienced that he labour bestowed upon the religious raising of the young is a self-rewarding labour. By a rule which stands first in

their code of laws, "The officers of the school are always considered the agents of the church." They have a large and useful library, a separate scholars' service in the morning, and a "Funeral Club," which gives very material help to parents. At the death of any one in the school, each teacher and scholar pays one penny. The last subscription amounted to £2 15s. *All pay who choose*, but not paying disqualifies from receiving benefit from the fund. No fund is retained, but the collection is made for three Sabbaths after the death of the scholar. This is a plan well worthy the attention of our school managers.

Notwithstanding the importance attached to Sunday schools, years elapsed before they received much notice in our annual Associations. In the report of the Broad Street Church, Nottingham, sent to the Association in 1820, they say, "Our Lord's-day school prospers," and Spalding says, "Our Sunday school prospers;" but the references made by the churches to their schools are "few and far between." It was not until the year 1840 that a column was found in our Association minutes for "Sunday scholars." This was at Spalding, when 14,326 scholars were reported, contained in 75 schools. The Association was held at Derby in the following year, 1841, and then the teachers were honoured with a notice, 2400 being reported, having the care of 18,575 scholars. In 1850 these had increased to 25,934, and there were 3,590 teachers; in 1860, 27,683 scholars, 4,208 teachers; in 1870, 32,116 scholars, 4,393 teachers. These figures show a very pleasing, steady advance in numbers, but I believe every succeeding race of teachers and scholars has been growing in intelligence, efficiency, and adaptation for their work, the natural result of accumulated experience, and of the gratifying fact that many—the great majority—of the present teachers have themselves been scholars in our schools, and are therefore influenced by gratitude for blessings received, as an additional stimulus to personal devotion to the labours of the Sunday school, thus obeying the good old instruction of God's word, "Freely ye have received, freely give." B. BALDWIN.

SURSUM CORDA.

MELT, melt, O thou my heart
From all thine hardness!
He cometh, He, most gracious,
Who died that thou might'st live,
To form thee all anew.

Rest, rest, O thou my heart
From fret and strife!
He cometh, meek and lowly,

To bear thy heavy burden,
And carry all thy griefs.

Sing, sing, O thou my heart!
Praise Him who cometh,
Clothed in thy heaviness,
To give thee joy, and change
Thy sorrows into mirth.

Reviews.

SUNBEAMS IN SORROW: Recollections and Remains of Helena Loveday Cocks. By her Father. *Elliott Stock.*

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew, She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven." May be truly said of Helena Loveday Cocks. She was a flower of singular beauty and exquisite fragrance, and after blooming in all her loveliness here for some nineteen summers, was translated to the paradise of God on high. These pages present the image of her worth. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the name of the wicked shall rot." Memories of the good are the common property of men, and ought not to be suffered to perish. This earth is not favoured with such an excess of sunbeams that we need take no pains to preserve their healing and life-giving influence. Such a sweet and pure life as that described here deserved a record on earth. Her rich gifts of mind and heart, her genuine affectionateness, and above all, her intense and elevated piety, thoroughly merited the portrayal they receive in these "Recollections and Remains." They are sunbeams from the spirit of a lovely daughter, brought to a focus in the affectionate heart of a fond father, and reflected in this work in order to cheer such as carry a similar sorrow to his, and to guide the steps of those who desire a consecration to the service of Christ similar to hers. Bereaved parents may here find comfort and joy. Young women will have their better purposes strengthened and their piety fed by the study of the memorials of this sainted girl,

BYE-PATHS IN BAPTIST HISTORY. By J. Jackson Goadby. *Elliott Stock.*

MR. Goadby has finished the work which in its issued as a serial we have strongly commended. It forms a goodly volume, is very elegantly "got up," and makes one of those books concerning which the orthodox dictum is assuredly true, *i.e.*, no Baptist minister, no Baptist deacon or elder, no Baptist of any sort or degree, in office or out of office, should be without it; and we will add that the reading of it might render solid service to some members of that large host of enlightened men who imagine that Baptists are of yesterday, and know nothing, and have done nothing. But though called "Bye-paths in Baptist History," it should be known that whilst it detains us in many of the nooks and corners of our Baptist life, and describes the antiquated customs, the strong prejudices, and the vigorous

disputatiousness of our predecessors, it is also a reliable and interesting guide-book as to the main roads of Baptist history. The peculiar excellence of Mr. Goadby's plan is that it enables him to linger over phases of our denominational history that would have been despatched with a sentence or two in an ordinary chronological history. Valuable as a work of reference, useful as a history, it is also interesting as a series of graphic pictures. We should be glad to illustrate by quotations, but as our readers will be sure to get the book itself, this is unnecessary.

THE BIBLICAL MUSEUM. By James Comper Gray. *Elliott Stock.*

THIS is the first volume of Mr. Gray's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, and contains the Gospels according to *Matthew* and *Mark*. In addition to the words eulogistic of the plan adopted, and its execution, on page 53 of this Magazine, we need only say—first, that this volume is beautifully and strongly bound, and is printed and put together in a way that does great credit to the publisher; and next, that the chief merits of these notes are in its truly admirable illustrations of the sacred text, by anecdote, biographic incident, and telling quotations; and in the skill and judgment with which brief, clear, crisp, and concentrated sentences are selected from the most suggestive writers in the English language, both commentators and others. It will be very helpful even to ministers who have a good stock of books, as well as to Sunday school teachers and Bible students generally.

PAMPHLETS AND PERIODICALS.

OUR NEIGHBOUR AT THE CORNER. *S. W. Partridge.* A sketch ventilating a scheme for providing the children of missionaries to the heathen with a home in the families of their English friends, instead of sending them to such schools as Blackheath and Walthamstow. The plan is worked in Scotland, amongst the United Presbyterians, and is a great success. The paper is racy written, and the plan, as here developed, is well worthy the attention of the friends of Missions. The pamphlet costs sixpence.

THE CHRISTIAN AGE: Light from Across the Waters.—We have seen nine numbers of this penny weekly newspaper, and desire to commend it very warmly to all our readers, and beg them to examine a copy for themselves at once. Each number contains

two or three sermons from American authors of the highest fame, such as H. W. Beecher, De Witt Talmage, Dr. Ida; reports of what the American churches are doing, as well as a brief statement of English church news; a serial story, and numerous apt quotations and forcible anecdotes. To use an American word, it is one of the most "live" papers we have.

THE NINE HOURS MOVEMENT. *G. T. Stevenson*. A plea for a Factory Act for men, enacting that the working day shall be fixed at eight, nine, or seven hours; and that all over-work shall be paid for at double rate. It is a pungent and forcible statement, made by a factory hand, and in the first instance on behalf of printers.

The *Sunday Magazine* commences its new year (in Oct.) with a tale of great interest and of thoroughly healthy tone, by George Macdonald, and called the "Vicar's Daughter."—The *Sword and Trowel* has a truly scathing article on "false liberalism" in our churches and out. It deserves to be read most extensively.—An admirable portrait of Mr. Chas. Brook, J.P., and biographical sketch of this eminent philanthropist appears in the November number of *Old Jonathan*.—The *Old Jonathan Almanack for 1872*, contains a well-engraved set of portraits of the various members of the Royal Family.—We also commend *The Appeal, Congregational Miscellany, Hive, &c.*, published by Mr. Stock.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

The WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Longford on Oct. 10th. At 10.30 a.m. Mr. J. Lawrence, of Birmingham, gave an address on "The advantages and disadvantages of bringing Sunday school children to the regular service in the chapel." Conversation followed, and thanks were voted for the address. At 2.30 p.m., Rev. J. P. Barnett took the chair. The reports stated 51 baptized and 23 candidates.

I. It was resolved—"That this Conference desires to express its deep sorrow at the loss of brother J. Harrison, of Birmingham, from our assemblies, and begs to record its warmest sympathy with him in his affliction, and hopes by the blessing of God he will shortly be restored to health; also to express our sympathy with the church at Lombard Street in the great loss sustained by the resignation of their beloved pastor.

II. That we most cordially welcome the Rev. J. P. Barnett into this Conference, and trust that his services at Longford may be abundantly blessed.

III. That the advisability of uniting with the Midland Home Mission be taken into consideration at the next Conference; the churches to be requested to report thereon.

IV. The church at Nuneaton applied for a recommendation to the Midland Home Mission for assistance in the support of a minister. Nuneaton is a rising town containing 10,000 people. Our chapel there—a poor dilapidated place—is held on life interest. The people are exerting themselves to raise funds for a new chapel, and in the event of a new chapel being raised, and a suitable minister obtained, with God's blessing a flourishing church would

be established. Resolved, "That we cordially grant their request."

The next Conference to be held at Longmore Street, Birmingham, on Easter Tuesday. Subject of paper, "The best methods of making our church meetings as promotive of the spiritual interests of the church as possible;" Rev. J. P. Barnett to be the writer. Rev. W. Lees to preach in the evening.

In the absence, through illness, of the Rev. J. Harrison, the Secretary preached in the evening. HENRY CROSS, Sec.

CHAPELS.

COVENTRY, *Gosford Street*.—Mr. Henry Varley, of Notting Hill, conducted special services in this chapel on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of Oct. The chapel was crowded. Believers were quickened and sinners aroused. We are enjoying much of the presence of the Divine Master.

LONDON, *Church Street*.—On Lord's-day, Oct. 29th, we celebrated the fortieth anniversary of our chapel; the pastor preached the sermons to large congregations. The collections exceeded any made for many years past. On the Tuesday evening following, the social tea meeting was held, when our Lecture Hall was crowded; and at the succeeding public meeting Dr. Burns referred to the history of the chapel, and to the progress of the various institutions during the past year. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. and Jas. Blake, and Rev. E. Davies. No happier or more satisfactory anniversary has ever been celebrated within our walls.

LOUTH, Northgate.—*Re-opening of Chapel.*—We have raised the roof of our chapel four feet and new-slatted it, repaired the lower part of the chapel, erected a platform in the place of the pulpit, put in warming apparatus, painted the place throughout, created a lecture room and a room for tea meeting purposes, put up a new wall and palisading in front, re-lighted the chapel with beautiful pendants from the ceiling, renovated the entire chapel, and made it one of the most beautiful and comfortable places of worship in the town. On Nov. 2nd we re-opened it. Mr. Chapman preached in the afternoon, and Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A., at night, in the Wesleyan chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. Rev. T. W. Handford gave a lecture on Cromwell on Friday night. Rev. J. Salisbury preached on Sunday morning and evening, and Rev. J. Lindley (Wesleyan) in the afternoon. On Monday night a large tea meeting was held, and a public meeting afterwards, addressed by Revs. R. Smart, J. Salisbury, J. Godfrey, J. Lindley, and W. Chapman, and presided over by J. Bennett, Esq., of the Cedars, Louth. The entire services were of a character that will never be forgotten. Proceeds of re-opening services, about £70; these, with subscription and collecting cards, make the sum total amount to about £290. We shall hold a bazaar during the last week in Nov.

NORTHALLERTON.—Anniversary sermons were preached Oct. 29th, by Rev. C. Springthorpe, of Heptonstall Slack. On Monday, 30th, tea was gratuitously provided by the ladies; afterwards addresses were given by Revs. C. Springthorpe, W. Best, B.A., P. W. Grant, F. W. C. Bruce, J. Myers, R. Crookall, and W. Stubbings. All the services were well attended.

NOTTINGHAM, Mansfield Road.—The Rev. Samuel Cox having intimated to the church here that his "prospective requirements" would probably compel him to resign his charge, an earnest and successful endeavour was made to retain him in the pastorate. On Monday, Oct. 23, the members of the church and congregation met in the larger school-room to receive his reply to the proposals they had made to him. F. B. Baker, Esq., was voted to the chair, and after prayer had been offered, called on Mr. Cox to address the meeting. In a brief speech, which was very cordially received, Mr. Cox reviewed the past year of his ministry, dwelling mainly on its defects; and then promised not only that he would continue that ministry, but that by God's help he would seek to amend it. He closed by earnestly entreating all present to show a greater devotion to their common spiritual work. The chairman expressed his great pleasure, and that of the congregation, at hearing the decision to which Mr. Cox had

been led; and two of the deacons, G. Truman, Esq., and W. Booker, Esq., cordially endorsed his remarks. Other churches of the Connexion should know, for it may stimulate them to a wise liberality, that the friends at Mansfield Road fully intend to give Mr. Cox £300 per annum. On the following Monday evening Mr. Cox baptized four candidates for membership, two of whom had been led to decision that week; and on the following Sunday evening he preached a discourse by which twelve of the younger members of the congregation were constrained to offer themselves for baptism and the fellowship of the church; so that his decision to remain at Mansfield Road seems to have received the highest sanction, and both he and his friends have been permitted to taste that "joy of the Lord" which is "strength." On Sunday, Nov. 5th, and the following Tuesday evening, the anniversary sermons were preached by Rev. S. Cox, Rev. H. M. Foot, LL.B., and Dr. Allon, of Islington. A tea meeting was held on the Tuesday evening before the service, which was well attended; and the sermon which followed, by Dr. Allon, was characterised not more by its thoughtful eloquence than its spiritual earnestness. The collections came to £68.

RETTFORD.—*New Chapel.*—A most interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday, Oct. 18th, on the occasion of laying the memorial stone of Trinity Baptist Tabernacle. After a short devotional exercise by Rev. W. F. Lynn, the Rev. T. S. King (Independent) delivered an address on the "Rights and liberties of Nonconformists," which was followed by the Rev. J. J. Dalton (pastor of the church) presenting a handsome silver trowel to the Mayor of Retford, when he performed the rite of laying the stone in thorough masonic style, to the delight of a large concourse of spectators. The Rev. Giles Hester, of Sheffield, concluded the service with a few earnest words and the dedicatory prayer. After tea in the Corn Exchange, to which a large number sat down, a public meeting was held in the same building, when the Mayor presided; and, though a churchwarden, as well as chief magistrate of the borough, he, with Alderman Wilkinson, Councillor Jenkinson, and other officials, highly complimented the Baptists, and wished them abundant success in their devoted spiritual labours.

ROTHLEY.—*Re-opening Services.*—The chapel having been painted and improved, including a new boarded floor, a raised platform over the baptistery, alteration of pews, &c., was re-opened Oct. 22, 1871, by the Rev. E. Stevenson. On the following Monday a very numerous attended tea meeting took place, after which a crowded public meeting was held in the chapel. Mr.

Riley, of Loughborough, was voted to the chair. Appropriate and effective addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Stevenson, W. Bishop, and W. Evans, also by Messrs. J. S. Lacey, J. G. Winks, W. Holmes, J. Edwards, and J. Lawrence. The proceeds altogether amounted to £50, being sufficient to pay off the entire cost of the improvements effected.

WISBEACH.—*New Chapel.*—The memorial stone of the new Baptist church and schools, Ely Place, Wisbeach, was laid on Tuesday, Oct. 24, by R. Wherry, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Wisbeach, one of the deacons of the church. Portions of scripture were read by Rev. T. Watts. A short sketch of the history of the church was read by the pastor, Mr. W. E. Winks, in which was given a curious and interesting account of its formation, July, 1655, by the ordination of all the members and the election and ordination of elders. This account was copied from the "Fenstanton Records," and its peculiar phraseology showed the resemblance borne by the Society of Friends to the early General Baptists. An address was delivered by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., on "Our place and work as Non-conformists and General Baptists." The Rev. J. C. Pike offered prayer. At the close of the proceedings £52 were laid upon the stone. One of the most interesting features of the service was the singing of a beautiful American hymn, entitled "Our Fathers' God is with us," by the scholars of the Sabbath school. In the evening a meeting was held in the public hall, which was very numerously attended. C. Roberts, Esq., Peterborough, occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Jarrom, T. Watts, J. C. Pike, J. Clifford, H. B. Robinson, Chatteris, J. Smith (Independent), F. Hewitt (Wesleyan), J. Cockett, and the pastor and deacons of the church. The collections during the day amounted to about £90.

SCHOOLS.

HALIFAX, North Parade.—The school has for some time been so inconveniently crowded, that it has become necessary to increase the accommodation. Plans are now in progress for altering the present school-room under the chapel by removing the division walls of the class-rooms and adding the space to the school; also building out from the organ loft, across the chapel-yard on the east side, a suite of class-rooms three stories high, corresponding with the level of the school floor, chapel floor, and gallery. Access to these class-rooms will also be had from the minister's vestry, in case of baptisms, &c. The ground floor of the new building will be divided into class-rooms by sliding-up shutters, so

that the whole can be thrown open for the week-night service. There will also be four class-rooms on the second storey, level with the chapel (one the infant-room with gallery), and three rooms above, forming ten new class-rooms. The building will correspond with the chapel, and will be an ornament to the end of the yard. The cost is expected to be about £800, and the friends in the school have set to work heartily; and, united as they all are and in perfect unison with the church, hope, the coming spring, to have such accommodation that they may be able to invite others to come in.

Testimonial.—On Thursday evening a very handsome writing desk was presented to Mr. Thomas Oakes, by the scholars in the first select vestry class of females at North Parade Sunday school, the following inscription being engraved on it:—"Presented to Mr. Thomas Oakes as a token of affectionate regard by the scholars of his class in North Parade Baptist Sunday school."—*Halifax Courier*, Oct. 21, 1871.

MINISTERIAL.

ROBINSON.—The Rev. J. Robinson having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Landbeach, Cambs., which he has held a little over four years, will be happy to receive communications from any of our churches needing a pastor. Address, Rev. J. Robinson, Landbeach, Cambs.

STEVENSON, T. R.—On Oct. 30th a recognition meeting was held in connection with the settlement of Rev. T. R. Stevenson as pastor of the Baptist church, Barnstaple, North Devon. Tea was provided in the spacious lecture-room. There was a large attendance. The public meeting which followed was still more numerous. Rev. R. A. Bertram (Independent) presided. Mr. Councillor Hills, one of the deacons, gave an account of the circumstances connected with the invitation given to and accepted by the new minister. Rev. T. R. Stevenson then addressed the meeting. The following friends took part in the proceedings: Revs. F. Bosworth, M.A., E. Edwards, J. Dixon, F. F. Medcalf, W. Cutcliffe, J. F. Avery, J. P. Williams, J. Glover, T. Phelps, B. Brown, and W. T. Whitmarsh. The whole proceedings were of a spirited and highly satisfactory character.

BAZAAR

FOR THE CENTENARY FUND AT THE ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.—The ladies of the Connexion are respectfully reminded of the proposed Bazaar at the next Association. At a meeting of ladies connected with the Nottingham churches, held on Nov. 23rd, at Broad Street school-room, a committee

was formed, to which Mrs. Ryder has kindly consented to act as secretary. Circulars will shortly be issued; meanwhile the ladies of our churches in every district, gratefully contemplating the advantages of Nottingham as a place for holding the Bazaar, and the well-known public spirit of our friends in that town, are earnestly requested to lose no time in organizing working parties, and preparing suitable gifts for the Bazaar.

The address of the secretary, Mrs. RYDER, is 10, Colville Street, Nottingham.

THE COLLEGE.

As our churches will now be arranging their collections, &c., for the coming year, I beg to ask them, through the medium of our Magazine, to kindly allow the College to have a share in their Christian liberality. I have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of £44, as the legacy left by the late Rev. H. Hunter, for the institution. The following corrections require to be made in the annual report:—The £1 from London should be, 10s. from Rev. Dr. Burns and 10s. from Rev. Dawson Burns. The £6 11s. 1d. from Staleybridge should be, from Stoke-on-Trent, 10s. being from Rev. W. March instead of Rev. W. Evans. Ford should be, Collection, 16s.; Rev. W. Hood, 10s.; Mrs. Humphreys, £1. Total, £2 6s.

T. W. MARSHALL, *Treasurer*.

BAPTISMS.

CROWLE.—Oct. 22, two, by J. Stutterd.
DERBY, *Osmaston Road*.—March 29, seven; May 10, eight; June 7, eight; June 25, eight; Sept. 28, four.

EPWORTH.—Oct. 22, one, by W. M. Anderson.

HITCHIN.—Nov. 2, three, by J. H. Atkinson.

LEICESTER, *Dover Street*.—Oct. 22, seven, by W. Evans.

Archdeacon Lane.—One, by T. Stevenson.

LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—Oct. 29, five, by J. G. Pike.

NOTTINGHAM, *Mansfield Road*.—Oct. 30, four; Nov. 29, twelve; by S. Cox.

OLD BASFORD.—Nov. 5, eight, by W. Dyson.

PETERBOROUGH.—Oct. 29, two, by T. Barrass.

RIPLY.—Nov. 5, four, by E. H. Jackson; also four on previous occasions not reported last month.

ROTHLEY.—Nov. 5, one, by Mr. Riley.

WENDOVER.—Nov. 2, four, by J. Sage.

WHITTLESEA.—Oct. 29, three, by T. Watkinson.

Total reported in fourth quarter, 1870—103

" " " " 1871—184

Total in the year 1870—603; in 1871—638

OUR FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE.—The Rev. Dr. Graham, who visited so many of our churches more than a dozen years ago, is now President of Hillsdale College. The College is chartered, and has authority to confer degrees. It is under the control of *thirty-five* Trustees, two thirds of whom must be members of the Free Baptist Denomination. It has a staff of thirteen professors, among whom we are glad to recognize the Rev. Ransom Dunn, M.A., Professor of Biblical Theology; F. Wayland Dunn, M.A., Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres; George Macmillan, M.A., Professor of Greek and Latin, &c. At the opening of the session in October, and at the inauguration of Dr. Graham as president, there was a large gathering of the friends of the College, among whom were Dr. Calder, the late president; Dr. Day, editor of the *Morning Star*; Dr. Ball, editor of the *Baptist Union*; and other eminent ministers. The new president delivered an excellent inaugural address, in which he adverted to the commencement of the college, and traced its progress from the time when it was simply "a College on paper" to its present position. Starting with five students in a deserted wooden store, it has now a fine pile of buildings on a very commanding site, with an annual attendance of more than 600 students. Special efforts are being made to provide endowments for the various members of the faculty, to which Dr. Graham has made such personal contributions as to win for him the name of "the student's friend."

MINNEAPOLIS.—In this town of more than 20,000 people, though only about sixteen years old, a fine new church has been built for the Rev. H. N. Herrick, who was present at our centenary in Leicester. During his more recent absence on account of failing health, his place has been supplied by the Rev. Charles Payne, late of Chesham. In an announcement of his reaching home again, made in the *Baptist Union* newspaper, Mr. Herrick says that we are sure will interest many readers of our Magazine: "I find that during my absence of more than two months there has been an increase in the size of the congregation, and a marked increase in the interest of our church, under the very able ministrations of the Rev. C. Payne, who has recently come among us from the General Baptists of England. The signs are propitious. The great deep of many hearts seems broken up." W. U.

GENERAL CONFERENCE of Free-will Baptists just held at Hillsdale. Meetings most enthusiastic. Gifts munificent; specially to Colleges. Numerous signs of progress.

Marrriages.

SCOTHERN—FOX.—Oct. 10, at the G. B. chapel, Kirkby, by the Rev. C. Forth, Mr. John Scothern, to Miss Eliza Fox. At the close of the ceremony a handsome Bible was presented to the bridal pair, this being the first marriage in the chapel.

WAIT—HOWETT.—Oct. 18, at the Baptist chapel, Whittlesea, by the Rev. T. Watkinson, Mr. John Wait, to Miss Harriet Howett.

RUFF—TINKLER.—Nov. 15, at the same place, Mr. George Ruff, to Miss Sarah Tinkler.

ORMEROD—STANSFIELD.—Oct. 28, at the Baptist chapel, Shore, by the Rev. James Maden, Mr. James Ormerod, of Shaws, to Miss Sophia Stansfield, of Green-end, in Stansfield.

GREENWOOD—GREENWOOD.—Same day and place, Mr. John Greenwood, of Croft House, to Miss Sarah Greenwood, of Green-end, in Stansfield.

TAGG—ANNIBAL.—Nov. 7, at the Baptist chapel, Bourne, by the Rev. W. Orton, Mr. S. Tagg, Superintendent Gas Works, Radford, to Mrs. Elizabeth Annibal, New Lenton, Nottingham.

Obituaries.

MANN.—Mrs. Anne Mann departed this life at Loughborough, Sept. 30, 1868, in the 78th year of her age. She and her sister came to reside in Kegworth in 1863. They had been previously among the Particular Baptists, and had been much esteemed by those who knew them best. They soon secured the confidence and love of their fellow worshippers in Kegworth, as they were intelligent and devout, punctual in their attendance at the sanctuary, and liberal in their support of the Saviour's cause. After four years of intercommunion with us they removed to Loughborough. Their departure from Kegworth was much regretted, especially by their pastor and their most intimate friends. A vacancy was made which was not likely to be easily filled up. After a few months of declining health in Loughborough, Mrs. Mann died, leaving her affectionate sister in lonely sorrow. She was buried in the Loughborough cemetery by the writer of this brief notice, who will always think of her intelligent piety, her judicious suggestions, and her faithful friendship, with thankfulness and joy. May her dear sister, who still survives, be "as a shock of corn which cometh in in his season."

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms."

T. Y.

MEE.—Sarah Mee, widow, Diseworth, exchanged time for eternity, July 9, 1870. She had been a member of the Baptist church, Kegworth and Diseworth, many years; and few, if any, had been more anxiously concerned for the prosperity of the cause. Her place in the chapel was rarely vacant, either on the Lord's-day or the week evening. She had walked many miles to baptisms, school sermons, con-

ferences, and special services. The service of God was her delight; the disciples of Jesus were her chosen companions; the ministers of Christ she highly esteemed for their works' sake; and the hope of heaven was, indeed, as "an anchor to her soul." She was very poor, but always ready with her widow's mite. She was very old when she died, but very happy. She was not without faults; but the writer of this brief obituary has seldom met with "an old disciple" who seemed to him more exemplary in her conduct, or more hopeful in her death. The estimation in which her pastor held her may be inferred from the text which he chose for her funeral sermon, Luke ii. 37: "She was a widow of about fourscore and four years, who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Sarah Mee was about 82 years old.

"She loved her Saviour, and to Him
Her costliest present brought,
To crown His head or grace His name,
No gift too rare she thought."

T. Y.

HINDS.—Elizabeth Hinds, widow, Diseworth, died a few days before Sarah Mee. She had lived away from Diseworth, with her son, several of the last years of her life, consequently she was not well known to me. During her last affliction which was short, she seemed very resigned and cheerful. She spoke of the valley of the shadow of death as "lighted up;" and the last words she spoke were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Those who had known her longer and better than the writer speak of her as a steady and consistent member of the Saviour's church.

"The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?"

T. Y.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS IN SIGHT.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Led and sustained by the good hand of our God, we are brought within sight of another Christmas. Ebenezer! Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. Through much of another year, He who was with us when we "started again" has cheered our hearts with His tender and rejoicing love, and held us up in His blissful service with His strong arm; and this gracious help, we would fain believe, He has given us in some measure through the pages of "our Magazine." To Him let ceaseless praise be given; on Him let all our hopes be fixed for days and years to come.

As it so frequently happens in our everyday life, so in the conduct of this Magazine, I find that I have not done all that I hoped nor all that I intended. So large and unexpected has been the literary yield of the denomination, that I have been obliged to keep back papers with which I had been kindly entrusted, in order to give place to documents on questions of present interest, prepared at the request of our Conferences, and inserted in the Magazine by their desire. Another fact deserves mention, showing, as it does, the steadily growing interest of the churches in their organ, viz., the increased amount of information forwarded for the Church Register. True, the cry has been heard from some irreverent lips, "Cut it down! cut it down! Who wants to know that so many persons drank tea together, on such a day and at such a place, and that the place was decorated in the highest style of art?" &c., &c. Still I have only heeded this invocation so far as to draw my pen through unnecessary statements and such eulogistic epithets as "able and effective," "eloquent," "impressive," on the ground that it is everywhere known that the Rev. Jedediah Logicus is always able and effective, and Roger Twistledum, Esq., invariably eloquent. *Facts*, however small, which serve to illustrate the life and progress of the churches, are never erased; though, for the benefit of all, the largest quantity of information is mostly compressed into the least possible space.

On one subject I have received criticism and complaint, and I *invite* both; for if not pleasant, but rather grievous, yet afterwards it may work advantage to the Magazine, and that is the main point I wish to secure. I am told that in two instances the Magazine has failed to reach its destination on the first of the month. Therefore, to obviate all *risk* of delay, it will be issued TWO DAYS earlier than heretofore; and hence I beg my many correspondents to send information for the Register by the EIGHTEENTH OF THE MONTH instead of the twentieth as before. *And in any case*

in which the Magazine is not to hand BEFORE the first of the month, write to me, and it shall be enquired into, and the error rectified forthwith.

And now just a word or two about the New Year. Besides asking you to look over the programme, I may suggest that I am aiming to meet the necessities of the very varied constituency of this Magazine, and to provide something for young, and middle-aged, and old; for the man of business and the man of study; for deacon, and elder, and pastor. For thoughtful and enquiring young men a competent pen is engaged to write on "The Gospels," describing their origin and history as books, and their relationship to one another. "General Baptists since 1824," by the vigorous and incisive quill of "Old Mortality," will be sure to attract and stimulate the conservatism of age and the radicalism of youth. Young Christians will, I hope, find a "manual," or "guide," in the "Familiar Talks" of 1872; and therefore I ask officers of churches, teachers of Bible classes, and parents, to assist me in bringing these papers to the attention of "young disciples." In answer to a request of Dr. Ingham, "Anglican Church Property" will be discussed in an early number; and in reply to another querist, the subject of the great majority of female members in our churches will be examined.

Again I have to ask aid in increasing our circulation. We ought to circulate at least 700 more copies a month, and we might easily do it if all our ministers and friends were as active in promoting the interests of the denomination through the Magazine as some of them are. The Magazine is cheap, and if we may rely upon what we are constantly being told, it is appreciated and deserves success, and we know that to deserve success is the best way to attain it. Let *every* reader help, and that right early. December, January, and February are the best months for getting new subscribers. Let ministers and "officers of literature" not only retain our old friends but also get new readers amongst the new members of our congregations. We will gladly send copies free to any address forwarded to us, of persons wishing to examine the Magazine with a view to subscribing.

May our God cause His face to shine upon us; may He prosper all our churches and institutions more largely; may He lead us to a wise and mirthful Christmas, and into a New Year in which we shall do more than ever for His kingdom.

Ever yours to serve in the Gospel
of Christ,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Dec. 1, 1871.

Missionary Observer.

TO INDIA, *via* THE SUEZ CANAL.

LETTER TO THE SECRETARY FROM
THE REV. W. MILLER.

LETTERS have been received from our esteemed brethren Miller and Hill. We regret that our space this month will not allow the insertion of Mr. Hill's letter, which, however, we will reserve for the next "Quarterly Paper." We have the gratification of announcing that the "Viceroy" reached Calcutta on Thursday, the 16th November.

*Off Cape St. Vincent,
S. S. "Viceroy," Oct. 6th.*

My dear brother,—Though a week has not yet transpired since you said "Good bye" to us, the interval is so crowded with memorable incidents that it appears to me more like a year. You did well not to remain for the tug to return to the shore, as the wind gradually increased, and blew hard when Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goadby, and other friends, left us.

At seven o'clock next morning we had weighed anchor and commenced our long journey. We could not but gaze long and fondly on the receding and beautiful coast of dear old England. At eight o'clock we passed the Eddystone Lighthouse, eight miles from Plymouth, and soon after our pilot, with a bag full of letters, left us, and thus severed the last link of communication with the fatherland. Throughout the day the wind and waves continued to increase in strength and magnitude, causing the ship to pitch and roll in a manner that soon laid low almost every passenger with sea-sickness, and rendered the day the most wretched I had ever passed through. Social or public worship was utterly impracticable. Our hope that a day and night of indescribable discomfort and suffering would be succeeded by favourable weather was doomed to bitter disappointment. A severe gale, for which we were in many respects unprepared, had evidently come upon us, which continued up to Tuesday evening. To make matters worse, our cabins and the steerage, from known and unknown causes, were deluged with water, which saturated the bedding and

luggage. By constant baling and mopping, some of the cabins could be occupied; others had to be entirely vacated for the saloon, which happily kept dry, and where many of the passengers spent the night as well as day. All the passengers are one in the conviction that the ship ought to have been more thoroughly tested before being sent to sea. Another week, at least, was needed to overhaul and complete her requirements. Notwithstanding the leakage which comes from the deck and port-holes, she has, after a very severe trial, proved herself a good sea-boat.

We are now quite near Cape St. Vincent, the south-west extremity of Portugal, and about sixteen hours' run from Gibraltar. On the extreme point of the Cape is a small fortification and monastery, with a lighthouse, of which we have now a splendid view. We have had delightful weather the last two days, and every person and thing on board begins to wear a more bright and cheerful aspect; boxes, portmanteaus with their contents, bedding, carpets, &c., are being dried, and in a few days, if not repeated, we shall have almost forgotten the sufferings and dangers we have passed through.

We have on board some 180 souls—first-class passengers, 84; second, 16; ship's company, 80. The Mission party musters some 20 persons, old and young. There are four Church Missionaries, two of the London Mission, and three young ladies going out to engage in zenana work—one is for Rangoon, the other two for Bengal. I am happy to say we are all on the most friendly terms, and have arranged to have an equal share in christian work, both on the Lord's-day and week-days, while on board.

Off Algeria, 8th Oct.—The weather continues most pleasant; the sea as calm as possible, and of a deep indigo colour, peculiar, I believe, to the Mediterranean. We have had the coast in view since early morning, and are now within seven miles of it. It is hilly, treeless, and barren, and apparently thinly populated. We are now in a straight line with a large village, which has a mosque and lighthouse. On the eastern side, running up

to the sea, is a remarkable hill, which has the appearance of a lofty fortress, crowned by a terrace and mounted with guns. Many ships and steamers are constantly passing us. We had service this morning on the poop, conducted by two of the Church Missionaries; most of the passengers, seamen, and ship officers were present. In the afternoon some of us went into the fore-castle and spoke to the sailors. The evening service was held in the saloon, and was conducted by one of the London Missionaries.

Oct. 11th, off Malta.—We have just passed quite close to Gozo and Monica, two small islands belonging to Malta, and separated from it by a narrow strait. We are now crossing St. Paul's Bay, the scene of the great apostle's shipwreck, so graphically described in Acts xxvii. 39—44. There is a large village on the shore of the bay, named also after the apostle. The country adjoining has a burnt-up, barren appearance, and is laid out in terraces to favour cultivation. Many small boats are moving about and engaged in fishing. This seems to be the principal employment of the people of this part of Malta, as well as the adjoining islands. One boat tried hard to reach us with fish, but could not. One time this morning, the sea at the side of the ship was studded with fine pieces of sponge, which accounts for their being so cheap in these parts. We are now passing Valetta, the chief town of Malta, where the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers call both on the homeward and outward passage. The extensive barracks, St. John's Cathedral, and other public buildings, present a very imposing appearance at this distance. We have also a good view of the harbour and shipping. We are now entering the Sea of Adria, and hope we may escape the tempestuous Euroclydon. By to-morrow at noon we ought to be in the longitude of Crete, Fair Havens, and Clauda. The weather continues most favourable, and our average run is 240 miles each 24 hours. We hope to reach Port Said, the entrance to the Suez Canal, on the 15th inst., and there have an opportunity to post letters. We shall then be within 100 miles of Jerusalem. I am now daily engaged at the English and Oriya Dictionary, and in teaching my own children Oriya. To them the speaking of it will be a very easy matter; a knowledge of reading, writing, and grammar is what they have to acquire.

Port Said, Oct. 16th.

In answer to many prayers, and through the never-failing care and mercy of our heavenly Father, we have reached in safety this stage of our long journey. Yesterday, at six a.m., we first sighted the coast of Egypt, near Damietta, a small town at the mouth of one of the branches of the Nile; and at noon we arrived here. We are at anchor in an immense dock or basin which leads into the canal, and quite close to the town. It was difficult to realize that it was really Sunday, as all was noise, bustle, and excitement. Dozens of small boats with Arabs were immediately alongside to convey passengers to the town. Any attempt to enter a boat was the signal for a general rush, and loud screams on the part of the boatmen to secure the prize. Natives, with boats full of apples, dates, walnuts, cocoa nuts, eggs, &c., were also busy plying their calling. Worst of all, coaling was commenced, and carried on until near midnight, which occasioned indescribable noise and dirt. The town, which now contains some 5000 inhabitants, is built near the sea on a low, narrow strip of sand, and has behind it a very large shallow lake, called Menzaleh, through which the canal runs for many miles. The houses have mostly tiled roofs, and have a very uncomfortable and unsubstantial appearance, and look as if they had been put up in a great hurry. There are several hotels and shops kept by Frenchmen. Everything is frightfully dear. One of the passengers was charged 1s. 6d. for a cup of chocolate. Fresh water must be expensive, as it is all conveyed through pipes from Ismailia, 48 miles distant. The entrance from the sea to Port Said is a grand work. It is formed by two stone breakwaters about half a mile apart, which run out one and a half miles from the shore, forming a wide channel, with a depth of water in the shallowest part of thirty feet. The western breakwater has at the shore end a lighthouse, very lofty and graceful in appearance, which shows an electric light, seen at a distance of 24 miles. I am happy to say all our party are quite well. We are now (11.30 a.m.) getting up the anchors, and in a few minutes will commence our journey through the canal.

I must not omit to mention the generous hospitality of our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, while in London. I shall never cease to feel grateful for the kindness shown to us. We also owe a

large debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Robson, who are ever ready and happy to entertain, and in every possible way to help, the members of the Mission on their journey to and from India.

BAPTISTS IN ITALY.

SECOND LETTER.

To the Editor of the Missionary Observer.

Dear Sir,—Writing you from this city seven weeks ago, I promised that on my next visit to Rome I would try to collect other information relative to our Baptist brethren in Italy, and that I might possibly again communicate with you. Having again been to Rome, I again, on my homeward journey, stop at Genoa to record a few details of the result of my inquiries. The facts communicated in my first letter were supplied by an esteemed American brother, coupled with an interview with one of the congregation in Rome. I have now obtained more detailed information from the two brethren who constitute a kind of Anglo-American pastorate and mission, and from personal observation of three distinct assemblages met for worship and teaching.

The Rev. W. NELSON COTE, from Canada, represents our transatlantic Baptist brethren; and the Rev. JAMES WALL, a devoted English minister, most cordially co-operates with Mr. Cote. The latter has been some years in Italy, working for God amongst railway navvies, and in several localities and cities. By the hand of this latter gentleman, aided by influential christians at home, more than 112,000 copies of Scriptures, in whole or part, have been distributed; and I believe a church at Bologna owes its origin to his labours. I had a long and pleasant interview with these worthy co-adjutors, and from them I learnt the following additional particulars.

At ROME there are four meeting places, viz., at 9, Vicolo Gaetana, second story; at 46, Piazza Trajana; at 108, via del Tritone; and at 5, Vicolo del Cerrique, in the Trosterere. The Roman church consists of about sixty members; and there is a college for the training of young ministers at No. 72, Babruno—at present there are six students, one of whom I heard speak with great fluency and power. The baptized disciples meet every Lord's-day morning at the most central place of worship, in the Vicolo Gaetana, for mutual conference, Bible

exposition and teaching, and the "breaking of bread." Most of the members of the church are spoken of as simple-minded sincere christians.

At CIVITA VECCHIA the church consists of twenty members—not fifty, as I stated by mistake in my former letter—and there are meetings held at Albano, Tivoli, Velletri, and Viterbo.

BARI is the place in the south to which I referred as the scene of the conversion of an entire congregation to Baptist principles, where the minister first visited Rome and was baptized, and then invited Mr. Cote to go down and teach the way of truth more perfectly; and the result was the baptism in the Adriatic of seventy-five members. The services there are conducted by several talented members in conjunction with their pastor.

The BOLOGNA church numbers about fifty members, under the evangelistic teaching of Signor Giannini.

In the WALDENSIAN VALLEYS, conspicuous in the history of the church during the darkest ages, there are about thirty known baptized believers, chiefly under the guidance and teaching of the evangelist Signor Ferrario; and if I live to return from Egypt and Palestine in the next spring, I will try to carry out the suggestion of my good brother Wall, and conduct a tour to the valleys, when I hope to have the company of Mr. Wall, who has laboured there, and is acquainted with their geography and people.

In addition to these known organizations, there are little nuclei of societies gathering at Leghorn, Pisa, and other places, where, without any extraneous assistance, devoted men are employing scriptural means for the establishment of "the truth as it is in Jesus." I was reminded by Mr. Wall's information of the early days of the General Baptist churches at Barton-in-the-Beans, Derby, Nottingham, Wadsworth, Boston, and other districts, where we have now flourishing churches. Isolated parties in Italy, without concert with any other christian congregations, are found studying and practising the precepts and examples of the New Testament, and they become Baptists without the knowledge of those larger bodies that have the name. In Rome, notwithstanding that all the communionists are baptized believers, they do not wish to be known by any name except that first given to the disciples at Antioch. In addition to these associated and scattered bands of

Christian disciples, there are hundreds who sign their names as an expression of their desire to renounce popery; and there are many inquirers on the records of the churches.

In speaking of Rome, I forgot to mention the schools that are in course of formation. Our brethren have two day schools and one Sunday school, in addition to a deeply interesting institution founded by Mrs. Gould, wife of Dr. Gould, the resident American physician, who bids fair to become a worthy successor of the famous Mrs. Thompson, late of Beyrout. Twice I visited her school of fifty or sixty children, and the singing of the sweet little song for children—

"I think when I hear the sweet story of old," which I heard these little ones sing seven days ago, seems still to ring in my ears. And then, after hearing several English hymns repeated and sung, with clear articulation and true Italian melody, to hear these pupils of about eight months training, varying in age from three to twelve or fifteen, translate the words into the Italian language, word by word and sentence by sentence, it almost made one wish to be a "piccoli bambini," and learn with "little children" the first rudiments of Italian. Compared with them, how foolish one felt when called upon, at a weekly united prayer meeting held in the Wesleyan meeting-house on the following evening, to say a few words, every sentence had to be interpreted by my good brother Cote.

Of what I saw and heard in Rome last Lord's-day and two following even-

ings, I could easily fill the whole space of the *Missionary Observer*; but I stop here till next month, when you will perhaps again favour me with space for another letter on general christian effort in Rome. In the meantime I have a proposal to make to English christians on behalf of these Roman disciples, which I hope, on my return, to be able to submit to a select party of well-known friends of education and christian labour, amongst whom I shall try to include the joint Editors of the *General Baptist Magazine* and *Missionary Observer*.

I am, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS COOK.

Genoa, Nov. 19, 1871.

DEATH OF THE REV. F. SUPPER,
OF DACCA.

WE regret to announce the death of the above esteemed brother on the 2nd of October. We are informed that malarious fever was the cause of death, after only a day's illness. One day previously two of his daughters had embarked in the *Viceroy* to join their parents at Dacca. The first intelligence that would meet them on their arrival in India would be that of their father's decease. We hear that Mrs. Supper intended to wait the arrival of her daughters at Calcutta, and to return with them to England. We would bespeak an interest in the sympathies and prayers of our friends for the widow (who is the sister-in-law of the late Dr. Sutton) and her fatherless children.

Our limited space this month prevents any reference to Home Proceedings, Meetings, &c.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—G. Taylor, Oct. 6.
CUTTACK—W. Brooks, Sep. 30.
PIPLEE—T. Bailey, Sep. 12.

PIPLEE—Miss Packer, Oct. 10.
SUEZ—W. Hill, Oct. 20.
" W. Miller, Oct. 20.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from
October 18th to November 18th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.
Bath—Dr. E. W. Eyre	0	10	0
Bradford, Infirmary Street	7	10	6
Tetley Street	8	15	6
Burton-on-Trent	14	0	0
Carversham, near Reading—E. West, Esq.	5	0	0
Clayton	9	7	4
Halifax	39	2	5
Hebden Bridge—Mr. Jas. Whitham	1	0	0
Heptonstall Slack	13	10	0
Regworth and Diseworth	10	12	9

	£	s.	d.
Leicester—			
Little Lizzie, by Rev. I. Stubbins	1	0	0
Mrs. Livens	1	0	0
Mansfield	8	11	4
Quorndon and Woodhouse	5	12	0
Sheffield	50	0	0
Stantonbury, for orphan	0	19	6
Tarporley	58	2	4
Vale, near Todmorden	5	6	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; by the Rev. J. C. PIKE, the Secretary, and the Rev. H. WILKINSON, the Travelling Agent, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books, and Cards may be obtained.