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I am yours truly
S. Manning

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE

FOR
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THE
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Brevities for the New Year.



HERE is a custom in Burmah of casting water one on another at the commencement of a New Year, arising out of a superstition about thus cleansing away old sins. Desire for purification is thus shown, while the mistake and inefficacy of all human endeavours is equally conspicuous. Who does not long to be cleansed from sins that trouble memory, harass conscience, and darken the prospect of the future? Some would give anything to be delivered from last year's transgressions. Yet how vain merely to forgive one another—to grasp hands and wish well! With our best sentiments we fail to touch the relationship between man and God. How blessed to read of the possibility of being freed from an “evil conscience and washed as with pure water” through the peace-speaking blood of Christ! A divine voice bids us welcome, and promises that, believing, we shall live.

The beginning of another year is a good time to reflect, Have we vowed and not paid? An old Puritan writer tells a suggestive story. A rich merchant, in a great storm at sea, vowed to Jupiter if he would save him and his vessel he would give him a hecatomb. The storm ceased, and he bethought himself that a hecatomb was unreasonable: he resolves on seven oxen. Another tempest comes, and now he vows again the seven at least. Delivered then also, he thought that seven

were too many, and one ox would serve the turn. Yet another peril comes, and now he solemnly vows to fall no lower: if he might be rescued, an ox Jupiter shall have. Again freed, anew he grudges, and would fain draw his devotion to a lower rate. A sheep was sufficient. But at last, being set ashore, he thought a sheep too much, and proposed to carry to the altar only a few dates. But by the way he eats up the dates and lays on the altar only the stones. Is it not thus in spirit too often with many? Strong feelings lose their force when peril is past, and the most meagre return is offered for help deemed invaluable in the moment of calamity. An old attendant at a sea-bathing place once told how he had saved a gentleman's life, and yet was only offered a shilling by the rescued man when afterwards he had come to himself. At such a value did he appraise his life—perhaps it was not worth any more. Remember vows to pay them. Let not delay blunt the edge of feeling, nor continued procrastination lead to the question, Is there any need for this? "Doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it; and shall He not render to every man according to his works?"

How constantly, in view of this and for all the ends of spiritual life, do we need fresh supplies of grace? Humboldt says of the electric eel in the lagoons of South America, that the shock at first felt is enough to stagger a horse; but when again and again touched it loses its force, and may be handled with impunity. Is it not thus with our best feelings and spiritual life as a whole? Does not the world by its touches draw out strength and vigour; and unless replenished, do we not become languid, weak, and helpless? Live much in prayer, that so the inner springs of being may be supplied and renewed. Christ can never fail. If it were possible for every member of the human race to touch at one moment a chain connected with an electrical machine, and a shock were turned on, I suppose all would simultaneously feel a thrill. How surely, then, the grace of Christ can be given to every one, if needed, at the same time, if we only touch Him by faith. So is He unexhausted and inexhaustible.

When Queen Elizabeth came to Kenilworth in 1575, she was met near the castle by a fictitious sibyl who promised peace and prosperity to the country during her reign. It would be pleasant at the opening of the year to have such assurance extended over its months. But if we trust ourselves to the best guidance, and rest in the faithfulness

and love that cannot fail, while as Christians we walk worthy of our vocation, why should we doubt? In any case, with such a spirit, we shall be led to say, "He doeth all things well."

Mrs. Brassey, in her narrative of a voyage in *The Sunbeam*, writes: "Thursday, Jan. 11th, had no existence for us, as in the process of crossing the 180th meridian we have lost a day." If, indeed, the actual time had been taken out of life—if, with any of us, twenty-four hours were forcibly extracted, and we were told it, probably we should think ourselves much deprived. The feeling would arise that an injury had been done. One day! Yet how much might it be worth? Take life, with its powers, enjoyments, relationships, thoughts, feelings, hopes, possibilities; how much does only a day mean! Yet, are there not those who often squander whole days, and never seem conscious of their loss? Wasted time, perhaps, may be estimated by months during past years, yet they never reflect seriously on the fact. One might almost wish to wrest violently a day from them, that they might be led more profitably to esteem and employ what remained. If doing good also were the test, it would be well for us, in the spirit of that king who used sometimes to cry, "I have lost a day," to inquire how many we have found.

Humboldt speaks of a palm-tree (*Mauritia Flexuosa*, the sago tree of South America), that it preserves its beautiful verdure in periods of greatest drought. The mere sight of it gives an agreeable sensation of coolness. Water is constantly found at its foot when one has dug to a certain depth. What an interesting emblem of the Christian who maintains a holy character amid the world's temptations; and who bears affliction well, deriving refreshment and strength from the waters of life. He gives to others an impressive sense of his trust in God. He is supported by unseen supplies, and maintains a dignified serenity. He shows, like the fir-tree to which Scripture compares him, how he requires little of earth, and can grow up straight towards heaven.

"For ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And every moment's calm that soothes the breast
Is given in earnest of eternal rest."

A tradition records that a robber coming into Westminster Abbey by moonlight, was so startled by Roubillac's figure of Death,

that he fled in dismay. This just suggests how many think of the last event; yet we are told the Chinese seldom mention death, except to say of a man that he "became immortal." Would it not be more becoming in those who have had "life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel," to look forward with calmer and more settled views to the necessary end of the present, which is but the glorious commencement of the future?

The monks of La Trappe live with great severity. They never eat meat, and only once a week speak together. They live shut up in their cells the rest of the time, and if from any accident they meet, they stop an instant, and, instead of all other salutations, one says:—"Brother, we must die;" to which the only answer is, "Brother, I know it;" after which they cross and part. Surely it was never intended that piety should be thus clothed with melancholy, and express itself in sighs. How much nobler a summons to earnestness and diligence would be, "Brother, we must live"—live to fulfil our course, to serve our age, to glorify God, to aid the progress and increase the happiness of the world? Alas! that some people should be gloomy on principle, like Leopold, son of Ferdinand II., who was fond of rearing beautiful plants, but refrained from smelling them, that he might inure himself to mortification.

Sins of the tongue may receive reproof from what is related concerning large spaces of grass found, dried by the sun, in Australia. It is stated that whole breadths have been set on fire by rays of heat acting through the bottoms of broken bottles, carelessly thrown away, which served effectively as burning glasses. None ever thought of the conflagration and danger that might arise, but still it came about. Do not many fail to reflect how hasty, casual words, thrown recklessly out, may produce results far more serious than they could have imagined? They may injure the characters of others, or affect the welfare of a Church. They may burst into a flame, spread far and wide, and none can control their disastrous effect. Ponder the Apostle's words:—"The tongue is a fire. It setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell."

Beware of so-called "little sins." A bridge over the Allegheny, near Pittsburg, was recently burnt down. Nobody could understand for a time how the catastrophe came about, until it was discovered that thousands of sparrows had built their nests in the wooden structure underneath, and a spark from one of the steamers passing

below had caught the material they used, and resulted in the calamity. Too often there are various and accumulated weaknesses in human character, suffered unheeded to multiply. They are never conceived to be sources of peril, yet some spark of temptation touches, and the whole is soon helplessly ablaze. There may have been the appearance of strength and security, yet this seeming was delusive. Watch and pray, and seek, by purification of the heart through the Spirit, to be preserved from what otherwise may be the wreck of character and a good conscience. Guard youth against the suggestions of sin. All have seen in the filbert the effects of a consuming insect that has preyed on the kernel, then eaten its way out and departed. The explanation is this. The fly laid its egg in the flower, and when the shell began to form, it was enclosed. At the appointed time in the growth of the nut, it was hatched, and the maggot wrought the havoc noticed. Some evil suggestion has too often secreted itself in the mind and heart of childhood. It has afterwards developed life and power, to the damage, perhaps ruin, of a promising future. The truest and kindest friend says, "My son, give Me thy heart." It will be safe in His keeping, with thoughts and affections nourished and strengthened by His grace. It is related of an apple-tree planted in a farm close, that shortly after the graft had been inserted and had taken, a horse, carelessly passing by, brushed against, and dislodged it. Set again, it seemed to recover from the accident, and became a fine fruitful tree. But one windy day in September, when the fruit was upon every bough, it yielded under the pressure, and fell with its golden burden. When they came to examine, they found that it had broken at the exact spot where it had been injured years before. The old infirmity had left weakness, and catastrophe came in due time. Men have wondered at instances of terrible falls in the midst of years and honours. Probably they had a vital connection with faults in earlier days. It is a sad way in which the words of Job might be illustrated—"Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth."

To regain what seemed irrecoverable, and return in triumph after successful enterprise, is fortune that happens to but few. Yet it occurred once to the Prince de Condé, who, at a critical period in the reign of Philip IV., went forth to war against the enemies of Spain. With admirable skill and brave spirit he encountered his foes and won for himself great renown. On his return, he was welcomed by the King with the words, "I am informed that everything was lost,

and that you have recovered everything." In regard to a greater warfare and a higher cause, we may conceive such grand words to be appropriate. When He who had "spoiled principalities and powers" had "ascended on high, and led captivity captive," how we may thus conceive His approach to the throne, and the plaudit of "well done" as He took His place on the right hand of the Majesty on High! Pre-eminently then the commendation would rise to its highest—"This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

When some think of their treatment of such a Saviour, after His death on our behalf, justly may they be heart-stricken and subdued? In Kames' "Art of Thinking," an incident is told of two soldiers in the reign of Queen Anne—one an officer, the other a private. After having been friends for years, they quarrelled and became enemies. The officer annoyed the other, and took every opportunity to irritate and insult him. Both were brave men, and some time after were in action together. The officer was struck down by a ball in retreat. As the other rushed past him in flight, he exclaimed, "Ah! will you leave me here to perish?" The man whom he had so much injured heard, returned, raised the unhappy victim, and bore him off to what seemed a place of safety. But just then a chance ball struck the deliverer, and he fell dead. The wounded man rose, tore his hair, flung himself on the body, and burst into lamentations. "Hast thou died for me, who treated thee so barbarously?" He would eat nothing, and, two days afterwards, died of remorse and grief. None have treated fellow-men with the wrong, indignity, and ingratitude with which many have treated Christ. But when, in spiritual discernment and with heartfelt sorrow, we realise our indebtedness to Him, and feel that His death was our life, truly blessed it is to reflect that we need not go to "the grave to weep there," nor need the heart break under its sense of woe. Thank God, He who died, lives again—lives to bind up the broken-hearted, to speak forgiveness for the past, and to show His grace even to the "uttermost, to all who come unto God by Him."

The Song of the Dying Year.*

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES MURSELL.

DARK was the night and drear,
 And the feathery snow was flying,
 And the plaintive breeze in the leafless trees
 Wailed that the Year was dying.
 Fitfully over mountain and dell
 Passed the gale. Now onward it fled
 Lightly, gaily, as fairies' tread ;
 Then rising again with a mighty swell,
 Madly, wildly its course it sped,
 Like a demon let loose from hell.
 Now faint was its tone as a lover's moan,
 Or a maiden's sigh of fear ;
 Then loud and high as the doleful cry
 Of mourners round a bier.
 Yet ever, methought, as it swept along,
 It sang in my ears this solemn song—
 The Song of the Dying Year :—

“ I die, and to my grave
 In the mystic Past I go !
 My pall the darkness of the night,
 My winding-sheet the snow !
 Yet I was cradled on beds of flowers,
 And nursed on the lap of Spring ;
 And the birds at morning and evening hours
 Sang to me from their leafy bowers,
 Or fanned me with their wing.

“ Though cheerless and chill I seem
 Now that my race is run,
 Yet I have known the enlivening beam
 Of the warm, bright Summer's Sun—
 The Summer's Sun, so warm and bright,
 Who sheds abroad his genial light,
 And turns the buds to flowers ;

* Written in January, 1849, the year which followed the European Revolutions, and when the author was a student in the Baptist College, Stokes Croft, Bristol.

The Song of the Dying Year.

Whose radiant smiles make Nature gay—
He poured on me his kindly ray,
 And ripen'd my nascent powers—
He ripen'd my nascent powers to yield
The ruddy fruit, Earth's generous feast,
And golden harvests to crown the field
 With plenty for man and beast.

“ And when I had done my gracious duty,
My work of love, by Heaven assigned,
To benefit and bless mankind,
I laid aside my robes of beauty ;
And wintry age, with footstep slow,
Crept stealthily o'er my frame ; and now
 I die, and to my grave
 In the mystic Past I go !
My pall the darkness of the night,
My winding-sheet the snow !

“ Yet many changes have I seen
 Within my life's brief span,
And many a giant stride, I ween,
 In the onward march of man—
In the onward march of man, and mind
 Which, spite of Force and Fraud,
Must ever advance till its goal it find
 In Freedom, and Truth, and God.

“ As ivy o'er an old mansion grown
Conceals the ruin it rests upon,
And shelters from every battering blast
The wall o'er which its mantle is cast,
And holds erect by its firm embrace
The tower which else would quake to its base—
So many a throne, defended alone
 By its venerable age,
Has seemed to mock at every shock
 Of a down-trod people's rage.

“ Yet many such—thank Heaven for the sight !—
In my short life I've seen o'erthrown !
For, with brawny arm and firm-planted foot,
Wielding aloft a weapon bright—
The two-edged sword of Freedom and Right—
The People have cleft the Ivy's root,
 And the Ruin has tumbled down !

The Song of the Dying Year.

“ But Time rolls on from day to day
Carrying Kings and Years away
On its resistless stream.
So, like a bygone dream,
I die, and to my grave
In the mystic Past I go ;
My pall the darkness of the night,
My winding-sheet the snow !

“ Yet I have filled with bounding gladness
Full many an ardent soul,
And have often dried the tear of sadness
Ere it had time to roll.
I have fulfilled the dearest vows
Of many a loving pair,
And chased the cloud from many brows,
Furrowed by anxious care.
With many a smile I've viewed men's joys,
And strewed their path with flowers ;
And o'er their sorrows I have wept
In sympathetic showers.

“ And many, I ween, in my tears have seen
A rainbow bright and gay ;
And the symbol fair has chased Despair,
And bade them pant, and strive, and dare,
And struggle on along Life's rough way,
In hope of a better day.
But Seasons must fall, and Years must roll,
Before they can reach that happy goal ;
And now that I've wrought my mission high
In pointing them thus to the rainbow'd sky,
I die, and to my grave
In the mystic Past I go ;
My pall the darkness of the night,
My winding-sheet the snow !

“ Yet not all lone is my final hour ;
My death-bed is not all sad.
While I linger on earth I am cheered by the mirth
Of those I have rendered glad.
And many will stand by my grave and think,
As they see me pass o'er Eternity's brink,
That many a Year may pass them by,
And none be so true a friend as I.

The Song of the Dying Year.

"The sound of the bell which tolls my knell
 Is borne upon the blast.
 'Ding-dong ! Ding-dong !'—I cannot stay long
 My moments are fleeting fast !
 Then, Man, take heed to my solemn rede,
 Ere yet my time be past.
 In my short course behold
 An emblem of thy life—
 An emblem so bright that, studied aright,
 'Tis with instruction rife.

"Like to my early Spring
 Fair Childhood's charms appear—
 Now radiant awhile with a beaming smile,
 Now dropping the transient tear ;—
 A time of budding promise and bloom,
 Of opening mind and powers,
 Of ever-changeful light and gloom,
 Of sunshine mingled with showers.

"Warm as the Summer glow,
 And free as the Summer air,
 Is youth, the bright season of opening reason ;
 A time, too, of trembling and fear ;
 The time when the blade which the Spring has made
 Is opening into ear,
 And every breath may bring life or death
 To the growing character.

"So heed Instruction in Childhood's time,
 And Wisdom pursue in thy youthful prime,
 That in the Autumn of riper days
 Thou may'st bring forth fruit to thy Maker's praise ;
 And while thy powers are in their beauty,
 Strive to thy fellows to do thy duty.

"Thus, like me, in thine age thou shalt not be sad,
 But be gladdened by those thou hast rendered glad ;
 And when 'tis thy turn to go, like me,
 Into the great Eternity,
 Many a friend by thy bed shall sigh,
 And watch thy departure with tearful eye.
 But cleansed in His blood from every stain,
 Who died on Calvary's cross for men,
 And trusting in Mercy that's all Divine,
 About *thee* the glories of Heaven shall shine,

And all within shall be hallowed peace,
And Death shall be only a sweet Release.
For, quitting the changeful scenes of Time,
Thy soul shall reach a happier clime—
Shall soar aloft to regions blest,
Where the weary spirit is ever at rest.

“ But Time will not linger, and lo! his finger
On the Dial mine hour doth tell!
The clock gives warning! my grave is yawning!
Hark to the tolling beli!
O Man, take warning! Thy grave may be yawning
Ere the next Year dies! Farewell!”

The clock struck twelve, and the pealing bells
Proclaimed that the Year was dead!
And still the breeze in the leafless trees
Wailed mournfully over my head.
Now faint was its tone as a lover's moan,
Or a maiden's sigh of fear;
Now loud and high as the doleful cry
Of mourners round a bier.

Yet in every whisper of the gale,
And in every roaring blast,
One voice it uttered, one solemn tale,
As on in its career it passed.
It was as though some warning sprite
Spake to me out of the darkling night,
So real were the tones and clear.
And thus in my ear did the spirit say
“ Remember, O man, to thy life's last day,
The Song of the Dying Year!”

What the Human Heart most Wants.

IT is our doubt of God which has made us, in some moments, wish and even long that death *may* prove to be death indeed—the long, long eternal sleep—if no explanation of its existence can be given us beyond what science or reason have yet offered. The heart turns desperately to bay. We fight wildly for the existence of Eternal Love and Mercy in the Universe.

LEIGH MANN.

The Uses of Temptation.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, OF IPSWICH.

“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.”—JAMES i. 12.



WE have here a beatitude which the world does not covet, which the world, indeed, does not understand. We are not told that all who are tempted are blessed, for that would be to pronounce a benediction on all mankind. The blessing is promised to those who endure temptation, who take a right view of it, who put it to its right use, who make it answer God's design. The word is not, “Blessed is the man that is tempted,” but “Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.”

With the idea of temptation every part of God's Word makes us familiar. We have God described as tempting man—that is, trying, proving him, putting him to the test; his obedience, faith, patience, character. Man is described as tempting God, provoking Him to anger and jealousy; trying how far he may presume with impunity upon God's forbearance and clemency. We read of temptation arising within a man's own nature. “Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own heart's lust and enticed.” Man is tempted by the seductions and allurements continually presented by the world in which he lives. Man is tempted by Satan, the master-tempter, whom we may conceive of as marshalling all the adverse forces which are brought up against us. Indeed, the idea of temptation is co-extensive with the sphere of man's life, and is inseparable from the manifold circumstances which combine to make up that state of probation which man's life, in this world, is from first to last. In all these different applications of the word, we see at once that the fundamental idea is that of *trial*. We often find it convenient to distinguish between the words, but it is well to remember that every trial is a temptation, and every temptation a trial.

God places us in circumstances of trial, and we suffer these, which should only have acted as so many tests of character, to become incen-

tives and allurements to sin. It is to this distinction that the apostle evidently alludes in the following verses:—"Let no man say when he is tempted (*i.e.*, tempted to sin), I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." God warns men off from sin continually, and, so far as He can, without trenching upon their liberty, He restrains them from it; but, while God tempts no one to sin, He does try men; He puts them and their principles to the test, and these tests are called temptations. Temptation in this sense is a necessary constituent of human life, and the apostle here teaches us that, instead of objecting to it, instead of complaining of it, we should joyfully accept it as the condition under which human life must in this world unfold itself.

Throughout this chapter, throughout Scripture, indeed, it is declared, or assumed, that in this life we are exposed to temptations and trials of different kinds. Trial is not an accident, a casualty, something which we may or may not meet with—it is that which we must meet with. We are not to account it a strange thing; when trial comes to us we are not to imagine that our case is exceptional, that something is happening to us which has not happened to others. We are all of us tried in some way or other, weighed in the balances of conflicting circumstances.

We have need to be on our guard against taking too limited and restricted a view of temptation. We are tried every moment. Every circumstance of life, however trivial it may seem, has a moral character, and is part of that great probationary course through which we are called to pass. This is a view of life which is too seldom taken. With what solemnity is human life invested so soon as we are taught to regard everything in life as a "trial;" every circumstance as indelibly impressing upon us some character, good or bad; every moment in its silent passage as leaving us better or worse! Is there not something unutterably solemn in the thought that God is continually visiting us, trying us every moment of our lives, finding out, and making it to appear, whether we have it in our hearts to keep His commandments or no? Did we but realise this truth, were it but well inwrought into the very fabric and texture of our nature, from how much evil and triviality would it free us, and to how much that is noble and good would it incite us! We miss the true significance of human life if we fail to observe this feature of it, that it is, down to

its minutest circumstance, a trial, a probation, a test. Everything which transpires around us, and helps to make up the sum total of our life, does its part, be it great or small, in impressing upon us a distinguishing character. All things happening around us are trials of character, temper, principle, general disposition, and evoke from latent to active and manifest existence feelings good or bad.

This fact should lead us to cherish an intensely vigilant and prayerful spirit, in dealing not only with special temptations, but with those unnumbered and, indeed, innumerable trials of life, individually small, but the aggregate potency of which is well-nigh incalculable. We make a serious mistake if we reserve our religion for great and exceptional occasions. Everything in life ought to have a religious character, and to serve some end of godliness. We have none of us sufficiently considered how great a work lies before us in the way of resisting and overcoming those smaller temptations of life which are perpetually assailing us. We may pass through life without being seriously tempted to commit any great crime—to steal, to kill, to commit adultery, to bear false witness against our neighbour. But every day we live we may be tempted to be hasty in speech or temper, unkind, uncharitable, censorious, insincere, unforgiving, proud, or impatient. Little things are constantly occurring which show that we are not distinguished as we should be by that spirit of love which suffereth long and is kind; which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil; which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. In all the business of life, in all its pleasures, in times of activity and rest, in scenes of publicity and retirement, in all the domestic and social relationships of life are we being tried; some test more or less severe is being applied, and character is being developed and determined. Everything shows, in its degree, what we are, and leaves us better or worse.

We have referred at length to this class of temptations and trials, partly because they are too little spoken of and too little thought of, and partly because we have reason to believe that those who, by vigilance and prayer, are enabled to deal most successfully with the smaller trials of life will be found most completely and sufficiently armed against its deadliest temptations. But while we should be on our guard against the smaller trials of life, we should not forget that there are more formidable temptations to which, in some form or

other, in some degree or other, we are all exposed. In the case of the early Christians whom the apostle is seeking to encourage, we know how great, how severe their trials were. We are not called on to walk in so rough a way; we have not to brave persecution, the loss of goods, imprisonment, death. But we are exposed to temptations which are special to the age and circumstances in which we live, which grow out of the complexities and refinements of our modern civilisation, temptations which are not less formidable because they are more subtle.

Whatever may be the nature of the temptations to which we are exposed, it is inward weakness and depravity which gives to them their power over us, and converts circumstances which should only operate as tests of character into incentives and allurements to sin. Satan had no influence over Christ, because in Him, when He came, the tempter found nothing—nothing which he could use, which he could lay hold of—nothing which would subserve his diabolic purpose. But in us he finds much that is congenial—much that can be easily wrought upon; our natures are like dry combustibles, which will kindle with a spark, and which often burst out spontaneously into flame. There is room, then, and need for that word of warning which our Saviour addressed, not unto one, but unto all, “Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.”

We learn from Scripture that God’s design in making our state here one of trial, of probation, is a merciful, a benevolent one. *He has ordered the circumstances of life in such a way that they are, or should be, the means of testing, purifying, and developing character. Happily, we are not left in doubt as to God’s merciful purpose in subjecting us to trial, in allowing us to be exposed to temptation. The figurative allusion in this passage is to trial by fire—even as gold and precious metals are tried. This is a trial of the sharpest and most decisive kind. This trial by fire—this trial of the furnace—the crucible, will serve either or both of two ends—it will prove or test the metal—it will improve or purify it. Fire will make evident the real nature of that which is subjected to its action, and by driving off the dross will secure its increased purity.

The trials of life—the temptations of life—are designed to operate as a test of Christian character; affliction tries a man, so does exemption from it; adversity is a trial, so is prosperity; one is severely tried by poverty, another more severely by wealth. But the changing circum-

stances of life not only act as a test of character, they should exert a purifying influence. Is life a state of trial—is it even a fiery trial? Then the result should be the development and purification of Christian character. There is gold cast into the crucible, but not in a perfectly pure form; there is some admixture of alloy, the fire drives off the dross, and the gold comes forth from the furnace pure and unmixed. Just so is it—at least, just so should it be—with Christian character which is subjected to the varied trials of life; it is sublimed and purified; only that which is impure, corrupt, unworthy is driven away; every virtue and excellency shines with a brighter glow; everything which tends to the beauty and completeness of Christian character, will be found at the conclusion of life's sharp and fiery trial to the praise and honour of Him, our God and Redeemer, who ordered and presided over the process, and will be certainly glorified in the result.

If this be so, we need not wonder as we read these apostolic words, "Blessed is the man who endureth temptation; for when he is tried, approved, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." We see, then, that there is a present blessedness realised by, and a crown of life promised to, the man that endureth temptation, who stands the test to which he is subjected, and who reaps the advantages the trials of life are designed to secure. It is the privilege of the Christian believer, not only to joy in hope of the glory of God, but to glory in tribulations also. There must be a blessedness growing out of the consciousness that the varied, and oftentimes painful, discipline of life is answering its true end; that Christian character is being strengthened, purified, developed by means of it. And, besides this, we know that seasons of special trial are not only seasons of special advantage, but very often seasons of special privilege and enjoyment. The three recusants of Babylon had no reason to regret being cast into the fiery furnace, when they found that the fire had no power over them but to consume their bonds, and that in the midst thereof there was granted to them the companionship of one having the form of the Son of Man. But the chief reason that the man who endureth temptation is to be accounted blessed is to be found in the fact that, when he is tried—*i.e.*, when he is approved, assayed as metals are, when the fiery trial has answered its purpose and perfectly done its work—he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him. May that blessedness be ours!

Glimpses of Scotland. I.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D.



UST after I had entered on the important duties of the secretariat of our Foreign Missionary Society in the year 1848, I had to attend a series of meetings in connection with our Northern Auxiliary, in company with my revered and honoured friend, the late John Howard Hinton. I shall not soon forget the Lord's-day we spent together at Sunderland. As the services we were appointed to take were in the afternoon and evening, we went in the morning to worship with the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Rees. In going up the aisle I was struck with a notice requesting non-communicants not to pass beyond; thus during the public service, as well as at the Lord's Supper afterwards, the two classes were separated. The sermon was founded on Nathan's visit to David, and its subject the various forms of self-deception existing among us; and they were discussed with singular directness, fidelity, and force. One of them was noticed with peculiar emphasis—that of condemning vices in others of which we were not guilty, while indulging in others ourselves. The description of this form of self-deception was capped by a quotation from our great humorist, "Hudibras," uttered with a dash of vehemence—

"Compound for sins we are inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to."

I fairly started from my seat, surprised at the vigour with which this was spoken. I was informed the next day that Mr. Rees had been an officer in the Royal Navy, and had walked the quarter-deck!

The next morning we breakfasted together, and the chief topic of conversation was "the second coming of our Lord." Our host and my colleague differed very widely in their opinions. I was merely a listener, and greatly enjoyed the discussion. Mr. Rees had evidently studied the question and was familiar with it, and supported his views with great keenness and ability. I never saw, in private intercourse, Mr. Hinton's intellectual powers, unfaltering logic, and dialectic skill more finely displayed. On leaving, he said to me, "Our friend has grit and grip." We went on to Newcastle, where I had the pleasure of

renewed affectionate intercourse with Mr. William Mack and his two sisters, whom I had intimately known at Clipstone as children. Having fulfilled our engagements in the district, Mr. Hinton returned to London, and I went on to Scotland to attend a similar series of meetings there.

It is not easy to give adequate expression to the feelings excited by the prospect of visiting Scotland for *the first time!* Expectation was wrought up to the highest pitch. What one had read, and what one had heard, was rapidly reviewed; and perhaps the imagination invested the picture thus mentally drawn with "colours not its own." Enough, however, that I was about to see a land of which I had heard and read so much—a land whose history had been so eventful; where contests largely affecting the well-being of both kingdoms had been fought out and decided; whose people are amongst the bravest of the brave, and alike hardy and industrious—a land as full of beautiful and varied scenery—mountains, lochs, rivers, burns, braes, islands, cultivated straths, highland moors, and wild forests, with spacious harbours and rock-bound shores—as any region of the earth of equal size. Moreover, its beautiful cities; its large, prosperous, growing towns; its mineral treasures, and extending manufactures; its vast fishing interests; its picturesque villages and hamlets, and antique ruins of old castles; together with its four universities, seats of learning whose fame reaches to the ends of the earth, and whence have issued men who have adorned every department of science, literature, and art, and extended and enriched every walk of commerce—men eminently distinguished for their courage and daring in the perilous enterprises of foreign travel, and in battle both by sea and land, and who have acquired an imperishable renown in the senate, at the bar, and on the bench—combine to make Scotland an object of the intensest interest to every thoughtful and generous mind.

From Berwick I had for companions two Lowland farmers, both of whom were humorists—one especially, who had a trick, when he said anything racy, of rubbing his hands together and cracking his knuckles all round! His own laugh at his varied sallies, which greatly amused his companion, was perfectly infectious; and I very much regretted that comparative ignorance of the Scottish dialect, a fine and almost unsurpassed vehicle for the expression of the droll and the humorous, prevented my enjoying their talk as I should do if I heard it now.

One observation struck me forcibly, the meaning of which I was

determined to make out. They were speaking of some person who had recently died. One highly commended him for the wise distribution of his property among very many needy relations, when the other remarked, "Gowd is gude that rows ;" and forthwith he laughed and cracked his knuckles.

"Will you kindly tell me," I asked, "the meaning of what you have just said, for I am a Southerner, and don't quite catch it, and it seems worth knowing?"

"Dinna ye ken the meaning of 'gowd is gude'?"

"Yes, I fancy I do. Gowd is what we call gold, and gude is good, and so money is when one has plenty of it, and knows how to use it; and I wish all people who have it only knew that."

"Ay, then I am just thinking you are near aboot richt there."

"But what *do* you mean by 'Gowd is gude that rows'?"

"Why, now, gowd that just rins aboot, and is nae in ane body's hand, but *circulates*, as you would say."

"Thank you for that. I am visiting Scotland on behalf of missions to the heathen, and, depend on it, I shall not forget to make use of your remark."

And so, wherever I went, I did not fail to enforce most strongly the maxim, *Gowd is gude that rows!*

There is a peculiar interest in going through a country one has never seen before; and, while that between Newcastle and Berwick has nothing very striking in its aspect, the first sight of Berwick and the beautiful River Tweed, the boundary between England and Scotland, could not fail to awaken feelings of unusual pleasure. Since that time I have gone along its banks, up to Melrose and Abbotsford, and so far from wondering at the vivid descriptions of it which one reads in Scott's writings, or in the "Noctes" of Wilson, every true lover of Nature must heartily sympathise with them. It is a noble stream, and "beautiful exceedingly."

The remains of Melrose Abbey are too well known to our readers to render any description of them necessary by me. They are very fine—have their own characteristics—and forcibly remind one of those of Tintern, which are among the finest in the South. I was disappointed in Abbotsford. Not certainly as to its situation, for that is exquisite; but the house, though intended to be the residence of a "county family," seemed to me neither castle, nor hall, nor mansion. It has no large rooms, nothing imposing in its exterior, and seems to have

been built by piecemeal, rather than with any fixed design from the first. It is full of pretty things, many of them very curious, gathered from all parts of the world, and some of historic interest and value, especially those which illustrate Scottish manners and customs of an age long since past. Its interest chiefly lies in its being the residence of Scott—the house where he lived so long, and wrote so many of his wonderful tales—where he received his numerous friends and visitors—dispensing a hearty, profuse hospitality, and enlivening intercourse with them by his genial humour and unfailing kindness. No room in the house had so strong an attraction for me as his study, which was shut off from the library. What a snug, cosy box it was! The books were arranged in shelves reaching up to the ceiling, and, being such as he needed, they were always at hand; and here he worked during the morning, his guests little dreaming what their host was about. It was easy to fancy “the Great Unknown” sitting in his chair, his fine dogs couched at his feet, and Tom Purday walking outside, waiting to accompany his master to the woods they both so truly loved. One could not look on Abbotsford and think of the wreck of Scott’s ambition to found a family, of the inroads which death had made in his household, and the commercial losses which overwhelmed him, without feelings of the deepest sympathy;—or of the painful struggles of his later days, the lofty integrity which moved him to such efforts to pay his debts, and the heroic spirit with which he bore up against these calamities, and not be stirred with emotions of intense admiration, mingled with a pensive regret that his sun should have set in clouds of weakness and distress. Mentally and morally Scott was a great man.

The road from Berwick to Edinburgh lies through a region where events happened of vast importance, and which have greatly influenced the future of both countries. If they came within the scope of such a paper as this, one could write about them at great length. They are, however, recorded in history, and immortalised in thrilling song.

The evening was far advanced ere Edinburgh was reached, and every preconceived notion of its beauty was more than surpassed by the first glimpse of it. I surprised my companions by exclaiming, as I rose up to get a better view, “Why, there’s Arthur’s Seat—there are Salisbury Craigs—that’s Calton Hill!”

“And what maks ye sae glad to see Auld Reekie, sin’ ye said

ye were frae the South? Ye maun be weel acquaint with it; and maybe ye hae some freens that ye expect to see?"

"I never saw it before. This is my first visit to Scotland—the first time I have been over the border."

"Ay, but that's just vera strange. Hoo do ye ken the place sae weel if this is the first sight o't?"

"Just before I left home I read Scott's 'Heart of Midlothian,' and now I see how accurate and vivid his descriptions are."

"If that be sae, it speaks vera weel for our great countryman."

After due arrangements had been made at "mine inn," I rushed up to the top of Calton Hill, and looked on the scene spread out at my feet. It was a splendid moonlight night, so clear that even distant objects could be easily distinguished. There lay the city, with all its architectural buildings, beautiful squares, and ample streets. The Pentland Hills on the one hand, and the glistening waters of the Firth of Forth on the other—the Castle raised on the rugged pile of rock, fit place for a fortress, something like that on which Windsor Castle stands, and strongly resembling the Wrekin, in Shropshire, only not so lofty—the striking contrast between the old town and the new; the former having houses, nine and ten stories high, with lights gleaming from every window—and Arthur's Seat rising in calm majesty above all, with its summit resembling a recumbent lion, made up a scene such as I had never beheld before. And how beautiful appears a fine city or a fine landscape in moonlight—more beautiful by far than by day. The outlines of buildings are as distinctly seen, but somehow their sharpness seems smoothed away, and they and all surrounding objects are more blended together into a softened harmony than when bright sunlight pours upon them.

Warned by the clocks striking the first hour of morning, with great reluctance I left the hill. It was well I went up when I did, for during the whole of my subsequent stay Edinburgh was wrapped in the folds of a thorough Scotch mist!

Angels.

BY THE LATE REV. W. ROBINSON, CAMBRIDGE.



It is at once the duty and happiness of the servants of Christ to look at things that are not seen. They are to live by faith in an invisible Saviour, "whom, having not seen, we love." Nor does their faith look to Him alone; their affections are to be set on things above, where He sitteth. The existence of an invisible state is to engage their thoughts—its treasures are to be the object of their hope. Of these things invisible we know nothing for certainty, excepting what we are told in the Bible. Its disclosures are but very partial, probably because of our inaptitude, as we are at present constituted, to know more about them, as also from the inconsistency of a full revelation with the discipline of the present state, the essential peculiarity of which is this, that "we walk by faith, not by sight." Still, there is much made known to us about a state unseen, and such disclosures it behoves us carefully to mark, and, to the utmost of our ability, to improve. We stand in a relation to heaven and its glories similar to that in which the Israelites of old stood to the Christian dispensation. The wiser of them looked through the type to the anti-type. Diligently did they inquire after the meaning of the strange things exhibited before their eyes or brought to their ears; and they caught a glimpse of good things to come, being, however, far from reaching to that degree of knowledge and of cheering hope to which they might have risen. Even the apostles, when the things foretold were rapidly receiving their accomplishment, were slow of heart to believe what had been written. It is our part, now, to inquire and search diligently after the meaning of what is written in the Bible respecting things by us not seen as yet—to look, as guided by the testimony of Scripture, into the world invisible, and live under the apprehension of its existence, under the influence of its attraction.

Among the things unseen of which the Bible tells us for our comfort and improvement, angels occupy a conspicuous place; and to the Scripture testimony concerning them, and the use we should

make of it, let us direct our inquiries. And (1) we may briefly advert to the clearness of the testimony borne to their existence. The name "angels" means messengers. And, by angels, we do not understand celestial beings generally—the occupants of all other places of the dominions of God where sin is not—but intelligent beings employed by God as His servants in conducting His government in this world, and who are spoken of as associated with us in a close community of interests and a fellowship of destiny. There are some parts of revelation in regard to which we may hesitate as to whether we should interpret them literally or not. Desirous of bowing to the authority of the record, we stand in doubt as to its import. But there seems to be no place at all for such hesitancy in respect to the being of angels. The evidence, both direct and incidental, is too plain and decisive to leave room for disputation. It is, indeed, true that the term is sometimes applied to things inanimate, for God makes the winds His messengers and the flames His servants. There may also be good reason for doubting, in certain cases, whether an intelligent or a merely material agency be intended by the word angel or messenger, as when it is said the angel of the Lord went forth in the night and smote the host of Assyria. Some have thought that the messenger of the Divine justice was none other than the simoom or pestilential wind of the desert; though, probably, if an angel had not been employed as directly executing vengeance, or at least as controlling for the time being the fatal night-blast, a different phraseology would have been used in the narrative. But be this as it may, when we are told in the narrative of Luke that an angel of the Lord appeared to Peter in the prison, smote him, raised him up, spoke to him, led the way out of the prison, accompanied him the distance of one street and then departed from him, there is no escape from the conclusion that the record does bear the most explicit testimony to the presence and ministry of the angel. Equally in point is the manner in which the great Teacher, who came down from heaven, spoke of its angelic inhabitants. We cannot, surely, read His words and escape the conviction that He is not speaking in similitudes, but of beings really existing. "Of that day knoweth no man, no, not the angels in heaven." "Could I not pray, and there should be given Me more than twelve legions of angels?" "Him that confesseth Me, I will confess before the angels of God." In a manner thus simple and direct, and with great frequency, was our Lord

accustomed to refer to those holy servants of God. Nor is the indirect evidence less conclusive. "In heaven they do not marry, but are like the angels of God"—a declaration not to be explained on any other supposition than the real existence of angels. So, too, the argument carried out at some considerable length at the commencement of the Epistle to the Hebrews rests entirely on the same supposition.

It may have seemed needless to advert, even in these few sentences, to a point so indisputable as the testimony of Scripture to the existence of angels. The object was not so much the removal of doubt, as the confirmation of a truth which we do not call in question, but greatly fail to apprehend; a truth which rather floats in the mind as a beautiful vision of the imagination, than abides there as a substantial reality and a powerful motive to fidelity and diligence in the service of God. It is a part of the word of Christ which is to dwell in us richly in all spiritual understanding, that there are holy angels who fear God and love us.

(2) The number of the angels is great. There is no plain testimony, I believe, to this fact in the early portions of the Bible. Jacob, indeed, saw in vision a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending; which vision, however, would not necessarily involve the idea of the presence of a multitude of angels. The angelic ministry of early times (at least as far as it was then explained) would seem to have been usually limited to the agency of one or two, commonly of one. They were not sent like the apostles, two and two. They needed not to be thus sustained in their work; one was competent to the fulfilment of his mission, and one was sent. Yet there are not wanting some intimations of very early date of the multitude of the angelic host. Thus, in the ancient Book of Job, the patriarch was asked by the voice Divine, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"—an inquiry commonly and most reasonably thought to refer to the gladness of angels at the era of the Adamic creation, and caused by that event. So Enoch, we are told, prophesied that the Lord was coming with "ten thousands of His saints [that is, His holy ones] to execute judgment"—a prophecy which probably related to the Deluge, and seems to have contained an allusion to the participation of angels in that deed of justice, as we are assured they are to participate in the final judgment. When the law was given, it was by the disposition

of angels (Deut. xxxiii. 2). David sang of the chariots of God as being "twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord being among them, as in Sinai." Certainly in the days of David the words that have been quoted show that it was known to the Israelites that a multitude of holy angels were present and took their part in the grand transaction, the proclamation of the law. "Thousand thousands," said the prophet Daniel, "ministered unto Him." And to these references we might add not a few from the New Testament, such as the mention by our Lord of twelve legions which He could have readily summoned to His aid; the innumerable company spoken of in the Epistle to the Hebrews; and several others of similar import in the Book of Revelation—"the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." Unquestionably these representations, without teaching us anything definite as to the exact number of the sinless hosts of heaven, are adapted and intended to teach us that the number of angels is great. Well, indeed, do they sustain the conception of the poet: "All

The multitude of angels, with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions."

(3) Let us mention some of the attributes of angels of which the Bible informs us. They are holy, spiritual, swift, strong, wise, happy.

Holy. Christ Himself calls them so. "The Son of Man shall come, and all His holy angels with Him." And we are justified in inferring that this holiness has not, as in the case of the spirits of just men, been lost and restored, but has belonged to them from the commencement of their being until now. We are justified in inferring this, not only from the general tenor of Scripture, but also from passages in which wicked spirits are spoken of as not having kept their first estate, and as the angels that sinned, implying that other angels have not sinned, but have kept their primeval state of uprightness. That angels have undergone some test of their obedience and lived through a time of probation, would appear to us to be an essential condition of their creation; but, whatever the trial, they stood fast in their obedience; in reference to which they are called the elect angels. Habits of virtue

and obedience and love are perfected by exercise, as are habits of evil ; and we can easily conceive of holy beings being in this way so wedded to all that is good as that their perseverance in it becomes a moral certainty, and may be pronounced by the All-wise Being an actual certainty. There is a fatalism in iniquity. That awful truth the Bible proclaims when it tells of some whom it is impossible to renew again to repentance. There is also a fatalism in virtue, by which holy beings are to rise towards, though never positively to attain to, the necessary excellence of the Divine nature "of God who cannot lie." On the whole, we think of angels, not only as having never been polluted by the stain of transgression, but as having, by their own experience and by the revelation of God in various ways, especially in Christ, risen to a state of perfect security and made their election sure.

Again, angels are *spiritual*. We use this word without pretending to be able to explain its meaning otherwise than relatively. We are conversant with matter in many of its forms—in the ponderous form of the granite rock, in the delicate substance of the insect's wing, in the yet more subtle shapes which it assumes in its gaseous existence ; nay, more, man investigates it in the mystic and fitting form of electricity. Not that he knows much more, or indeed any more, of the thing itself—matter—than he does of spirit ; but we come into contact with it at many points, that is, through the medium of all our senses, while for our knowledge of spirit we are indebted to the one evidence of consciousness ; and certainly man feels his ignorance much more in the latter case than in the former. The term used to designate spirit was the same as that employed to designate the wind, the wind being the most subtle element which the ancients knew. When we speak also of angels as spirits, we mean that they are not ponderous and allied like us to the millstone which sinks in the flood, but by their very constitution refined, ethereal, resembling (for we must resort to comparison) those modes of material being in which our senses with the greatest difficulty take cognizance of it.

The proof that they are so is supplied by many instances of their manifestation to men. Very much in point is the appearance, already mentioned, to Peter when in prison, and in the second ward of the prison. The prison opened into the street by an iron gate. The angel enters, the gate being closed, and, when his commission to serve

was executed, passes away again forthwith to that sphere of spiritual existence of which the Scriptures continually speak. At the birth of Christ an angel is present to the shepherds, or, to adopt the expression of the Evangelist, "An angel came upon them." It was a sudden appearance—an apparition. And not less so the subsequent appearance of the hymning multitude who raised the song, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men." It were useless to multiply references in point, but let us aim to lay hold of the glorious truth that there are in existence, and connected with us, creatures, living, moving, acting, thinking, and all-benevolent, impalpable to sense, but revealed to faith, whom, should they be at our right hand, as often, probably, they have been, we should neither see, nor hear, nor feel—creatures the perfection of whose being shields them from the apprehension of our imperfect senses.

Being spiritual, angels are *fleet in their movements*. Ponderous matter is moved with difficulty, and slowly; but when it assumes its lighter forms, how speedy its flight! Air, electricity, light, how swiftly do they fly! While man is but slightly distinguished from the more cumbrous forms of living matter which "drag their slow length along," not such is the imperfection of angelic beings. We walk or creep, they fly; what is distant to us, to them is near; what is speed to us, to them is very sluggishness. Daniel prayed. At the commencement of his prayer the angel Gabriel received a commission and flew to execute it, tasking to the utmost, as the record teaches us, his swift pinions, and about the time of the evening sacrifice he stood as a comforter before the humbled prophet.

Angels are not only swift, but *strong*. Speed and strength are to a great extent disunited among the creatures of earth. Beyond a very limited measure, the one is not to be augmented without the diminution of the other. In angelic existence both attributes are conjoined. The swift-winged messengers of the Divine justice or goodness are also great in might; they excel in strength. The Saviour of men, having been crucified, was buried; the place of His interment was an excavation in the rock; a great stone closed up the entrance to the tomb; the angel descends; the stone is rolled back. No trace of mighty exertion marks his bright visage nor his snowy vesture. What were the seal, the stone, the guards, to him whose approach had been heralded by an earthquake? Daniel was cast into the den of lions, but the angel of God was there, and the lion was powerless

as the lamb. Israel, and David their king, sinned against God, and an angel with a drawn sword is seen—the emblem of the judgment he was sent to execute—and the people fainted and died by myriads. The night of Egypt's doom had come, and the angel of judgment is sent forth, and the loud wail for the first-born dead rising from every house attests the power of the messenger of heaven. Whether in the prison of Herod or the palace of Herod, whether seated by the sepulchre or floating in the firmament with the great mill-stone to cast into the flood, or standing in the sun, the angelic being is ever presented to us in an aspect of power—calm and mighty power; at once confirming and illustrating the descriptive epithet in the Epistle to the Thessalonians—“mighty angels” (1 Thess. i. 7).

The angels, yet again, are distinguished by their *intelligence*. They are very wise beings; probably surpassing far all other creatures whatsoever in the degree of their knowledge. Which fact is indicated in the limited record—the exception proving the rule—“Of the day nor the hour knoweth no man, no not the angels in heaven, but My Father only,” intimating that had there been creatures in possession of this knowledge the angels had been they. We think with amazement, not to say with envy, of the mental powers and acquirements of some of the human race, though their powers are manifestly crippled by their position, and though they have lived but a few years. But what must be the extent of view, the grandeur of conception, pertaining to creatures who all the while the mortal life has been renewing all its rounds, and longer still than that, have possessed the capacity, the disposition, and the means of acquiring true knowledge.

It can scarcely be necessary to prove that such creatures are *happy*. Gratitude with them is no unwonted feeling, nor is praise their strange work. They gaze but to admire and adore. They live to serve. Benevolence is the law of their being, and bliss its abundant fruit. The Creation, in its ample limits, gives scope for their fleetest activity and their largest powers, while its ever-growing wonders turn their thoughts back the more intently to that Divine Being of whom it all is. Learning to know God by His works of creation and grace, the more they know the more fully do they discern created nothingness in comparison with Him. And thus does their knowledge, instead of leading them to say, “We are as gods,” but discover to them more and more fully the immeasurable distance between the Creator and the created. Knowledge thus sanctified

gives birth, not to pride, but to humility; and the more the angelic mind is extended the more profound also its prostration before the throne of the Eternal. The new acquirements which elevate the mind elevate also its conception of God, and the same advancement at once augments the worth and bliss of angelic existence and promotes its security.

We have been referring to the existence of angels as most plainly taught in the Bible; secondly, to the greatness of their number; thirdly, to some of their attributes. They are holy, spiritual, swift, strong, wise, happy. Now

(4) Observe, they are interested in and employed about our well-being. Their attitude towards us, if we serve God, is a friendly attitude. Like God, in whose presence they appear, and whose high behests they fulfil, they take pleasure in our life for its own sake; in our death, if we choose death, only as it shall be overruled by the Great Supreme for the manifestation of His righteousness and majesty. It is the testimony of Him who came from heaven to tell us heavenly things, that there is joy among the angels when one sinner repents. And they are spoken of as being all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of the better life. Observe the ministry of the angel to Zacharias, to Mary the mother of our Lord, to the shepherds in the valley of Bethlehem, to Cornelius, to Peter, to Paul amid the storm. It was a service cheerfully rendered, as the general strain of the several narratives may assure us. An act, in each case, as of duty to God, so of benevolence to men. And yet more explicit, perhaps, certainly more striking, is the testimony elsewhere given, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven"—words teaching us that the angels take an interest in the very feeblest of the servants of Christ, and stand prepared to fly swiftly, whenever bidden, to defend them from danger, or avenge the wrongs which they suffer. It is not to be thought that angelic ministry ceased when Christ ascended to heaven and received gifts for men. There is no hint that such should be the case. There are intimations to the contrary. How the service is now carried on it were useless for us to inquire. Our ignorance of spiritual existence is a bar to all such investigations; but the fact is one on which imagination may wisely and usefully and often linger. The Christians in the primitive age were urged to

decorum in their public assemblies "because of the angels;" were cheered by the thought of the innumerable company of angels as ministering to the militant saints, and by the expectation that, if need be, when they died, angels should carry them from the scene of poverty and disease and mortal strife to Abraham's bosom; and why should we not call into our aid the same animating hope? By the soul embruted amid the objects of sense, the fleshly mind cleaving to the dust, all such aspirations may be thrown aside as enthusiasm, but to him who wisely observes the statements of Scripture, to him who wisely marks the wonders of creation, and, in particular, the mystic influences which, beyond all dispute, are ever operating around us, such thoughts will appear as rational as they are Scriptural. To a hasty and Sadducean dogmatism it may be possible to discard all such ideas, but to the calm inquirer it were far from incredible that even now our assembly should be graced and honoured by the presence of some one from the ranks of the shining ones; far from incredible that we do not always meet here without being exposed to the friendly but more than eagle glance of an eye which has gazed on the rainbow round about the throne, and been bent downwards before Him who dwells in unapproachable light. It may be that it requires only that the angel guests should assume a corporeal manifestation, or that our eye should be cleared of its film as was the eye of Elisha's servant, and the superhuman vision would be before us. It may be that at this moment it is not distance, but merely the invisibility of things spiritual to our organs of perception, that separates us from such celestial fellowship.

(5) We are taught in Scripture that all the angels are the servants of Christ. This is declared so plainly and frequently, that it cannot be necessary to quote the evidences. Its being written thus plainly and frequently in the New Testament shows that it is a truth which we ought not to overlook. The powers of this innumerable company of angels are all at the disposal of Him who has been constituted Head of the Church. They are not only in general subject to God, but they are placed under the direct control of Him who has been made Head over all things to the Church. Their might, their energy, their obedience, are all connected with the eternal purpose which Jesus Christ our Lord is carrying onward to its accomplishment; and it forms a part of His own recompense that His mediatorial throne is surrounded by all the brightness and strength of the angelic host.

“When He bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him.”

We are far from supposing that these few details exhaust the subject. They are thrown out merely as materials for thought, and they strike a chord which, whatever some may affirm, readily vibrates in the human breast. Man cannot, whatever his wishes, rest on things that are corporeal. His spirit within him, and the universe without him, both, the more clearly they are observed, forbid him to find repose in things that are seen. Despite his most sordid and sensual practices, there will awake within him an irrepressible aspiration after things unseen. All known nations and tribes existing, or presented to us historically (unless, indeed, we except some two or three instances of tribes sunk into profoundest depths of barbarism) have held the notion of the existence of beings bearing a considerable resemblance to the angels of Scripture—beings spiritual and super-human in strength, and speed, and wisdom. Trace the notion to whatever cause we may—to instinct, to tradition, to reason—there it is glowing on the pages of the history, the oratory, the philosophy, the poetry, of all times and peoples—disfigured and corrupted, it is true, but not the less real.

Christians, it belongs to you to avoid the visionary, distorted, and often vicious ideas which the heathen have entertained of unearthly beings, to rejoice in the knowledge you possess of high and created spirits, to soar above the domain of sense, and even of science strictly so-called, and to walk with a step that is firm and an eye that is unblenched in the regions of faith. Avoid, on the one hand, the puerilities of a besotted superstition, and, on the other, the bondage of a creeping and leaden materialism. It will be yours to live in thought and love amidst these sinless servants of Christ your King, who obey Him in serving you, and with whom you are soon to be brought into visible and blissful association. The tendency of earthly things is to produce a contraction of mind, and excessive care about trifles. The tendency of heavenly things is to purify and exalt the mind; to turn timidity into courage, and sadness into joy, or at least into peace. See the servant of Christ found in the way of obedience, but, at the same time, the way of great difficulty; his purpose crossed; his trials multiplied; a thousand vexations—each one, perhaps, trifling in itself, but, when all combined, most depressing—besetting him, so that he says, “Every day new straits attend.” He takes his Bible,

and in the mirror of the Divine Word looks at things unseen, and by prayer he renders his fellowship with things unseen more complete, and he rises as a giant refreshed. Time has lost its exaggerated and distressing importance, for he has measured it with eternity. The opinions and judgments of his fellow-men have dwindled into their proper dimensions, for he has been thinking of God and Christ, and holy angels. Again, he is the child of faith—strong like Samson, happy like Stephen, or calm like Elisha when the hosts of God were encamped around him.

Vera : an October Sketch.



HE autumn sun is now shining on the beautiful leaves of an American creeper, and it paints a picture in which, perhaps, I see more than any one else can see. To me it does not merely unfold a vision that is "a joy for ever." Neither does it merely suggest a lesson of self-help, as it spreads out its tendrils, lifting itself, and climbing higher and higher over the gray stone wall, upward into the sunlight and air, lovingly casting colour and charm over a commonplace scene, and gradually, silently, spreading, until those who once passed it by as an insignificant shoot now bow beneath its spell, and thank God for its beauty. To me it portrays a character. It brings before me one who, only twelve months ago, loved to gather those tendrils, to copy them with pencil or brush, to weave them into fair scrolls of skilful embroidery, or to wear a few of their bright-tinted leaves clasped on her black velvet dress. They harmonised with the rich auburn of her hair, the fairness of her complexion, the colour on her cheek, and the delicacy of the lines of her round, yet lithe and slender, figure.

She is not here now. As those leaves fall in the fulness of their beauty, leaving bareness, blankness, behind them, so was Vera taken from this familiar earth before her hair could be streaked with gray threads, before her soft voice had been bereft of its power to charm, before her small feet had lost their nimbleness, or her willing hands their magic aptitude to bless.

When Vera was a fairy child, her bright independence and daring impelled her to deeds which it was sometimes amusing, sometimes terrifying, to witness. Her old early home stood on the sunny side of the village street, and there stretched a vine in and out amongst the windows, and up to the eaves where the swallows had their nests. One day she had poised herself on the bedroom window-sill—little feet daintily on tip-toe, little white arms outstretched towards a cluster of white grapes which hung temptingly down from a topmost branch. The dear father happened to see his child's perilous position from below. Though alarmed, as well he might be, he uttered no cry—spoke no word; but with quiet swiftness went upstairs, and with his strong, manly hand drew Fairy in.

I think there was a crisis in her spiritual life when she was about seventeen. In regard to her deeper thoughts and feelings she was extremely reticent. But once this taciturnity gave way in my presence—*mine*; why could I not help her better? Life suddenly seemed to have become grave to her. She sorrowfully said, "I am not living for any really worthy purpose. I have no power—no courage. My sisters are clever and studious, but their books bewilder me. I don't see things clearly." My reply was only this, "We are not all made alike. Find out, dear, what you can do, and do it. You will make a niche for yourself." She needed better food than I could give her, but I believe my dry crust helped her at the time. The truth is, she had naturally great strength of will, and nobly persevered in any task she took in hand. To these qualities she added a high-minded ambition. As the consciousness of latent power gradually awoke within her, she would have liked a larger sphere than her village life could find—"some great thing to do, or secret thing to know." Now and then curt speech and tokens of impatience would wound those who loved her best. But she drew nearer and nearer to the Fount of Truth and Beauty, and learned from her Saviour the blessedness of ministering to those around her—especially in their times of need. Rest of soul was not realised without a struggle; she needed tender dealing, and had it. But throughout the inner conflict her supreme longing was to have "the true light" without any cloud to make it dim, and to be true to the measure of light which was vouchsafed to her. And the light did grow stronger in her soul. It came, as the light generally does come, when it comes most effectively, and when it is sure to be put to its best use—came in the

wake of preparation wrought by sanctified trial. The heavenly Father sent her sorrow. She had to pass by the cup of earthly love when it seemed to be just within reach, though she would fain have taken it. And then the dear home circle—one of the happiest in the world—was broken in upon by suffering and death. She had to follow a lovely sister to the grave. A terrible accident to another was the precursor of prolonged pain and helplessness. By-and-by, the good mother—how good, it would be no easy task to tell—was taken away. But Vera came forth from each trial the unselfish comforter of her companions in grief—with sympathies quickened, and with energies braced for action. She saw that work had to be done, and that she must not sullenly sit down in rebellion against the heavenly Father's will. Were they not *Christian* mourners? And so the cheerfulness, the geniality, of the home must still be cherished. Fresh flowers were gathered for the vases. The loveliest mosses and wild blossoms were tastefully distributed about the rooms. Poor neighbours were visited and cheered. "Were they not cold? Why not start a blanket club?" The idea soon became a beautiful and permanent reality.

The last time I saw my Vera was in my own sick-room. She entered it like a ray of sunshine. She had in her hand a pretty painting of her own production which she had brought to show me. My restlessness was charmed away as she quietly brightened my neglected fire, and then sat and sweetly chatted over some needle-work. Among other things, she talked of her "poor friends" in the far-away village among the hills. "Don't you think they have perceptions of beauty—those poor people—for which we would hardly give them credit if we did not know them? A short time ago I went to see old Hodge and his wife, and I read to them some verses in Rev. xxi. 'Yes, miss,' said he, '*that* do make me think of the other evening. I was coming home from work, and the sky got all red, and purple, and gold. I did feel it quite solemn-like.'" Then she told me of the young men and women whom she had gathered together for the practice of singing, and who liked to style themselves her "choir." In these ways, and in many others, she had found her unobtrusive work. All around her loved her, and no wonder; for her life had the holy charm of a beautiful simplicity and of a Christlike goodness.

She was called away very suddenly to the heavenly home—one

evening playing with her bonny little nephew, and the next morning lying marble white and cold in the awfulness and fairness of death. She was carried from the scene of light and warmth and mirth, and laid in suffering on her bed. A sister's voice said to her, "My darling, you will die before sunrise. The doctor says so." "You don't mean that!" was the reply. But she was not dismayed, for she added: "I am not afraid. I trust my Saviour;" and then she drew, as it were, queenly robes about her, gave messages to distant ones, turned lovingly to her father with the words: "For your sake I would fain have lived longer;" said to all who were around her, "Meet me in heaven; I must rest now;" and then quietly passed into the spirit-land. Her body, decked in the flowers she loved so well, was tenderly carried by the hands of the villagers to the secluded resting-place under the elm-trees a mile away from her home. Bent forms and tearful faces lined the street, and followed to the spot where she was laid; and ere nightfall the first snow of winter fell on her grave.

It has been said: "Ofttimes the blank places of earth fill the eyes more than the peopled places of heaven." Why do we not let faith paint the scene, and show us the joy of those we have lost from earth—the freedom of their spirits and the harmonious development of their character in the perfect home above?

Perhaps some young souls may read this sketch, and may find some helpful direction and stimulus in the character of my Vera. Do they find fault with the conditions of their life, and think that in other circumstances they could be useful and happy—could lift themselves up into sunshine, and unfold the latent powers of which they are conscious? Begin just where you are, young sister. Perhaps there is even now in your family circle a lonely one—feeling the weight of years—eyes dim—feeble health, rendering a half-imprisonment in the house a necessity, until the mind once sparkling and alert, is weary. Can you not for such a depressed and saddened one do something out of the abundance and splendour of your youthful energy? Verily you can do much. It is a mistake to imagine that only far away heathen, or the poor of your own locality, need kindly ministrations. Such may seem to be beyond your power. Just where you are, and just now, you will find your work, if you sincerely seek it. The rest will unfold; for God has placed you where, at least for the present, you can be shaped and moulded to His ideal.

My eye rests again on the "creeper" opposite my window, and I see how attractive it makes the blank, unlovely wall. Let us all try to fill the lesser or larger space which God has given to us with beauty, remembering that, to do so, we must be receptive of that true Light which has come into the world, and which is evermore ready to shine into, and through, and back from, the deepest recesses of our mysterious nature.

ELLEN LINTON.

Illustrations from a Preacher's Note-book.



ACTING on the advice of one of the foremost preachers of the present day, I have formed the habit of carrying about with me a small note-book in which I put down any illustrations of moral and spiritual truths which may be suggested by what I read, or hear, or see. These illustrations I usually write out fully, just as they present themselves to the mind, so that they shall be ready for immediate use in the pulpit, in the class-room, or on the platform. This habit I have found to be so beneficial that I cannot refrain from earnestly recommending it to all ministers, lay-preachers, and Sunday-school teachers who may read these pages. The following illustrations are taken at random from my note-book, and are given without any regard to logical sequence or arrangement:—

1. *Disagreeable Christians.*

Walking in my garden in the early spring, I noticed the sward all dotted over with little heaps of mould. On removing some of these with my foot, I observed that each of them had been thrown up by an earth-worm, of whose existence I had not otherwise dreamt. "Ah!" I thought to myself, "how many people are there in our churches like these earth-worms, who are never seen in any active Christian experience, and the only proof of whose existence is to be found in the dirt they raise."

2. *Humility a Condition of Success in Christian Work.*

In passing through the south of Lincolnshire, I saw in a field a number of men and boys at work. Each of them was provided with a piece of cloth, which he spread on the wet soil and then knelt

upon. Only by so doing could the work which required the careful use of the hands be successfully accomplished. There are some kinds of Christian work, to do which aright requires that we stoop, that we lay aside our dignities, and go down upon our knees. It is only as we humble ourselves that we can see our work distinctly, and do it effectively.

3. *The Binding Power of Christian Love.*

As the silica binds the loose and separate pebbles into a compact conglomerate hard enough to endure the wear and tear of city traffic, so Christian love cements persons of various characters and dispositions into a firm, harmonious whole, which the rude contacts of the world fail to disturb or break. The Christian Church is strong just in the degree in which it is pervaded by the spirit of love.

4. *Harmful Criticism of God.*

It is possible so to sift or filter a sunbeam as to intercept its heat, and to allow its light to pass unhindered. So it is possible to criticise and analyse the attributes of God in such a way as to cut off from the heart their warmth-giving influence, and to let their cold light only pass into the intellect.

5. *The Character soon Ruined.*

The wood which took many years to grow in the forest may be burnt to ashes in a few moments in a stove; and the character which has been the result of long care and culture may be blasted by a few brief revels.

6. *God's Love like Light.*

As a beam of sun-light sent through a room will at once reveal numberless motes floating in the air of the room, so a ray of Divine love let into the heart will immediately make visible to us a cloud of imperfections of which we were before entirely unaware.

7. *The Need of Wisdom in Trial.*

While visiting the Isle of Wight, I set out early one morning for a walk over one of the rockiest and most romantic parts of the coast. For the first three or four miles the way was well defined, and, with gorgeous hills on the one hand and the broad blue sea on the other, the walk was exquisitely pleasant. By-and-by, however, there came creeping lazily over the downs a dense dark fog, which soon rendered walking exceedingly perilous. Winding among huge masses of detached rock were several paths, but it was

impossible to discern whither they tended. Rolling close by, but no longer visible, was the treacherous sea, and one misstep would have plunged us into its fatal depths. This circumstance brought very vividly before my mind the position into which Christian people are sometimes brought on their way to heaven. They go on for months, perhaps for years, and the road is plain before them; nothing occurs to perplex their minds or to harass their hearts. Then, quite unexpectedly, there comes a change in their experience; darkness settles down upon their prospects; they find themselves at a spot where many paths branch out to the right and to the left, and they fear to move a step lest the path they choose should quickly bring them to the verge of some terrible abyss, into which they may fall and be lost. This picture is not overdrawn. It is true to the heart and life of thousands. We cannot tell how soon it may be true to the heart and life of some of us. Truly, in such circumstances, there is, on our part, the deepest need of wisdom.

8. The Use of Affliction and Adversity.

Affliction and adversity are not, as we are sometimes apt to suppose, the mere random strokes of a blind Fate. They are rather the wisely chosen means whereby the Father of our spirits seeks to find His way into our hearts, and to bless us with His love. Here is a pool in the depth of a forest. It might be very lovely, very beautiful; but it is closed in with high trees and thick brushwood, so that the beams of the sun cannot pierce through to its surface, and it is dull and stagnant, and what vegetation there is around its margin is weak and sickly. But a storm arises, and some of the trees that girdle the pool fall with a crash. And now what a change! Through the gaps which the storm has made the sun shines in upon the pool, and its waters become bright, and the drooping flowers and grasses around it lift themselves up to greet the light, and, by-and-by, the pool becomes a gem of beauty, fringed with the greenest vegetation, scented with the sweetest odours, and, like a perfect mirror, reflecting all the exquisite loveliness that surrounds it. Even so affliction and adversity are often sent as storms to clear away the dense growths of selfishness and worldliness which are hemming in our souls, and to let into our souls the light of the Sun of Righteousness that we may become spiritually bright and beautiful, covered over with all sweet, and fair, and comely graces. This, I say, is the purpose of

God in ordaining for us affliction and adversity. He pulls down our dearest projects, He takes from us our fondest loves, He crushes into the dust our loftiest hopes, that He may make a way for Himself to get to our hearts with life, with blessedness, and with peace. But how often do we fail to perceive this! We think that all these things, these disappointments, losses, troubles, are against us; and so we blind ourselves to the good they are designed to do us; we miss the benign and blessed issues they are meant to work out for us.

9. *Doing Good Unconsciously.*

A great deal of the good we do is done unconsciously, without any intention on our part. We are in this respect like the bees that come to our gardens in summer, seeking honey for their own behoof, and yet all the while unconsciously gathering pollen about their bodies and carrying it from blossom to blossom, and in this way really fertilising the sensitive carpels of the flowers they visit. We often go to our fellow-men with no purpose whatever of imparting to them any spiritual good; but if we carry about with us the pure and gracious influences of a Christlike character we shall, without knowing it or meaning it, become the instruments of blessing to them. By the undesigned effects of our spiritual goodness we shall impregnate their hearts with good; through contact with us they will, by-and-by, bring forth beauty and fruit.

10. *The Advantages of Early Piety.*

The young should bear in mind, not only that it is easier to become pious in early life, but also that the piety itself will have in it more of strength and stability than that which may be of later growth. There are some trees that send out in their youth a deep-descending root, and are called in consequence tap-rooted. These trees have a much firmer, stronger grip of the soil than others, and hence, in the time of storm, when others are torn out of their places by the wind and flung down upon the ground, they stand erect with comparatively little loss. If you would have in after-life a piety which shall be stable enough to withstand the fierce gusts of temptation that will come sweeping around you, then it is essential that now, in the season of youth, when growth is swift and decided, you strike deep down into the rich soil of God's truth the strong roots of a living, healthful faith.

11. *The Way in which Kindness should be Done.*

The very method of imparting a blessing is often itself a blessing. The very manner in which a kindness is shown is frequently of more value than the kindness itself. And yet how many are the instances in which we seek to give help to others and never think of the way in which our help can be most fittingly rendered! The consequence is that not unfrequently we discourage where we meant to inspirit, and wound where we meant to heal. Like Cowper's rose, the objects of our compassion and attention are worse instead of being better for our aid.

" I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay all dripping and drowned,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapped it—it fell to the ground.
 Just such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind."

12. *The Peril of Lofty Spiritual Experiences.*

Every spiritual feeling carries with it a great peril. Every sublime height indicates the possibility of a tremendous fall. Some months ago I was visiting the ruins of an English castle. I ascended to the highest point that was accessible, and there revelled in the sight of the beautiful landscape that stretched for miles around. When I came down I was told that a few weeks before a young gentleman, then on his wedding tour, while standing on the same height, became so entranced with the spectacle before him that he forgot the narrow strip of stone on which he was standing, and, by one false step, lost his balance, and fell headlong to the ground, and was taken up in an insensible and dying state. When the story was related to me I thought:—"Ah! what a lesson is there in that mournful incident for the Christian in his highest moods and his loftiest ranges of experience." How is it with you, my readers? Is your spiritual life high and bounding? Are you living on a lofty plane of spiritual prosperity and enjoyment? If so, be watchful; take heed to your ways; rely not on your supposed security; your feet are still snared with perils, and one wrong step, taken in a moment of thoughtlessness, may bring you down, and, because great is your height, great will be your fall.

B. WILKINSON, F.G.S.

Missionary Intelligence.



E greatly regret that the pressure on our space during last year precluded the possibility of our devoting even a single page to missionary work not connected with the denomination to which we belong. Our own society chronicles its history monthly in the *Herald*, which we are proud to associate with our own magazine.

Other societies are busy in various parts of the missionary field. We watch their progress with sympathetic interest, and unfeignedly rejoice in the measure of Divine blessing which is vouchsafed to them. We will endeavour this year to supply the information concerning their operations which we were last year compelled to omit—much, we are sure, to the regret of many of our readers.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have recently held their seventy-second anniversary in the city of St. Louis. The reports testified to steady prosperity. The Board has seventeen missions under its supervision. The chief of these are in Africa, Turkey, Japan, China, and India. The Zulu Mission has been reinforced, and a new work has been successfully started at Bihé. Of the work in Japan the account was most encouraging. "There has never been anything like it in the history of modern missions. No meetings are so largely attended and so full of interest as those where the new religion is discussed. In the matter of self-support and aggressive work on their own part, among students and churches, the Japanese lead all others. Of ninety young men in the Kioto Training School, eighty-one are meeting their own expenses, a thing quite without precedent in the missions of the Board." In the Turkish empire the Board has ninety-four churches, with 6,726 members, and thirty-nine seminaries, colleges, and high-schools for the Christian education of youth. We rejoice to read that 1,000 young men are enjoying the advantages of higher education, and that "the one small school for girls at Constantinople twenty years ago is represented to-day by eighteen seminaries, with nearly 700 pupils, and very many common schools in all parts of the country." During the past year, the circulation of the Scriptures in that benighted empire has been "three-fold greater than ever before." The Board has added forty missionaries to its staff, and nineteen others are "under appointment, soon to go forth."

The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for December contains a large amount of deeply-interesting information. We can only very briefly summarise the principal facts. From a valuable paper, entitled "Religious and other Statistics of Sierra Leone," where missionary work has been carried on, with varying success, for about eighty years, we learn that, according the census of last April, "the popu-

lation on the peninsula of Sierra Leone, including British Quiah, is now returned at 56,862, which, when the adjacent islands and British Sherbro are included, is raised to a total of 60,546. Of this population, the Church of England claims 18,860; the Wesleyans of all denominations, 17,098; Lady Huntingdon's connexion, 2,717; the Baptists, about 400; the Roman Catholics, 369—total 39,444. There are 5,178 Mohammedans. The remainder of the population (amounting to nearly 16,000) is pagan—about one-half of which is in Quiah and Sherbro—recently added to our British possessions, to be regarded “as missionary fields, in which the energies of the native Church should develop themselves.” In reviewing the history of the Sierra Leone Mission, the writer says: “With all its imperfections, the colony is a witness for Christ; it is a triumph over flagrant and most abominable evils. . . . There have been in it noble instances of Christian faith and practice, the more remarkable from the deplorable surroundings in which they have shone forth.” He admits that there are “shortcomings in Sierra Leone Christianity,” but asks for “a reasonable allowance for human infirmity, for the evil example of Europeans as well as pagans, for the manifold temptations from within and without assailing those who may in some sense be considered as neophytes in the midst of heathenism.” “Upon a retrospect of the past there is good hope for the future.” A new station of the Church Missionary Society has been established by the Rev. S. Trivett, near Fort Macleod, among the Blood Indians, a branch of the famous Blackfeet. The Bishop of Saskatchewan has given an interesting account of his first visit to this people, of the reception he met with, of the heathenism in which they are living, and of the prospects of the work newly undertaken. “There never was,” he says, “in the history of Indian Missions in British North America so fair an opening for winning the souls of so many thousand heathens to the Lord Jesus Christ.” The Society has now, after four or five years of over-supply of men, relatively to means, to put forth an earnest appeal for additional missionaries—some to fill vacancies, and others to enter upon new fields of labour.

The December number of the *Chronicle of the London Missionary Society* opens with a valuable paper on Educational Work in the Society's Calcutta Mission. A noble building, of which an engraving is given, was erected some years ago, in which 750 youths and young men are daily instructed in the Gospel. These pupils are not separated from their homes, into which they undoubtedly introduce not a little of the leavening influence of Christian truth. The primary objects of the institution are “the conversion of the senior students to Christ, and the raising up of a thoroughly trained native ministry. To these may be added, as indirect results, the opening of branch schools and rural missions by native missionaries trained in the institution, special services for English-speaking Hindoos in the large lecture-room, and also the advancement of female education.” The importance of these objects is seen at a glance; and the last two are certainly not less important than the others. The lecture-room services have only recently been

established, and they originated in the ascertained fact that many would attend who would be disinclined or afraid to go to a church or chapel. As to the last item, we can easily believe the statement that, "but for the progress of educational work amongst the men, female education would still be as impossible as it was twenty-five years ago." "Until recently female education has depended almost entirely on Christian teachers or Christian superintendence; but this state of things will soon alter when secular schools become more numerous." Of course, the danger is that infidelity may gain a footing amongst the women before Christianity can be brought to bear. To obviate this danger the Church must bestir itself. The London Missionary Society's work in Central Africa has to contend with painful adversities. Another of the little band of labourers there—the Rev. D. Williams, of Urambo—died on September 24th, from the effects of sun-stroke, ten months after his arrival, and less than a year and a half after his appointment to missionary work. The Rev. W. Griffith, the only missionary left at the stations on Lake Tanganyika, was, by the last account, stricken down with fever. Dr. Southon is now virtually alone in the Central African Mission. These sad events, however, are rousing the Society to renewed and still more energetic zeal on behalf of this important region. Native pastoral work is vigorously and successfully maintained in South Travancore. The massacre of twelve persons, including four native teachers, at Kalo, New Guinea, in March last, has not deterred others from entering the service. Application for successors was made to the Society Islands Institution, when all the students deemed eligible readily offered themselves. The choice was determined by lot, and the ordination took place in July, in the church at Raiatea. Mr. G. H. Macfarlane, a Rotherham College student was ordained for mission work at Vizagapatam, South India, in Eglington Church, Glasgow, on the 6th of November, and, with four others connected with the missionary staff, left for India on the 16th of the same month. Miss Ellen H. Horton, daughter of the Rev. T. G. Horton, of Bradford, was designated for mission work at Coimbatore, South India, in her father's chapel on November 21st.

Reviews.

SUNDAY MUSINGS. Illustrated. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

THIS handsome volume is one of the most appropriate gift-books of the season, and will prove not less useful than acceptable to those who are fortunate enough to secure it. It contains a large and varied selection of readings—didactic, devotional, and consolatory—in poetry and in prose from the best

English writers, whose names, however, ought to have been appended to their pieces. The selections have been skilfully and judiciously made, and admirably illustrate the great doctrines of Scripture, as well as its more prominent incidents. They are full of wise and sympathetic counsel in relation to our duties in the various relationships of life, and suggest the true answer to

our deepest needs. Well known events of Church history are graphically described, while here and there we come across short stories in which our young folks will heartily delight. For family reading no book of higher worth has ever been published, and, in view of its combination of excellences, we know of none equal to it. There is not a dull page in it. From first to last it is bright and genial, and will tend to make our homes pure, peaceful, and happy. The illustrations, many of them full-page, are specially fine. A number of them are after pictures from the great masters. They are fully as varied as the readings, and comprise Biblical incidents both in the Old and New Testaments, Oriental manners and customs, memorable historical scenes, aspects of nature, and symbolic representations of spiritual life. The volume is sure to become a favourite for general and family reading. The study of its illustrations will be no mean education in art, while its words of truth and wisdom will give invaluable aid in matters of more transcendent importance.

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 THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., &c. Popular Edition. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

THE publishers have conferred an immense boon on thousands of English readers by the issue of this cheap edition of the most popular book of our age. No contemporary work of any kind has had so marvellous a circulation as Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ." Its success is altogether unique, and the demand for it has in no degree abated. The present edition contains the text complete, and omits simply the notes and appendices, which are of great value to the scholar,

but of little interest to the majority of readers. The work is now brought within general reach, and ought certainly to secure a place in every household in the land. Sunday-school teachers and elder scholars will rejoice in the enterprise of the publishers, who have thus rendered it possible for them to make this really great and brilliant work their own.

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 PSALMS AND HYMNS, with Supplement, for Public, Social, and Private Worship; prepared for the use of the Baptist Denomination. London: J. Haddon & Co., 3, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

WE have just received a superbly printed, bound, and ornamented copy of this admirable collection of hymns. It is truly "a thing of beauty." The collection is worthy of the form and style in which it is thus issued. It is perfectly convenient and safe for ordinary use, and yet it would grace the most elegant drawing-room table in the land. We take this opportunity of expressing the hope that our denomination will be true to the interests of this excellent publication. It has had, and still continues to have, a large sale. It is adequate in every respect to the requirements of any Baptist congregation. It is not a private speculation for money-making purposes. On the contrary, its entire profits, as our readers know, are distributed amongst the needy widows of deceased Baptist ministers and missionaries, and a very large sum has been already thus appropriated, some £300 of which has been given to the widows of ministers connected with the "General Baptist" section of the body. We make these remarks because we have reason to believe that efforts are not wanting to

supplant "Psalms and Hymns" in quarters where that collection would most naturally be used. This is to us a matter of sincere regret, and we take the liberty of urging our friends to be on their guard against it.

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THE BAPTIST VISITOR: a Monthly Magazine for Church and Home. London: Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle Street and Cursitor Street.

WE have before us the January number of this publication, and are glad to see it not only enlarged, but improved in various respects. It is openly denominational, and should be the more welcome to Baptists on that account. It is exceedingly cheap—costing only one halfpenny per month. The number contains excellent articles by the Rev. S. H. Booth, H. Kitching, Dr. MacLaren, Dr. Culross, and J. H. Cooke, a hymn by Mr. Spurgeon, and a good tune set to words by Mr. Cooke. The remainder of the space is filled up by telling anecdotes and pithy extracts. It can be easily "localised" at a very moderate cost, and in such a way as to secure a liberal local profit, which might be applied to Church or Sunday School purposes.

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THE NEWER CRITICISM AND THE ANALOGY OF FAITH: a Reply to Lectures by W. Robertson Smith, M.A., on the Old Testament in the Jewish Church. By Robert Watts, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

MR. ROBERTSON SMITH has gained what we cannot but regard as an undeniable notoriety by his very free critical handling of the Old Testament, and by the penalty which has been visited upon him for the liberties he has taken with Sacred Books at the hands

of the Ecclesiastical authorities under whom he had to serve. It is no part of our duty here to discuss the treatment to which he has been subjected. The Presbyterian Churches of Scotland allow but little scope for free and independent thought amongst their ministers. Whether the restrictions they impose are likely to keep down error, and to conserve truth, may, perhaps, be doubtful. At any rate, most of the free Churches on this side the border manage to remain tolerably orthodox without them. Apart, however, from this question, it is clear that when powerful religious thinkers, who add to their intellectual capacity high scholarship and large research, diverge from the lines which are considered to lead to right and safe conclusions, the thing most needful to be done is to point out the mistakes into which they have been betrayed, and the corrections of which those mistakes are susceptible. Mr. Robertson Smith has a formidable opponent in Dr. Watts, who is the Professor of Systematic Theology in the General Assembly's College, Belfast. The work before us is a formal reply to the Lectures on Biblical Criticism recently delivered by Mr. Smith, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, before large audiences, the aim of which was to "give to the Scottish public an opportunity of understanding the position of the newer criticism in order that they might not condemn it unheard." As Dr. Watts puts it, "the delivery of these lectures was simply an appeal from the decision of the Free Church Commission in the previous October, suspending the author 'from the ordinary work of his chair in Aberdeen,' to the general tribunal of 'the Scottish public.'" Mr. Smith's method of dealing with Old Testament history has

not been allowed to pass unchallenged. Answers to his sometimes subtle, but oftentimes extremely rash, reasoning have cropped up here and there; but we have nowhere met with so complete and exhaustive a reply as that which Dr. Watts' admirable volume contains. We do not pretend to be familiar with all the details of the matters in dispute; but, so far as we have looked at them and apprehended them, we unhesitatingly reject the destructive criticism which Dr. Watts has so vigorously attacked, and accept the older and sounder belief which he has so ably defended.

THE CHRISTIAN WIFE AND MISTRESS.

The Thirty-first Chapter of Proverbs applied to Modern Times. By Mrs. Stevenson. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

GOOD use is made of the words of the wise man in relation to the subject. The book is a little one, but, probably, the more likely on that account to make its way amongst those for whom it is intended. Girls contemplating marriage, and newly-married women, might be the better fitted for the pleasures, trials, and responsibilities awaiting them by giving to it a thoughtful and prayerful perusal.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAYING OF THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE SHORTWOOD CHAPEL, NAILSWORTH, AND OF THE CLOSING SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL NOW REMOVED; containing an Address by E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D., and Two Sermons by the Pastor, James Cave. London: Yates Alexander & Shephard.

THIS interesting little publication is the fitting memorial of an event which is sufficiently indicated on the title-page. The members of the church and

congregation at Shortwood Chapel, together with all other Christian people living in its vicinity, will naturally prize it; but Baptists in other parts of the kingdom would read it with pleasure, inasmuch as the Church at Shortwood has a worthy history. Mr. Cave's Sermons are not only intrinsically good, but perfectly appropriate to the occasion, whilst Dr. Underhill's reminiscences are intensely interesting.

LE NOUVEAU TESTAMENT DE NOTRE SEIGNEUR JESUS CHRIST. Traduction Nouvelle d'après le Texte Grec par Louis Segond, Docteur en Théologie. Elliot Stock.

A NEW French version of the New Testament, which has the merit of general fidelity. Indeed, we incline to the opinion that strength and clearness have sometimes been sacrificed by the translator to a too strict, and consequently, in some measure, a misleading, literalness.

LE VOYAGE DU CHRÉTIEN VERS L'ÉTERNITÉ BIENHEUREUSE. Par J. Bunyan. Elliot Stock.

WE hope that the immortal allegory of the immortal dreamer may become as popular in France as it has long been in England, though probably it is scarcely possible for this hope to be realized. Bunyan's idiomatic English cannot be adequately translated into French. Perhaps the work has been done in the version before us as well as it can be done; but the book loses very much of its characteristic power by being transferred to a language which is incapable of adequately representing it. Many of the titles to the illustrations are given in bad French. Nevertheless, the version deserves confidence,

and we wish for it a large circulation and rich spiritual results.

A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER FOR A NIGHT, and Other Stories. By Robert Richardson, B.A., Author of "The Young Cragman," "Phil's Champion," &c.

A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN GIRL; or, The Babes in the Bush; and JIM, a Little Nigger. By Robert Richardson, B.A.

THE TWO BROTHERS. By Robert Richardson.

THE BEST OF CHUMS, and Other Stories. By Robert Richardson, B.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

FOUR pretty little story-books, which our young people are sure to read with interest and profit. There are three stories in the first volume, two in the second, one in the third, and six in the fourth, and they are thrillingly illustrative of youthful courage combined and sweetened with the highest nobleness of disposition. The "Lighthouse Keeper," the "Best of Chums," and "Going for a Doctor," are reprints from *Little Folks*. Mr. Richardson needs no introduction to our readers. We will only say, therefore, that he has given his twelve stories in these four little volumes in the graphic style which is usual with him, and that they are all full of healthy feeling.

THE LITTLE GLEANER: a Monthly Magazine for the Young. London: Houlston & Sons, 7, Paternoster Buildings.

THE completed volume for 1881 shows that this very excellent serial maintains all the fine features for which it is well known. Biblical exposition, anecdote, natural history, biography,

descriptions of scenery, poetry, exhortations to virtue and piety—these form the principal contents of the volume, and they are made abundantly attractive to child-readers by a simple and graceful style, and by numerous illustrations.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME. 1881. Religious Tract Society.

THE LEISURE HOUR. 1881. Religious Tract Society.

THESE two publications have long been independent of any words of praise from reviewers. They merit, and have gained, and will no doubt continue to hold, a first position in this age of innumerable periodicals. They can be implicitly trusted for the Scripturalness of their religious teaching, for the purity and loftiness of their moral tone, and for the wholesomeness of their influence. The rich and the poor, the old and the young, the strong and the weak, the healthy and the afflicted, the happy and the sorrowful, the learned and the unlearned, may turn to such pages as these with expectant interest: they will not be disappointed. The first of the two volumes before us contains 844 pages, the second 764. They are beautifully printed, largely illustrated, and brilliantly bound. Many of the pictures are exceedingly beautiful. Towards the end of the volume of "The Sunday at Home" we have a finely-executed portrait, and a short memoir, of the late Dr. Samuel Manning, whose contributions to literature, and especially to that of the Religious Tract Society, and whose services to the cause of our common Christianity make his loss a sorrow and his memory a pride, not only to the Baptist denomination to which he belonged, but to the church of Christ at large.

THE TEACHING OF THE BIBLE Respecting the Way of Obtaining Eternal Life. By Rev. John Venn, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.

MR. VENN is an able controversialist, and shows a thorough mastery of his subject. He has exposed a weak point in the current interpretation of the Evangelical creed. Faith is too often regarded as a substitute for, and an enemy to, works, and the precept "only believe" has been grossly misapplied. Mr. Venn has refuted this and related errors in a very trenchant and conclusive style, and thrown out many invaluable suggestions in the opposite direction. Though we cannot assent to all his positions and arguments, we recognise in the treatise the work of a profound, scholarly, and reverent mind, bent on knowing at all costs the will of God. No thoughtful reader can peruse the book without great advantage.

THE MINISTER'S POCKET DIARY AND CLERICAL VADE MECUM. 1892. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS invaluable "diary" is again reproduced with all the necessary adaptations to the year now opening. It contains valuable postal, Government, and ecclesiastical information, calendar, Scripture lessons, Burial Laws, lists of missionary and other societies, Scripture texts for the visitation of the sick, with well arranged spaces for entries of all kinds. Every minister in the kingdom should possess it.

OUR LITTLE ONES. Vol. II.; No. 1. November. London: Griffith & Farran, West Corner, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THIS first number of a new volume of "Our Little Ones" is as fascinating as we can imagine anything in the shape

of a book for little children to be. The printing is bright and clear; the illustrations are full of life and meaning; and the stories in prose and poetry are at once short and such as a little child is sure to like to read. "It is the aim of the editor to present reading matter which shall be simple and pleasing, free from slang, sensational incidents, or sectarian bias—bright, lively, and funny, but never flippant, low, or vulgar." This aim is realised, and we are glad to learn that "the popularity" of this beautiful serial "has increased with each succeeding number."

THE YOUNG CROSSING-SWEEPERS: a Tale of Orphan Life. By Mrs. Olding. Elliot Stock.

A SECOND edition of a touching little story, which has already been highly recommended in this Magazine.

THE SOWER. Vol. III. New Series. 1881. London: Houlston & Sons, 7, Paternoster Buildings.

"THE SOWER" is a very well-conducted periodical, designed to deepen the spirit of Evangelical piety in its readers, and to stimulate them to activity and fidelity in the service of their Divine Master. Its theology and spiritual tone are of the old-fashioned type, and may be sufficiently designated by the term "Calvinistic." There is much reading in it which the devout will relish.

THE CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST: with Original Illustrations. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

SINCE we last noticed this charming version of the story of our Lord's life, two additional parts—the 13th and 14th—have been issued. We gladly repeat and emphasise our commendation.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

The Lord Justice Lush.



N the paper called "*Life*," Mr. Charles Reade, the famous novelist, gives, under the title of "Perseverance," a sketch of the life of the late Lord Justice Lush, describing, in his own graphic style, how a widow woman and a chubby faced boy appeared at the office of Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, to ascertain if he had a vacancy in his office into which the boy could be received; how the humblest situation, the only one then open, was accepted, the boy being so eager to find occupation connected with the law that he did not care how humble it was; how the boy did his work so well that he soon rose to be head clerk to his employer; how a London attorney, Mr. Bishop by name, who was Mr. Chitty's agent in London, becoming in this way acquainted with the head clerk's efficiency, begged to have him transferred to his office; and how, on Mr. Chitty consenting not to stand in the clerk's way, and the proposal being mentioned to the latter, he readily accepted, saying frankly, "Sir, it is the ambition of my heart to go to London;" how from that situation he was called to the Bar, and rapidly rose to the eminence to which he ultimately attained.

We doubt not that Mr. Reade is right as to his main facts, but in two things he is mistaken; the boy was not quite so young as he says, and his mother was certainly not a widow, for his father before

his death was permitted to see his son pretty far advanced in the profession in which he became so distinguished.

His removal to London led to some very important results, not only in a legal, but in a social and religious point of view.

As a young man he was led through early influences and associations to adopt Unitarian principles, and it was after he came to reside in London that he embraced what we believe to be sounder views of truth. The woman who did laundress work for the house in which he lodged was a member of the church in Westminster of which the Rev. Christopher Woollacott was pastor. Through her influence and persuasion he was induced to hear Mr. Woollacott preach. The sermon differed widely in doctrine from anything he had been accustomed to hear, and from the sentiments he had imbibed. It was, as those who knew the preacher will readily understand, thoroughly and intensely Evangelical. The Gospel truth which it contained was by the Divine Spirit made conducive to Mr. Lush's spiritual enlightenment, and from that hour, we believe, a new direction was given to his life. If he did not then experience what "with infinite joy he would have called his conversion," the impressions were then produced which, gradually deepening, issued in his thorough conversion to God. After a short time he was baptized and received into the church, and remained connected with it until Mr. Woollacott resigned, after which he removed with him to the church in Little Wild Street.

This attendance on Mr. Woollacott's ministry led to an acquaintance with the pastor's eldest daughter, then an amiable and sprightly girl in her teens, of kind heart, bright intelligence, and attractive manner. Among several suitors he had the happiness to be preferred, and in due time gained her hand as well as her heart. Her influence was most helpful to him in the struggles of his early life. She took an intelligent interest in his preparatory studies; helped, we believe, in the correction of the proofs of his Book on common law, which first brought him into notice; and by her cheerful, buoyant spirit greatly encouraged him in his work. Not only at the beginning, but up to the close of their married life she proved a true helpmeet to him. On all important matters relating to himself he made her his confidant, and in little things also he leaned upon and was influenced by her to an extent which is rare even among couples who are most happily united and suited to each other. Her death in March last, after a union of forty years, was a shock to his sensitive nature from which

he never rallied, and, though he cannot be said to have been prematurely removed, it soon became evident, to those who saw him from time to time, that her decease was hastening his own.

Mr. Reade, in the sketch to which we have referred, tells how, on the day of their marriage, the father of the bride took them aside and said, "I have only £200 in the world; I have saved it a little at a time for my two daughters. There is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter £100, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folk call breakfast, but they called dinner.

"After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose, and surprised them a little. He said, 'I am very sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to; it will take me just one hour.'

"Of course there was a look or two interchanged, especially by every female there present; but the confidence in him was too great to be disturbed, and this was his first eccentricity.

"He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the Bar, paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

"Next day the married clerk was at the office as usual, and entered on a two-fold life. He worked as a clerk till five, dined in the Hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister, and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience; he became a writer, and produced a masterpiece, which, as regarded the practice of our courts, became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel, and judges.

"The author, though his book was entitled 'Practice,' showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly but firmly unscientific literature and judicial blunders.

"So here was a student of Gray's Inn, supposed to be picking up in that Inn a small smattering of law, yet to diversify his erudite studies instructing mature counsel, and correcting the judges themselves, at whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk. There's an intellectual hotch potch for you! All this did not in his Inn qualify him for being a barrister; but years and dinners did. After some weary years he took the oaths at Westminster, and vacated by that act his place in Bishop's office, and was a pauper—for an afternoon."

Mr. Reade is mistaken as to the number of the minister's daughters—there were four daughters and two sons then living. But he is probably right as to the amount of the bride's dowry, and the use that was made of it; certainly right as to the position which Mr. Lush then occupied, and the account of the rapid success which awaited him as reported farther on. "The ex-clerk and young barrister had ploughed and sowed with such pains and labour that he reaped

with comparative ease. Half the managing clerks in London knew him, and believed in him. They had the ear of their employers, and brought him pleadings to draw and motions to make. His book too brought him clients, and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader. Senior counsel too found that they could rely upon his zeal, accuracy, and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the bar; and so much for perseverance."

This explanation of the secret of his success agrees with what Dr. Landels had previously said in his funeral sermon, in reply to those who attributed his early success to his Nonconformist connections. "Even if this view were correct," Dr. Landels says, "it would still imply some connection between his fidelity and his success. I question, however, its accuracy. Certainly, in all my conversations with him, I never heard him refer to it, and among the early clients whom I have heard him speak of I cannot remember that there were many whose religious convictions accorded with his own. It was the thorough manner in which he qualified himself for his work, and his own personal qualities, rather than his ecclesiastical connections, to which he owed his success. When I first became acquainted with him he habitually worked harder than any man I had ever known; and I know of no one whom I would have more readily held up to young men as an example of what, by Divine help, hard work may achieve. It was a part of his religion to do whatsoever he did well, and the thoroughness with which his work was done was not merely owing to his natural disposition, but to his acting ever, even in secular things, as in his great Taskmaster's eye."

For some time after his marriage, his residence was in the neighbourhood of John Street, Bedford Row. At that time he was a frequent hearer on week-nights of the Rev. John Harrington Evans, whose richly Evangelical ministry he greatly enjoyed. Often have we heard him quote the good man's sayings, and describe his manner, with a pleasure which showed how much they had impressed him; and, indeed, up to the close of his life his character bore traces of the effect which Mr. Evans' preaching had produced.

About the year 1852 he purchased the residence in Avenue Road in which he dwelt for the remainder of his life. At first he took sittings for himself and family in the Congregational chapel, Portland Town, of which the Rev. S. Wilkins was minister. Here they attended,

not always, as has been stated, except on the first Sunday in the month, but once a Sabbath, Little Wild Street being too far distant to admit of their attending there twice. When Regent's Park Chapel was opened in 1854, he immediately took sittings there, and, along with his wife, took a warm interest in the various operations connected with the place, although they did not join the church nor attend more than once regularly on Sunday until Mr. Woollacott finally closed his ministry. Their membership was then transferred to Regent's Park, and, not long after, he was elected an elder of the church, and filled the office up to the time of his death.

In his funeral sermon, Dr. Landels has borne grateful testimony to the regularity of his attendance on the public ministrations of the sanctuary; the devoutness of his demeanour; the candour with which he heard; his readiness to profit by anything that could minister to profit; and the liberality with which he supported the various institutions of the church. At one time he brought with him another judge, with whom he had been associated on circuit—the late Baron Pigott—who continued to be a regular hearer up to the close of his life. And right pleasant it was to see the two, sometimes with a third judge between them, and a police magistrate not far off, all devoutly listening to the preaching of the Word in a Nonconformist place of worship.

Of his liberality many notable proofs were given; but one of its most useful expressions was the erection of the Mission Hall in Charles Street, a little way from the chapel, which was built entirely at his expense; and not the least important branch of the work done was carried on chiefly by the energy and liberality of Lady Lush. It has already been stated in our pages how generously he supported her in this work, and what sacrifices he was ready to make on its behalf. Especially did he show his interest in it at the great annual gatherings of the mothers and fathers, members of the classes held there, when in winter they were invited to a sumptuous tea in the school-room of the chapel, and in summer to dinner and tea in the grounds adjoining his house. Often we have heard him say that no party of the year afforded him such pleasure as these. And we can well understand it; for the happy smiles that lighted up their countenances when he came near them, and the greetings he received when he rose to speak, showed how gratefully his kindness was appreciated, and what a hold he had on their hearts. He obeyed in those gatherings the

exhortation of Scripture, and realised the truth of the promise: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed."

His liberality, although most concentrated on the institutions connected with Regent's Park, was not confined to them. Applications came to him from all parts of the country. People, forgetting, or not knowing, that his elevation to the bench, although it brought an increase of dignity and expenditure, involved a very considerable diminution of income, sought his help in all sorts of cases; and, wherever he found a case which fairly needed and deserved help, he was always ready to respond—sometimes, perhaps, to an extent which, in the estimation of many, his means did not justify; and nothing, we believe, pained him more than to feel himself compelled to refuse. Many of the towns which he visited on circuit, especially where there were poor and struggling churches, received tokens of his generosity. It was his habit to find out in every town the church connected with his own denomination, which very often happened to be among the smallest and poorest in the place. But, however insignificant it might be, however obscure and mean its place of meeting—perhaps all the more on that account—he thought it his duty to attend there; and many a minister to-day bears testimony to the cheering effect of his kind words and pecuniary help. On the occasion of these circuit visits many lasting friendships were formed with our ministers, who were always made welcome to his residence on their visit to London, and not a few of whom we have had the pleasure of meeting at his hospitable table.

Nor was his help confined to our own denomination. Being as catholic in spirit as he was faithful to principle, he was ready, so far as his means allowed, to further any good work. Various objects, catholic as well as denominational, have received helpful stimulus from meetings held in his drawing-room, and his purse as well as his house was always open to their claims. "He had been for years," says a writer in the *Baptist*, "a vice-president of the Evangelical Alliance, and was accustomed to preside at the first of its meetings during the annual 'Week of Prayer,' an office which he was to have filled next week again had he been spared in health and strength. A year or two ago he was President of the Sunday School Union, and took a cordial interest in its work; and it is not two years since he presided at the annual meeting of the Orphan Working School, whose funds were so

increased by his efforts and advocacy, seconded and supported by those of Lady Lush, as to render that one of its most prosperous years. As an illustration both of his catholicity and fidelity to principle, we may mention that we once had the pleasure of meeting at his table, along with a Baptist minister, a legal gentleman who had then declined, and has since accepted, the highest office in the State, and a distinguished clergyman who had just before declined a bishopric in England; and that, in presence of these dignitaries, the Baptist minister, in a manner which showed respect for him, without, however, giving offence, was requested to "say grace." This little incident would hardly be worth mentioning were it not characteristic, and in keeping with many other acts in which his own views were respectfully but firmly maintained without any violation of the respect due to others, and without lessening in any degree, but rather enhancing, the affectionate regard cherished for him by those who differed most widely from his peculiar religious beliefs."

(To be continued.)

Glimpses of Scotland.

II.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.



DOUBT many of the readers of our MAGAZINE have seen Edinburgh. But more, perhaps, have not; and though in the previous paper my impressions of it when viewed from Calton Hill, on a splendid moonlight night, were described, something more respecting it will be expected by those who have not enjoyed that advantage.

Without question, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Its situation is pre-eminently romantic, standing on a collection of hills, rising gradually from the shores of the Forth, some of them attaining a considerable height above the level of the sea. The central elevation has been compared to a wedge lying flat on the ground, terminating in a precipitous mass of rock, not unlike the site of Windsor Palace. On this stands the Castle, the nucleus of the city, an object which powerfully arrests the attention of the observer. On the east are the abrupt and rocky elevations of Arthur's Seat, Salis-

bury Crag, and Calton Hill. On the south are the Braid and Pentland Hills; and, on the west, the lofty hill of Corstorphine. Salisbury Crag is a range of naked, perpendicular cliffs, which rise like a mural crown from the summit of the hill, and have a singularly weird and romantic appearance, the effect of which is greatly heightened by contrast with the splendid city over which they tower so majestically. The valley to the north of the ridge, formerly filled by a small lake of almost stagnant water, the receptacle of the sewage of that part of the city, and generally most offensive, has, in recent years, been drained, and beautifully laid out in public gardens, an ornament greatly contributing to the beauty of Princes Street, one of the finest parts of Edinburgh.

The architecture of the city is exceedingly varied, and is alike picturesque and striking. Nowhere else can one see such a perfect blending of the ancient with the modern. The Hospitals for the education of the children of decayed tradesmen, farmers, and merchants—the chief of which are Heriot's (the wealthy goldsmith celebrated in Scott's beautiful romance of "The Fortunes of Nigel"), Donaldson's, and Gillespie's—all splendid institutions. The numerous churches, and the lately erected elegant Episcopal cathedral, and the halls and public buildings of the various Presbyterian denominations—the beautiful terraces which crown the heights on every side—the banks, insurance offices, and public seminaries—the University, and the fine buildings of the vast Hospital connected with the medical school—old Holyrood Palace, with its most eventful and painful history, now put into such repair as to be a suitable resting-place for our beloved Queen when visiting Scotland—the numerous monuments erected to the memory of deceased monarchs and illustrious public men, especially the exquisite one to Sir Walter Scott, designed by Mr. G. M. Kemp, a man in humble life, who, unhappily, died before it was finished—the elegant bridges connecting the old town with the new—the numerous splendid streets and squares—with extensive suburbs of great beauty and loveliness—combine to invest Edinburgh with a character and a charm peculiarly its own.

Being the capital of Scotland, and the seat of Judicature—with a University of high renown, and the residence of the country gentry during winter—with museums, libraries, and various distinguished literary societies—filled with men eminent for their attainments in law, science, and theology—having a population, for the most part,

intelligent and cultivated, who value persons more for their character and abilities than for their wealth, its society must be very attractive. Disfigured by no huge factories pouring out incessant volumes of smoke, darkening the atmosphere, and defiling the buildings and monuments, Edinburgh, though by no means destitute of bustle and life, but as unlike the bustle and life of London as possible, imparts a delightful feeling of leisure and repose.

Like many other large and beautiful cities, Edinburgh has its painful contrasts. Standing on one of the bridges which connect the Old Town with the New, you look down on Cowgate, Canongate, and the Grass Market, with their tall, commodious houses, once occupied by the aristocracy, but now by the artisan and the poor, among whom are many Irish. Signs of intemperance, and its invariable accompaniments, poverty and vice, are very apparent. To this spot Dr. Chalmers brought Dr. Guthrie when he left Arbilot, and, in the fulness of his large, loving heart, exclaimed, "What a promising field for mission work!" Dr. Guthrie entered upon it with intense ardour and zeal, and his efforts to promote temperance, and the opening of Ragged Schools for neglected and forsaken children, excited universal interest, and invested his name with an imperishable renown.

But leaving this tempting topic, I must confine myself to very brief notices of some of the distinguished men with whom, from time to time, I had intercourse more or less intimate—and first, the late Rev. Christopher Anderson. I was struck with the very handsome appearance of his residence, and of all the neighbouring houses; but I knew nothing then of the mysteries of *flats*, which, whatever difference of opinion may exist regarding them, certainly admit of a *style* of architecture far superior—reckoning the comparative cost—to that of our "self-contained houses." Reaching the door I was fairly puzzled by the number of bell-handles on each side of it; but seeing his name on a small brass plate, I rang the bell and the door flew open at once. No one appearing, I looked behind it, expecting to see some attendant, but looked in vain. Accordingly I ascended the common stair to the first floor, where a servant was waiting, by whom I was ushered into a handsome suite of apartments, and found Mr. Anderson in his large and well-furnished library.

Those who remember him will recall his gentleman-like appearance and courteous manners. I was informed that he was at one time among the most attractive preachers in Edinburgh, and the Lord's-day

evening service at Charlotte Street was attended by the *élite* of the city. He took a deep interest in our Irish Mission, to which he was a generous contributor. His little work, "The Ancient Irish," is valuable and interesting even now; and his "Annals of the English Bible" gave him a high position in that department of Biblical literature. He held some peculiar views on the constitution of a Christian church—maintaining that it was a family, and the pastor was to be regarded as its father. His rule was a mild form of despotism; but, though mild, it was, nevertheless, absolute. He fully believed that this system was the only one to secure permanent peace. Both he and it were, however, sorely tried in his latter days. No one who knew Mr. Anderson can think of him but with profound respect; and all my subsequent intercourse deepened my first impressions of his mental superiority and high moral excellence.

Scarcely a day had passed before I met my late honoured and revered friend, the Rev. Jonathan Watson. He must have been known to some of our readers, and they, and those who did not know him, can form a just estimate of his character and worth from the testimony borne to him, after his death by his ministerial brethren and the public press. Of an active, penetrating intellect, aided by untiring industry, his capability for work exceeded that of most men. Spare in form, and sharp and keen in feature, of a frank and open temper, strong affections, and deep sympathies, resolute in asserting his convictions, indefatigable in the discharge of duty, orthodox to the core without narrowness, ever ready to unite with fellow Christians of every section of the Church to extend the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad—he was a power, first as pastor in Cupar, where he carried on business as a chemist, and then in Edinburgh, where his consistent, blameless life and high character commanded universal respect. The late Mr. Gurney and other friends in London were anxious for his appointment as second secretary to our Mission. But when Mr. Watson, on coming to London, saw what the nature of the work was, he felt that it was one for which he was not adapted, and the project fell to the ground. Often his guest, I saw much of his private family life, and knew something of his sorrows as well as of his joys. His latter days were passed in harmony with the sentiments expressed in his book, "Preparing for Home," and in the state of mind so exquisitely described in the language of the Patriarch, "*All the days of my*

appointed time will I wait, until my change come." Thus terminated, in perfect peace, a public career unusually prolonged, which was, amidst all its vicissitudes and trials, bright with honour and usefulness. His memory will not soon die.

What a contrast was presented by his colleague, the late Dr. Innes! Calm, placid, gentle, with quiet, graceful manners and a countenance beaming with benignity, he seemed the embodiment of goodness. It is very remarkable how well persons, who are contrasts to each other, get on, both in domestic and public life. This was eminently the case with Dr. Innes and Mr. Watson. Their diverse qualities assisted and balanced each other, and rendered their united pastorate harmonious and happy. When first I knew them they were working together in Edinburgh in an inconvenient kirk, in an obscure situation. The erection of the handsome edifice in Dublin Street was a worthy outcome of their ministry.

Dr. Innes was greatly beloved as a pastor and a friend. During the latter part of his life especially, he was an incessant and successful distributor of tracts, "on the decks of steam-boats, in stage-coaches and railway trains, which even the indifferent and the hostile could not refuse to accept from the hands of one whose very look and voice conquered opposition." He would offer them, not only to the poor, but to persons of culture and position. If any sign of displeasure appeared, he would quietly remark, "I have been doing this work for years, and do you know I have never yet had an angry word addressed to me." Who *could* be angry after that? In carrying on this work Dr. Innes displayed great prudence and skill—qualities far more needed by those who engage in it than is generally supposed. But his urbanity and politeness disarmed hostility. He had passed to his rest before my acquaintance with Edinburgh was so intimate as it subsequently became. I remember him, however, with great distinctness. Once seen and known, he could not be forgotten. He glided about Edinburgh with soft and noiseless steps, but with indefatigable diligence in the prosecution of his work. Men who are gentle and retiring in temperament and habit do not attract much public attention. Yet few pastors of churches were better known, and few were more often seen in the streets and lanes of the city than was Dr. Innes. He must have been a most happy man if one might judge from his countenance, which was always radiant with a sunny

gladness. I recall his memory with feelings of profound respect. There was in his character such a blending of unfaltering adherence to his convictions with the utmost Christian charity, that he appeared to me strikingly to resemble the ideal one is apt to form of the Apostle John.

Subsequent visits gave me the privilege of an acquaintance with Dr. John Brown, who then lived in Gayton Square. A more striking person I never saw. His fine manly form, his dark piercing eyes, and snowy white hair, his singularly handsome countenance, ruddy with health and beaming with intelligence, his stately bearing yet courteous manners, so impressed me that it was some little time after I had entered his study ere I could make known to him the object of my visit, which was to solicit the use of his church, and a collection, on behalf of our Irish Mission. The request was promptly and kindly granted. The attendance at the service was large; but the collection, being taken at the doors, *before* I had any opportunity of giving information, bore no proportion to the numbers present. Had they previously known more about our operations, the result would undoubtedly have been different. But when it was proposed to deduct from the collection the incidental expenses, I intimated that I must have all or none.

“Weel, then, as the whole is nae muckle, and ye will nae tak less, we maun gie ye the whole,” which only amounted to forty shillings!

The pleasant interview with Dr. Brown, and the friendly talk we had together, distinguished on his side by vigorous, sparkling intelligence and manly, cordial frankness, not only made amends for any disappointment I felt in regard to the smallness of the collection, but left a reminiscence whose bright and variegated hues have not yet faded away.

THE GRATEFUL CONSCIOUSNESS OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

WHEN one looks back, one seems ready to acknowledge one's life to have been *one failure*. Yet I do not acknowledge the truth of it, for there are attainments gained, there is progress made. By the grace of God, the world *can* be overcome, Satan *can* be resisted. Yes! there are conquests achieved, there are trophies gained; and it is not the deepest humility when these are denied.

J. HARRINGTON EVANS.

Home Relations.*

BY DR. C. J. VAUGHAN, DEAN OF LLANDAFF.

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—EPH. iii. 15.



HERE can be no doubt that the right rendering is "*every* family." And there is a further point unavoidably lost in the word "family" itself. St. Paul says, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom every fatherhood, in heaven and upon earth, is named"—*i.e.*, derives that name of "fatherhood." The force of the saying lies in the *pater* and the *patria*. Every human family is such by virtue of a Divine Father. Every little section of the great society which is the sum total of rational, moral, and spiritual being is combined and cemented into its separate unity by the fact that it has a Father in heaven, the Spring and Source of all being, and the Designer and Founder of each single knot and group of being.

* * * * *

Our subject is the brief compound, "Home Relations." One passing word may be given to the question, "What is home?" St. Paul tells us that it is a Society which has God for its founder; and we have only to add to this that it is a Society of which each individual father is the human centre. The parental presence is the home. Place is no part of it. We may speak of the home of our childhood, or of our youth; and may mean by this the particular house in which days full of delightful memories were spent, and from which to have been uprooted by circumstances adverse or prosperous was a trouble and a sorrow never to be compensated. But, after all, the home itself moves with the parents, and the essence of it is still, amidst all change, the parental presence.

Now, the home, thus defined, may be of various, even of opposite, characters. There are good homes and bad homes—homes of beautiful example, of tender affection, and of entirely beneficent influence; and

* The substance of a sermon preached to the Undergraduates of the University of Oxford on Sunday, October 27, 1881.

homes of mere self-indulgence, teaching no better lesson than that of the utter unsatisfactoriness of a life lived to itself—homes of pitiable discord, where the best hope of the best of sons is that he may be the gentle and persuasive mediator, determined to veil what he cannot honour, and to do his difficult duty alike and equally towards two incongruous characters whose one chance of harmony lies in him. Home does not cease to be home because its characteristics are not home-like; and it has its relations still, even where pain and grief are the sum of them.

The question has suggested itself whether Christianity, whether Christ Himself, makes much of home duties—whether the new relationship of redemption and grace has not superseded, or thrown into the background, the old tie of the human sonship. It cannot be denied that the new duty of testifying and witnessing has been made to justify, and even to sanctify, the uttermost disregard of parental requests, wishes, and feelings. Nor can it be denied that a few strong expressions fell from our Lord's lips, which, standing alone, and taken literally, might seem almost to abolish the natural for the spiritual relationship. "If any man come after Me, and hate not his father and mother, . . . he cannot be My disciple." Of course, a better instructed interpreter sees in such expressions nothing more than a strong utterance of the principle that, in comparison with duty to Christ, every other relationship must stand aside. And we have no need to interpret for Him what He has so emphatically interpreted for Himself in three ways. First, His own example of filial duty. "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them"—continuing, till the age of thirty years, the humble dweller in a village and cottage home, without one assertion of Divine claim or mission as making Him independent of the commonest home relations. Secondly, His keen and indignant reproof of those who would withhold from father or mother one single thing which might be for profit or comfort to them, on the plea that it was "Corban"—*i.e.*, a consecrated offering. Thirdly, and, to my mind, far above all, His taking the earth by relationship of father and son as the one sufficient type of the superhuman relationship of man to his God—always speaking of God Himself under that title, and making this the address of all the prayers of His people, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven." With such expressions of His mind and will, we need scarcely carry on the inquiry into the writings of

His apostles, or wait for their strong and repeated enunciation of the everlasting stringency of the fifth commandment of the Decalogue, "Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise."

We can scarcely forget how Divine Inspiration has made the condition of our Home Relations the test of a standing or falling national virtue. The Old Testament closes, the New Testament opens, with that definition of the Elijah mission as the reprovcr and restorer of all things, "He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." "He shall go before Him, in the strength and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." The very substitution of the clause, "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just," for the original of Malachi, "and the hearts of the children to their fathers," seems suggestive at least of the connection between filial estrangement and general ungodliness—between a heart undutiful and a heart irreverent—a son alienated from his father and a man alienated from his God.

. . . Most certain it is, that the state of the homes is the state of the population. If you would know what society is, you must examine the family. The terrible thing is when you find in the lower classes of the national life an early abandonment of the home, or a stay within it on the footing of an absolute and avowed independence. In many of our great towns; the daughter, as well as the son, is a lodger; the contribution, which is her bounden duty, to the family resources takes the form of a rent for board and lodging, which, on the first word of rebuke or restraint, she can, with or without notice, simply carry elsewhere. The religion of the family, such as it is, is not a family religion: each member of the family goes his or her own way on the day of rest—to church or chapel, to this or that church, to this or that chapel, in absolute disregard of the wish of the parent, or of the companionship of brother or sister. The family life is a rope of sand, without recognition and without cohesion. Is not that a true word, a Divine insight, which traces the faults, sins, and crimes of a nation to its root and source here? Is it not the estrangement of children from parents which makes our world the wilderness it is? Is it not at this point that the "Elijah" must begin his restoring, that the "Elisha" must throw in his healing salt, if the restoration is to be thorough and the cure vital?

These gross and vulgar forms of home disunion are, of course, not those of our social standing. If the same evil exists among us, it will manifest itself in a different way—under the mask, probably, of many lingering civilities and kindlinesses. Nevertheless, the principle of the same disorganisation may be at work even here. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that there are not thousands of homes, gentle and simple, in our own country to-day where the relationships of parents and sons are exercised in beautiful harmony, with all the reverence on the one side, with all the tenderness on the other side, and with all the love on both, of which this most gracious, most Divine institution is capable. And yet is the Restorer's office absolutely superfluous to-day? Is there no such want amongst us as the turning of hearts to each other, in the relation of sons and fathers? You will not say it. It is quite possible to have great estrangements of heart and feeling decently and decorously glossed over. There is a selfish neglect of the home, in presence or absence, quite easy without one disrespectful word spoken. There is even a contemptuous treatment possible—as though the young knew better than the old, had a revelation, all their own, of the thing that is manly and proper. And there is a slight, silly, trifling treatment possible—a general levity of tone and manner, making all serious counsel, all grave conversation, all true sympathy, out of the question—all that is deep or high, all that is really great or heavenward, in the intercourse between a youth and his father, or his mother, or his brothers and sisters, and leaving behind it, after each sojourn or visit, a sense of void and of vanity, bitterly disappointing to the home-heart that was yearning for confidence and for help, to be received and given, in the anxious, critical journey from birth to death, from earth to heaven.

The result of these things is, in various forms, that evil thing which the "Elijah" mission comes to repair. Often it is a careless estrangement. There is no motive in it, no reason for it, no avowal—perhaps no consciousness of it. It is what might easily have been avoided—what might possibly be removed, were there but just the thing which, alas! is the thing wanting—an earnest purpose, a conscientious resolve. Meanwhile, all is playing, fighting, jesting; nothing is called by its own name; the very relationship itself has a nickname, for which it is pleaded that it means nothing, when, unhappily, that is the very worst of pleas, making into an excuse the

very purposelessness which is the crime. Now and then, not quite rarely, it is a religious estrangement. The son has taken up opinions, which are not those of the home, on subjects of sacred import. He *may* be right in so doing—may have given much time, large reading, deep thought, earnest prayer, to the discovery; he cannot help the result. Then arises the practical question. This new doctrine is not the doctrine of the home; the home dislikes it, protests against it, will have none of it; unwise arguments, injudicious entreaties, overbearing commands, are heaped upon him; much, and sorely against his will, alienation follows; it is not his doing; he tried all gentle methods, and they were in vain. *But how often is it otherwise!* There was no modesty in the manner, no humility in the language, no reluctance to differ, no moderation in the carrying out of the new, no show of regret in the abandonment of the old. The alienation might have been avoided without cowardice or compromise.—Far, far more often the estrangement is the consequence of sin. By some one of the thousand wiles or assaults of evil, the son has been led astray from the God of his father. He has that in his bosom which cannot dwell in the home; if it does, it must first disguise itself. A guilty secret is there, such as innocent sisters could not hear of and live. A deep sense of hollowness, a burning wound of shame, makes it torture to be as he is, where he is. A distance wide as the poles asunder severs him from the days when home could be home to him. The habit of dissimulation grows. At last he is a stranger amongst next friends. The heart of the son is alienated from the father. Where is the “Elijah” that shall turn it back again?

We ought to be able to answer that question. There is a balm in Gilead for all sorrows; may there but be the Divine Physician to apply it!

But now we must say a word or two as to what Home is—in God’s intention, and in the experience of His children.

Home is our haven. In early years it is a place of safe keeping. What should we have been without that safeguard? Have we ever stopped to commiserate and to feel for the homeless? Those poor children who never had a home—no sweet memories of gentle nurture, of kind smiles and loving words—of the presence of all good and the absence of all evil—can we wonder that they fall into bad ways and vile habits? What was there to warn them off, or to win them another way? What was there so much as to distinguish for

them between good and evil? God's holy ordinance of a loving and tender home—this was wanting to them, and, with it, all that “preventing with the blessings of goodness” of which a Psalmist tells, and of which we, the worst of us, have had experience. But that which home was to us in infancy and childhood, that it still is to us in the occasional return. Where is the young man who does not owe much, who might not owe more, to his holidays from school, to his vacations from college? When we return home, we shake off the surroundings and encumbrances of a factitious existence, and go back into all the naturalness and reality of the rock from which we were hewn. “For a few short weeks,” said a voice silent now for almost forty years, “this fatal spell will now be taken off from you, and you will live and breathe in freedom.” O the reparative, restorative influence, as it might be, of those “few short weeks”! Repent of your neglect of them. Use them hereafter, if God spares you, to the full.

Home is our confessional. Yes, before there was altar or shrine, ministry or priesthood, home was; and the father of the household was its priest. God modelled upon that exemplar all priesthood that was ever His institution. His priesthood replaced not the home; still less is it replaced by that Christian ministry which leaves all Christians priests. The confessional, as God ordained it, is the home. Thither carry your secrets—there unbosom and there leave them. Absolution is of God only. “Who can forgive sins but God alone?” I speak of the human instrumentality, and I say that, for one man whose best confessor is the clergyman, for a hundred and a thousand men the best, the only safe, confessor is in his home. Yes, in home! Many a secret in which there is danger—moral, spiritual danger—in divulging in a vestry or a chancel may be confided with nothing but advantage to a brother, to a father—best of all, to a mother. Fear not that you will be misunderstood or abhorred. Fear not the being indelicate. The purest of Christian matrons knows something of the evil that is in the world; she can understand you. Fear not lest her love should spurn from her, for his sin, the son of her womb! A word—a half-word—will tell all that she need know—unspoken, unspeakable will be the comfort, the relief, the emancipation for you! Of all the terrors of a mother, concealment is the most terrible. Confidence given will be joy more than grief, even if it should tell of the most heinous sin that man is capable of. Then, if there be

but the honest heart—without which there would not be the confession—infinite will be the help in regaining the right way from knowing that a mother sympathises, counsels, and prays!

Yet one word more. *Home is our friend.* Very delightful is other friendship; ask not of me any depreciation of it. “There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.” The mere fact that I have chosen him partly proves and partly ensures the congeniality and the sympathy. But yet I say it—home is the friend. It is the dear ones of birth and nature that will go through life with us. Friends may be severed beyond the reach of voice or sin—may form their own new ties, or their own new life-tie, and be partially lost to us. The home and its belongings change not. We go back to them, as to our own, after the longest separations, after the widest wanderings. Hold fast by your home. Even its relics and fragments are precious.

* * * * *

I must add yet three concluding words. First, remember the “home relations” of others besides yourself. Let the thought make you sympathetic—considerate towards those beneath you in station, servants and tradesmen. Take pleasure in entering into their home feelings. Those more especially who have left homes of their own to serve you—how desirous you should be to help them in remembering their homes, to rejoice in their home joys, and to weep in their home sorrows. Still more, let the thought make you doubly watchful against drawing others into sin. Do not, in wantonness or in selfishness, involve another, beside or beneath you, in that miserable alienation from home which we have spoken of as the certain consequence of sinning: The poorest has a home, however homely. The woman who is a “sinner” had a home once. Be not you instrumental in adding one lock or one bar to that home if it be now shut behind her.

Secondly, beware of so treating your own home in the present as that it shall be the bitterest memory to you in a day that shall be. If you knew what it is to be what the Psalmist speaks of as “a man that mourneth for his mother,” you would dread the having to feel in that season of heaviness that, by omission or commission of yours, you ever made that mother’s heart to ache for you! While yet there is time, think of that last end, and treasure not up unto yourselves sorrow in the cloudy and dark day!

Thirdly, my last word is spoken to a few in this congregation

who, like us older men, have already passed through the saddest and sorest of human experiences—the loss of one or both of their parents. Does that, think you, end the relationship? God forbid! It does but seal and crown and immortalise it. Yes, we have still to honour the father and mother departed—still to feel them near us in our going out and coming in—still to give thanks for them in the prayer for the Church militant. Let your “home relations” take in the dead; it shall give sweetness to your prayers, reality to your hopes, and sanctity to your conduct towards the living. “Always to be praised for them that are dead, as well as for them that are alive:” such is our description of God in our commemoration of the world’s benefactors. And, for ourselves, no benefactors can be equal to those who have been dear and loving to us while they lived, and have guided us by their example towards that everlasting Home where they are now safe and at rest until the day of Christ’s coming.

An Atheist's Epitaph.



AFTER I had read and pondered our Laureate’s poem in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled “Despair,” on which I ventured to comment briefly in the December number of this Magazine, and in which the poet vividly portrays the blank hopelessness and the utter loathing of life which Atheism breeds in the mind of a man possessed of any fair measure of true human sensibility, I could not help thinking of the epitaph which, I understand, has been placed on the tombstone of the late Professor Clifford in Highgate Cemetery. That epitaph seems to be intended to embody the creed of the Atheist in relation to his own origin, life, and destiny. I have not seen it, but I am informed that it runs thus:—“I was not, and was conceived; I loved, and did a little work; I am not, and grieve not.”

Thus we have Atheism before us under two distinct forms, which are not only different, but which seem to be violently contradictory. If our great poet had any right, either in human nature or in human experience, to represent Atheism, however generated, as bearing its natural fruit in an unmitigated despair which is at once frantic and

sullen, and which is so intolerable that suicide becomes a necessity, the question arises as to how an Atheism so self-complacent and so comfortable as that which is reflected in Professor Clifford's epitaph is to be accounted for. Undoubtedly the latter is much more common than the former—so much more so, as to be the rule rather than the exception. Probably ninety-nine of every hundred of the professed Atheists of our time have read Tennyson's poem with no other feeling than that of an indignant contempt. They know nothing, either by experience or by observation, of the ghastly "Despair" which he has depicted, and will not believe that it exists anywhere but in his own imagination—an imagination which the poem itself, in their judgment, proves to have lost its healthiness, and to have become repulsively perverted. This is a question which it is no part of my present purpose to discuss. It is enough for me to adhere to the opinion intimated in my former paper—viz., that the despair which our poet has portrayed is not exaggerated, and that it must, in its main features, be the result of Atheism in all human minds and hearts which have not lost their true human sensibility, and which have not thus been more or less sadly dehumanised. If, for instance, Professor Clifford had possessed more of a true man's heart, he could never have entitled himself to such an epitaph as the one which stands over his grave. He was endowed with great intellectual powers, and, for anything I know to the contrary, he may have displayed some amiable dispositions; but, taking his epitaph as the appropriate expression of his creed, and as giving a truthful picture of his spirit, he must have been mournfully deficient in the nobler qualities of a genuine manhood.

At the same time, I acknowledge that it would be difficult for the Atheist's creed to be expressed in terser language, or in more compact form, than that which is contained in this remarkable epitaph. It tells out, in less than twenty unmistakable words, the whole substance of what the deceased professor had to say concerning himself. Whether he was the author of the epitaph, or whether it was written for him by some surviving Atheistic friend, I know not; but it may be taken as reflecting his own conviction, and may even have been written by his own hand. At any rate, it is probably unique in the cemetery into which it has been obtruded, and perhaps no other epitaph like it could be found in any of the graveyards of the world. It is certainly a sign of the times, implying, as it does, the unblushing

audacity to which the spirit of Atheism has attained. It stands there, confronting the very heavens with its blank, cold-blooded, inhuman unbelief, and purporting, in its horrible pretentiousness, to be a testimony even from the very grave, to the rectitude of a Godless life. Surely this is a new thing under the sun, and as terrible as it is new.

This daring epitaph is a capital specimen of "the logic of atheism," which is not logic at all, but an outrageous negation of logic. The mind that cannot see in Nature any marks of Design, or any proofs of a Designer—that can pronounce the Universe, with its myriad orders of existence, and its innumerable forms of life, to be without an intelligent First Cause, could alone, one would think, be capable of the solecism involved in the representation of a testimony of any kind from an extinct personality! How can such an extinct personality be supposed to say: "I was not, and was conceived; I loved, and did a little work; I am not, and grieve not"? Out of nothing, nothing can come. By nothing, nothing can be said. These are truisms which not even the audacious science of to-day can subvert. On the principles of Materialistic Atheism, human beings, when they die, pass away into the eternal silence of an eternal unconsciousness; and yet here is one of them who is represented as inscribing on his own tombstone, *after death*, the words, "I am not, and grieve not." On the supposition that such a representation is true to the fact—a supposition, however, which, by the nature of the case, is impossible—we have before us a miracle unparalleled in the history of the world—the miracle of an articulate testimony from an annihilated man! One wonders how it was that a living Atheist did not pause before perpetrating so hideous a violation of right reason as this, and that he did not withhold it for very shame; and the only explanation of the amazing folly that I can suggest is, that his Atheism obliged him to live in an atmosphere of sophistication by which all the processes of thought are perverted, and by which its very springs are poisoned.

But I must return to the remark, that the most melancholy consideration suggested by this strange epitaph is the aspect which it gives to the mental and spiritual condition of its author. What a poor creature is man, if these words be true! He comes into existence he knows not how, and is not greatly concerned to inquire; he lives a little while, gives play to such affections as may arise

within him, and busies himself according to his tastes and predilections; and then he drops back, without a grief or the possibility of a grief, without a regret or the possibility of a regret, into the nothingness out of which he at first mysteriously sprang! Such is the modern gospel of humanity to which thousands of our young men and women are eagerly, and even gladly, listening! Such is all that our so-called leading philosophers have to announce to us concerning our past, our present, and our future! And they make the announcement with the same coolness of heart as that with which they write a mathematical axiom, or indulge in the ordinary platitudes about the weather. The ennobling ecstasies of Divine worship; the rapt and transforming adoration of the Infinite Excellence; the wistful study of the Supreme Will; the struggle upward out of a life of sin into a life of holiness; the lowly, tranquil joy of pardon; the impulses to right living which spring from conscious obligation to the Sovereign Grace which relieves the soul from the pressure of its guilt and from the bondage of its depravity; the exalted delights of fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ; the training of the heart and hand to all unselfish and Christlike ministries; and the assured anticipation of a still securer, richer, and more blessed life beyond the grave—these sublime experiences, to which any man with a true human heart in him might well supremely aspire, are to our modern philosophical Atheist nothing better than empty, worthless fictions, worthy only of a supercilious smile of contempt. He is content to live his little life, to get what pleasure he can out of his narrow, little loves, to occupy himself, not without a touch of self-complacency, with the little bit of work he finds to do, and then, like a dog or a donkey, to cease to be. What matters it to him that man, that he himself, is capable of rising to an immeasurably higher altitude, of moving in an immeasurably grander sphere, or of appreciating (if he could only attain it) an immeasurably nobler destiny? He is “without God and without hope in the world”—and he is easy!

It ought to do such men good to read of the insupportable sorrows which Atheism has brought to minds and hearts more manly, because less stoical, than their own. They may sneer, if they will, at Tennyson's picture of Atheistic Despair as a monstrous fiction, but there have been human histories which pretty closely answer to the picture. Let me quote a few passages from one of them:—

“Many things befel me that tended to make me feel, and feel

most painfully at times, the helplessness and cheerlessness, the gloom and wretchedness, of the man who has lost his trust in God, and his hope of a blessed immortality. There is nothing in utter doubt and unbelief to satisfy a man with a heart, even in times of health and prosperity. A man with a heart, even in his best condition, wants a Father in whose bosom he can repose ; a Saviour in whose care and sympathy he can trust ; and a better world to which he can look forward as his final home and resting-place, and as the eternal home and resting-place of those who are dear to him. . . . When pain and loss came upon me, or when death or agony took hold of those who were dear to me, it was a torture to be shut out from the consolation of religion.

“ On one occasion a financial panic almost destroyed the value of my property, and put an end to my income. I could once have said, ‘ Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall there be fruit in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall ; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.’ But now I had no God . . . and all good ground of hope and cheerful trust had given place to fear and doubt, and sad uncertainty.

“ My youngest son was taken ill. He was racked with excruciating pain. . . . And there I stood, watching his agony, and distracted with his cries, unable to utter a whisper of a gracious Providence, or to offer up a prayer for help or deliverance. Another dear one was afflicted ; and again my heart was torn, and again my lips were sealed. I could not even say to the suffering one, ‘ God bless you !’ I was called to attend the funeral of a child. The parents were in great distress, and I was anxious to speak to them a word of comfort ; but doubt and unbelief had left me no such word to speak. . . . I was called, on another occasion, to visit a friend, a brother sceptic, who was sick and likely to die. I had often visited him when he was well, and we had managed on those occasions to interest or amuse each other ; but now we were helpless. . . . There we were, looking on each other in the face of death, speechless and comfortless. . . . He died, and I followed his remains to the grave. I spoke, but I had no great comforting truths with which to cheer the sad hearts of his weeping kindred. I looked down, with his disconsolate widow and his sorrowing children, into the dark, cold vault, but could say nothing of a better life. . . .

“ While I was in Nebraska my mother died. Like my father, who had died some years before, she had been a Christian from her early days ; a very happy one ; and she continued a Christian to the last. . . . And now she was gone. I had seen her some years before when on a visit to my native land. She knew of my sceptical tendencies, and though she had faith in my desire to be right, she was afraid I should miss my way. ‘ Do pray, my dear son,’ she said, ‘ do pray that God may lead you in the right path. . . . Religion is no mistake. It is a blessed reality. . . .’ These were the last words I heard from her lips. I listened to them in silence. Though I was too far gone to be able to sympathise with her remarks as much as I ought, I was wishful that she should enjoy all the comfort that her faith could give her. She wept ; she kissed me ; and I left her to see her face no more on earth. I returned to my home in America, and the

next thing I heard of the dear good creature was that she had finished her course. I kept the sad intelligence to myself, for my heart was too full to allow me to speak of my loss. . . It seems dreadful, but unbelief had so chilled my soul that I could no longer indulge the sweet thought of an immortal life even for the soul of my good Christian mother. . . I sought for comfort in a Godless and Christless philosophy, but sought in vain. I tried to extort from nature some word of consolation, but not a whisper could I obtain. I tried to forge some theory of my own that might lessen the gloom in which I was rapt; but my efforts were fruitless. I had reached a sad extreme. I had lost all trust in a fatherly God, and all good hope of a better life. I had come near to the horrors of utter Atheism. And the Universe was an appalling and inexplicable mystery. And the world was a dreary habitation; and life a weary affair; and there were times when I wished I had never been born. Life had become a burden rather than a blessing; and there were seasons when the dark suggestion came to throw it down."

Joseph Barker, whose words I have quoted, does not rank amongst the scientific and philosophical celebrities of the day; but he was a man of strong mind, of studious habits, and of varied knowledge; and his history stands out as an impressive warning to men who have throbbing hearts within them, against the Atheism which leads the soul away from "the fountain of living water" to the hewing-out unto itself of "cisterns, broken cisterns which can hold no water."

I can understand how the problem of the world, as seen to-day, and as it has been seen for many an age, may present itself to some orders of mind under aspects strongly antagonistic to faith in an all-wise Creator, and in an all-kindly Providence. The existence of evil has confounded many a noble intellect, and agonised many a sensitive soul. Jean Paul Richter revealed this agony in his terrible Atheistic Vision. Tennyson has revealed it in his equally terrible poem of Atheistic Despair. Joseph Barker has shown to us, in his autobiographic testimony, how the poem of the one is no fiction, and how the vision of the other might well be accepted as a reality. But our philosophical Atheists are of another mould. "Science, falsely so-called," has frozen the finer, humaner elements of their nature. What little heart they have shuts itself up within the hard limits of a narrow intellect, where the expansions of a manly faith, and hope, and joy are impossible. Such voluntary incarceration is mysterious, and still more mysterious is the contentment which is too often associated with it. Happily, men in general have an intuitive conviction that they have been made for a better life than this—a life which may be illuminated with a Divine wisdom, which may

be disciplined into a Divine holiness, and which may partake of a Divine joy. With all the practical irreligion that abounds around us, most men will be disinclined to say, "There is no God, and death is an eternal sleep."

BETA.

The Life and Speeches of Mr. Bright.*



R. BARNETT SMITH'S "Life of Mr. Gladstone" has been so complete a success that a similar "Life of Mr. Bright" is a natural and almost a necessary sequel to it. In works which may be regarded as companion volumes he has depicted the career of the greatest Liberal statesman and of the greatest Liberal orator of the nineteenth century. We are not sure of the wisdom of publishing extended "Lives" of men who are still living. As a rule, it is better to wait until we can receive their "Memoirs," and be made familiar with matters which cannot, and ought not, to be disclosed during their lifetime. A public career brings men into contact with so many of their contemporaries, and affects so many and such opposite interests, that it is difficult, before it has reached its close, to speak of it with impartiality. The judgment we form of it is so apt to be swayed by personal predilections and prejudices that, except for practical and inevitable purposes, it is unwise to obtrude it. Any one who compares Mr. Smith's volumes—admirable and effective as they are—with Mr. John Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden" will at once be struck with the difference between them. Mr. Morley is, of course, the master of a terse and graceful style, and possesses a breadth of knowledge, a subtilty of thought, and a clear, penetrating judgment, such as few even of our best writers have attained. In these respects it would be unfair to compare Mr. Smith's work with his. But there is another point of difference which arises from the inevitable limits of Mr. Smith's design, and a reference to which involves no disparagement. Except in a few particulars relating

* "The Life and Speeches of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P." By George Barnett Smith. In Two Volumes. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

to Mr. Bright's ancestry and birth, to his youth and education, which have apparently been supplied by members of his family, Mr. Smith has gathered his information from public sources—extracts from speeches in Parliament and public meetings, letters in the newspapers, and, here and there, perhaps from the reminiscences of observers. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, has been able to avail himself of private journals and correspondence: letters of Mr. Cobden to his wife and children, to Mr. Bright and various other friends, as well as of letters written to Mr. Cobden. Such sources of information are indispensable for the formation of a full and impartial judgment of a man. We can scarcely understand his "moral dynamic," the depth and intensity of his master principles, apart from them; and yet we cannot have access to them during his lifetime. In many of Mr. Cobden's letters there is a delightful frankness and ease. In touches of a single line the man himself is made, by his own unconscious act, to stand before us. We see him in his simple nobility and strength, and understand more of his real greatness than we could learn from all his formal speeches and all public records combined. There are also in Mr. Cobden's "Life" various letters of Mr. Bright's; two or three of a similar character to that which is given in Vol. I., pp. 334-336, would go further to complete our estimate of "the great tribune of the people" than an extended collection of his addresses. But, though many such letters must be in existence, the time for publishing them has not yet arrived, and for them, as well as for those minute personal details which neither delicacy nor respect for our great men would wish to have now disclosed, we must wait; and if there be those whose prying curiosity renders them impatient of such restrictions, may they have a "long and weary wait"!

Of the materials at his command, Mr. Smith has made diligent and judicious use. He has presented a full-length portrait of Mr. Bright as he has appeared to his contemporaries, and there can be little doubt that the future biographer will be under great obligations to his honest and painstaking researches. He has kept himself strictly within the limits which natural reserve and good taste prescribe. He discards formal criticism, and contents himself with the plain narrative of the historian rather than with the pleadings of the advocate or the decision of the judge. Mr. Bright is one of the few men who can allow the story of his life to speak for itself. For more than forty years he has laboured assiduously for the

elevation of the people, for the extension of civil and religious liberty, and the removal of monopolies in Church and State; and though in the earlier part of his career he was subjected to gross abuse, and is still sneered at by ignorant and shallow-minded politicians who are unable to appreciate his greatness, there is scarcely any other statesman whose course has been so uniformly consistent, and whose principles—long resisted and denounced—have been so completely adopted by the responsible advisers of the Crown.

To give an outline of Mr. Bright's career is no part of our present purpose: the barest mention of the following facts must suffice. He was born at Rochdale on November 16, 1811; was educated at various schools in Rochdale, Ackworth, York, and Newton; entered his father's business at the age of fifteen; allied himself with Mr. Cobden in the Anti-Corn Law agitation in 1841; entered Parliament as member for the city of Durham in 1842; was elected as member for Manchester in 1847, and continued to represent it until 1856, when he and Mr. Milner Gibson were rejected on Lord Palmerston's appeal to the country after the adverse vote in the House of Commons on the Chinese War; was returned for Birmingham, in a manner which reflects equal credit on "the Metropolis of the Midlands" and its illustrious representative, in 1857; became a member of Mr. Gladstone's first Government in 1868 as President of the Board of Trade, from which post he was compelled by illness to retire in 1870. On his recovery he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and this post he holds in Mr. Gladstone's present Administration.

Mr. Barnett Smith not inaptly remarks that if Mr. Cobden might be described as the Paul, Mr. Bright was the Apollon, of the Anti-Corn-Law League. In the beautiful address delivered by Mr. Bright when he unveiled the statue of Cobden at Bradford, he remarked that there were many others who, in those early days, fought the battle of Free Trade. "We were not even the first, though afterwards, perhaps, we became the foremost before the public." He told on the same occasion how he was induced to give himself up to the great cause with which his name is inseparably associated. The circumstances were these:—

"At that time I was at Leamington, and on the day when Mr. Cobden called on me—for he happened to be there at the same time on a visit to some relations—I was in the depth of grief—I might almost say of despair—for the light and

sunshine of my house was extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called on me as my friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up, and said, 'There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed.' I accepted his invitation. I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation, and from that time we never ceased to labour hard on behalf of the resolution we had made."

There was something almost apostolic in the mission on which these two men then entered. Their evident sincerity and earnestness, their unwearied exertions in committee-rooms and on the platform, their long journeys, involving so much thought, and toil, and sacrifice, made an impression on the people which was without parallel in our political annals. Mr. Bright was a more powerful speaker than his friend. With the same strong vehemence of feeling and homeliness of expression, Mr. Bright had a finer and more melodious voice, a more copious vocabulary, and an imagination of more kingly power. Mr. Morley, in discriminating between the two friends, has said:—

"Mr. Bright had all the resources of passion alive within his breast. He was carried along by vehement political anger, and deeper than that there glowed a wrath as stern as that of an ancient prophet. To cling to a mischievous error seemed to him to savour of moral depravity and corruption of heart. What he saw was the selfishness of the aristocracy and the landlords, and he was too deeply moved by hatred of this to care to deal very patiently with the bad reasoning which their own self-interest inclined their adversaries to mistake for good. His invective was not the expression of mere irritation, but a profound and menacing passion. Hence he dominated his audiences from a height, while his companion rather drew them along after him as friends and equals."

The repeal of the Corn Laws is but one of many subjects to which Mr. Bright has devoted his strength. His first recorded speech was made in connection with a series of lectures delivered by Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, at Rochdale, on Egypt, Palestine, and India. He was also an advocate of the temperance movement, took a bold stand in opposition to Church rates, and pleaded for the abolition of capital punishment. In the House of Commons he was from the first an unflinching advocate of electoral reform, and to him, more than to

any other statesman, we are indebted for the progress achieved in 1866 and 1867. He has eloquently expounded the principles of the Peace Society, and, without the influence he exerted in their favour, we question whether either the Alabama arbitration or the avoidance of war with Russia in 1878 would have been possible. We are not unmindful of the vast, and in many ways unique, power of Mr. Gladstone; but, while it has required his unrivalled genius to give to these principles legislative effect, it is to the eloquence of Mr. Bright that we owe the public opinion which no statesman can safely disregard. Some of Mr. Bright's most effective speeches are on India. On this question, as on others, he has ever been in advance of the opinion of the day, and it is remarkable to see how the intelligence and strength of the country are gradually coming to his side. Ireland has had no wiser and more generous counsellor. He pleaded for the removal of her wrongs even in days when the majority of Liberals were indifferent to them, and, for the sake of promoting her interests, willingly braved the wrath and vituperation of men whose only remedy for deep-seated wrongs is force. In the light of Mr. Bright's manly and outspoken speeches, both in Parliament and out, it is sickening to think of the abuse to which he, in common with other Liberal leaders, has recently been subjected by the so-called Irish party. Their attitude towards him is to us a plain proof that their demands are unjust, impracticable, and mischievous. After the heat of the controversy has passed away, and matters can be viewed with calmness, we have no doubt that intelligent and right-minded men of all parties will regard him with a respect as profound, and an enthusiasm as generous, as were shown to him by Irishmen of earlier days, when the most sanguine among them never dreamt of such vigorous and comprehensive measures as Mr. Gladstone has, with unrivalled genius and amid unparalleled difficulties, placed upon our statute books.

Mr. Bright is not, of course, a classical scholar. He can boast of little Latin and less Greek, but he is well versed in our English literature. His knowledge is not restricted to Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron; he is equally familiar with Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Johnson, Pope, Addison, Wordsworth, and with every other writer of note. The use of Scriptural imagery is a marked feature of his oratory, many of his most apt illustrations and most forcible appeals having been drawn direct from the Bible. He has a bold imagination

and a lively fancy. He is not so great a coiner of phrases as the late Lord Beaconsfield, nor so great a master of sarcasm. Of his humour there can be no doubt. Many of his comparisons will never be forgotten—that of Mr. Disraeli to the quack at the country fair who sold pills which were good against earthquakes; that of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman to the Scotch terrier, the epithet of Adullamites, and the “harassing legislation” of the Ten Commandments. Mr. Bright’s language is drawn from “the pure wells of English undetiled.” He has at command large stores of strong and racy Saxon, and, in speeches which satisfy the most stringent demands of logic and charm the most fastidious taste, he can sway a promiscuous audience as he pleases. His speeches—sometimes extemporaneous—are generally carefully prepared, and he has throughout life acted on the advice given him in his early years by our venerable brother, the Rev. John Aldis. This incident was so memorable that we must record it at length. Mr. Aldis attended a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Rochdale, at which Mr. Bright, then under twenty-one years of age, spoke.

“The Rev. John Aldis, a Baptist minister of eminence—whose sons have of recent years won distinguished and unparalleled honours at Cambridge—has described his meeting with Mr. Bright on this occasion. In 1832 Mr. Aldis was stationed at Manchester, but he attended the Rochdale meeting above mentioned, and subsequently gave the following interesting reminiscence of Mr. Bright’s appearance. Mr. Aldis was at a friend’s house when John Bright arrived to accompany him to the meeting. ‘Soon a slender, modest young gentleman came, who surprised me by his intelligence and thoughtfulness. I took his arm on the way to the meeting, and I thought he seemed nervous. I think it was his first public speech, at all events in such connexion. It was very eloquent and powerful, and carried away the meeting, but it was elaborate and *memoriter*. On our way back, as I congratulated him, he said that such efforts cost him too dear, and asked me how I spoke so easily. I then took the full advantage of my seniority to set forth my notions, which I need not repeat here, except this—that in his case, as in most, I thought it would be best not to burden the memory too much, but, having carefully prepared and committed any portions when special effect was desired, merely to put down other things in the desired order, leaving the wording of them to the moment. Years rolled away. I had entirely forgotten the name of the young friend when the Free Trade Bazaar was held in London. One of those engaged for it—Mr. Baker, of Stockport—calling on me, asked if I had called on Mr. Bright. I said I had not been able to attend the meetings, and did not personally know him at all. He replied, “You must, for I heard him say that you gave him his first lesson in public speaking.” I went to a subsequent meeting, and recognised the young friend of 1832.’”

Keen as are Mr. Bright’s intellectual powers, and brilliant as is his

oratory, his moral force is not less conspicuous, and to it he is unquestionably indebted for his hold upon the nation. His strength arises from his loyal obedience to his favourite motto, "Be just, and fear not." It is this which induced him to labour for the extinction of the Corn Laws, for the political enfranchisement of the people, for a system of national education, for the abolition of Church rates, and the opening of the universities; which led him to protest against the selfishness and tyranny of the East India Company, the frequent recklessness of our foreign policy, and the barbarity of our wars; the secession of the Southern States of America, and the injustice of the Irish Church and the Land Laws. Near the close of the Crimean War, Mr. Bright sketched his own character in the House of Commons, and, though he has since accepted, at any rate, the honours of office, and is undoubtedly a statesman, the principal claim he made for himself then will not be denied him now.

"I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman, and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the honours and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of this empire, representing, feebly, perhaps, but honestly, I dare aver, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this incapable and guilty administration. And even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night, and which I hope will be mine to the last moment of my existence, the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

J. STUART.

*The Biblical Museum.**



E have frequently called the attention of our readers to this invaluable work, whilst it has been in process of publication. It is now complete; and, as we survey the fifteen bright-looking volumes lying before us, we feel that our announcement of their completion should be

* **THE BIBLICAL MUSEUM**: a Collection of Notes, Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. In Fifteen Volumes. By James Comper Gray. London: Elliot Stock.

accompanied by a more than passing notice or an ordinary word of praise. We have from the first been impressed by the vastness of the labour which such a production must have entailed. The mere physical toil must have been enormous, and the mental toil incalculably more so. We are amazed at the patient plodding through many years to which these 5,752 compact pages, crammed with various and apposite information, so splendidly testify. Both the compiler and the public are to be congratulated. The labour has not been uselessly undertaken and maintained. On the contrary, the result is in every respect a noble one.

The title-page is accurately, though not, perhaps, exhaustively, descriptive of the work. A "Biblical Museum" it truly is, full of valuable and, in many instances, curious things, which any one engaged in expounding and enforcing the teaching of Scripture can easily put to use in his own way. The "Notes" are at once critical and interpretative, and they usually embody the soundest results of modern research. Passages are carefully and judiciously selected for homiletic treatment, and outlines of such treatment are supplied in great profusion—to the number, indeed, of 12,000! Many of these outlines are original, and the instances in which they have been selected from the writings of others are faithfully marked, with the authors' names appended. Of course, they are not all of superior and of equal merit; but many of them are sufficiently suggestive, and are well fitted to give start and impetus to the preacher's or teacher's own thought. The illustrations are very numerous and of great variety. Many of these are anecdotal in form, and comprise appropriate and more or less striking incidents in human life vividly narrated, and capable of being reproduced in the pulpit or the class with great effect. Other illustrations are drawn from the laws, phenomena, and scenes of nature, from domestic and social relationships and experiences, and from a wide range both of prose and of poetic literature. Some 36,000 Scripture references have been introduced in such a way as to make the Word of God, in a large degree, to throw explanatory light upon itself. The sciences—including etymology, archæology, geography, &c.—have been laid under requisition. Each separate book of Scripture is preceded by an "Introduction," containing biographical notices of its author, the time when, and the purposes for which, it was written, and the peculiarities by which it is distinguished. Each "Introduction" is followed by a "Synopsis," frequently

arranged in two or three different forms, according to different authorities. The following extracts may be taken from the "Introduction" to the Gospel of John, omitting references. They will serve to show, not only how this important part of the work is executed, but also the manner in which the compiler has economised space by a perfectly intelligible abbreviation of words.

"I. AUTHOR.—John, 'the Divine,' called 'the beloved disciple' and one of 'the sons of thunder,' was s. of Zebidee and Salome. His fa. was a fisherman, prob. of Bethsaida, and apparently in good circumstances. His mother is said (*Theophylact*) to have been dau. of Joseph (Mary's husband) by a former wife. . . . John fol. his fa.'s occupation till his call to the Apostleship, at ab. twenty-five years of age. He remained with Christ till His ascension; was present at Council at Jerus, A.D. 49 or 50; is said to have gone to Asia M. as pastor of the Seven Churches; resided chiefly at Ephesus; was banished thence by Domitian, A.D. 95, to Patmos, where he wrote the Apocalypse; was recalled on accession of Nerva, A.D. 96; returned to Ephesus, where he died (*Polycrates*) ab. A.D. 100, aged ab. 100 years, in the third year of Trajan. [That he was thrown, prior to his exile, into a caldron of boiling oil, by order of Domitian, bef. the Porta Latina at Rome, rests mainly on the authority of *Tertullian*; not mentioned by *Irenæus* and *Origen*.] II. LANGUAGE.—That it was written in *Gk.* is the unan. testimony of antiquity; but some moderns (as *Salmasius*) think there was a Heb. original, bec. the quots. fr. the O.T. are from the Heb. and not from the LXX. III. ORIGIN.—John often states that he records what he had seen and heard. . . . IV. TIME.—Exact date uncertain, but prob. betw. A.D. 70-85 (*Alford*). Ab. half a cent. prob. intervened betw. Lu.'s Gos. and Jo.'s (*Wordsworth*). V. PLACE.—Ephesus (*Irenæus*, *Jerome*, and others). Some say Patmos; and others, that it was dictated at Patmos, and published at Ephesus. VI. FOR WHOM WRITTEN.—Mainly and ultimately for Christians, to build them up and confirm them in the faith of our Lord's Divinity. VII. PECULIARITIES.—1. *Style*.—(1) Purity of the *Gk.*; (2) Simplicity (*Westcott's Intro.*); Deepest truths in colloquial language (*Alford*); (3) Heb. cast of thought and expression; (4) Doctrinal. 2. Contents. Among the matters not in the other Gospels are, introduction and testimony of John i. 1-51; first mir.; first Passo.; visit of Nicodemus; last testy. of John; woman of Samaria and sec. mir.; sec. Passo.; discourse in the synagogue, vi. 25-71; discourse on His nature and office; raising of Laz. and sec. anointing; final discourse and prayer; incidents connected with the Resurrection. This Gos. may be considered in some measure supplementary to the others. Some, indeed, are disposed to deny that Jo. was acquainted with the works of the rest. But there is great antecedent improbability. Surely we may suppose them welcomed by the Church. They would soon circulate through Pales. and A. Minor. . . . And, though some of the events narrated by the others are given by Jo., yet there are omissions in his work—as the Transfiguration—for which it is hard to acc. if he was not aware that this had been already chronicled."

We have selected this "Introduction" at random. Any other would have shown the author's power of condensing ascertained and salient facts equally well. We have not space for an example of the admirable Synopses; and it is difficult to choose samples from the immense mass of homiletic outlines on any other principle than that of taking those that may happen to come first to hand. That part of the volume containing the Gospel of John is open before us. We have quoted from the "Introduction," and we turn over a few leaves, and come to the narrative of the interview between our Lord and the woman of Samaria. Here is the following sermon-sketch:—

"I. He approached her on the broad ground of humanity. II. He propounded to her salvation in a way which made her feel its necessity. III. He so touched on her history that she felt the Divinity of His mission. IV. He gave such a revelation of worship and Himself as silenced her controversy: 1. By a revelation of true worship; 2. By a revelation of His own Messiahship."

The name of Dr. Thomas is appended to this sketch. Here is another, entitled "The Bethesda Miracle":—

"This is typical—I. Of the lamentable condition in which man is placed by sin; II. Of the special means that are employed to rescue man from sin; III. Of the protracted period during which man is bound by sin; IV. Of the intimate knowledge Christ possesses of man's sin; V. Of the immediate release Christ gives man from sin."

Here is a third, on "Indisputable Evidence," suggested by John x. 37, 38:—

"Show—I. What man might look for in the works of God: 1. Mercy; 2. Wisdom; 3. Love; 4. Power. II. That the works of Jesus were marked by these characteristics. III. That not to see these features in the works of Jesus is to be blinded by prejudice. IV. That to reject the Divinity of Him who did such works is the height of folly."

One more, on the words: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me":—

"I. There was to be no miraculous agency. II. This drawing to Christ was to be effected through the agency of those heavenly truths which cluster about the cross. III. These truths were to be made effectual by the Holy Ghost, whose influence is secured and sent down to men by virtue of the cross. IV. This was to be a gradual work. V. In this drawing to Christ no other than moral means were to be employed. VI. This drawing to Christ was to be effected in a calm and noiseless way. VII. This drawing to Christ was to be effectual and ultimately universal."

Our space is very limited, but we must not omit a specimen or two of the innumerable illustrations which Mr. Gray has introduced into his work, and which are found in the form of anecdotes, and of quotations from a wide range of literature. The words in Neh. i. 4: "I prayed before the God of heaven," suggested the following:—

"A gentleman, conversing with his friend respecting the exercises of his own mind before and after conversion, observed that there was a great difference as to the objects of prayer. 'When I was,' said he, 'only a nominal Christian, I used to pray to my family; if any strangers were present I prayed to them; when I was alone I prayed to myself; but since I have been renewed by Divine grace, in all my prayers I pray to God.'

This is given on the authority of Dr. Cheever, and is followed by a passage on "the wonders of faith and prayer," from Dr. Ryland:—

"Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays—the angel is conquered, and Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purpose he had harboured for twenty years. Moses cries to God—the sea is divided. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Ahithophel hangs himself. Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehoshaphat prays—the lions are muzzled. Daniel prays—the seventy weeks are revealed. Mordecai bade Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays at Ahara—God answers. Nehemiah darts a prayer—the King's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—rain descends apace. Elisha prays—Jordan is divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back. The Church prays ardently—Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises—the doors of the prison were opened, and every man's bands were loosed. Prayer has a thousand commands and promises. Prayer has a thousand examples of rich success."

On the words in Rom. vi. 23: "The wages of sin is death," we have the following:—

"A servant who had made that improvement which might be expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table where he waited, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended, and urged by his master to give a reason for his infamous behaviour: 'Sir,' said he, 'I have heard you and your friends so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery.' 'Well,' replied the master, 'but had you no fear of that death which the laws of your country inflict upon the crime?' 'Sir,' rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, 'what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You and your companions had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?'"

On Rom. vii. 21 : " I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me," this anecdote is told :—

" An Indian visiting his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke ; and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it was given him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, ' I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner ; the bad man say, Why, he gave it you, and it is your own now ; the good man say, That not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money ; the bad man say, Never mind, you got it, to buy some dram ; the good man say, No, no, you must not do so. So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep ; but the good man and the bad man kept talking all night, and trouble me ; and now I bring the money back, I feel good.' "

On Rom. xv. 4, Bishop Hopkins is quoted :—

" I have somewhere read a story of one who complained to an aged holy man that he was much discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing on his memory that he had read. The old man bade him take an earthen pitcher and fill it with water ; when he had done it, he bade him empty it again and wipe it clean, that nothing should remain in it ; which, when the other had done, and wondered to what this tended, ' Now,' said he, ' though there be nothing of the water remaining in it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before ; so, though thy memory retain nothing of the Word thou redest, yet thy heart is cleaner for its very passage through.' "

The phrase, " Faith which worketh by love " (Gal. v. 6), is thus illustrated :—

" In the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in their crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome reward if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basket of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor ; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrank back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the reward and the terrible fissure his heart grew strong, his eyes flashed, and he said, ' I will go, if my father will hold the rope.' And then, with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblanched, and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his little basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the love of a father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it."

Here we must halt. This commentary stands alone. It is unlike

all others of which we have any knowledge. It need not, and will not, supersede them ; but it contains the essence of the best results of the labours which have been bestowed upon them, whilst it possesses many treasures which they have not been intended to supply. We congratulate Mr. Gray on the completion of his gigantic task, and cannot doubt that his work will be widely and growingly appreciated. The Prospectus truly describes it as "a complete commentary on the Scriptures, on a new and original plan, which furnishes, in addition to the fullest explanation of the sacred text, a larger amount of illustration, criticism, exposition, homiletic analysis, and scientific research than has hitherto been brought together in any work, and which could only be obtained by consulting a perfect library of reference, and by years of constant study."

Reviews.

HARMONY OF THE OLD AND NEW COVENANTS: the Proof of their Divine Inspiration. Also Some Few Thoughts Concerning the Will of God, and the Necessity of Living in Perfect Consistency therewith, for the Eternal Well-being of Souls. By "Presbuteros." London: Frederic Norgate, 7, King Street, Covent Garden.

THE author does not define the sense in which he uses the phrase, "Harmony of the Old and New Covenants," and, consequently, it is difficult to ascertain the force of his reasoning in favour of the position that the alleged "harmony" of the two "covenants" is a proof of their "Divine inspiration." Of course we do not make this remark from any suspicion of antagonism where he finds agreement, or from any doubt as to the Divine authority of either the "Old Covenant" or the "New." We only

mean to say that his treatment has not aided us to any better understanding of the subject, and that it is not likely to make way for faith in the minds of those who have been under the influence of unbelief. Indeed, our impression of the book is that the thinking is hazy, and that the writing is dull. Possibly the author may imagine this unfavourable criticism to be the result of denominational prejudice, inasmuch as a few pages have been devoted to an attempt to show that Baptists are in the wrong on the subject of baptism. We can assure him, however, that such a supposition would be entirely mistaken, for the very sufficient reason that his remarks on baptism occur towards the end of the volume, and that we had an ample opportunity of forming a judgment of its character long before we discovered in it any attempt to support the practice of infant-sprinkling.

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE. January, 1882. Elliot Stock.

THE editorship of this admirable magazine has passed from Dr. Reynolds to the Rev. W. M. Statham, whose opening address contains some words which we can sympathetically quote. He says:—

“Editorship, always an anxious post, is especially so in connection with time-honoured magazines of denominational literature. They have their traditions, which it would be alike unrighteous and unwise to set aside. They have innumerable competitors for public favour in periodicals which have all the advantages of large enterprise and excellent illustrations. In addition to this, they are likely to merge into a somewhat comatose state, from their acknowledged position and respectability. It is felt by many—falsely enough—that ancestral magazines must necessarily be out of harmony with the spirit of the age; and that, whatever excellences they possess, they must lack that *elan* and energy which characterise so many of their competitors.”

We ourselves have discovered how difficult it is, in the management of a denominational magazine, to respect the traditions of the past, which it would be a sin to ignore, whilst, at the same time, due and needful deference is paid to the demands of the present. It would be well for the members of the various Christian denominations to recognise this difficulty, and to give a hearty support to their own denominational literature. By so doing, they would indefinitely increase its efficiency and attractiveness. We wish for Mr. Statham enlarged success. His editorial competency is beyond question. His prospectus for the year ought to double, or even to treble, the circulation. The January number is adorned by a remarkably striking photograph of the late Mr. Binney, of whom some pleasant and affectionate reminiscences are given by Dr. Kennedy. Amongst a consider-

able variety of papers, we have the commencement of what, no doubt, will prove to be a pretty and useful story for the young, called “The Seven Pillars.” We gladly make special mention of “The New Year and the Right Way,” by the editor, and of “The Psalm of Moses, the Man of God,” by our good brother the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, who has developed the spirit and teaching of Psalm xc. in a few thoughts full of poetic and spiritual beauty.

THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY AND FAMILY TREASURY. January, 1882. Nelson & Sons.

WE like this ably conducted and admirably presented periodical exceedingly. The number before us contains, as usual, a capital digest of “the month,” and amongst the articles which have specially interested us is one suggested by the census of religious worship which has engaged so much of public attention of late. This article is contributed by Dr. J. Marshall Lang, and embodies some very sensible and timely suggestions. He recognises a lamentable neglect of the public means of grace, and discusses the question as to how far the blame lies with the Christian ministry. He says, “It may be desirable to fill a place of worship, but it is possible to pay too dearly for this. The first thing is to be true to the function of a Christian church. If, to win the multitude, there must be recourse to carnal weapons of warfare, I, for one, will not pay the price demanded.” He looks with suspicion upon the modern tendency to “æsthetise the worship of the Sanctuary,” and whilst “thankful for the increased attention to, and the improvement of late years in, the devotional acts of the

church," he maintains nevertheless that "the force of Protestantism lies in the pulpit; in the presentation of truth to the mind through 'logic wrought in fire.'" He admits that preaching might generally be more "efficient" than it is, but declines to place himself amongst the "censors" who say that ministers "can do many things well, but they cannot preach." "This," he says, "is sheer exaggeration." Alluding, we suppose, to such men as Messrs. Moody and Sankey, he remarks, "It is a significant circumstance that such crowds pour into halls or places of worship in which lay-evangelists minister," and asks, may not God be forcing on us the inquiry whether "our organisations are not sticking too closely to the pattern suited to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries?" At any rate he sees clearly that "the causes of the alleged decline in church attendance are deeper than any dissatisfaction with the worship and preaching of the Church." There is abroad "a temper of soul, which has not energy enough to deny, which simply sets aside religion and religious truth as matters not to be known, on which no clear light can be shed, from which the practical and intellectual force must be withdrawn." Agnosticism is "in the air." Yet, as Dr. Lang shows, there is no cause for despondency. "If there is much to awaken anxiety, there is much also to inspire with courage. Christian faith, where it really animates, is intelligent, earnest, sympathetic. There is greater readiness than in bygone times on the part of those who are on the wall to come together at the sound of the trumpet. Nor is God leaving us without evidences, in this and in other lands, that the Gospel of Christ is still His power unto salvation." The whole

article is worth far more than the cost of the number in which it appears, and is only one of half-a-score, all of which deserve careful perusal.

THE CHRISTIAN: a Record of Christian Life, Testimony, and Work. London: Morgan & Scott.

THIS periodical, the December and January numbers of which are before us, is so well known as to need no description. These numbers give great prominence to the evangelistic agencies that are now busy in our land, and Messrs. Moody and Sankey figure notably, and, we trust, usefully, in its pages. We are glad to observe, in the December number, some exception taken to the bad tactics and the false teachings of the Salvation Army; whilst we regret that the words spoken by our brother Mr. Brock at the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union on the subject of the theatre are—as we think—wrongly understood to "lend some support" to Mr. Henry Irving's hope that the time is approaching when even "ministers of religion" may recognise "the wisdom of the change of view which has come over even the most fastidious public opinion in relation to this question."

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH: a Monthly Journal in Defence of Christian Truth. January, 1882. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

YOUNG as this "Journal" is, there is no sign of immaturity in its pages. It is edited by the Rev. Gavin Carlyle, M.A., and can rejoice in an able staff of writers, who know how to deal with the scepticism of the age. The Rev. James L. Bigger, M.A., B.D., has administered a smart and well-deserved rebuke

to Wellhausen for his essentially infidel article on "Israel" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and Dr. Wainwright aims some effective strokes at Evolution and the Evolutionists. The "Journal" is earnestly recommended by Drs. Angus, W. L. Alexander, H. Bonar, and a dozen other men of high Christian scholarship whose judgment in such a matter may be implicitly trusted.

THE VERY WORDS OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Gathered from the Four Gospels. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, 7, Paternoster Row.

THE Preface to this compilation, which is admirably arranged, printed, and bound, expresses the hope that it "will be of use to many, and especially to invalids; to those who have but little time to spare; to those who are tossed to and fro by the conflicting opinions and doctrines of men;" and the question is asked, "May not some who are keeping aloof from Christian privileges be willing to 'come and see' what Jesus Himself hath said?" We are surprised to find that "the very words" of our Lord, as thus collected, are so numerous, occupying, as they do, upwards of a hundred pages of compact and by no means large type. Many of these priceless utterances must, of course, lose some portion of their impressiveness from the fact that they are detached from the circumstances which occasioned them, and are taken out of their original setting. But the book which contains them is well fitted for its purpose, and its value is increased by an excellent Index. The passages are taken from the Authorised Version of 1611, with marginal quotations from the Revised Version of 1881 in

instances in which it is supposed that the latter is preferable to the former.

STARLIGHT THROUGH THE SHADOWS, AND OTHER GLEAMS FROM THE KING'S WORD. By the late Frances Ridley Havergal. Nisbet & Co.

IT is difficult for any appreciative reader of this lady's writings to speak of them in terms which would not savour of an almost idolatrous admiration to those who are unacquainted with them, or who take them up without a large measure of that spiritual sympathy which is necessary to their being adequately understood. These modern days have been adorned by no riper saint—no spiritual teacher with a clearer insight into the deeper needs of the human soul, and into the readiness and completeness with which those needs may be supplied by the Word of God, when devoutly and trustfully consulted. She was no mere mystic, or contemplationist, or dreamer. She delighted in work as well as in poetry and prayer. The little book before us, newly published, contains four series of papers, under the titles—"Shadows through the Starlight," "Marching Orders," "Outlines of Addresses," and "Miscellaneous." It is full of spiritual gems, very precious and very beautiful.

THE OUTLOOK AND RECORD OF THE CHURCHES: a Weekly Journal for Home Reading. Presbyterian Publishing Company, 18, Paternoster Square.

THE CHRISTIAN LEADER: a Weekly Record of Christian Thought and Work. London: E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane; Edinburgh: John Menzies & Son.

Two new journals. The first is specially

devoted to Presbyterian interests. The second is undenominational, and seems to be distinctively Scottish in its origin and character. Both display much vigour and freshness, and may be expected to do good service to Evangelical truth.

GOLDEN HOURS. January. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

A WELL-KNOWN and well-established periodical, which has passed to the editorship of the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, who has a well-earned reputation as a powerful preacher and as a racy and fascinating writer. The contents of this January number are largely interspersed with fiction, to which the editor contributes "Isaac Newbold's Legacy." There are some good poetic pieces, together with remarks on "A Notable Hymn" ("All Hail the Power," &c.), by the Rev. R. Shindler, and articles entitled "A New Commandment," by Clericus; and "Golden Hours with 'the Book,'" by Patrobas.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., Paternoster Square; New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 900, Broadway.

THE *Homiletic Quarterly* is henceforth to appear monthly under the title of the *Homiletic Magazine*, price a shilling. The editorship has passed from the Rev. J. S. Exell to the Rev. F. Hastings. The form and style are the same as formerly, and each number will comprise sixty-four pages. The January number opens with a thoughtful, elaborate, and instructive discourse on "St. Thomas, the Doubter," by Dr. Lipscombe, ex-Chancellor of the University of Georgia, U.S. In the department of "Practical Homiletics" we have seven rather full outlines of sermons on passages taken from

the Gospel of Mark, by the Rev. Dickerson Davies, M.A.; three on "Prayer"—the first by Dr. Luthardt, and the other two by the Rev. E. R. Conder, M.A.; and one on "Missions," by Dr. Marcus Dodds. The value of the expository section is attested by the names of the several contributors—Dr. Boardman, Dr. Grossart, Dr. A. B. Bruce, Dr. Payne Smith, Dr. Scrivener, and Dr. Gloag. The first of these writers supplies an important article on "The Scriptural Doctrine of Blood," upon which the three sciences of Biblical Interpretation, Physiology, and Theology are brought to bear, so as to lead to a conclusion which is thus stated: "Blood is the natural, physiological basis of the Scriptural doctrine of the Atonement. 'Science' inexorably holds us to 'orthodoxy' in the prime, pivotal article of the Christian religion."

LITTLE TEACHERS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Nella Parker.

MY NELLY'S STORY, AND HALLIDAY'S LADS. By Adeline Sergeant.

THE DEATH-MARCH OF GREAT DRINKDOM. By Forbes E. Winslow, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE READER. Part III.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE MIRROR: an Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle.

AN acceptable little parcel from the National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand. Mr. Winslow vividly allegorises the evils attendant on the drink traffic and the drinking customs so prevalent in our land. The vision is a terrible one, but none can say that it has the demerit of exaggeration. The third part of the *National Temper-*

ance Reader contains a ballad, in two parts, by Mrs. Sewell, entitled, "The Little Shoes," and characterised to the full by the simplicity, purity, and pathos for which her pieces are so justly celebrated. *The Mirror* is a first-class periodical, attractively got up, and worthy of a place in every household.

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THE PREACHER'S ANALYST: a Monthly Homiletical Magazine. Conducted by the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, M.A. January. Elliot Stock.

WE have seen several numbers of this magazine, issued for the use of preachers, with which, in relation to its professed purpose, we have been pleased. Though not very great, it is certainly good. The editor himself is the chief luminary that shines forth from its pages, and we may say that he shines with considerable lustre. Sound doctrine is advanced, and practical Christianity is enforced.

—
RICH AND POOR; or, a Tale of Two Christmases. By Susan Black. Elliot Stock.

A SHORT story, pervaded by healthy religious feeling, and illustrative of the way in which a sad Christmas was succeeded by a merry one to certain members of two families—one rich, the other poor—providentially brought together by a similarity of sorrow, and by the opportunity and the readiness for mutual help.

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THE MOTHER'S FRIEND. 1881. Hodder & Stoughton.

ANOTHER volume, the thirteenth, of the "new and enlarged series" of this excellent periodical. We wish that every mother in the land could take it. All would find in it many interesting and

useful things, both for themselves and for their children.

—
CHRISTIANITY AND WAR: a Series of Letters Written to Show the Cause, Curse, and Cure of Wars. By An Old Royal Dragoon. London: Yates Alexander & Shephard.

THE Old Dragoon evidently understands his business, and can strike a deadly blow at the Jingoës. The letters are as able and conclusive as they are racy.

—
THE SECOND BOOK OF SAMUEL, with Maps, Notes, and Introduction. By the Rev. A. F. Kirkpatrick, M.A. London: Cambridge Warehouse, 17, Paternoster Row. 1881.

MR. KIRKPATRICK'S contributions to "The Cambridge Bible for Schools" are admirably adapted for their purpose. They contain the precise kind of information—critical, exegetical, and historical—which all young students require, and, without making a parade of learning, and confusing the mind with an array of conflicting authorities, they grapple wisely and strongly with the problems which demand solution. The notes on "The Second Book of Samuel"—dealing with the reign of David—are as terse as they are scholarly, and as judicious as the most exacting critic could desire. Only in the nineteenth century, after the various antiquarian and geographical explorations by which Biblical science has been so greatly advanced, could such a book have been written. Mr. Kirkpatrick is familiar with the results for which we are indebted to Ewald, Stanley, Conder, and Robinson; while his hermeneutical and doctrinal suggestions are invariably sound and helpful. We are conversant with several English and German works

on this section of the Old Testament, and have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that Mr. Kirkpatrick's will rank with the very best of them. The student who masters it will need no other guide. It is a fine exemplification of the *multum in parvo* principle.

PETER BEDDULPH: the Rise and Progress of an Australian Settler. By William H. G. Kingston.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT. By Ascott R. Hope.

BLINKY AND ONIONS: a Ragged School Reminiscence. By Mrs. James Martin.

THE FIVE BARRED GATE: a Story of the Senses. By James Crowther.

ANCIENT NINEVEH: a Story for the Young.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE. 1881.

THE BEST OF BOOKS. By Samuel G. Green, D.D.

ANTHONY KER; or, Living it Down. By Mrs. C. M. Clarke.

SUNBEAM SUSETTE. By Emma Leslie.

THE COUNT AND THE SHOWMAN. From the German of Franz Hoffman.

THE FIRST OF THREE; or, Along Life's Course. By Rev. Wm. Skinner.

THE THOMPSONS; or, Scenes from Country Life. By Benjamin Clarke.

FRIENDLY CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS. By H. O. Mackay.

MINNIE; or, a Child's Path to Heaven. London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.

ALL these books deserve our hearty commendation. In many cases their titles adequately describe their contents, and if our space had per-

mitted it we would gladly have given them a detailed notice. No story written by Mr. Kingston, by Mr. Ascott Hope, or Benjamin Clarke can be either uninteresting or uninstructional. They are writers in whom all boys delight. Dr. Green's volume is marked by bright, genial wisdom and refined sympathy, and furnishes us with a perfect model of the way in which children should be addressed. We give a hearty welcome to Mr. Mackay's wise and suggestive counsels, and are glad to see that our old friend the *Child's Own Magazine* is as entertaining as ever. It is quite a children's treasure. Very earnestly, too, we commend "Blinky and Onions" to all who wish to know something of our "waifs and strays," and the way in which they may be laid hold of for better things. Our friends at the Sunday School Union have rarely sent forth a finer contribution to our juvenile literature.

JOVINIAN: a Story of the Early Days of Papal Rome. By W. H. G. Kingston. With Eight Full-paged Illustrations. Popular Edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE name of Mr. Kingston is a sufficient passport for any book which proceeded from his active and facile pen. The story before us is full of interest, and marked by power. The reader is led along from scene to scene, and from incident to incident, as by a spell. The author must have carefully studied the important period to which his narrative refers. Its character, and the spirit which pervaded it, are faithfully depicted, and we could almost fancy ourselves to be eye-witnesses of the events which constitute the groundwork of the plot. The story has a

specific object, and there are some noble Christian heroes in it, of whom Jovinian is one of the chief, and the history of whom is well fitted to strengthen our attachment to the great principles of the Protestant Reformation.

SONGS OF REST. Edited by W. R. Nicoll, M.A., Minister of the Free Church, Kelso. Third Edition. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

WORTHY of many more editions. Mr. Nicoll has drawn upon our best modern religious poets, including Dr. Faber, George Macdonald, T. T. Lynch, William Barnes, Elizabeth Browning, Dora Greenwell, and C. G. Rossetti. The pieces all fall naturally under the general title, and many of them are exceedingly beautiful.

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL HANDBOOK : (1) on "The Epistles of St. Paul to Timothy ;" and (2) on "The General Epistles of Peter and Jude." By John Ed. Huther, Th.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1881.

DR. HUTHER'S contributions to the Meyer series of Commentaries on the New Testament cannot claim the importance of the great exegete's own work. It is necessarily a difficult task for a man of ordinary powers to follow in the wake of an acknowledged master, and such unquestionably is Huther's relation to Meyer. Valuable as these volumes are, we cannot but be sensible of the advantage Biblical science would have gained if Meyer had been able to complete with his own hand the great work of his life. We have frequently heard his Commentary described as dry, abstruse, &c., but have found it the

reverse. It is, of course, mainly exegetical, but sound and thorough exegesis lies at the basis of all true and suggestive interpretation. By his grammatical and philological investigations, Meyer often removes some of our most serious difficulties, and illustrates what would otherwise be obscure. There are few commentators from whom thoughtful and painstaking students can acquire more invaluable help. Huther is greatly inferior to Meyer as an exegete and expositor, and his most useful work is in the *Prolegomena*. We do not mean that his notes will not be found helpful even by those who possess the best works on these epistles. If they had preceded rather than followed Meyer's, they would have met with a cordial reception. It is by this comparison only that they suffer. The investigations into the authenticity, origin, and date of the various epistles have a far higher value. Here Huther is at his best, and his work is quite equal to his predecessor's. We regret that like so many Continental critics, even of the Evangelical school, Dr. Huther declines to accept the Petrine authorship of the "Second Epistle of Peter." He thinks the evidence is indecisive, and therefore refuses to pronounce any judgment. If he had carried to a somewhat greater length his exhibition of the resemblances in thought and language between the first and second epistles, he would have been led to a definite conclusion in favour of the traditional belief. Apart from that belief these similarities are inexplicable, and the whole epistle is a psychological as well as a moral enigma. If Peter was not the author of the epistle, it was the work of a deliberate deceiver. The arguments of Alford, Fronmüller, Raw-

son, Lumley, and others are unanswerable, and modern critics will gradually come round to the old view. Dr. Huther's carefulness, thoroughness, and candour we cannot commend too strongly; and, if his volumes will not satisfy the very highest requirements, they will take a prominent place in the next rank.

JUVENILE WIT AND HUMOUR; or, Five Hundred Wise, Witty, and Waggish Sayings of Young People. Dedicated to the Fathers and Mothers of Clever Children. Collected and Edited by D. Shearer, M.A., Ph.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

An amusing book, the drolleries and oddities of which have the additional recommendation of giving to us glimpses into human nature which its ordinary phases do not supply, and which may easily be put to good practical use.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.
New Edition. Ward, Lock, & Co.

THE republication of this great work is proceeding rapidly. Since our last notice of it, three parts have been issued—the seventh, eighth, and ninth, the last of which takes us to 1 Kings xx. We meet with many curious things which the Biblical student will prize. The seventh part is preceded by an admirably executed map of the journeyings of the Israelites through the Wilderness.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. By the Rev. George Philip, M.A., of Free St. John's, Edinburgh. Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. PHILIP has written with the

solemnity and the tenderness which the sacredness of his theme demands. He has not given to us dry criticism, though he has availed himself of all the sources of information which were within his reach. Nor has he been content with a merely elaborated account of the scenes which are associated with Gethsemane in the history of our Lord. He has endeavoured to penetrate into their meaning, and has found them, as every thoughtful and devout mind must find them, to be full of holy teaching and of practical suggestiveness. He also takes us through the incidents which immediately followed the "Agony"—the betrayal by Judas, the approach of the armed band, and the self-surrender of the Victim, whom we have to behold as "the Royal Captive," and in whom we are encouraged and urged to trust as the One who is "mighty to save." Christian people will be thankful for a book so well fitted to increase their regard for, and their fellowship with, Him whom their souls love.

THE GREATNESS OF CHRIST RELATIVELY AND ABSOLUTELY CONSIDERED. By T. S. Engall. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 32, Paternoster Row; S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

IN his Preface, Mr. Engall writes very modestly of his work. We can give to it our hearty praise. It treats of the Divinity of our Lord in a style which is new to us, and which strikes us as being very convincing. The old textual and exegetical methods of Scripture proof are passed by, not in any spirit of depreciation, but for the purpose of developing a line of thought more in accordance with the historical repre-

sentations of our Lord which are found in the New Testament, and which have become so influential upon the imagination and the sentiment of the present age. The author vividly depicts the superior greatness of Christ to that of the Temple, of Solomon, of Jonah, of Jacob, of Abraham, of Aaron, of Moses, and of the angels. And the argument which runs through these eight admirable chapters finds its completion in "The New Testament 'I AM.'" Mr. Engall rightly considers that the "thoughts" which he has endeavoured to express "are capable of being built up into a cumulative argument for the Divinity of 'the Lord's Christ,'" and he is justified in his hope that "this grouping of them may be blessed to strengthen the faith of some who already own, and adore, and love Him as their Saviour and their God." He also rightly thinks that this argument "may be made use of as a groundwork for a course of lessons to senior classes, for whose sake principally the reference texts have been noted in the margin."

WHAT DOES HISTORY SAY? or, the Baptists brought to the Test. A Sermon Preached at Rye Lane Chapel on Sunday evening, September 25th, 1881. By John T. Briscoe. Tract Depository, Castle Street, Holborn.

LIKE all true and intelligent Baptists, Mr. Briscoe has no objection to be "brought to the test," and he is able to give a good account of himself. He puts the argument for the baptism of believers by immersion in a nutshell. He does not trouble his readers with linguistic reasonings or with subtle interpretations of New Testament teaching on the subject he has in hand, but con-

tents himself with a terse and compact answer to the question, "What does history say?" After stating the different views of baptism which have come into vogue, he shows how long those held by Baptists were maintained after the days of the Apostles, and the time when, and the circumstances under which, the sad innovations occurred. This argument is so conducted as to lead to a conclusion completely in our favour. The discourse closes with a telling exposition of the meaning of the rite. Let it be scattered broadcast over the land. The more widely it is circulated and read, the more good it is certain to accomplish.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO A NEW REVISION; or, a Critical Companion to the New Testament: being a Series of Notes on the Original Text, with the view of securing greater uniformity in its English rendering, including the chief alterations of the "Revision" of 1881 and of the American Committee. By Robert Young, LL.D. Edinburgh: G. A. Young & Co.; London: Sold by all Booksellers.

DR. YOUNG, author of the "Analytical Concordance to the Bible," has "for many years past been deeply impressed by the fact that the 'studied variety (in the rendering of words) adopted by the translators of 1611 has produced a degree of *inconsistency* that cannot be reconciled with the principle of faithfulness," and he has endeavoured to "reduce it to a minimum." The task was laborious, but it cannot be said to have been needless, though the need has been considerably lessened by the appearance of the New Revision. The author has not only sought to "secure

a greater uniformity in the rendering of the various Greek words as to their *meaning*," but also to "secure the uniformity of the rendering of the principal Greek *tenses, particles, &c.*, which the Revised Version has failed to do in numberless cases." The work will, no doubt, be valuable to students; ordinary readers can scarcely be expected to appreciate its worth. It does not take the form of a new translation, but consists simply of brief notes intended to remedy the imperfections of the translation which has been in use. A wide margin is supplied to each page for manuscript remarks.

ENTERING INTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD :
a Discourse by the Rev. Henry Solly,
delivered before the Annual Meeting
of the General Baptist Assembly,
June 7, 1881. Elliot Stock.

THE Old Connexion of General Baptists, as our readers are aware, is not orthodox on some of the vital questions of the Christian Faith. There is not much heterodoxy in Mr. Solly's sermon, though it crops up a little towards the end. Baptism is the subject mainly treated, and the treatment has the merit of freshness.

THE BRITISH NOT GENTILES. By
George Bullock. London : John
Heywood, Paternoster Square.

FROM the title-page we learn that this pamphlet is in its "tenth thousand." Our wonder is that such trash can anywhere find a better fate than the flames. The author holds that "the British people are not Gentile, and that outside

nations (being Gentile) have neither part nor lot in the inheritance promised to the seed of Abraham only." A specimen of his style of reasoning is found in the only argument he adduces in favour of the first of these two propositions. Having quoted Gen. *xlvi.* 18-20, he says :—

"The one power on the face of the earth to-day, fulfilling in a way that no other power, either ancient or modern, ever did, or does, the destiny which the great I AM set before the younger son of Joseph, is England, who, in her colonial possessions, forming that Greater Britain, has springing up a multitude of nations who give fair promise of the power to *inherit* the earth. So we have that power of swarmery which God made the absolute property of Ephraim, and must, therefore, be the Dear Son. And, being that Dear Son, we must have the tribes of Israel for our fellows."

Our readers would only despise us if we were to waste any more of our space upon the unmitigated nonsense to which these three-and-twenty pages have been devoted.

CHINA'S MILLIONS. 1881. Edited by
J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S.
Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster
Buildings.

THE recent eloquent appeal of the Rev. Griffith John ought to intensify the interest of all English Christians in the Evangelisation of China. A way for the Gospel is now open into every part of that vast and thickly populated empire, which we anticipate will ere long become one of the most fruitful of all our fields of missionary labour. The beautiful volume before us relates, as usual, specially to the "China Inland Mission," and every page of it is replete with facts which become powerful arguments for the energetic prosecution of the work.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1882.

The Lord Justice Eush.

(Concluded from page 55.)



M. R. READE'S mention of Mr. Bishop reminds us of a very pleasing trait in the judge's character—his attachment to the friends who knew him in his early years. He was not the man to forget in his prosperity and elevation any who had been associated with him in his struggles, but to the last cherished for them an attachment which he was ever ready to show. For Mr. Bishop, of whose character we have heard him speak repeatedly in the warmest and highest terms, he cherished the most affectionate regard, and never ceased to interest himself in him and the members of his family. Another incident illustrative of this clinging to old friends occurred when we were with him in the city of Rome. Casually he met with three old acquaintances whom he had not seen for some time, and not soon can we forget the delight with which he hailed their appearance, their interchange of friendly greetings, and the pleasure with which they recalled the incidents of their early days. Yet another case we may mention with which we were deeply touched. At one time he had a young man as clerk who was gifted with dramatic powers. This young man left him to become a professional actor, and has since taken a first place in his own line of comedy. This gentleman wrote the judge a respectful and affectionate letter during his last illness, and no expression of condolence he received seemed to afford him greater pleasure than the letter of this quondam clerk, and now distinguished comedian. In the same spirit he cherished to the last a clinging fondness for his

native place, where he first sought employment in a lawyer's office, and he seemed to take as much delight in his occasional visits to Shaftesbury as if he were a boy leaving school to spend his holiday at home.

Of his rapid rise in his profession after the date up to which we have traced his course, it is not necessary for us to speak. It is now matter of history, known to others as well as ourselves. Neither is it our province to speak of the qualities which won for him his high place as a lawyer and a judge. It is pleasing, however, for us to note the singular unanimity with which the Press has borne testimony to his character and ability. We do not remember any one, even among those who have occupied more distinguished places, and have been more talked of during their lifetime, who has been made the subject of such general eulogy. When he was appointed Lord Justice, it was said, "Few judicial appointments have been hailed with such cordial and universal pleasure as the elevation of Mr. Justice Lush to the Court of Appeal. The satisfaction with which it is regarded is as widespread as it is unmingled. The different sections of the Press—religious, legal, and secular—have united in one chorus of approval. And, while the Press is unanimous in its acclamations, with the profession the appointment is the most popular that has been made for many years; and the general public, so far as it has given any sign, sees among all the judges on the Bench, or the leading men at the Bar, no one whose elevation it would have regarded with greater satisfaction." Since his death the eulogy pronounced on him has been still more universal and emphatic. Our space does not permit of our quoting at any length the language which justifies this remark; but we cannot refrain from giving two or three specimens, in order to show how he was thought of by those whose standpoint is widely different from our own. The *Times* says:—"He was a settler of disputes between man and man in the widest sense of the word. He was always ready with almost paternal advice to suitors. . . . To discover what was best for both parties was his guiding motive; and, when the heat of litigation had cooled down, all were willing to acknowledge his services as mediator. Then his good nature was great; and young counsel had often to be grateful for a kind word in their perplexities. There are few judges whose careers have spanned an epoch of change with such success." The *Daily Chronicle* says:—"It is impossible for his

bitterest enemy, if he had one, to say a word against his administration of justice. He had learning and a marvellously intimate and accurate knowledge of the practice of the courts. He had patience, he had industry, and a head unaffected by prejudice or conceit. Surely, but unostentatiously, he took a firm grip of each subject which came before him ; and his clear head and zeal for justice seldom deceived him. There was no narrowness, no perversity, no temper in his administration of the law ; and those who have experienced his firm, but gentle, kindness in the transaction of business know how great is the loss the Bench has sustained in his death. But Sir Robert Lush will be mourned not less deeply as a man than as a judge, for the virtues of his judicial conduct were not more conspicuous than the genial charm of his social disposition. . . . In his seventy-fifth year, after a long and honourable career, crowned with the highest distinctions of his profession, he has gone to his grave, leaving his life as a bright example to those who come after him." The *Morning Advertiser* says :—" A great lawyer and one of nature's gentlemen has passed away. More than forty years have elapsed since Sir R. Lush was called to the Bar, and seventeen since he was appointed judge in the Queen's Bench. But within that period no living or dead lawyer has achieved a greater reputation, and none has more completely owed his advancement to his intrinsic merits. Lord Justice Lush won whatever steps he gained by honest work, by indefatigable industry, and conspicuous ability. Notable, even for these days, was the suavity of his manner, and, if we may use the term, delicacy of touch in all that came before him. Benevolence and perspicacity seemed to go hand-in-hand in all his work. In public as in private life, no lawyer and no judge has more thoroughly realised the ideal of the man ' four-cornered and without flaw before the world.' " *Truth* says :—" Few English judges have done more towards the simplification of our law than Lord Justice Lush, whose death was announced last week. In a year which has been so prolific in the deaths of illustrious men, and especially so of our highest legal luminaries, as 1881, it is high praise to say of Sir Robert Lush that no blow inflicted on the legal profession during the past twelve months has been more severely felt than his death ; but, high as it is, it is none the less true. The one great and prominent fact in his judicial life which contrasted him so strongly with his brother justices was his keen insight into the moral as well as the legal merits of

such claims as came before him, relying upon which he was enabled to decide cases on their own merits, instead of being tied down by those hard-and-fast rules of precedent which obtain so widely in the profession."

These eulogies of the Press of every shade of political opinion are corroborated by the testimony of his professional brethren. At the first sitting of the Court of Appeal after his death, the Master of the Rolls said:—"Before commencing the business of the day I think it right to express the great grief which we all feel at the death, during the last vacation, of our esteemed colleague, Lord Justice Lush. When I say 'we all feel,' I mean the public and the profession at large, but especially the members of the judicial bench. The late Lord Justice was a remarkable example of what can be accomplished in the law by energy, industry, and perseverance. By these means he raised himself from the lowest to the highest rank in the profession. Combining as he did an excellent memory with extraordinary power of labour, he in early life made himself master of the remarkable intricacies which at that time beset the procedure and practice in an action at law, and his book on the subject was for many years considered as a standard work. In later life, when the progress of law reform swept away that cumbrous and complicated process, to the elucidation of which he had devoted so much time and thought, he welcomed the advent of a simpler system of procedure with ungrudging love. As a member of the Committee of Judges who revised and settled the Rules under the Judicature Act, he gave willing and most efficient assistance. Those who knew him in private life knew him as kind and benevolent, pleasant in manner, and amiable in disposition. As a judge we can truly say he was conscientious and painstaking, patient and impartial, and distinguished alike by sound learning and sound sense."

Mr. John Pearson, Q.C., as senior member of the Bar present, said: "On behalf of my colleagues and myself, I can only say how heartily we reciprocate the sentiments which have fallen from your lordship. If there be any circumstance which can alleviate our regret at the departure of the late Lord Justice Lush, it is that age had not weakened his intellect or diminished the patience, kindness, and courtesy which endeared him to the profession."

It only remains for us to add the testimony borne to his character by those who were associated with him in religious work.

At a special meeting of the Fundees of the Particular Baptist Fund held at the Mission House, Castle Street, on January 5th, 1882, it was resolved:—"That the Fundees, in recording the death of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Lush, one of the judges of Her Majesty's Court of Appeal, and from November 9th, 1858, a treasurer of this Fund, express their most sincere and heartfelt sorrow at the loss they have thus sustained, in common with the whole nation, but especially as belonging to a denomination of which he was so honoured and beloved a member. They record with gratitude the interest the late Lord Justice took in this Fund, and the readiness with which he placed at its service his great legal knowledge. They would magnify the grace of God, which shone so brightly in his adherence to those principles of religious truth he so conscientiously held and so consistently followed. They respect his memory for the dignity and ability with which he filled his high position, and they cherish with loving remembrance the kindness of heart he ever exhibited in all his intercourse with his Christian brethren. They can never forget the bright example he has thus left behind him, and their prayer is that, in the same spirit of simple, humble, earnest following of the Saviour which marked Lord Justice Lush's course to the end, they may, like him, be found 'faithful unto death.'"

"Opinions like these," says Dr. Landels in his funeral sermon, "expressed by men of all shades of political and religious belief, are, in our judgment, a greater honour to him than even the high office which he filled, for appointment to office may be determined by reasons which imply no personal excellence, and its duties performed with conspicuous ability without its deriving any lustre from the moral character of its occupants. Whereas, the concurrent testimony of so many witnesses shows that in his case his virtues adorned his office more than the office reflected honour on him. And the testimony borne by those who knew him in private concurred with theirs who watched only his public course. In all the relations of life which he sustained he acted his part well. He was a good father, a loving, faithful husband, a kind and generous relative and friend. In all these relations he was one 'who bore without reproach the grand old name of gentleman,' 'one of nature's gentlemen,' as the paper designates him—a gentleman by nature and by habit as well. His character bore the strictest scrutiny. The more closely it was watched the more upright and transparent it appeared. To all who knew him he was a Christian indeed in whom there was no guile."

As might have been expected from the amount of eulogy which his death has called forth, various stories about him have been set afloat, some of which are decidedly apocryphal; and, though they are supposed by those who invent and circulate them to reflect honour on their subject, they are so much at variance with the character of the man that we are only performing a friendly duty, and gratifying a filial wish, when we give notice of this fact. One of our religious papers is responsible for the following:—"One Sunday, on the occasion of the assizes being held in Manchester, Sir Robert quietly walked into Dr. Maclaren's chapel, and seated himself in the nearest pew. After a few minutes, in came a Manchester man, the real owner. Indignant at finding a stranger in his pew, he requested the latter to walk out, which he did, finding accommodation elsewhere. The service over, Dr. Maclaren sent to the judge to come into the vestry, and, while chatting together, the very individual who had expelled the judge from his pew entered. Dr. Maclaren, ignorant of what had occurred, introduced him to Sir Robert. 'I have already seen Mr. So-and-So,' replied Sir Robert, quietly, 'and I have no wish to see him again.'" The first part of this story may be true. A Manchester man might not like, any more than a London man, to see a stranger in his pew, and might possibly request him to take another. But it is extremely unlikely. The judge was pretty well known in Dr. Maclaren's church, and was not treated with any want of attention when there; he did not need to be "sent" for, either, before going into Dr. Maclaren's vestry. As for the latter part of the story, the rebuff which he gave when Dr. Maclaren introduced the "Manchester gentleman," it is so utterly unlike the man that those who knew him best will refuse to believe it except on the most unimpeachable authority. His family—one of whom always accompanied him on circuit—know nothing of the incident as here told.

Another paper says:—"His letters were ever the same, and never did he pen one—and we were privileged to see several—without a direct word of appeal, irresistibly touching in its tenderness, respecting the salvation of his correspondent." The writer, no doubt, means this for high praise; but it is not true when applied to his letters generally. He may, in writing to some one in whom he was specially interested and about whose condition he was doubtful, have used words of direct appeal. But he had naturally little sympathy with those who abruptly drag religion into all their writing and conversation; and, though his

letters were those of a Christian gentleman, they were certainly not "ever the same" as this writer describes.

We notice these things because we do not like the character of a friend to be caricatured by well-meaning people who would paint it according to their own liking, and not according to what it was. His does not need to be adorned with any fictitious qualities, and nothing would have been more abhorrent to his own nature than the thought of having attributed to him fancied virtues which he did not possess.

We have now completed our sad but grateful task. It affords us a melancholy pleasure to join with others in raising a tribute to his memory. We have given not our own estimate of him only, but the testimony borne to him by others also, so as to present to our readers, so far as our space and available materials will allow, an accurate portrait of the man. We close with the words in which Dr. Landels, who has been his pastor and intimate friend for many years, sums up his character and describes his closing hours:—"Beyond most men he enjoyed the affectionate esteem of all to whom he was known. And he gained it, not by any of the arts of those who hunt for popularity, but by the quiet outshining of his own amiable qualities. He was, as we can all testify, one of the most unostentatious of men. His religion was no obtrusive thing, sounding a trumpet before it to call attention to itself and its doings, but quietly proving its sincerity less by words than deeds. Faithful he was to his principles, or he would not have been so much respected; kind and courteous he was in all his intercourse, not only with those with whom he agreed, but also with those who differed from him, or he would not have been so much and so generally beloved. While he was a welcome guest in the re-unions of the rich and great, he was never happier than in his meetings with the poor who were so often invited to partake of his hospitality. Under all the honours he received he retained the simple habits of his early years, and was courteous alike towards high and low, neither condescending to the one nor fawning upon the other. As a judge he was not less courteous to the Bar than as a barrister he was respectful to the Bench. And the public prints to-day bear testimony to the many struggling young men who were encouraged by his kind words. It is seldom that such a chorus of eulogy as his death has called forth appears in our daily Press. And being all that he was, we cannot doubt that the general verdict of approval has been confirmed in that higher court in which we must all appear. From

having known him in the privacy of his home, and watched his character as tried by various tests and set in various lights, we feel assured that, having passed through life humbly trusting in his Saviour's merits, and seeking to tread in his Saviour's steps, he has now risen to receive his Saviour's reward—and that now he knows better than ever before what the Divine promise means—'Them that honour Me, I will honour.' In his later days he seemed to us to show a wonderful ripening for the final change. The death of his wife, with whom he had lived in such loving fellowship for so many years, was a terrible trial to him; and, though he strove bravely to bear up under it, the shock it gave to his gentle nature was one from which he never quite recovered. She told him before her departure that he would not be long in following; and, to those of us who noticed his failing strength, it soon appeared that her words would prove true. He gradually sank, and with the gradual sinking of the physical frame there was a gradual development of all the finer qualities of his nature. Slight infirmities of temper which would sometimes manifest themselves in earlier years disappeared. A peculiar gentleness characterised his closing days, a mellowing of character as if ripening for a better world; and when the end came he was like a shock of corn fully ripe. Gently he passed away like a wearied child falling asleep, mercifully suffering little, and not even knowing that the final change was upon him until he opened his eyes on the glories which are at God's right hand, making us all feel, who stood round, that death was a less terrible thing than we supposed, and suggesting to us, if not leading us to utter, those words which describe a good man's transit from earth to heaven:

“ How blest the righteous when he dies,
 When sinks a peaceful soul to rest !
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

“ So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

“ We miss him here—his wise counsels, his kindly greetings, his generous aid. His family miss him, oh, how much; and how much they need our sympathy and our prayers! But with him all is well. He honoured God, and now God honours him as he never was honoured

before. And for us it remains that, while we cherish his memory, we should seek to profit by his example, thanking God for all that was Christ-like in him, and endeavouring to follow him so far as he followed his Lord, that thus we may honour God even as he honoured Him, and rise at last to share in the honours which he now enjoys."

Glimpses of Scotland.

III.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.



AMONG the many friends with whom I enjoyed intimate intercourse in Edinburgh, none was more kind and attractive than the late Mr. Dickie, one of the pastors of Bristo Street Church. For several years after I first knew him, he arranged for a social gathering of brethren to meet me, at his house, at breakfast. His cordial manner, vigorous intelligence, and joyous spirits, in the midst of his vivacious and cultivated family, diffused a delicious charm among his guests, and made our Christian intercourse most animated and refreshing. I never had the privilege of hearing Mr. Dickie preach, but judging from the few speeches I heard from his lips—full of animation and thoughtfulness—he could not fail to be interesting and instructive in the pulpit. Though belonging to the somewhat stricter part of our body in Scotland, his sympathies were wide and deep. His decease caused a vacancy in my circle of Edinburgh friends which was never wholly filled up, and the discontinuance of those happy gatherings in Anne Street somewhat saddened my subsequent visits. But the recollection of them, at this distant period, is very vivid and pleasant.

Long before my visits to Scotland, I had heard much of the brothers Haldane; but the elder I never saw, as his death occurred prior to the time of which I am writing. I found Mr. James Haldane in his study, engaged with some portion of the Epistle to the Romans with as much eagerness as if it was his first opportunity of looking at it. He received me with true Christian urbanity and kindness. We soon got

into an interesting theological discussion, during which reference was made to John Howard Hinton's writings. Though many of his notions were not in harmony with those of Mr. Haldane, there was no want of a manly, sincere admiration of his great abilities. I was requested to take one of the services on the following Lord's-day, in which Mr. Haldane not only took part, but very warmly commended me, and the object for which I had been pleading, to the attention and liberality of his flock.

The next morning I breakfasted with the family. I had heard much and read many descriptions of a Scotch breakfast. The reality surpassed expectation. Not that there was any profuseness, but there was such a variety of viands on the table, many of which I never saw before—kippered salmon, and the world-renowned haddie, holding a prominent place. But the frank and lively talk was best of all. We seemed to be in an atmosphere of Christian culture and hospitality. If my memory serves me right, Macaulay has remarked that he always knew how he stood with the families he visited by the frequency of invitations to breakfast. As a meal, it is much more social and friendly than a dinner, at which one cannot always unbend, or feel so much at home. At breakfast, moreover, the guests are generally on terms of greater personal intimacy.

Family worship began, of course, with a psalm; and ever since then I have wished that the practice of singing on such occasions were more common in the South, as it imparts so much reality to the exercise as an act of worship. Every one present joined in it, and in the reading of the Scriptures; and it was striking to notice the interest taken in both, and in the plain and suitable remarks that were made. But I shall never forget Mr. Haldane's prayer—so full of unction and glowing with fervour—noticing, with exquisite appropriateness, the relative position of each worshipper—and, though singularly comprehensive, by no means long. I left the house with the feeling that, if I had been refreshed in body, I had been far more refreshed and strengthened in mind and heart.

What a grand old place the tabernacle in Leith Walk must have been in its palmy days, when filled by a congregation thirsting for the pure streams of Gospel truth! It was reduced to half its original size when I first preached there, the upper half only being retained for the use of the church. But the attendance was large even then. I cannot describe the interest and avidity with which, some years after, I

read the memoirs of Robert and James Haldane. In each case "the boy was father to the man." Their marvellous energy—their youthful manhood—their maritime life and exploits—their conversion—the work of one as a scholar and a writer—of the other as an evangelist and a preacher, carried on both on the Continent and in Scotland—their entire consecration to the service of their Lord—their generous devotion of a large portion of their property to further it—their courage amidst violent opposition from mobs of the vulgar and the rude—their calm endurance of the reproach and scorn of persons in their own rank of life—their unflinching faith in the verities of the Gospel, must excite the admiration of all generous minds. It is not too much to affirm that the Haldanes did for Scotland what Wesley and Whitefield did for England. They woke up the masses from that condition of formalism and ignorance into which they had fallen; and the revival of true spiritual life and its subsequent growth and vigour, in both countries, must be traced up to these four extraordinary men; who, while diverse in many respects, remarkably resembled each other, and chiefly for their ardent passion to save souls. When we think of their work and of its results, we cannot be wrong in imitating the churches of Judæa who, when they heard of the marvellous doings of Paul and his companions, *glorified God in them*.

As a preacher, James Haldane was eminently successful, and attracted large audiences wherever he went. There were few towns, or even villages, in Scotland which he did not visit. If churches or halls could not be had, he would repair to the market-place or the fields, where, in the face of scorn and derision, and often under the most violent threats of opposition, he calmly and resolutely went on with his work. Besides these itinerant labours, he gratuitously discharged the duties of pastor to the church in Leith Walk, to which he was ordained in 1799, and which he held until his death. As a Christian minister, he was a bright example of fidelity and zeal, and always ready to give substantial help to every good work. The record of the lives of the brothers Haldane is one of the most interesting of Christian biographies, and, if its lessons and example have their due influence, must be one of pre-eminent usefulness.

In going across Edinburgh one day from Danube Street to Newington, just after we passed the University, a very remarkable-looking person entered the omnibus. Tall, broad, muscular, of large, irregular, but expressive features, his hair hanging over his shoulders, with a

huge staff in his hand—he seemed the counterpart of what an Irishman would love in a scrimmage, a “Foigh a Ballagh,” *clear the way* sort of body. We soon saluted each other, and I was amazed at the bland courtesy of his manners, and the gentleness of his voice, so strongly in contrast with his somewhat huge, rough, unpromising figure. When he stepped out, I asked the conductor who he was. The man looked at me with a striking expression of displeasure and astonishment.

“Diinna ye ken wha that is?”

“No, indeed I don’t, for I never saw him before; and besides, I am a stranger in Edinburgh.”

“Why, sir, that’s Dr. Guthrie, that is,” speaking with great energy, and almost putting his fist in my face.

“Well, man, I admire your enthusiasm for your celebrated countryman, of whom I have heard wonderful things. But ye need not be angry because I did not know a gentleman whom I had never seen.”

“Ay, sir, but he’s a gran’ man, that Dr. Guthrie, and tak’s care of the puir starving bairns.”

Some time afterwards Dr. Guthrie was engaged to preach on behalf of the Islington Ragged Schools at the Wesleyan Chapel, in Liverpool Road. The spacious place was crowded, for the doctor’s fame had long before reached London. It is the practice in this place of worship to read selected portions of the liturgy, besides which there were chanting and anthems. It was amusing to watch the doctor during this part of the service. Sitting in the same pew with him, I could plainly see he did not relish it. He was as restless “as a hen on a het girdle.” By-and-by he ascended the pulpit, and whether he really meant to convey a rebuke I do not know, but, taking up the printed paper of hymns, he said, “Let us *now* worship God by singing the first hymn!”

The sermon was founded on the story of the young man in the gospel to whom our Lord said, “One thing thou lackest;” and he showed us, in many striking particulars, how the want of religion would mar the finest character. He then pleaded for the poor, outcast, neglected children, and told us something of his work among the “street Arabs” of Edinburgh. He was now in his element, and the pathos pervading this part of his discourse was wonderful. We were all greatly moved. One incident I shall never forget. He and his fellow-workers had been out one cold, bitter night, seeking the

lost ones. They found one in a kirk-yard, where, famished with hunger, and almost dead with cold, the little fellow had lain down to die. He was revived with great difficulty, and, when he could speak, they found the puir bairn had been frozen to his mother's grave! "Christian people!" exclaimed the doctor, "will ye no put forth a helping hand to rescue these perishing little ones, or will ye leave them thus to die?" His whole frame was quivering with emotion. The audience was in tears, and, when he had paused for a moment, they found relief in one great sob.

When the Evangelical Alliance met in Amsterdam in 1867, I saw a good deal of Dr. Guthrie, and went to hear him preach in the Presbyterian church there. We attended the communion at the New Kirk, a vast place, which was crowded from floor to ceiling, and Christians from all parts of Europe were present. As a spectacle, it was imposing and striking; as a religious service, it was deeply solemn and impressive. Addresses were delivered in French, Dutch, German, Italian, and English. Dr. Steane, Mr. Hinton, and myself spent the afternoon with the little Baptist church—not the Menonite—who had, by personal study of the Scriptures, seen the duty of professing Christ by baptism, and had fallen into regular church order and fellowship. How delighted they were to see us! and we were no less pleased with their affection, simplicity, and godly sincerity.

At the general meeting of the next day, Dr. Guthrie was appointed to give an account of his ragged schools in Edinburgh. The audience, though composed of foreigners, were able, from their partial or more perfect acquaintance with English, to follow him, and their astonishment was indeed great. The work was wholly new to them; and our Dutch friends, though not remarkable for demonstrativeness, were profoundly interested. The Doctor closed his stirring address somewhat in these words:—"Now, if you mean to take this work in hand to try and rescue these forsaken ones, mind that ye provide plenty of soap and water. Begin by washing and scrubbing them well, that they may know, it may be for the first time in their lives, the feeling of being clean. Then feed them with a bountiful meal of milk and porridge; and *then* prayers! porridge first, mind; prayers afterwards." The people fairly shouted. There was a world of wisdom in this advice; for surely, when children are starving, the first thing to be done is to allay the pangs of hunger. I never saw Dr. Guthrie again.

And he, too, like many of his distinguished contemporaries, has passed to his rest. We have read the story of his life; and what a noble life it was! His boyhood, his college days, his residence in Paris, and his return to Scotland are full of thrilling interest. His call to the ministry; his life and work at Arbirlot; his fidelity to the principles involved in the Disruption; his removal to Edinburgh; the devotion of his energies, for a whole year, to promote the fund to provide manses for his poorer brethren; his speeches night after night, so full of wit and humour; his ragged-school work; his final retirement from public life, and subsequent literary undertakings; his generosity, large-heartedness, fervid intellect, and oratorical power—invest Dr. Guthrie's memory with an indescribable charm. And then comes the peaceful, happy, serene close of this noble life at Hastings, where he seemed like a child falling asleep, yet manifesting the faith of an Apostle. Only a short time before his death he wished a hymn to be sung, and, when one of his family asked him which he would like, most characteristically, and showing "the ruling passion strong in death," he replied, "*Sing me a bairn's hymn!*" Such incidents forcibly remind one of the beautiful lines of the Poet Laureate:—

"Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets ;
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Elijah's Recovery.



IN the November number of this Magazine we gave expression to some meditations suggested by Elijah's despondency. The subject of his recovery from the depression which befell him is equally fruitful and equally interesting, and may occupy a little attention now.

In the great silence of the wilderness Elijah seemed to be alone—forsaken, dying. "But the Lord is mindful of His own." Not a sparrow falls in its flight unobserved—shall a prophet lie neglected? Shall he be deposed as unworthy of his high office? Shall the request of his despair be conceded—shall he be left to die?

Thankful that we have the privilege of prayer, and that prayer so often wins an answer, let us not omit from our reckoning of life's mercies the instances in which our prayers have not been answered. Our prayer may be our folly. Sometimes "we know not what we should pray for." We may desire to die when we are wanted for life. So for Elijah, instead of the ministry of death comes the ministry of healing. Not out of the whirlwind will the Lord answer; but, "as one whom his mother comforteth, so will He comfort him, and he shall be comforted." A diagnosis of the case reveals the complexity of the symptoms, every part of the system suffering directly or in sympathy. What is the Divine treatment?

The claims of the physical side of our nature, too generally overlooked, are here placed in the foreground. "Better than medicine comes sleep to restore tired nature." Elijah "lay and slept under the juniper tree." How timely the boon! How recuperatory its influence. "So God giveth His beloved sleep." As Elijah slept, "Behold, an angel touched him, and said, 'Arise and eat.' And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head; and he did eat and drink, and laid him down again." Fasting may rise to the dignity of a religious act; so may partaking of food. It is obedience to instinct, to law; and it should be obedience to the Lawgiver. God giveth daily bread. Nature may be the almoner of His bounty; birds may be His winged ministrants; or angel-hands, not disdaining humble service, may fill the cruse with water, may kindle the fire of coal, and may prepare the cake to be baked thereon. God "doeth all things well."

To know how best to minister to a soul diseased the pastor needs to be something of a physician. What is the seat of the disorder? Is it the mind or the body? Which claims priority of treatment? Surely great practical wisdom is required; and, from the spiritual side, as well as from the physical, too much importance cannot be attached to the study of the laws of Nature.

Elijah had thought himself forsaken. In so sad a plight, that angel ministry would bring upon him a soothing influence. Seen at first, perhaps, as the sick see, half-dreamily, the truth would gradually grow into distinctness. "The repast, though frugal, has been intelligently prepared. No bird seems to have been the agent of heaven now. No human being has invaded this solitude. Some angel-hand has been busy;"—and then the bright presence would be fully revealed, a

kindly minister both to the body and the mind of the sufferer. The meal was repeated, and then he could take the long journey to Horeb. In times of mental depression it is well to have *something to do*. Grief grows by what it feeds on. The detailed arrangements of the funeral ceremony are often a blessing in disguise. So after rest and food comes the bracing influence of travel. New surroundings help to lift thought out of the old and beaten lines. It is better still if, to the tonic of mountain air, the exhilaration of grand scenery, and the calming power of Nature, can be added sacred and mighty memories belonging to the region which has to be traversed. Elijah was now moving amongst famous scenes. The very solitudes were full of life. Awful, glorious Horeb! God Himself had been there. The chosen people had been led out there like a flock. There was the cradle of the nation; there also the birthplace of that very law which Elijah had striven to uphold. There, too, Moses had fasted in sublime seclusion through forty days and nights, and his strange life was graven on the rocks. The marvellous story of Israel was whispered in every passing breeze. All this brings fresh healing to the wounded spirit. Imperceptibly, the mind, which had been prostrated, recovers tone and health, and a new life is being firmly built up for future service.

But other restorative influences were needed.

“The grief that cannot speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart,
And bids it break.”

“When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.” Suppressed doubt and unspoken sorrow need the relief of utterance. Tears are Nature's vent for grief, and language is her safety-valve for despondency. It is desirable that sceptical misgivings should be formulated; but let those who utter them recklessly, and in the hearing of the young and receptive, learn the deeper wisdom of one who took them directly to the Lord, saying, “I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; I only am left, and they seek my life to take it away.”

The prophet is now ready for the first Divine lesson, and it is presented in grandly awful symbolic imagery—whirlwind, earthquake, fire! These are the phantasmagoria that reflect the wild tumult of Elijah's mind. They tell of the potent forces slumbering in the senal of God, but they portray the prophet's mood and mode of

procedure rather than God's. The Lord is not in these. But "after the fire a still, small voice;" "and in that still voice onward comes the Lord." The prophet "wrapped his face in his mantle," subdued by the wise gentleness of Heaven. His heart was quieted, and made ready for the teaching of God. It was as when Sinai had given place to Bethlehem, or as when the blaze of Tabor ended in the simple injunction, "Hear Him!"

But the inarticulate teaching of the forces of Nature required to be supplemented by the distincter teaching of a direct verbal communication. Natural theology is at best but a preparation for revelation. The revelation came. The future, both of Church and State, was lit up by the disclosure of the Divine purpose. New rulers for the one, for the other a successor to continue Elijah's spiritual work. No longer shall he bemoan himself, saying, "I only am left." God's plans are too large to find accomplishment in the sphere of a single life. One may plant, another shall water; one may sow, another shall reap. But in the final result we shall rejoice together. Moreover, the past and the present were illumined with a significance which Elijah had failed to discern. Both had been unfairly discredited by him. Few have accurate understanding of the times that are passing over them. Elijah in his recluse life had wholly misread the features of his age. Like many another, he thought his own times the worst of times, and he depreciated and despaired of them. "I, even I, only am left." But he was now to see the ark riding safely over the watery waste. As a vision of beauty to the desert traveller, there came to him a glimpse of a *hidden church*. "Yet have I left Me seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed unto Baal." What a surprise! What a rebuke! What an encouragement!

It is never safe to estimate our work, and no folly transcends that of "numbering the people." When most despondent we may be most successful. When we are tempted to relinquish our post, and to sigh for death, victory may be on the point of declaring itself. When saddest and weariest, we may need for our complete recovery only a true insight into the present—only a clear forecast of the future.

Elijah had failed through making the burden of the Lord his own burden, and yielding to bitter disappointment when *God's* work did not unfold itself in *Elijah's* way. So that, instead of endurance being nourished with hope, a measure of godlessness and egotism led

on to chagrin and vexation of soul. He became "jealous" for God, and had to be taught the lesson we all have so much need to learn—namely, that we are safest and strongest when we are nearest to God, and that we really serve when we only stand and wait and quietly leave to Him the issues which we cannot control. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!" He measures the faithfulness of an age as well as its declension, works in His own sovereign time and way, regulates the lives of kings and prophets, and fills the future with His plans. Rest in the Lord, poor troubled, fainting heart! Wait patiently for Him!

What a revelation of God is embodied in the scenes and experiences we have passed in hasty review! How comprehensive is His knowledge, embracing as it does the growing idolatries of the age, and the hidden ones who remain fully loyal to the truth—all the good and all the evil which commingle in us individually—our courage and our cowardice—our effectual and fervent prayer for blessing, and our puling, pitiful pleading for death! How rich, too, is His goodness! "He hath not dealt with us after our sins," but, like a kindly father, He pities His wayward child. He does not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. "Come, now, let us reason together." Thus He calms our madness, and quenches the fever of the brain. "Thy gentleness hath made me great." How amazing His wisdom, blending a mother's tenderness with a physician's skill—restoring, not destroying—and in the completeness of the cure supplying for all after-time an instructive and impressive instance which carries with it an exhaustless encouragement.

And should not this Divine treatment of Elijah's despondency furnish a model for our own imitation?

How easy it is to wound, to crush, to destroy! But the spirit of God is the spirit of compassion. Strange that man, who hopes to be forgiven, should need the reiterated lesson! Yet fiercely he takes his fellow by the throat, and demands the last fraction that is due! Having fallen often ourselves, and being ever in danger of falling again, how harshly do some of us treat the stumbling of another, especially if that other be a leader in the ranks! Condemnation is more natural to us than compassion; and not superfluous is the appeal: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering

thyself lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Not less do we need instruction as to the *method* of the service to be rendered to those who are in trouble. We should endeavour to read each case correctly—discriminating between symptoms and causes, between the physical and the mental—and learning how the one bears upon the other. Moreover, what delicacy and gentleness of manner should we cultivate! No touch can be too soft for the sick and wounded. No step can be too light for the chamber of affliction. Our great aim should be a thorough restoration—a perfect cure, in which the renewed shall again rejoice, and shall resume the holy activities which weakness, or pain, or grief may have interrupted.

Some of us ministers, I fear, come nearer to Elijah in his darker mood than we do in any other phase of his experience and his work. How little do we understand those long preparatory years away among the mountains of Gilead—the stern abruptness and the daring frankness of his first message to the degenerate monarch—his long and sickening suspense by the dwindling brook, or in the widow's house! Still less do we understand the awful magnificence of the scene on Carmel, the awful blood-shedding that stained the Kishon, or the passionate importunity with which the prophet knew so well how to pray. But how readily we can enter into his impatience for results—his dreary sense of failure—his feeling of forlornness—his eager rushing from the scene of duty, because it seemed to him to be only the scene of discomfiture—his morbid craving for the relief of solitude—his half-felt resentment towards God—and his wilful yearning for death! Who of us has not had dark moments—dark days when he and the prophet were one? Who of us but feels that at any time they may come again? One drop more may make the full cup to overflow. A little thing—somebody's anger, somebody's threatening word—acting on a nerve-worn, o'erwrought spirit, may bear down into the dust even the bravest of us. Happy will it be for us if, knowing the scant measure of our strength, and the perils that beset us, we can so far profit by the experience of Elijah as carefully to avoid all notions of self-importance, and all querulousness of disappointment, and betake ourselves, by a shorter route than he did, to the Mount of Communion, where God shall meet us, and shall prove Himself to us, as He did to him, the Teacher of the bewildered mind, and the Healer of the suffering soul.

S. T. ALLEN.

Birmingham.

8*

Questions.

“Where is the promise of His coming?”—2 PET. iii. 4.



IMPATIENT heart! Bethink thee of that hour,
Now long gone by, when bitter woe, with power
O'ermastering, rose and laid thee very low,
Shattering thy youth and hope in one dire blow.

As life stretched out, one gray unbroken plain,
And death delayed to come and ease thy pain,
Didst thou not hear, 'mid rush of tear and sigh,
A voice which said, “Be not afraid, 'tis I”?

Dost thou forget the hour when to thy gaze
Two paths did show, where there had been but one?—
The first so narrow, turning back was none,
Vanishing in a wondrous golden haze;
The other, winding under sunny skies
And flower-wreathed plains—an earthly Paradise;—
Who turned into the narrow path thy feet,
Saying, “This is the way, walk thou in it”?

Then think again. When, worn with wealth-crowned toil,
Thou saidst, “Now let me gather in the spoil;
To labour I have given the morning's prime,
And I would spend my life's sweet evening time
In restful calm, and loving thoughts of Him
Who fills my cup of blessing to the brim,”
Who sent stern Duty with the urgent plea,
“Arise and come, the Master calleth thee”?

Didst thou ne'er stand entranced before a sin,
Afraid to yield, and powerless to flee;
While every honeyed word of witchery
Waked a responsive echo from within,
And even Conscience hushed her warning bell?
Whose kingly accents broke the hateful spell,
Startling the silence of the morning gray—
“Rise up, My love, My fair one, come away”?

He comes! the Lord shall come to judge the earth;
But, waiting on that hour's stupendous birth,
The loving heart sees, with the eye of Faith,
The Saviour's advent into every life;
To this, a restful messenger of Death;
To that, a clarion summons to the strife.
In victories won, in holy impulse given,
He feels the presence of the Lord from heaven;
And, marking thro' the mists His form adored,
Ever exulting cries, “It is the Lord!”

L. M. D.

To the Rescue!—A Temperance Sermon.*

BY THE REV. W. T. ROSEVEAR.

“For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.”—*MATT. xviii. 11.*



CHRIST'S sole purpose in coming into the world was “to save.” Descending from heaven to earth, He went straight to the fallen. His sympathy with them was the secret of His incarnation: it carried Him into their nature; it made Him the Divine Man, the everlasting Friend of publicans and sinners. The pity of His heart, reaching down to the lowest depth and out to the farthest limit of “that which is lost,” aimed at rescuing it, through the power of the cross, from the grasp of the destroyer. No matter how vast it is, Christ embraced it all in His redemptive purpose. He, therefore, embraced that particular part of it to which I now exclusively direct your attention—namely, “that which is lost” by the sin of intemperance.

It is not easy to form a clear idea of all that is lost among ourselves by this one sin. Our country is making rapid strides in civilisation. The national mind is awake. Our engineers, our manufacturers, our merchants, with the elements and forces of Nature which science is putting into their hands, are building up upon this island a vast pyramid of wealth out of materials collected from their commerce with all nations. What power! What gain! But in this power is there no weakness? In this gain no loss? There is a weakness and there is a loss, deeper and farther reaching than any words of mine can describe. What arithmetic can give us the sum total of all the precious things and precious lives lost by Drink in the course of a single year? Begin with what is lowest—Money. How much of the hard-earned wages of the working classes which ought to have been spent upon their homes and in supporting and educating their children has been recklessly squandered upon their own self-indulgence—lost, and worse than lost? How much, too, of the incomes

* Preached at St. Michael's Chapel, Coventry, on Sunday evening, November 13, 1881. Printed from the shorthand writer's notes.

of the middle and upper classes which ought to have ministered to the true growth and power of the nation has, in like manner, been worse than wasted? A self-indulgent man destroys in himself powers of body and mind which are not his own: they belong to the race: they belong to God. To give oneself up to a course of intemperance is in many ways to rob the community and the Creator. Whatever else intemperance may be, it is certainly a laborious grave-digger, toiling on all the year round at its ghastly work in the full blaze of our modern civilisation. It is burying out of sight millions upon millions of precious money-treasure which, if rightly used, would have formed the basis of great commercial enterprises in those parts of the world which have been recently opened. And not only so, but, rightly used, these varied treasures would have created new demands for remunerative labour, would have banished much of our poverty from England, and diffused at home and abroad the benefits of education and religion. Would to God nothing more precious than national wealth had sunk into that great hungry grave which intemperance is digging in England by the very light of her civilisation! As I look down into it I see side by side with man-made money, God-made men. If we have tears, here is a subject for them! Men made in the image of God are among the lost things through this great sin. Down, I say, into that grave along with the wealth of the nation has gone much of its muscle, its sinew, its nerve-power, its reason, its conscience. Men will for the drink deliberately part company with their true strength, their noblest nature, and be content—oh! ignobly content—to live on among their fellows the poor tottering shadows of their former selves. Have you and I, brethren, never seen such men? Often and often we have met them. Men who with their own hands have stripped clean off the crown of their manhood, and flung it into the dust and trampled it under their feet. It is a sad sight—a man who through intemperance has lost his manhood. I know only one sadder sight than that: it is a woman, who, the victim of the same sin, has stripped off and flung from her the crown of her beautiful and God-given womanhood. That sight is not an uncommon one in England to-day. I spent three weeks of the last autumn in Northumberland, and remember well reading one morning in the *Newcastle Chronicle* (a paper with an immense circulation in the North of England) an article which thrilled me through and through; and what do you think the heading of it

was?—"Drinking among Women." I was astonished; I made inquiry; I was informed that this vice was very prevalent indeed in that part of England. How sad!—sadder far, as I think, than the same sin in men. But be that as it may, when I try to penetrate into all the things belonging to men, women, and children, over each of which may be written this simple phrase, "That which is lost," I am simply confounded—I am stunned; the phrase covers so large an area. The bare facts—no need for imagination—the bare facts are appalling. That there is so much at this moment actually lost in England, to every part of its true national life, through this single sin of intemperance—why, it is simply incalculable. For far as the sin goes—and it goes into all ranks of society—it carries along with it the loss of physical strength and conscience-power of the individual man—the loss of family peace and family happiness—the loss of manly interest in all that pertains to the great subjects of education and religion. But the most affecting loss of all brought about by this accursed thing is, I sometimes think, the loss almost of hope itself in those who have the fairest title to it—innocent children and holy mothers. Intemperance in the father—how often has it thrust out the dear little innocent children upon the cold hard world, with well-nigh broken hearts and crushed hopes with which to make the first start in life! And God omniscient alone knows how many saintly mothers are moving about at their daily tasks in this England of ours with hearts well-nigh broken by the intemperance of a son.

Nor must I forget to notice that, through this one sin of intemperance, the English nation itself has lost an immense amount of national influence for good over other nations. We are a great colonising people; our ships are upon every sea; they are upon the tidal rivers of almost every country; they are lying at anchor in almost every port. Our manufactures are in the market-places of all the nations of the world. Evidently, it seems to me, we are raised up by Providence for doing a world-wide work. But, through our national sin of intemperance, we have lost one of the mightiest moral forces for moulding and blessing the life of the lower races and peoples of the earth—namely, the force of example for sobriety. England abroad has unquestionably set an example—not of sobriety, but of intemperance. Long before the missionaries of the Christian church carried the Gospel to foreign shores, her soldiers and civilians had introduced among the heathen our drinking cus-

toms. There is no gainsaying that fact. Our missionaries had to battle not only with pagan idolators, but with prejudices created against them by British intemperance. The following passage on that point is from the pen of Canon Wilberforce:—"A native prince of high rank in India, in a published speech delivered in this metropolis, has openly said—'The helpless widows of India are uttering their curses against the British Government for having introduced this thing into their midst,' and the cry of India is echoed back to us from the far, far West. 'What do you preach?'" asked a North American Indian not long since of a missionary. 'Christ,' was the answer. 'Then away with you!' he said; 'we don't want Christ. We were once a powerful people, our enemies feared us, our wigwams were healthy, our young men were brave; but the white man came and brought with him the accursed fire-water, and now our tribe is enervated, our wigwams are poor, our glory is gone. *We don't want Christ!*" That is only one of the ways in which our national sin of intemperance is dishonouring Christ in the eyes of those far-off heathen races whom He came to save.

Here, then, dear friends, we have before us this gigantic evil. It is frowning upon us everywhere, at home and abroad. Look at it for a moment. It is no shadowy form flitting hither and thither in dreamland; it is a stern, awful reality, face to face with us upon this solid English earth of ours; it is in our streets—it is at our very doors. Would to God that it were not *within* the doors of any of us! By day and by night it is still at work. The words in which Shakespeare described its degrading influence are not yet obsolete* :—here it is still, living on, the enemy, the degrader of man, as it was in the age of Shakespeare; as it was, too, in the last century, when William Hogarth painted his famous pictures of English life, and John Gay wrote his graphic poem, "The Court of Death." In that poem Death is represented as king, sitting on his throne. He declares his intention to choose his Prime Minister. The Court is thronged with applicants. There is fever, there is gout, there is consumption, there is licentiousness hand in hand with an unnameable disease; and to these might be added idiocy, insanity, and almost every kind and degree of crime. "All spoke their claim," and then, hushed by

*"Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!—that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts."

expectation, they awaited the king's decision. He spoke, and, lo, not one of these applicants is chosen. The great monarch passes them all by, and decrees that *intemperance* shall be his own trusted Prime Minister in the Court of Death:—

“ You, fever, gout, and all the rest
 (Whom wary men as foes detest)
 Forego your claim ; no more pretend :
 Intemperance is esteemed a friend ;
 He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 And as a courted guest destroys.
 The charge on him must justly fall
 Who finds employment for you all.”

How shall we deal with this supreme, this ruling sin, this Prime Minister in the Court of Death? Shall we let it alone? God forbid! That it concerns us is obvious, because it concerns our Divine Master. It is *His* foe; it kills what He loves. His eyes of compassion are fixed upon the precious things and precious lives destroyed by it, and still as of old He comes to save that which is lost. To deal, then, with this evil in the spirit of Christ is, for one thing, to aim at the rescue of those who have become its victims. Paul, in this matter, copied Christ. The burden of his life was how he might rescue the fallen and save the lost. He put it clearly before the Church in these words—“ Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.” “ Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Now, one of the principles which Paul lays down in these words is this: That it is the duty of men of eminent spirituality to enter upon the work of rescuing the fallen. “ Ye,” he says, “ who are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness;” meaning that the best men, in the best sense—that is, the most spiritual, those most like Jesus Christ Himself—are the best fitted to rescue and save the worst men; and that they should, in imitation of their Lord, and for the sake of those for whom their Lord died, give themselves to the blessed work of redemption. There can, I think, be no doubt at all on this point: Christ's spirit is a rescuing, a redeeming spirit, and if we are Christ's—if we have His spirit—we shall do all we can to rescue and save.

Here a pointed question arises. How shall we best do this particular kind of work? Men equally good, equally conscientious, as I believe,

and equally impressed, it may be, with the horrors of drunkenness, nevertheless differ as to the best mode of rescuing those who are held within its iron grip. Some (and until recently I was one of their number) think that the best protest against drunkenness is a lifelong example of moderation. Others of us, while admitting that moderation, as far as it goes, is a mighty protest against drunkenness, and a mighty power for rescuing those who have become its victims, think that total abstinence is a still mightier protest, and a still mightier rescuing power. I am not here to-night to find fault with earnest Christian men who differ from me on this point, but rather to show that I regard the whole question of moderation or abstinence as belonging to that large doctrine of Christian liberty which Paul has laid down with great precision in his Epistles to the Corinthians and Romans. These are his words: "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any. All things are lawful, but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbour's, good." Such is the Scriptural code. Taking my stand upon that code, I say, let liberty of conscience be asserted. Let me, on the one hand, acknowledge that my Christian brethren have the liberty, if they think fit, to shape their course upon the principle of moderation; and let them, on the other hand, acknowledge that I have the liberty, if I see fit, to shape my course throughout—as I do—upon the principle of abstinence.

Now, having put this matter in the light of Christian liberty, which is to my thinking the true and Scriptural one, I want in fewest and plainest words to state two or three of the reasons which have induced some of us, in entering upon this war with intemperance, to take our stand entirely upon the ground of total abstinence. First, it is safest for ourselves. "What!" it may be asked, "would you imply that there is danger to those of us who, in imitation of Christ, attempt to save the lost? Danger to those of us who seek to rescue the drunkard? Danger lest we, in doing it, should fall into the vortex ourselves? Do you imply that?" I imply nothing. What I do is this: I simply bring out the meaning of those words of Paul which I just now carefully read to you. In those words he says, speaking to the man of eminent spirituality in his effort to restore another who had been overtaken by a fault, that he is to "*consider himself*, lest he also be tempted." These are Paul's words, not mine; and hence, brethren, knowing the frailty

of human nature, and the strength of human sin and human temptation, we feel that it is the safest course for ourselves to "abstain from every form of evil." When Paul said, "lest thou be tempted," he in effect said that even the man of eminent spirituality—the rescuer of the fallen—should not overrate nor presume upon the strength of his own virtue; but should consider his own weakness and liability to fall. Again and again, Paul rang out this warning upon the ear of the Church—a warning that comes ringing down through the ages upon the ear of our own century: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." I am sure, brethren—as sure as I am of my own existence—that there is not a man among us who can afford to disregard that admonition of Paul; not a man among us who can afford to omit the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation;" not a man among us who can, without terrible risk to his character, put himself in the way of temptation and play with it. The strongest amongst us is too weak to do that and at the same time remain safe. Oh! when I recall some whom I have myself personally known and personally honoured, who, little by little, in those old days of theirs, under the insidious influence of the accursed drink, became their own destroyers; when I remember that many a minister of the Gospel, many an office-bearer of the church, many a Sunday-school teacher, many a Christian parent, has by this one sin destroyed himself, my whole soul is stirred within me. With all tenderness, and in God's name, I beseech every one of you to ponder these words of Paul: "Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted."

Now, many men have been induced by the simple consideration of their own weakness, and their own liability to fall, to become abstainers. Temperaments differ; what may be safe for one may be peril to another. All have not the same power of self-control. Nothing is more clear, on the one hand, than that persons have lived on to old age—sometimes, indeed, to a vigorous and green old age—who have been throughout moderate drinkers: their character was irreproachable, their life was an example of highest virtue, their work was a blessing to their generation. We admit that fully. But, on the other hand, we must not overlook the great and startling fact that a vast number of persons, before they reach middle life, pass clean over from the ranks of moderate men into those of the drunkard. The public-house becomes their church. They lose self-control and self-respect: they are in jeopardy every hour. Moderation may be the safe course for others:

for *them*, as indeed some of them frankly admit, the only safe course is total abstinence. Hence there are those among us who, although we never felt in taking a glass of wine that we were in danger of going to excess, have, for the sake of example to others—whose only safety lies in abstinence—become abstainers ourselves.

Another reason why some of us have become total abstainers is akin to the one already named. We think that in face of this terrible evil of drunkenness, with all the manifold sins and curses that spring out of it and fasten, not only upon the living, but upon the unborn generation, it is our duty, for the sake of the present and the future, to deny ourselves of that to which we may have a perfect right. Assuming that we have a perfect right to the moderate use of alcoholic drinks, some of us feel, notwithstanding, that it is our duty to give up this our personal right, in order that we may be in a better position—as we think—for becoming co-workers with Christ in saving our fellow-men from the destructive power of drunkenness. Sometimes the question is asked, “Ought I to give up this, that, or the other pleasure for the sake of others?” I cannot tell you whether *you* should or not; but I can tell you where you may go and get an answer for yourself. Where is that? It is there where we try to get our own answers: it is at the foot of the cross, the cross of Him who “came to save that which was lost.” What is the spirit of that cross? It is the spirit of love stronger than self, stronger than death. The spirit of Christ’s death was the spirit of voluntarily giving up things to which He had a perfect right,—giving them up, not for His own sake, but for the sake of others. What is the spirit of the cross but the exercise of liberty in the direction of self-surrender for the salvation of sinners? Did not Christ curtail His own liberty at all points? Did not He deny Himself many things to which He had the most perfect right in order that He might seek and save that which was lost? Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor. My friends, there are more authoritative things in the Bible than even positive written commands; the *spirit of the cross* is mightier; and, in giving up for the sake of others the use of that to which we ourselves may have a perfect right, we are obeying that spirit.

Do you remember that Old Testament story about David, when, the Philistines all around him, he thirsted for a draught of water from the well of Bethlehem? His wish was law. Three of his captains, dashing through the Philistines, went straight to the well and brought

back the water. They laid it before him; he looked at it, but he would not touch it; he would not drink it. Why? Because he saw blood upon the pitcher—the blood of the men who in getting it had risked their lives. These are his exact words: “My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it, but poured it out before the Lord.” Now if David did that with the pure water, do you wonder that some of us, who see upon the intoxicating glass a spot of veritable blood—the blood of I know not how many precious souls—souls, some of them, it may be, dear and precious to us as our own—do you wonder if some of us, seeing *that*, refuse to touch it? Possibly it might do us no more harm than the sparkling water from the well of Bethlehem would have done to David; but oh! friends, the spot of blood, the blood of others, the blood, it may be, of our own kindred, upon the glass—there’s the rub, there’s the difficulty with some of us; so we have refused to drink it. Let me say this, that if every young man listening to me to-night would, before he next lifts that glass to his lips, pause awhile to look at it, and to think upon the multitudes whose souls for time and eternity are by it endangered, such pause would, to say the very least, be rational. And if afterwards, as the result of consideration, he should gather up his moral being to its full height, and take the glass and pour it out before the Lord, sure I am that, in the eyes of Him who poured out His precious blood for us all, it would be no mean sacrifice.

In that spirit let us awake and do what we can to rescue our fellow-men. I for one feel that our hearts should be full of tenderness for the drunkard himself; because in some cases—oftener, perhaps, than we think—there is a measure of truth in the words which sometimes fall from his lips: “I couldn’t help it.” He is what he is partly by the working of physiological laws through long generations, and partly by the drinking customs of English society, which surrounded him like an atmosphere from his very cradle. Nothing moves me like the spirit almost of despair in which ere now I have heard the drunkard speak. I have heard men speak something on this wise: “Oh! sir, I am helpless; it is too late; the consequences and effects of this sin through these long years are too mighty for me; they have gone into my very life-blood; they hold me down with a grip from which I cannot escape. They are my master. I am their slave.

I know not what to do. Only look here: I am girt about with this triple band of slavery—first with a chain of evil habits, self-forged out of my own indulgences; then with a coil of tempters like living serpents, with their heads turned inwards, darting their poison into the very core of my nature; and then outside their coil there is yet another—a ring of accusing spirits, the chief of which is my own conscience. It is too late! I am ruined! I am lost!” That is the spirit in which he often speaks, and speaks truly, for he *is* lost; but the Christ whom I preach to-night is able to save even him. The New Testament word “lost,” as applied to a self-destroyed man by drunkenness or any other sin, does not necessarily imply absolute and final ruin; because a voice from the heart of Christ’s teaching tells us plainly that the lost may be “found” and “saved.” Go, therefore, to the lost one. Take him by the hand; help him to kneel at the feet of the Divine Rescuer and Regenerator. Tell him that, though crushed and chained down under the weight of the sins of a lifetime, there lies beneath it all the germ of a God-given humanity, from which a new man may yet arise. Assure him that infinite possibilities of good are slumbering within the Divine germ which is hidden away at the bottom of his dark life, and that these, at the touch of Christ, will awaken and go on unfolding themselves into actual living excellences within his character for ever and ever. If you can only get him to take that view of himself and his Saviour, his despair will give place to hope—the dead will live—the lost will be found. In answer to his cry for help, Christ will come, cutting His way through the triple bond by which he has been enslaved—through the ring of accusing spirits—through the coil of poisonous serpents—through the chain of evil habits—right in upon the very core of his fallen manhood. There He, the Divine Rescuer, breathing His own Spirit into the fallen man, will cause him to stand erect in the forgiveness, the freedom, the freshness, and power of the Divine life. Let every one who is thus rescued enter upon a holy crusade against intemperance. Let us all arise in the name and power of Christ and rescue the lost. “My brethren, if any among you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.”

History.*

BY THE LATE HENRY N. BARNETT.

PART I.



ISTORY is to man as a member of society what memory is to him as an individual. Man is not content with the mere *present* of his existence. His spiritual nature finds no room for action, and no adequate opportunity for enjoyment, in the moments as they pass. It must revel in the great Past and the great Future. The *was*, the *now*, and the *will be*, all converge in a man's thoughts, and mingle in his emotions. Indeed, absolute seclusion within the narrow limits of the immediate *now*—entire separation of the mind and heart from all that has taken place in the time gone, and from all that will take place in the time coming—is a condition of intelligence of which it is impossible to conceive. Without memory, for instance, of what practical service to man would be reason, imagination, conscience? He might think, read, wonder, but he could not preserve his thoughts, his knowledge, his astonishment—could not appropriate them to any useful purpose. He would be incapable of hope, of fear, of love, of progress. Remembrance of things is necessary to *experience*. Sever the present from the past, and the future from the present and the past; and although your life may still flow onwards, it will roll like a limited body of water down hill, and will not be a gushing, happy stream, springing from a fountain exhaustless, and flowing into an ocean of wisdom and of joy infinite and everlasting. Men without memory would be meteors that spring suddenly into existence, rush along the heavens apparently without law or guidance, and then set in gloom, leaving no light behind them; not stars that are themselves light, and that give light, and that retain their radiance and their beauty for ever. They would resemble the taper that burns itself away in a gradual expenditure of its own substance, rather than the sun which shines “more and more unto the perfect day,” and which, though it should be obscured by clouds, or lost to vision by its setting, never for a moment loses its ineffable splendour. Existence, unblest by the power of recollection, would

* Slightly abbreviated from a provincial magazine for August, 1838.

be an incessant motion without advancement—endless labour without reward—a series of fruitless and uninforming experiments—a continual dying—an eternal babyhood—an endless *beginning to be*. With memory in full action, however, the results of the operation of the other faculties become of some advantage to man. Life is real, earnest, interesting. He makes new experiments with hope and confidence, because he has old experience to guide and encourage him. The mental and moral efforts which he has progressively put forth have not been wasted; they may themselves have passed away, but, like all good agents, “being dead, they yet speak;” they speak in the extended information he enjoys, in the new faith he has acquired, in his bolder anticipations, in his higher elevation—in short, in his enlarged experience. “Their works do follow them.” With your memory active, you may go out at the eventide of life, and it shall be light. There, in your peopled solitude, with your eyes closed in reflection—oh, how do your old associates—some long since dead, some living in far-away countries—gather and group about your spirit, like a family party about the Christmas hearth! How do you see again the objects that charmed your infancy, and the companions that enlivened your youth! How do your old affections come trotting merrily back to your light heart, like children that have been long from home! Your whole life, in brief, seems to be renewed in that solemn, silent hour.

“Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine;
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And place and time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone—
 The only pleasures that we call our own.”

But the interest in the past thus proved is not confined within the period and the sphere in which memory acts. Memory, that is, can only embrace in its range the incidents of our own life, and the objects and results of our own observation; and we are anxious to know what existed before we came into the world, and what exists now in those remote parts of the world which we cannot visit. Do you not recollect, for instance, with what greediness, in the days of your infancy, you listened to the nursery tales that were told you? And when, in riper youth, you had acquired a little information, and your sympathies had grown wiser, do you not remember how delighted

you were to hear your father tell of the adventures of his own boyhood? Those same feelings have not left you, but have grown and expanded—have become more rational in their motive, more commanding and useful in their influence. Your questions now are prompted by a nobler and more intelligent curiosity. Man does want to know what the fathers—the wise men of old—said and did. His domestic pride impels him to trace out the annals of his own ancestry. His patriotism prompts him to learn the various scenes through which his country has passed—to trace, step by step, the stages of its progress, the gradual unfolding of its natural, political, and commercial capabilities, the growth of its freedom, its intelligence, its institutions, its power, its glory, and its fame. And then, above all these, his humanity expands his heart—inflames it with a more generous anxiety, and with more commanding sympathies; and he desires to know all that has happened, of any importance or interest, in that great universal world of which he is a denizen, and in the sufferings, struggles, and triumphs of which he is, therefore, at once obliged and proud to take his part.

We thus arrive at our notion of what history really is. It may be thus more definitely expressed:—History is to a man as a member of society what memory is to him as an individual. Each man's personal history is more or less fully retained by his memory. That history, however, can only be read by himself; and, because it can only be read by himself, we feel the necessity of some other channel or mode of remembrance. If one man could transmit his own experience to every other man, and could himself receive the experience of every other man, all biographies, memoirs, annals, and chronologies would be most effectually superseded. This cannot be done. We may, indeed, be permitted to witness the behaviour, and be honoured with the confidences, of the friends with whom we reside; but even they do and feel much that we cannot observe, and there are many who cannot observe them at all, and they cannot bequeath their experience either to me or to the race—that they must take with them; for experience, like responsibility, is *individual*. So that, as memory only embraces that which comes under the immediate, personal observation, and as it cannot be entrusted to another, a difficulty arises which it is the purpose of history to remove. The greatness of man's mind, the circumstances in which he is placed, the interest which he naturally takes in the past, and,

more than all these, his responsibilities for the future—all demand some device by which the events of his own life and of the world shall be collected, classified, and carefully preserved for reference, caution, and encouragement.

We are, perhaps, too much in the habit of regarding history as simply a narrative of facts and events, in which sense it means but little more than the far inferior term—chronology. Chronology is but a cold and lifeless skeleton. Take a particular period. The names of its great men, the dates of their birth, of their mighty deeds, and of their death, may be given; but what was their real inward character?—what was the temper of their times?—what were the motives and tendencies of the changes they sought and effected?—what were their habits, principles, virtues? These things are essential to a comprehension of the subject, but they are not even suggested by the kind of record we have supposed. Call to mind again the analogy we have employed. Your personal recollections are not thus bare. Forgive the following illustration. Think of the time when you first felt the power of the passion we call love. You perhaps recollect the date, and the details of the circumstances. But you recollect more than this. The blaze of beauty, the strange fascination, the intoxication of fancy, the wild perturbations of the heart, the rush of hope, the bright and boisterous ecstasy, are with you again in all their busy ardour and entrancing excitement. So it is with all your recollections in proportion to their importance. Some you lose because they are not worth preserving—some because no similar circumstances arise to remind you of them—and some you accidentally and unfortunately let slip. But still, in that memory, you treasure up not so much the *dates* as the *feelings* of your past life; and, as you examine page after page of the record, scenes and incidents come before you in their actual vividness and fascination, and you contemplate them with the solicitude and the fondness which attended their original development.

So should it be with history. Its revelations should be vivid, sympathetic, inspired with life. To know the bare facts of the world's progress will do nobody any service. It will yield neither counsel, nor encouragement, nor even amusement. What advantage, for instance, can we derive from knowing that Charles I. was executed at the age of forty-nine, in the year 1649, unless we know who and what this Charles was, and why he was put to death? Tell us only that,

and you do but prompt questions—you excite, but do not satisfy, our curiosity. Why was this king beheaded? Did his crimes deserve such a punishment? Had he been a faithless monarch—an unjust steward? If so, in what particulars? Was his death necessary for the safety or the honour of the people, or was it ordained by the malevolence and cruelty of a faction? Such are the questions to which history should furnish a correct reply.

But, in truth, the interest which we feel in the past is not limited even by the period in which man has had an existence. The human mind is as bold as it is great. It claims relationship with the entire creation. For its curiosity, there is not a mine too deep, not a globe too distant. And as, in fancy or in faith, it rises from the hills of earth to the worlds of heaven, it asks of every new object, "What information can you give me concerning the history of this grand temple—the universe of God?" And from every object it has forced, or will force, a reply. The structure of our earth reveals phenomena from which we gather conclusions of immense interest and importance; as, for instance, that the substance of which the globe is composed must have been created innumerable ages previously to the creation of man; that since that period it has undergone various modifications, if not actual re-organisations; that it has been the abode of numerous and diversified orders of sentient beings. There is not much detailed or elaborate information conveyed by these discoveries, but the bare facts are full of grandeur. So with all sciences. We cannot prosecute them without gaining some light, if not upon the history of the human race itself, at any rate of that magnificent system of which the human race and the world that it inhabits are but a small, though not insignificant, portion. Botany and astronomy, geology and chemistry, as well as mental, mathematical, mechanical, and moral philosophy, all give some information on subjects which intimately concern us; and as we attempt to fathom by profound and prolonged study their exhaustless depths, as we grapple with their amazing mysteries one by one, we not only know more of God in His nature, but we appreciate more fully the laws of His government, and understand more thoroughly the mechanism and the history of this great universe which is the home of our affections, the theatre of our influence, and the sanctuary of our worship.

But, after all, man is the great attraction of history; and all that it is specially important for him to know of history has transpired

since his own creation. And what a romance would the life of humanity be if it could be written by a master hand! What terrible and what sublime scenes would be presented in its pages! Personify humanity, and then imagine you hold his memoirs in your hand. How page after page is besmeared with blood and damp with immortal tears! And yet there is hardly a single page which is not light with some glory; and, as you advance through the mighty volume, you find that that glory brightens until, at the end of the last chapter, it is all converged into one magnificent radiance, bright and assuring as the rainbow round the throne of God! Here you read the record of some terrible disaster, there the narrative of some illustrious victory. Now your heart swells with grief at the sufferings which the hero of your tale has been made to endure. Now you smile pitifully at the follies which have marked his course. Now you cry with indignation at the tremendous crimes which disgrace his name. His brow is stern, but you love him; there is a restlessness in his ambition which keeps your curiosity on the stretch. He is a child of the sea, and though many rude storms have beat above his head, though his bark has been battered by the blasts of the ocean and driven by the fierce stroke of the tempest, yet he has never been wrecked. There he sits like a brave and cheerful mariner—now he sings—now he sleeps—now he is startled by some strange dream—now he smiles as the sun sheds his beams upon him—now he prays whilst the roar of the sea and the loud crash of the thunder break over his head. Anon you trace him as a wayfarer by land, and his name is Great Heart. There is no hill of difficulty which he has not climbed—no valley of humiliation in which he has not slept. Giant Despair he has slain for ever, and has raised a monument of hope over his dull and drowsy castle. His whole life is a conflict; and he is ever the victor—for even in defeat he triumphs! But who shall analyse the wonderful story? It is a drama where there are too many parts for us to describe the scenes. And yet it is a life which everybody should read. *For it is largely his own life.* In this drama he has a part to play, and how can he do it well unless he be acquainted with the plot. Study this poem well; for its incidents and descriptions will find an interpretation and a response in your own breast. For you it has been written—to you it is dedicated. To you it directly relates. It is your own life anticipated and elaborated upon.

Acquaint yourself, therefore, with its teaching. Profit by its examples. Attend reverently to its admonitions. Thus shall it aid you, under God, in making your own life triumphantly noble.

Definite Scripture Teaching in our Sunday Schools.



TAKE it that the main work of the Sunday-school teacher, so far as teaching is concerned, is to familiarise his class with the great spiritual truths of the Word of God. In other words, like those who are distinctively termed ministers of the Gospel, he has to impart sound Scriptural instruction.

And this means a great deal more than the mere communication to the class of the *facts* which are recorded in the Bible. Of course the facts must come first in order; but they carry the teacher but a little way forward in the great work of Scriptural teaching which he has to do. If a geologist has a geological class, his business is to impart a sound knowledge of geological science—and this he cannot do without setting forth clearly and definitely the facts upon which that science is founded. But when he has divided the earth's crust into its different strata, and pointed out the order in which they occur, and shown the elements of which they are composed, and described the fossil remains which are found in them, his work as a geological teacher has in reality only just begun. He has to explain the meaning of these facts, to put them together, to show their intrinsic and relative value, to reveal the order of causation by which they have come to pass, to trace the processes of their formation, to point out their bearing upon each other, and to develop them as fully as possible in a complete and harmonious system. An analogous work devolves on the Bible instructor. The Bible contains a great mass of facts. These facts embody the great principles which regulate the Divine moral government of the world. Undoubtedly, they have a certain interest in themselves—but they are of comparatively little value apart from the light which, in their harmonious combination, they shed upon the ways of God to men, and upon the relations in which men stand to God.

Suppose, for instance, that a Sunday-school teacher undertakes with his class to deal with the subject of the Deluge. It is easy enough to view that momentous event simply as a matter of fact. If you have a gift that way, you can vividly portray the incidents attendant upon it, so as to startle the intellect, to excite the imagination, and to awaken intense feeling. But, if you leave the subject there, you have fallen grievously short of giving to your class sound Scriptural instruction respecting it. What is the *moral* of that awful event? What was the occasion of it? What were the purposes of it? What principles does it illustrate in the moral government of God? Why was it that Noah and his family were saved from the devouring waters? Why were no other human beings from all the populations of the world saved along with them? Why was it that single pairs of all the existing animal tribes were admitted into the ark, so that the animal races might not become extinct? What was the moral meaning of the bow of promise? These are matters which flow out of the facts, but which are of incalculably deeper importance than the facts themselves, and without which the facts would never have taken place. What we may term the romance of the Deluge is thrilling enough—but, if you would convey sound Scriptural instruction on this great subject, you must lay special stress upon the moral aspects of the event, and show how they combine to illustrate at once the severity and the goodness of God.

So with the history of the children of Israel. A thrilling history, apart from the Divine teaching which it embodies. But lose sight of that teaching, and you miss the Divine purpose for which the wondrous record has been made and preserved.

So with the facts which pertain to the life of our Lord upon the earth. The mind may be "crammed" with these facts. They may be stored up in the memory so carefully and systematically that the pupil shall be prepared for a minute and searching examination upon them. But, if that be all, only one step has been taken in this chief department of Bible teaching. Who was Jesus Christ? Whence came He? What manner of person was He? Why came He into the world? What was His bearing amongst men? How did He treat great people and little people, conspicuous people and obscure people, rich people and poor people, happy people and sorrowful people, good people and wicked people? How did He treat little children? And what are we to learn from His conduct?

What were the doctrines He taught? What was the moral meaning of the miracles He performed? Why did He work miracles at all? How came He to die upon the Cross? What was the spiritual and Divine significance of His death? What relation does His death bear to the salvation of man from the guilt and the bondage of sin? What light does it throw upon the character and government of God? Why did He rise from the dead? Why did He miraculously ascend to heaven? A hundred questions might be asked, and ought to be asked, bearing on the spiritual meaning of the facts which pertain to the earthly history of our Lord. Those facts, viewed simply in themselves, possess a mighty charm for the mind and for the imagination; but leave their inner spiritual meaning out of view, and I do not see that they have much practical utility. It does not greatly matter, in that case, whether we have them in the memory or not.

This putting of the matter may seem to some of my readers to be exceedingly trite; and yet I venture to remind them that it is not just now altogether superfluous. I am acquainted with not a few prominent Sunday-school teachers who need to have it urged upon them with renewed earnestness. It is not long since I heard one of them speak for a quarter of an hour at a conference in defence of the position that *the time had gone by for teaching theological dogmas*. There are many around us who are half frightened to death at the word "dogma." It is a positive bugbear to them. It means the most outrageous intellectual arrogance! It implies the repression of all free inquiry! It has wrapped up in it all the horrors of persecution! The rack, the gibbet, and the stake follow in its train! Now let me take leave to say that all this is simply so much stuff and nonsense. Dogma, like everything else that is legitimate and good, may be abused; but how often are we to reiterate that the abuse of a thing is no valid argument against its use? If one man were to require another to believe some doctrine merely on his own *ipse dixit*, and were to visit him with pains and penalties for declining to do so, no doubt that man would be a dogmatist with a vengeance. If a church were to do the same thing, it would deserve the stigma of a similar description. But it is the vengeance which is wrong, and not the dogmatism. We seem to have entered upon the very millennium of science; is the science of theology to be ruthlessly banished therefrom? If so, pray let us know the reason why. Astronomy, geology,

chemistry, metaphysics, all have their dogmas; and very exacting they assuredly are. But dogmas become an unendurable impertinence the moment they enter the sphere of religion! "Positivism"—that is the name for the prevalent scientific philosophy of the age; but as for theology, let it speak (poor thing!), if it presume to speak at all, "with bated breath and whispered humbleness." Religion has to do with the Unknown and the Unknowable! Why do not our Agnostics call themselves by a name which plain folk can understand? Why do they not say, "We are Ignoramuses"? Granted, the Latin is not quite so aristocratic a language as the Greek, and the "culture" of the age craves "sweetness" as well as "light;" but, nevertheless, it would not be amiss for "the common people" to bear in mind that, in relation to the matters which the truest "culture" has always regarded as most important to man, our "Agnostics" are utterly in the dark—a fact which is confessed in the high-sounding name by which they prefer to be called.

But the question is as to whether our Sunday-school teachers are to allow themselves to gravitate towards this "Agnosticism," which so often rejoices instead of weeping (as it might well do) in its voluntary blindness—a blindness which is voluntary for the simple reason that the light is easily accessible, but is perversely ignored. The time is gone by, it is said, for teaching theological dogmas. But if theological dogmas are to be thrust aside, what, in our teaching, is to take their place? "Teach facts," it is urged, "not doctrines." But are we not to teach the use of the facts as well as the facts themselves? Are we not to combine them together, and to get some definite and practical meaning out of them? Are we not to help our pupils to *think* as well as to remember, and to think, moreover, with a view to the formation of character and the adjustment of conduct? If not, we might almost as well save our time and strength, for no great practical good will come of our teaching. But if we are to go below the surface of the facts; if we are to penetrate into their hidden, intrinsic, and relative meaning; and if we are to give to our pupils the benefit of studies of that kind, we pass at once from the realm of fact into that of doctrine. We become interpreters, and in proportion as we speak with a tone of positiveness, on the ground that we have seriously, honestly, and prayerfully investigated the subject-matter of our instructions, while we know that our pupils have not investigated it at all, we necessarily become dogmatists.

We do not thereby stifle or discourage inquiry ; we simply "believe, and therefore speak." Our pupils are still free. We should not birch them if they were to meet us with a *Non credo*, though we might endeavour, perhaps, to show them the propriety of a little more modesty, and then follow the suggestion with a few of the more obvious reasons which go to substantiate the doctrines set forth.

Besides, it is simply impossible to interpret, or even accurately to represent, many of the facts of the Bible apart from doctrine. Who can understand a large proportion of the sayings and doings of our Lord apart from some theory as to His person and character, and as to the kind of authority to be conceded to Him ? Take, for example, the interview with Nicodemus, recorded in the third chapter of John. The mere facts are but a small and insignificant part of the story. Push "dogma" aside, and the narrative becomes practically valueless. On this principle of undogmatic teaching, the Apostle Paul must almost completely recede from view, and two-thirds of the New Testament is not worthy of a much better destiny than that of the waste-paper basket !

Theological teaching in our schools is often regarded with suspicion as though it were antagonistic to the generating and development of religious feeling in the hearts of the children. But surely such a suspicion unworthily reflects upon the method which God has chosen for leading the sons of men into the fear and love and service of Himself. His Word is the vehicle of His Truth, and it is by His Truth that, in the highest sense, men are to live. Undoubtedly the origination and training of religious feeling, under God, is one of the great purposes of our Sunday-school work—not its ultimate end, I would urge ; for the ultimate end is the origination and training of religious character and life. But still, how are we instrumentally to originate and train the religious feeling of the children apart from theology ? We have to tell them *the truth* about God, and sin, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and faith, and purity of heart, and moral likeness to the Saviour, and the right uses of joy and of sorrow, and preparation for death and for heaven. The truth about all such momentous matters must inevitably take a theological form. Right feeling can only find its basis, its inspiration and its guidance in the Divine truth which is embodied in the Scriptures ; and Divine truth can only be expressed and applied

through the medium of what we call doctrine—illustrated to human apprehension and confirmed to faith by concrete facts as largely as you please, but nevertheless underlying, and anterior, to all such facts.

Perhaps, after all, it is to what is called "Sectarian Dogma" that the chief part of the hostility to dogmatic teaching which I am combating is felt. Taking the term "sectarianism" in its conventional sense, it is, no doubt, very properly a term of reproach. It is the accepted designation of a bad thing. But there is surely no necessity, in avoiding one extreme, to rush to its opposite. Birds of a theological feather will flock together. They must do so, when they can, by the law of affinity. And, when they do so, they are in duty bound to get the theological doctrines which they believe themselves to have drawn from the Word of God, and which they hold in common, rooted as widely as possible in the minds and hearts of those around them. There is no need for this to be done in a dictatorial, supercilious, arrogant, quarrelsome, intolerant spirit. Let the right of private inquiry and of private judgment be respected all round, and let all be willing to learn from one another; and the claims both of justice and of charity will be answered.

This impartation of sound Scriptural instruction to our classes means hard work for our teachers. Even the best of those who are set apart to the Christian ministry feel that they have not half time enough for study. How much keener must this feeling be in the minds of those who have to meet their classes in the school on the Lord's-day, and most of whom can only snatch a brief half-hour now and then from exacting secular toil for the needed preparation? The Bible is a great Book—a profound Book—incalculably greater and profounder than any other book which can ever come into our hands and tax our powers. Its surface meanings are not always its truest ones. Let us be thankful for all the help which cautious, painstaking, comprehensive, devout, and simplified Biblical scholarship can give us, using it to the best of our opportunities in conjunction with a supreme and implicit reliance on the Holy Spirit, one of whose great offices it is to lead the sincere and true-hearted student of the Word of God into all truth.

Death of the Rev. George Gould.



ANOTHER of our denominational leaders has passed away. At about half-past six o'clock on Monday evening, February 13th, our brother Mr. Gould, of Norwich, entered into his eternal rest. We make the announcement with no common emotion of regret. Mr. Gould was no ordinary man. His character had a marked individuality; his adherence to Evangelical truth was strong enough to have made martyrdom preferable to compromise had he been called to choose between the two; his integrity as a Christian never laid itself open to the lightest challenge; he had a strong, keen, and well-cultivated intellect; his eloquence in the pulpit and on the platform was of a high order; he was an active citizen and a large-minded patriot; he cherished an impassioned regard for the cause of Christ in its broadest aspects and its most comprehensive relations; and he loved, and toiled for, the religious denomination with which his lot was cast. Very few men have, during the last thirty years, more regularly, usefully, and honourably figured at our denominational gatherings than he; and he will be long and sadly missed. Norwich has lost one of her most eminent and deeply respected citizens. True religion has been deprived of one of its most exemplary and impressive preachers. We have special cause to mourn. Mr. Gould was one of the proprietors of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, and kept its interests near to his heart, though he knew that their prosperity would bring to him no pecuniary profit. His illness was brief. He was as actively engaged as usual till within a few days of the end. On the Friday week he presided at the annual meeting of the Norwich School Board in the Guildhall. On the following Sunday he preached to his people, morning and evening, with even exceptional fervour. In a few days he was prostrate with a cold, upon which erysipelas and inflammation of the lungs supervened, and in a few days more "the last enemy" had done its work! This brief but affectionate notice must suffice for the present. We trust that some pen will do justice to his memory in our pages ere long.

Reviews.

A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. MARK. By James Morison, D.D., Author of "Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew." Third Edition, Revised. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE rejoice to learn that Dr. Morison

has found it necessary to issue a third edition of his excellent Commentary on Mark's Gospel. It is worthy of its popularity, and will yet, we opine, become more popular still. It does not deter the ordinary reader by exhibitions of dry, hard learning, though it is the

work of a thoroughly scholarly mind, delighting in all researches which can help to the better understanding of the Word of God. Whilst sufficiently condensed, it is written in an easy, lucid, and attractive style, which the more learned and the less learned can equally appreciate. It is not at all sermonic; and yet it abounds with matter which preachers may turn to effective use. The "Introduction," which extends through eighty pages, discusses a great number of interesting and important questions, and we are glad to be able to agree with many of the conclusions which the author has adopted, and to acknowledge the weight of the reasonings by which he sustains them. Several pages at the end are devoted to the question of the authenticity of the last twelve verses. Dr. Morison gives due weight to the difficulties, but labours vigorously to show that the balance of proof is in favour of the genuineness of the passage. Of course, we shall not be expected to concur with his exposition of the passages relating to baptism. He deals with these after a fashion common to those who accept sprinkling rather than immersion as the Scriptural mode. There is no new argument on the subject; and the old arguments have been answered so often that we need not even summarise the answers here. Our surprise is that, as Dr. Morison is disinclined to adopt the practice of immersion, he does not take his stand with the scholars who frankly acknowledge that the practice of sprinkling finds no support in Scripture.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND THE KINGDOM OF DARKNESS. Second Part.
By the Author of "Truth and Work," &c. Hodder & Stoughton.

We noticed the First Part of this work

in the September number of this Magazine, and must refer our readers to that notice for our estimate of the writer's style and manner. We regret to say that further study has not sufficed to remove or to modify our sense of insuperable obstacles to her usefulness. The chief of these consists in a strange obscurity and unconnectedness of thought. Her words are simple enough, but she never succeeds in presenting a series of definite and clear ideas to the mind of the reader. We have conscientiously endeavoured to ascertain from her pages what she desires specifically to teach; but our efforts have been utterly fruitless, and we have been obliged to lay both these volumes down in despair. Perhaps she may be inclined to regard this as a confession of stupidity. We can hardly be expected to mean it for such. Deep waters may be clear; but it is not pleasant to have to wade through those which are muddy.

THE LIFE OF PAUL. By the Rev. J. Paton Gloag, D.D., Author of "Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles," &c. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

THIS little work comes out in the series of "Bible Class Primers" edited by Professor Salmond, D.D., of Aberdeen. Dr. Gloag is known as an able writer on Biblical subjects, and his "Life of Paul" is a compact narration of facts, so presented as to be the more readily comprehended and the more easily retained in the memory. We observe that the author makes no mention of the Epistle to the Hebrews. We suppose this omission is to be taken as implying that, in his estimation, the ques-

tion of the Pauline authorship of that Epistle has been settled in the negative.

THE LIGHT OF THE HOME ; or, Mabel's Story. By the Author of "Aunt Hester, and why We loved Her."

HILDA ; or, Seeketh not Her Own. By Catherine Shaw.

ROB AND MAG ; or, a Little Light in a Dark Corner. By L. Marston.

UNCLE FRED'S SHILLING : its Travels and Adventures. By Emily Brodie.

SAM : the Story of "A Little While." By Ismay Thorn.

SILENT HIGHWAYS : a Story of Barge Life. By F. Palmer.

JOYCE MORRELL'S HARVEST ; or, the Annals of Selwick Hall : a Story of the Reign of Elizabeth. By Emily Sarah Holt.

EDGAR NELTHORPE ; or, the Fair Maids of Taunton : a Story of the Monmouth Rebellion. By the Rev. Andrew Reed, B.A. London : John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

THE great mass of reading people in this land seem to grow fonder of stories year by year, and it is of the utmost importance that the literature they prefer should not only be such as they will read with relish, but should also illustrate and enforce moral and religious sentiments to which no exception can be fairly taken. For a good many years past Messrs. Shaw & Co. have been honourably engaged in supplying readable books of healthy fiction ; and their names are a sufficient guarantee for the moral soundness of the works which we have brought together in the above list. They are all interesting—some of them surpassingly so. "The Light of the Home" should find a welcome into all homes where

step-mothers and step-children have to dwell together. The relationship is often by no means a happy one. Here is a well-written story which shows how the circumstances which make it disagreeable may be soothed and softened and turned into an opportunity for displays of nobleness which shall fill the home with light and joy. "Hilda" helps us to see how an unselfish and pious determination to do right in untoward circumstances, though it may lead to temporary disappointment and trouble, is, nevertheless, ultimately rewarded. "Rob and Mag," "Uncle Fred's Shilling," and "Sam" have been specially written for very young readers, and each is good for the purpose at which it aims. "Silent Highways" takes us beyond the range of the various modes and developments of our ordinary English life, and vividly depicts scenes and experiences with which few amongst us have any chance of gaining a detailed acquaintance. These "Barge-people" are a class by themselves, almost as much so as our English Gipsies. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Green, of Coalville, for his recent discoveries and disclosures of their strange ways of living, and they have at last become objects of earnest and benevolent public interest. This interest will be deepened if the thrilling story before us be widely read, as it certainly deserves to be. The plot is admirably contrived and successfully worked out ; and we are gratified to see a fresh illustration of the perfect simplicity with which the Gospel can be presented to extremely rude and undeveloped minds, and how readily it can be made to touch, to transform, and to bless souls as low down as they can be in the degradation of ignorance, want, and woe. "Joyce Morrell's Harvest" is by

an authoress who ranks honourably amongst our historical novelists, and whose works may be trusted not only for their historical truthfulness, but also for their healthy Christian tone. The story before us well represents English life in a country home in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth; and, written, as it is, in the quaint style of the period, it has a pleasant piquancy of flavour which keeps the interest of the reader alive throughout. "Edgar Nelthorpe" is worthy of a much more extended notice than we can find room for. It is the third and last of a series of historical tales relating to Puritan times, which display considerable research, and which have been written at the impulse and under the direction of profound sympathy with the Puritan sufferers of 230 years ago. The main lines of authentic history have been closely followed, and accompanied with a minuteness of detail, partly real and partly imaginary, which greatly helps to complete the absorbing picture of the time. Some portions of the detail might have been spared, as they rather encumber the plot instead of rendering it more intelligible; whilst the plot here and there is subjected to certain breaks and jerks which disappoint the reader just at times when he is impatient to go steadily forward. The character of Monmouth is fully and fairly drawn; the Battle of Sedgmoor is effectively described; Jeffreys is presented in all his hideous, blatant cruelty; and Burton, the spy, stands out in all his diabolical, but puling infatuation. We should like to have seen a little more of the brave martyr, Elizabeth Gaunt. Artistically considered, the story has some imperfections; but, notwithstanding these, it will well repay a careful perusal.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH AMONGST THE YOUNG: a Paper read at the Conference of Sunday-school Teachers in Connection with the General Baptist Association held at Norwich, 1881. By S. D. Richards, of London. London: Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey; Leicester: Winks & Son; Derby: Wilkins & Ellis.

MR. RICHARDS states the work in question to be "1st, To make our little ones consciously Christ's little ones; 2nd, To follow this up by earnest, thoughtful efforts to foster and develop their Christian life." The paper is elaborate, eloquent, and practical. It contains many wise suggestions. To our thinking, it would have been more complete had it contained a more distinctive insistence on the spirit of dependence on God for the coveted success.

CHURCH AND STATE. Two Lectures by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL AND THE LIBERATION SOCIETY. Two Letters to the Bishop by a Lancashire Liberationist. Society for the Liberation of Religion from State-Patronage and Control, 2, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street.

THESE two publications are as timely as they are intrinsically good. The two letters of "A Lancashire Liberationist" appeared originally in the *Liverpool Mercury*, and must, we judge, have given the Right Reverend Prelate a considerable amount of wholesome uneasiness. The two lectures by Mr. Rogers were recently delivered in the Memorial Hall, London, and, without the slightest violation of true courtesy, are thoroughly searching and outspoken. The second of them is specially valuable as an exposure of the utter illegitimacy

of "the demands of Ritualists and High Churchmen in regard to the relations between Church and State." Well-to-do Dissenters would serve the cause of Liberationism by distributing a hundred thousand copies of each of these two pamphlets amongst the upholders of the Church and State alliance.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY. *Leviticus.*

Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

WOULD that we could do even a little justice to this magnificent volume. A whole number of our Magazine would be inadequate to an exposition of its masterly treatment of a supremely difficult subject. The Book of *Leviticus* is the great pivot-book of the Old Testament revelation. Everything turns upon it as to doctrine and life. It is the embodiment of principles and laws which point forward to, and find their full development in, the Gospel of Christ—the Divine foreshadowing, mostly in pictorial forms, of "the Truth as it is in Jesus." Nothing, therefore, can surpass the importance of its being rightly understood and explained. Devout and reverential scholarship could propose to itself no more stupendous or worthier task. That task has often been undertaken, but never, as we believe, more exhaustively or successfully than by the writers who have combined to produce the invaluable volume before us. It is a volume which may be said to blaze with Evangelical light from beginning to end; and yet, as we read on, we are never touched by a suspicion that the interpretations and uses of the text are far-fetched or arbitrary. The Divine teaching seems to shine out clearly through them all. Our readers do not need to be reminded that some parts of this marvellous Book

of *Leviticus* present formidable difficulties to the homilist. These difficulties arise from the extreme delicacy of the themes which have to be handled. The editors of this Commentary, however, have been fortunate enough to find a staff of homiletic writers who have executed their commission with a purity of taste worthy of the highest commendation. The exposition has been entrusted to Prebendary Meyrick, whilst the homilies have been supplied by Mr. Meyrick, Professor Redford, Revs. W. Clarkson, B.A., R. M. Edgar, M.A., J. A. Macdonald, M.A., and R. S. Aldridge, B.A., LL.B. The volume opens with a remarkably discriminating and truthful essay on "Sacrifice" by the Rev. R. Collins, M.A., which is followed by an elaborate treatise on "The Levitical Sacrifices Literally Considered," by the Rev. Professor A. Cave, B.A. We commend this instalment of the great Commentary as much more valuable than any which have preceded it; and better praise than this we could not give.

HOW CAN I BEST HONOUR GOD WITH MY SUBSTANCE? Baptist Tract Depository, Castle Street, Holborn. Price 1d., or 5s. 4d. per 100.

THIS tract consists of "A Friendly Talk on an Important Question"—racy, vigorous, and adapted to promote a spirit of liberality in the support of the cause of Christ. The author's name is not attached, but, if we are rightly informed, the tract was written by the Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, of Allahabad, whose recent deputation-work in England has been acceptable, in an unusually high degree, to the churches which contribute to our Foreign Mission. We commend this little publication most heartily.

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES. By the late Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. Vol. III. CHRISTIAN ETHICS. Special Part. By Dr. H. Martensen, Bishop of Seeland. Translated from the Author's German Edition by William Affleck, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1881.

THESE volumes form the second issue of Messrs. Clark's "Foreign Theological Library" for 1881. Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines" is now completed. To the student of theological science it will possess considerable value. It is a work of vast erudition, and compresses into comparatively small space the results of very extensive reading. The references to the literature of every special subject are of essential service. The work is from its very nature somewhat sketchy, and does little more than indicate the lines on which the student must proceed. We must again express our regret that quotations from patristic and mediæval theologians have been simply transferred, and not translated. "Ministers and students" may prefer their own renderings, but books of this class should not be restricted to them. Non-professional readers ought to be interested in such a history, and it is on their behalf that we put in the plea that quotations from Latin and Greek writers should be translated—say in foot-notes.

Martensen's is one of the works on which a critic can scarcely express his opinion without laying himself open to the charge of exaggeration. It is from first to last—if we except one or two traces of Lutheran sacramentarianism—a noble book, the work of a fresh, clear, and vigorous thinker; the fruit of profound philosophical insight, of refined sympathies, lofty devotion, and a genuine enthusiasm of humanity. Scholarly

research, manly independence, and fervent Christian faith are happily blended. The work is an application to the government of our personal life of the principles laid down in the author's system of Christian ethics, published some years ago—principles more akin to the intuitional theory of morals than to the utilitarian, but which are really based on a specifically Christian foundation, and recognise the absolute authority of a Divine revelation. The sections of the work are on Life without Law; the Chief Forms of Moral Life under the Law; Sin; Conversion, and the New Life Begun; Life in Following Christ; Christian Love, Christian Liberty, and Christian Development of Character. Theology and ethics are as a fact inseparably associated, and the authority of our Lord must, therefore, be recognised in all our discussions and decisions. To this principle Martensen has given a fuller, more fearless, and scientific application than any other ethical writer. The two sections of his work on Special Ethics will form a complete manual of Christian duty in the three great aspects of our relation to God, to our fellow-men, and to ourselves. Martensen's treatise is thoroughly abreast of the age. The discussion on love to the impersonal creature gains a new importance in relation to the question of vivisection, which, though not absolutely condemned, is declared inadmissible, except where it is really necessary to gain insight which will be salutary for the life and health of man. The discussion on asceticism, again, is valuable in the light of many modern ecclesiastical developments; and a more complete refutation of the unscriptural theory of perfectionism could not be desired. A wiser, abler, more *inspiring* book we have rarely had the happiness to read.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1882.

Edgar Quinet.

 T cannot be claimed on behalf of this great poet and philosopher that his name is, in England at any rate, familiar as a household word; and yet there are few men of any nationality more thoroughly entitled to such an honour. Until a few months ago there was no worthy memorial of him in our literature. Several magazine and review articles during the last few years had discussed his life and works, but no attempt had been made to secure for them a more general and lasting recognition until Mr. Richard Heath translated his "Religious Revolution of the Nineteenth Century" and subsequently published his "Life and Early Writings." By the purest and best of the French Republicans Quinet's name is held in the highest veneration, and under their direction a cheap edition of his works, numbering twenty volumes, has been issued. Their circulation will at the present time be of immense service to France, and will promote, in an effectual manner, the interests of truth, freedom, and righteousness. For although Quinet was a strong Liberal, an eager patriot, and a determined foe of priestcraft, he was no blind and reckless partisan. From the Atheism which has too often been associated with Republicanism he was as far removed as from the superstitions of Catholicism and the tyranny of Ultramontaniam. It was said, and not untruly, that it was his supreme aim to restore a conscience to France, and to prove to her

that she could secure her just place among the nations only by the frank acknowledgment of God and by a rigid adherence to His eternal laws. With Quinet, patriotism was neither isolation from, nor hatred of, others. He had a genuine enthusiasm of humanity, and, in his lecture on "The Unity of the Modern-Peoples," regrets the necessity of using the word *foreign*, since nothing that speaks of the beliefs, the passions, the struggles, and the griefs of mankind ought to be so regarded. France was, as he told his audience, only a province of Humanity, and, in order to understand itself, must pass beyond its own limits and commune with the spirit of the entire race. Although his standpoint was not on all points that of an orthodox Evangelical Christian, his views on religion were equally decisive, and in their main currents harmonised with the spiritual and ethical principles of the Gospel. Lamartine is reported to have said of Quinet, "If we were all pounded in a mortar, we should not yield the quantity of poetry that there is in that man." A poet, of a high order, he certainly was. His imagination was at once powerful and brilliant. He dwelt familiarly among the ideal forms of life, and laid all nature under contribution for their illustration. He was no vague and impracticable worshipper of ideals, but brought his mind into continual contact with the real, modified and corrected his theories by reference to facts, and aimed to be true alike to the world without and the world within. His fine sympathies, his quick intuition, his subtle discrimination and imaginative splendour were invariably allied with a tender conscience and a vigorous will. He was altogether a man of beautiful soul—pure, loving, and courageous, full of "sweetness and light," and had—even in the days of his exile—a restfulness and serenity of spirit on which it is refreshing to dwell.

The records of his childhood and youth possess a delightful charm. The domestic and social influences which aided the formation of his character were more than usually complex; his father, a Roman Catholic, but an ardent and advanced Liberal—rigidly conscientious, but self-centred and self-absorbed, altogether lacking in sympathy with the young; his mother, a Protestant, of "strong parts," highly educated, sensitive, and impulsive, "a very unique mixture of solid Genevan principles with the stylish manners, bold ideas, and restless curiosity of old French society;" his grandmother, an "awful old lady," a strict disciplinarian, stern, exacting, and relentless, who

believed in having her children whipped once a week whether they were naughty or not; his aunt, who under this system had developed into a hater of all severity, and a rebel against every yoke, free and unconventional, tender and indulgent, and bent on spoiling her little nephew! It was, however, on the mother that the burden of Quinet's education fell. To her example and training he owed more than to all other influences whatsoever. She early instilled into his mind thoughts and ideas which became "the master light of all his seeing." When his father was Commissioner of the Army of the Rhine, Edgar was allowed to mix freely with the soldiers at Wesel; in their country home at Certines he enjoyed all the charms of a rural life, shouldering his hay-fork and going to the meadows with the mowers, gleaning after the reapers, beating out the corn with a little flail, and taking it to the mill to be ground. He mixed freely with the peasants, and was taught to respect the sacredness of humanity, even in the lowliest forms. He had various teachers,—a professor of mathematics, an old dragoon, a priest who had disgraced himself by getting married, and a music master whose great genius was so very general that he excelled in nothing particular. His real teacher was, however, his mother, and her work would not have been what it was had she only influenced his mind.

It was the ardour of her soul that really embraced him and enabled her to hold him, so to speak, close to her heart as long as she lived. Sometimes when they wandered alone in the garden at Certines, she would stop and pour out her soul in audible prayer. These prayers were often eloquent, always different and full of feeling. But, though so truly pious in thought and action, she taught him nothing special in the way of Christian doctrine. That he had a Father in heaven who cared for him, and who would listen to his prayers for wisdom, was the sum of all her dogmatical teaching.

Madame Quinet's Genevan principles did not interfere with her appreciation of spiritual religion, in whatever quarter it was to be found; and when she could not worship with those of her own faith, she had no scruple in joining with the better class of Catholics.

Though a Protestant, Madame Quinet went on Sundays to the little Catholic church at Certines, where an old Trappist officiated, named Father Pichon. Poor man! he had fallen on an unbelieving age, so that his only consolation in the general neglect was the consideration shown him by his Protestant parishioner; in fact, he used to go the length of publicly pointing her out as an example to his flock. This humble village church, with its cross and chalice of wood and its

bare, unadorned walls, seemed to Madame Quinet to recall the primitive days of Christianity.

Edgar received his first Communion at the College at Bourg in 1816. The confessor was a wise as well as a saintly and zealous man, and, avoiding all controverted points, spoke to the young penitent only of the common truths of the Gospel. His mother also counselled him to look gently on the infirmities of the Romish Church, to pierce the earthly veil and the corruptions of time, and to fix his gaze on the Eternal Truth.

As he knelt in the Church of Notre Dame de St-Nicholas de Bourg, admitted for the first time into full communion with the Roman Catholic Church, he, a mere boy, realised in himself the unity of Christendom ; for he mingled his Protestant and Catholic prayers together, and, trying to preserve a relation to both Churches, he felt most filled with the one he could not see—the persecuted, despised Church of his mother. After the communion the missionary preached a sermon which to Edgar proved a real word of God. When it was needful for him to rise and make the round of the Church, he could scarcely stand for emotion. His eyes were blinded with tears, not of sorrow, but of joy. That moment never returned, nor did he expect it ever would. Often in after-years he experienced religious emotions, but they had a literary and intellectual character. This excelled them all and illuminated them all with a ray of the True Light.

From Bourg, Quinet proceeded, in 1817, to the College of Lyons, where, under the judicious guidance of the Abbé Rousseau, he acquired a great proficiency in the classics and mathematics, was charmed with the lore of the Old World, had his historic faculty aroused, and by the aid of his powerful imagination was able to transport himself into the circumstances and to breathe the atmosphere of Oriental antiquity and Christian mediævalism. For the military life—for which his father designed him—he had an utter aversion, and at the close of his college course in Lyons was consequently thrown on his own resources. He not unnaturally went to Paris, entered a banker's office, and in his spare time worked hard at law, mathematics, history, philosophy, and foreign languages. His first attempt at authorship was the publication of a series of pictures of the men and manners of different epochs, under the title of "The Wandering Jew." Although Quinet was at the time of its publication only nineteen years of age, the work was a complete success in a literary as well as in a commercial sense, and he was encouraged to persevere in his studies. In 1823 he met in Paris a distant relative, a Scotchman, who lent him an English

translation of Herder's "Philosophy of the History of Humanity," and the reading of it formed a turning-point in his career. He translated it, with a valuable Introduction, into French, and by this means became acquainted with Victor Cousin and other distinguished philosophers and men of science. Herder's system has exercised a marked influence on all subsequent thought. Imperfect and erroneous as in some points it is, there is much in it with which, as believers in the moral order and the Divine government of the world, we are in cordial sympathy. Herder contended that history is a living picture of the designs of Providence in human society and a revelation of its future. We learn from the operation of external causes how humanity has reached its present level; from the nature and working of those causes we discern the Divine idea of humanity, the objects which the Creator had in view in the formation of man, and the goal to which, consciously or unconsciously, we are being led. Herder has no difficulty in proving, from the ascending series of organisations found on earth, that progress is the law of life, and that man, as compared with the lower species, is formed for religion and immortality. His spiritual powers indicate his destiny. Equally true is it that genesis, climate, and tradition are potent factors in the development of man. Herder's great defect arises from his looking too exclusively to these external causes. He has not adequately recognised the existence of another and equally momentous factor—the power of the conscience—the fact of moral personality, the full meaning and force of which can only be gauged by the aid of Christianity. Quinet noted this and other defects in his system, and enforced the great truth that the aim of human life is *to develop the ideal being within us*. In re-issuing his Introduction to Herder, so recently as 1857, he said:

I cannot avoid seeing that all I have written since this first sketch was included in it: liberty conceived as the foundation and substance of civil history; moral order dominating the chaos of events; the reign of conscience rising above the blind kingdoms of nature; humanity represented and enveloped in germ in each man; the individual reflecting the destinies of the species; the confused perception in each man that comes into the world of the humanity that has already preceded him; all these ideas have got a firmer hold of me the longer I have lived.

Quinet's knowledge was augmented and his mind enriched by foreign travel. The records of his various visits to England, Germany, Italy, and Greece are full of interest. The fruit of them is seen in his "Theory of History: its Relations with Nature, Morality, and Art,"

“Civil Courage,” “On the Origin of the Gods,” “Modern Greece and its Relations with Antiquity.” The greatest of his poems are “Ahasuerus,” “Napoleon,” and “Prometheus,” in the last of which the poet sees in the old pagan myth a foreshadowing of the Advent of Christ, and a symbol of our redemption by His incarnation, sufferings, and death.

Numerous essays contributed to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, of which he was one of the founders, fitted Quinet for dealing effectively with Strauss’s “Life of Jesus.” His examination of that work, published in 1838, is a masterly and comprehensive refutation of its most formidable positions. It abounds in trenchant and conclusive criticism. He characterises the style as cold, hard, and geometric, and is appalled at the composure with which Strauss addresses himself to a work which, if successful, will prove one of the saddest ever effected. Strauss, he tells us, “has rendered the painful service of probing and laying bare the sensitive wound of our time with more vigour, logic, and intrepidity than any one else, and he has done this work so perfectly that indifference itself has started up from its couch and uttered a cry of pain.”

How finely is the moral power of the Gospel summarised in the following paragraph:—

To such an extent has this enthusiasm been experienced, that for my own part, I cannot read this beginning of the Gospel without hearing once again the echo of that most real voice saying to us, as it did to the fishermen of Galilee, ‘Rise up and walk: go ye into all the world.’ It is the *Fiat Lux* in the genesis of Christianity—the movement that originates all others. At this word you see the disciples rise up and compel the whole society to move before them; the Roman Empire in its turn rise up and obey the impulsion, then the Church, then the councils, then the Papacy, then the Reformation, and so this movement propagates itself from age to age, from generation to generation, until, without one intermission, it reaches us.

He asks very pertinently if the epoch of Christ was a likely one for the invention of a mythology; if thirty years is sufficient for the establishment of an entirely fabulous tradition; if the tone of the canonical books is not quite distinct from that of the apocryphal; if, in the gospels, parables and narratives are not separated, allegory and history not distinguished, &c. And with respect to the strongest practical proof of the historical reality of the gospels, he adds:—

The personal grandeur of Christ is better demonstrated by the movement and

spirit of the times which have succeeded Him than by the gospels themselves. If I knew nothing of the Scriptures, and had never heard the name of Jesus, I must always have thought that some extraordinary impulsion took place in the world about the time of the Cæsars. Whence came this impulsion and its wonderful results?

When Strauss says that he regards the invention of the compass and of steam-boats as of more importance than the cure of a few poor sick folks in Galilee, he is evidently the dupe of his own reasoning, for he knows as well as I do that the miracle of Christianity is not there, but rather in the great marvel of humanity, cured of the evil of slavery, of the leprosy of caste, of the blindness of pagan sensuality, able to rise up and carry its bed far away from the old world. He knows that the wonder of Christianity is not so much in water having been changed into wine as in a world changed by a single thought, in the sudden transfiguration of the old law, in the empire of the Cæsars struck with stupor, in the conquest of the conquering barbarians, in giving birth to a Reformation that brought all its dogmas into discussion, to a philosophy that denied them, to a French Revolution that sought to kill it while it only served to realise it more completely than ever. These are the miracles by which Christianity appeals to us.

It would require more space than we can command to give even a bare outline of the remarkable lectures which Quinet delivered to his students at Lyons on "The Genius of the Ancient Religions," and of the later course on "The History of Christianity." Religion was with him *the* fact of a nation's life and history, the substance of humanity, that which stands under and maintains it, and by this principle he undertook to interpret history. "Religion, the column of fire which has preceded the people in their march across the ages, shall be our guide in studying the monuments of human thought." Every religion he traced back to a particular dogma about God, which dogma became the basis of a society or a civilisation. He further shows how each nation formed its idea or dogma about God from the action of the sun, the sight of the all-embracing ocean, &c. The Hebrew religion is the highest of all, and Judæa draws all the greatest nations into the Abrahamic covenant. The Bible "contains whatever is vital in every other book in Asia; recalling them all, it is opposed to them all; doing away with them at the same time that it consecrates them." It seizes and preserves the ideas of the personality and spirituality of God, His distinctness from, and superiority to, nature. In this section, the rationalistic criticism which seeks to overthrow the authority of the Old Testament is dealt with as trenchantly as are the mythical theories of Strauss. Quinet was wrong in his refusal to

admit the necessity of supernatural agency to explain the problem of man's severance from the rest of the universe, and his subsequent progress—though even on this point the difference between him and Evangelical Christian apologists is probably not irreconcilable, inasmuch as it is to a large extent a verbal difference. On the one hand, his definition of the natural would include much that we should claim as supernatural, and, on the other, he does not exclude the direct and specific agency of God in nature, and this really involves all for which we need contend. But this question apart, Quinet has rendered to Biblical and Christian science a noble service.

His attitude towards Roman Catholicism is more severe and uncompromising than we might at first thought have expected from a man of such liberal mind and large culture. He sympathised with all that was high and generous in the attempt so heroically made by Montalembert and Lacordaire to reconcile the Church and the Revolution, but regarded their task as hopeless. He contended that a corrupt religion could only darken and pervert the national conscience, and that the Roman Church was the resolute enemy of light, freedom, and progress. The Jesuits were to him not Christ's disciples, but modern Pharisees, and to them he traces all the mischiefs of Ultramontanism. To the removal of the laws which prohibited their teaching he was strongly opposed, as he saw in their influence a source of corruption and disaster, the destruction of domestic and social order, the degradation, the abject slavery, of mind and soul.

Quinet was one of the proscribed in 1851, and spent nineteen years in exile, mainly in Brussels, but occasionally in Switzerland. He returned to France after the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty in 1871, and worked courageously for the establishment of the Republic. He died on one of the last days of March, in 1875.

Mr. Heath's memoir of this great thinker, published in Messrs. Trübner's "English and Foreign Philosophical Library," contains a store of intellectual and spiritual treasures of which this meagre outline conveys no adequate idea. The "Life" is forcibly and gracefully written, and is the fruit of long and intimate acquaintance with Quinet's writings. It is thoughtful, appreciative, and discriminating, and has been in every sense a labour of love. In Quinet's pure and noble soul we see the best qualities of the philosopher, the poet, and the mystic, the grace and brilliance of the Frenchman combined with

the pith and vigour of the German, the lofty devotion of the ideal Catholic with the masculine sense and sturdy heroism of the Protestant. Such a man should not be unknown to intelligent and thoughtful Englishmen.

Christ asking a Blessing.

BY THE REV. J. P. CHOWN.

“Then He took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, He blessed them, and brake, and gave to the disciples to set before the multitude.”—LUKE ix. 16.



WE see our Lord in various situations and exercises, all of which are profoundly interesting and impressive. Here is one which is not often noticed, but which is full of instruction. We find it in connection with a miracle, and it is the starting-point from which the miracle springs; but the teaching it supplies is equally available for all our engagements. “Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” Asking a blessing! This is one of the many things that need no special gift or training—that may, indeed, be done by the feeblest and lowliest, but the doing of which in the right spirit shall fill the poorest life with peace and joy.

Looking at this acknowledgment of God in the food provided, we may well feel that it is all the more suggestive when we think of Him by whom the acknowledgment is made. It might have been supposed, in a cursory thought, that He would be independent of any such observance. He claimed to be in every respect equal with the Father—as we know He was; and yet in this act, as in His habit of prayer, He delighted to honour the Father. If it was so with our Lord, how much more should it be so with His followers.

We notice that He performed this act with a degree of care and of emphasis, which showed that, in His estimation, it was no light or merely formal matter, but a responsibility and a privilege, of the sacredness of which He was fully conscious. We are too apt to use

the form till it becomes little more than a form. Let the Divine Spirit be sought; let the Divine example be followed. It will make the plainest table as the table of the Lord—the humblest meal a means of grace.

This act was performed over what was deemed by the disciples as scarcely worthy of mention. “Five loaves and two fishes”—utterly insufficient for the need of the hour. None the less on that account, but so much the more, we may suppose, was the blessing sought; while the miracle which followed was so much the more evident and striking.

Having asked the blessing, our Lord at once proceeded to act in such a way as to show His faith in the immediate bestowment of it. “Looking up to heaven, He blessed, and brake, and gave to His disciples to set before the multitude.” The tendency often is to seek the blessing, and then to await the event. It is not in this way that the privilege of prayer should be used, or that the promised answer is to be contemplated. If the priests who bore the ark at Jordan had waited on the bank for the parting of the waters, they might have waited in vain; but when their feet were dipped in the water, then the pathway was opened. Let not the expectation of God’s blessing supersede action, but let us so trust in the promise that we shall be able to act with promptitude and without misgiving; and them that thus honour God, God will honour.

This faith was abundantly justified in the case before us. The supply was found to have been sufficient for the whole multitude, and “they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children.” The disciples might have exhausted their means, and “two hundred pennyworth of bread” would not have sufficed for every one to “have a little.” But when the blessing had been poured upon that which was counted as nothing, “they did all eat and were filled.”

This abundant blessing was secured without cost or labour either to the disciples themselves or to the Master; but it was only to be enjoyed in connection with frugality and carefulness. The command was, “Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”

“Waste not, want not,” is a proverb in full accord with Gospel teaching. The prodigal yielded to the one, and soon suffered from the other; and so it must ever be. Even with the blessings of Divine grace, it is the man who knows them best who will be most conscious of their value and sacredness, and who will seek to turn them to the best account.

The result was, not merely that the disciples had distributed the meal to the multitude, but that they also received a larger portion than was in their hands before the miracle was wrought. A wondrous illustration of the power and adequacy of the blessing which the Master had asked; an illustration, too, of the richness of the blessing which shall be for those for whom it is sought to-day.

We notice this acknowledgment of God as not at all accidental or exceptional. The same thing was seen in our Lord's whole life, and was the expression of habitual filial dependence, confidence, and gratitude. How freely He must have indulged it in the hours and nights of solitude and prayer, when His fellowship with the Father was such as mere man can never know! It was so at all times with Him. Did He say, "Now is My soul troubled"? What followed? "Father, glorify Thy name." Was He about to call Lazarus from the tomb? "Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me." Was the end drawing nigh? He "lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come. . . . And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me." Did the reproaches and execrations of the multitude rise up round Him on the Cross? He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." How peculiarly suggestive it is to notice how this filial feeling runs, like a golden thread, through all our Lord's utterances, from the early days of Nazareth to the final scene. As with Him, so should it be with His followers. They should think of God, not alone as God in His Divine majesty and glory, but as "the Father," in whom the feeblest may confide and the unworthiest may rejoice. We know that it may be so, for "the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, and, if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." The Lord Himself puts the word into the mouth of His disciples, as He says: "Your heavenly *Father* knoweth that ye have need of all these things." And again: "It is your *Father's* good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And again: "I ascend unto *My Father* and *your Father*." This is what we feel in some of our sweetest songs.

My God, my *Father*, while I stray,
 Far from my home on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done!

And this, that has comforted and blessed so many :—

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :—
 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.
 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

The example of our Lord shows us that this acknowledgment of God should be observed in connection with the lowliest matters. What could be lowlier than these loaves and fishes, especially under such circumstances ? But "Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store" is an ancient and precious promise ; and, however small the "basket" or scanty the "store," the "blessing" shall make it rich and abundant. Let nothing be numbered among your possessions upon which you *may not* ask God's blessing ; nothing on which you *may*, but *do not* ; and nothing on which you *do*, but without the confidence and fervour in the absence of which the blessing may not be looked for. Seek it on all things on which it may be legitimately sought. David's advice to Solomon, in the following of which he was prospered, was : "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path."

The blessing shall be given ; for the whole testimony of the Divine Word assures us of this. Look carefully into its pages, and you will be struck with the extent to which "blessed" and "blessing" and kindred words abound. Once given, too, the joy of it shall be continued. Balaam may be willing to curse whom God has blessed ; but it cannot be, and Balaam himself has to confess it. "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel ; according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought !"

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

IV.



NOT unfrequently the evening of the day, the morning of which was so agreeably and profitably spent at Mr. Dickie's, with his intelligent family and numerous guests, was passed at the hospitable board of Mr. Alexander, senior deacon of Mr. Watson's church—the father of Dr. W. L. Alexander, whose fame as a preacher, a scholar, and a critic is as well known and appreciated south as north of the Tweed. Tall, stalwart, manly, intelligent, frank, and genial, he was to me the *beau idéal* of a deacon. His looks and manners quite impressed one with the notion that he *could* support his pastor. It was interesting to see them standing side by side. The one, spare, active, and quick; the other, solid, deliberate, yet animated and cheerful, suggested the idea that pastor and deacon were, like some colours, admirable *complements* to each other. They were, each in his own way, remarkable men; and one does not often see so harmonious a blending of very opposite qualities. Their decease caused a blank which has not yet been filled up.

It was often to me a cause of deep regret that, during my visits to the "Modern Athens," I could not attend any of the lectures delivered in the university by its most distinguished professors. But on one occasion I made up my mind that I would, and the effort was successful. A friend very kindly took me into Sir William Hamilton's class-room. The effects of a recent attack of paralysis had then nearly passed away, though his enunciation was somewhat indistinct. It was at first a great disappointment to me that he did not lecture on this morning, as I had hoped. It was the weekly examination of the students in lectures already given, and was sufficiently interesting to compensate one for the loss of the usual prelection. His fine intellect flashed out now and then. The students, too, were quite on the *qui vive*, and manifestly brisk and intelligent. Sir William, of course, was seated during this exercise, so that I had, unfortunately, no full view of his person. But what a noble head he had! Just such

a head as a Greek sculptor would carve to represent an intellect of the highest order. I understood that Mr. Baynes, son of the late Rev. J. Baynes, of Wellington, now an eminent professor in the University of St. Andrews, was his favourite pupil, and used to assist him occasionally in reading his lectures. The correctness of Sir William's opinion of Mr. Baynes was proved by the prevalence of the hope that the pupil would succeed his illustrious master. But though that hope was not realised—for Scotch corporations are uncommonly chary of appointing Englishmen to professorships in their universities—yet that it ought to have been is clear from the high position which that gentleman now occupies in St. Andrews, and from his being chosen to edit the new edition of the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*”—a duty which no one but a man of distinguished ability and most extensive acquirements could adequately perform.

From Sir William Hamilton's class I passed into that of Professor Wilson. The benches were crowded by ardent young men, who were waiting, in evident excitement and eager expectation, the entrance of their teacher. The door opened and in came a tall, muscular, robust, and most striking looking person, who did not exactly *walk* up to his desk, but, as it were, *rolled along* in a half-rollicking, half-stately stride, and took his seat. How energetically the laddies cheered him! Their greeting was loud and tumultuous; but it was clearly the expression of a most enthusiastic admiration. They were evidently proud of their Professor.

When the applause had died away, he took from his pocket a bundle of loose papers, on which some notes were scribbled. Many of these papers seemed to be old used-up envelopes. I saw no signs of a regularly written MS., and many parts of the lecture were extemporaneous. Very little care had been bestowed on the arrangement of the papers before him, and now and then there was a slight confusion, as if he had taken up the wrong scrap. He cast his eyes around his class, and seemed to recognise many of the young men in it; and the look was most expressive and kindly. But what an eagle glance it was! His long sandy hair fell in rich luxuriance over his massive shoulders. His broad, deep shirt collar was folded down over his noble neck. His gown was all the worse for wear, and his whole costume had seen good service. He presented a most striking figure, and my vivid impressions of it were renewed when I saw, some years after, the admirable portrait of him in the *Scottish Exhibition*.

Professor Wilson had little of the stately bearing, or of the lofty, commanding intellectual majesty, of Sir William Hamilton. But he was more animated, more penetrating, more acute, more quick, more vivid, more intense. In some respects he was the more striking looking person of the two, his costume, no doubt, adding much to the effect of the contrast between them.

The lecture began. Sometimes, when excited, he stood up—and this happened several times. Once, I remember, he folded his arms, turned half round, and gazed out of a little side window. For a few moments he seemed lost, as in a dream, or absorbed in some mental vision. Every sound was hushed. Perfect silence reigned throughout the room; and we waited with intense excitement until he spoke again. I wondered then, and I wonder now, what he was thinking of during those few moments of death-like stillness. There was no fire in his eyes. They seemed to be looking inwards, and were dimmed and glazed, rather than piercing. It was no piece of acting on his part. He was wholly above that sort of thing. But if it had been acting, it could not be more perfect in execution; whatever it was, it was most impressive, and the effect almost overpowering.

He turned round, and the man was in an instant another being. His eyes shone out again with their wonted lustre; and the person, lately so calm and still, became instinct with animation and life. As if he had gathered up new energy by this temporary respite, or had caught some new inspiration, he poured out a stream of eloquence, now fiery, now touching, now beautiful, now pathetic, terminating in a climax of great power. He hastily gathered up his papers, and rolled out of the room amidst the deafening plaudits of the students, in which I heartily joined; and we then departed on our several ways.

The lecture was on Conscience. It had none of the gravity of tone and consecutiveness of illustration and argument that I expected. It came out in jerks and bursts. There was no steady pursuit of some well-considered train of thought—no calm discussion worthy of so serious and momentous a subject. His intellect flashed upon it, and for a moment made it luminous. But the light did not shine throughout, and the result was not satisfactory. If, however, the lecture was deficient in its *teaching*, it was impossible not to feel its earnestness, and admire its eloquence and power.

Thus a desire which I had cherished for years was gratified. I had

often longed to see and hear the famous "Christopher North." I had read, in my younger days, those wonderful papers of his in *Blackwood's Magazine*—the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." To my youthful imagination they seemed to be the record of the *real talk* of Tickler, Hogg, and North, who actually met at "Ambrose's," at regular times, for supper. I wondered at their marvellous appetites for oysters, "brod" after "brod" of which they consumed; at their intense enjoyment of good living; and their love of whisky punch, of which they seemed to consume inordinate quantities! I confess to some feelings of regret when I found all this was a myth, and that the "Noctes" were written in Wilson's study, for the most part, by day, every shutter, however, being closed, and the table covered with a large number of lighted candles that the day might seem to be night! It would be interesting to know the reason why such a genius could write so much more forcibly by the artificial light of candles rather than by the purer light of the sun.

What wonderful papers they were! How various the topics discussed—the books reviewed—the persons praised or blamed—the poets lauded or contemned—and the authors crushed or enthroned! That the verdicts pronounced were often unjust it is impossible to deny. That they were sometimes discriminating and generous is equally true. But the rancour, recklessness, and unscrupulosity which pervaded the political portions of these celebrated papers are utterly indefensible. Nothing can justify the bitterness and injustice with which the Reformers were assailed. "Liberal" and "scoundrel" seemed almost convertible terms. The indiscriminate laudation of Toryism in its worst forms, often insolent, and occasionally ferocious, and the truculent treatment of opponents, are inexplicable in a man so warm-hearted and sympathetic as Wilson. The dominant and corrupt influence wielded for so many years over Scotland by Lord Melville was, to a large extent, the cause of this violent and reckless spirit. Moreover, Wilson was a good deal spoiled by the flattery which poured in upon him from persons of all ranks and conditions.

At Windermere he was a different man. It must have been a great delight to any one to have enjoyed the free hospitality of Elleray. He was the prime director of all sports, into which he entered with the heartiest zest, for which his fine animal spirits and wonderful muscular energy pre-eminently qualified him. He was

everybody's friend : popular with persons of every rank in life, kind to the poor, and taking as much interest in the amusements of children as if he were a child himself. The most remarkable figure in Windermere life—its animating genius, indeed—vanished when he died.

But things have changed since those days. Happily, Toryism is no longer rampant in Scotland. The different sections of the Nonconformist Church are drawing together more, and nearly all of them are united in the resolve to set religion free from all "State Patronage and Control." The election of Mr. Gladstone for Mid-Lothian—which we in the South so ardently hoped for, and which all sound Liberals in the North so strenuously helped to win—struck a blow at political intolerance and Church domination which has sounded their knell throughout the realm ! And it had a still wider influence on the policy of the empire by raising him to the position he so nobly fills, as Prime Minister in the Government.

*The Evangelistic Problem.**

BY J. W. SCHOLEFIELD, ESQ., J.P.



LET no one fear that I am about to invite you to a re-discussion of the Religious Census, fair or unfair ; I have no wish to thresh out straw, but, accepting one fact as beyond all doubt—the existence of an untouched multitude—I desire to speak, in this place, thoughts which have often pressed themselves upon me.

How sorrowful an admission it is, dear brethren, which we often make to one another in private—it seems as though our church agencies, with very few exceptions, do not reach the masses ; as though in many instances they only serve to keep together in very happy and profitable union, a certain number of people of a certain limited social grade, not rising higher nor sinking lower than, nor much encroaching on, the outside world ! And yet, is this the Church of

* A paper read before the Liverpool Baptist Union, from the Presidential Chair.

Christ, to which has been committed the charge—"Preach the Gospel to every creature"?

Some of our would-be wise newspaper critics profess to discriminate between a congregation of the "church and chapel going class," and a congregation consisting of those who are not used to attend worship at all; and, however unable they may be to point out to us a more excellent way, they are not slow to keep us reminded of the fact that our present way has not reached the lowest stratum.

Let us review our position as to this matter, and see if we may learn any lessons from the experience of others as well as from our own.

At the present time a great noise is being made about the Salvation Army movement, and a claim is very strongly put forward on behalf of the Salvationists—"We have reached the masses. We are doing the work in which the regular churches have failed. We adapt our means to our end, and so we succeed where you cannot." Now it becomes me to speak with all caution on this matter. I have only once been present at a Salvation Army service, but I have had much opportunity of seeing the class whom they lay hold of, and also of ascertaining something about the permanent effects of a settlement of the Army in a neighbourhood. On the authority of a not over-friendly officer of police, a Roman Catholic, I believe, whose statement was corroborated by that of other officers, we must credit the Army in our own neighbourhood with having got hold of some of the worst characters; that means, of course, some of those who used to be most troublesome to policemen; and with having kept them out of the police station for some months, and led them into a different way of life.

In my slender experience of Salvationist meetings, I was led to wonder much by what force the change could have been accomplished; and almost the only answer I could find was this—the force of a sympathy which these *men and women could believe in, and could understand*, and a sympathy making direct appeal to the personal feelings of each of them. Of what use is sympathy which is so expressed that the object of it does not understand it? You may say, the arrows are aimed low, and the appeals are not to high feelings and principles; but, at any rate, they are not shot into the air, and *that* counts for much. And again, rightly or wrongly, the Army are credited with being men and women who will face danger for their principles

and for the sake of doing good. This is a great point, and one that surely tells with some of the roughest of those they deal with.

Nor must one other great point be overlooked. There is no standard of dress at these services; the people go in working or in idling dress, as the case may be, and the presence of the "great unwashed" is plain enough to one's senses. Now, without there being any rule, it is taken for granted by most folks that they must "get ready" to go to ordinary religious services; and I find this point a very real difficulty in my own week-night class, when I cannot persuade the majority of the members to come without "cleaning up," as they call it, which means "dressing." So, you see, the Army's chances of laying hold of the multitude are multiplied by this one fact, especially in the case of those men who work till seven or half-past seven o'clock, as carters do, and many others.

Another strong point is the variety of their services. I don't mean the renewal of clap-trap advertisements, but the practice of giving liberty for many to take part in every service, and never, so far as I know, allowing any one to indulge in a fifteen minutes' prayer or a long discourse, but keeping all awake by singing and shouting.

Lastly, in a rough kind of way the people are looked after; there is not one pastor, but many; and the religious bond is thus strengthened indefinitely.

Having so far pointed out to you what seem to be the strong points in this particular movement, I shall not hesitate to point out what seem to me to be its defects and weaknesses. And, first of all, if they have, as they say, touched the masses, they have also laid hold of a large number of church and chapel going folks, and I am sure that their operations have not made any easier the work of the previously-existing churches. We cannot afford to lose our young men and women of the working class.

Another point which I must lay stress on is the absence of reverence in these services. Boys and girls come in and go out almost as they like; talking and laughing, to a very great extent, can go on unchecked; the way in which sacred things are handled is devoid of anything which we can feel as reverence; and I am persuaded that the loss is a serious one to any one passing from a sober and intelligent service to such ministrations as these. I have the best of reasons for saying that numbers of working lads and young men who attend these services regard them with an odd mixture of

amusement and half-sympathy, saying afterwards: "Oh, you should have been at the Army last night: it was as good as a play!" and yet going to those services night after night, and walking some distance to them.

The third serious matter is the lack of Scriptural teaching in general. The invitation "Come to Jesus," and the story of "How I was converted," and "How happy I have been ever since," form the staple of the utterances; and the confessions of very young disciples indeed are made with a total want of spiritual modesty before the congregation. Can religious life be long maintained on such a diet without fearful deterioration?

And then there is one point on which most dangerous doctrine is being set forth in the Army services—I mean the doctrine of holiness, as they call it. "I have nothing to do with sin!" "The root of sin is destroyed in me," "I have a perfect heart," are some of the phrases used, and understood to mean a sinless perfection on earth, not reached through long struggling with self and victory over daily temptations, but reached in a moment of ecstasy, when the convert gives himself up wholly to Jesus. A professedly evangelising movement is thus dogmatic on a matter peculiarly hard to be dealt with by the most experienced and careful of Christian teachers.

And now, why should such a compound have obtained its hold on English lower-class life? First of all, because of the dense ignorance of the class in question, and the coarseness of feeling existing amongst them—a state of things which, in my judgment, the Army meets by deliberately descending to their level, and so becoming "all things to all men" after a fashion—a state of things which is surely a matter for heart-searching before God by all who profess to have His cause at heart. Are we prepared to admit that ignorance must be met by ignorant men, and coarseness by coarse and sensational appeals? Are "Hallelujah lasses" and "converted wrestlers" and "smiling Bills" to be the chosen evangelists to the majority of the English people? And will it do for us to say in effect, "No, we must leave you to do this work for these people; you can, but we are too well instructed to adopt your ways, too refined and educated for this work; it must be left to you"? If so, then ignorance, and not knowledge, will be the thing for an earnest Christian to pray for in order that he may serve Christ among the masses. The thought is unendurable.

We cannot but feel that there is an unsupplied social want which the success of this new movement reveals. What and where are the *homes* of the class to whom these services are so attractive? What does the word "home" mean to them? We may object to movements which ignore home-life, and which are, in our opinion, inconsistent with it; but what if home-life does not exist? What if such services are a convenient gathering-place for those who have no home to go to, and are, at any rate, better than a street corner? And we feel, too, that, if the intellectual standpoint were not a very low one, this movement could not have made such headway; but it is a very low one, fearfully low, and services like these supply quite as intelligent material as there is any craving for.

They meet, however, we are convinced, one very deep and real need—that of fellowship in religious experience. It is a universal need, and must be met. Men may not understand religious experience, but feel it they do, and long for some one to deliver them from the condition of keeping silence while the fire burns—a condition which would hardly find much relief from listening to sermons, even if they could be persuaded to sit and listen to them, which they cannot be. It is all very well for educated Christians to say, "Why should we faint and fear to live alone?" but uneducated ones will not understand this, and so take their own ways of ridding themselves of the burden of spiritual solitude, greatly to their own present relief. And would not many of us, in days gone by at any rate, have been devoutly thankful had some one whom we could trust only broken in upon our soul-loneliness to enter into our feelings, and lighten, by sharing, our spiritual burdens and difficulties?

The fashion of the day is against it. Those who are not religious men of course oppose it; and those who are, in the majority of cases rather dread it, knowing to what dangers it is open. The minister is supposed to be the proper person to give such counsel, but surely he ought to be a man of most remarkable character and superhuman attainments if he is to be a spiritual counsellor and guide to the hundreds of his flock, let alone the possibility of his ever reaching the outsiders who do not come near him. Happy is that church where devout, warm-hearted, and instructed members are doing some of this work, and by real brotherly intercourse making the union of church membership a communion and fellowship in spiritual life. Is there not a need for it? We must not lay the weight wholly on our

ministerial brethren. They can never preach their best unless they are in living intercourse with their people, and their poorest sermons, when this is the case, will be fuller of real power than their finest discourses when they spring only from the isolation of the study, and descend upon their people from the elevation of the pulpit. But Moses's father-in-law was surely not far wrong when he gave him that counsel beginning with, "This thing that thou doest is not good; thou wilt surely wear away;" and Moses was fully justified when he acted on the advice and allowed others to share the burdens with him.

If within the churches this spirit were more rife, then it would, of course, overflow to the regions beyond. Even if they will not come to us, what then? We must go to them. Is it being set forth from our pulpits as the plain solemn duty of Christian men and women—to carry Christ's Gospel into the streets and lanes of the city? Is this one of the subjects of prayer—that the spirit of evangelisation may be given to our church members? We don't want a great flourish of trumpets in doing this. Let it begin never so quietly; but let it be in all our churches the church's work, the work which our best men and our most earnest ones should give themselves up to. And let the prayers of the church go up without ceasing to God for a blessing on them as they strive to do it. I trust the day is for ever gone by when, in a half-patronising and half-pitying spirit, we shall hear of a good sort of man who conducts a mission-room service. I dare not speak half words about it. We want reconcilers; we want large-hearted men, who shall bridge the gulf between class and class; and the further they go into their work the more will they surely feel how *very little* any one man can do, how soon their own hands and hearts will be full; and as they look out into the darkness their cry will go up, "Lord, thrust forth Thy labourers into Thy vineyard."

The methods must be endlessly varied. Success will be reached through manifold failure, if at all. But great will be his reward who, through the goodness of God, can hope that he has been the means of carrying the light where it would not otherwise have gone.

I rejoice in the work, although I never felt less able than now to prescribe methods for other people, having, indeed, a profound distrust of patent medicines and ready-made schemes.

Brethren, put on your hats and walk down Scotland Road or Bevington Bush, if you can, on a Saturday night. Subtract, if you

will, from your reckoning a large per-centage for the flock] of the Catholic priest, but look steadily at the rest. Where did they come from? *How* did they come? Where are they going? We are Christians. What is our duty to them *in the light of the Cross*? What are the Nonconformist churches, as a whole, doing amongst them? What are our own Baptist churches doing? Do we not need extension downwards—lower, and lower, and lower still, to reach the outcast classes? Can it be done in any other way than by Mission Churches, the very aim of which shall be to strike root downwards that they may bear fruit upwards? The chapel open on Sunday and one week-night is of no use for this. The Mission Church must be open continually. It may not be always for distinctively religious service, but it must of necessity be a substitute for home in many cases. There must be freedom in its services. And if, in reviewing some of the evangelisation of the day, we cannot conscientiously say, "Go thou and do likewise," we can say, "*Go and do better.*"

Our churches are not, as a whole, wealthy in money, but I believe they are wealthy in men. Something is being done, but surely not enough. Would that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!

And now, as to the practical upshot from this paper. Let us return to our several churches and ask, each one of us: Is our own church doing its duty to the poorest in our own neighbourhood? Is the duty of home-evangelising insisted upon and explained from the pulpit? Where are the men who might undertake it? And are we ready to support them in it by our prayer, sympathy, time, and money?

[The Editor gladly inserts this pointed and practical paper on a most important and pressing subject, and will be grateful to other friends for contributions to its further elucidation.]

Spring Song.

BEAT, my heart, in unison with all things gay and bright ;
 Sparrows twitter,
 Sunbeams glitter,
 Sit not down in thoughtful mood, far from the heat and light.

Banish manfully all fear of what lies far away ;
 Shadows darkle,
 Wavelets sparkle,
 Bathe thy weary self in joy and gladness for to-day.

Drive away from thee the thought of the seductive past ;
 In thy duty
 Seek life's duty,
 So shalt thou soon find peace on earth, and heavenly rest at last.

L. M. D.

History.*

BY THE LATE HENRY N. BARNETT.

PART II.



HISTORY is not only the narrative of the life and adventures of humanity—there is the development of a mightier power, a profounder wisdom, a more indomitable will, in its records. Man is the great hero ; but, as sometimes an author will write a romance for the purpose of exemplifying his own principles, so God, the Lord Almighty, reveals His own will and pleasure in His dealings with the sons of men. Whilst history, therefore, is the record of the life of humanity, it is the record of Providence also. It is the deliberate unfolding of a supreme, inexorable, universal will, which has been eternally pointed to some ultimate purpose, and towards the accomplishment of which it has ever tended with awful persistency.

This general principle has recently received a ridiculous application.

* Slightly abbreviated from a provincial magazine for August, 1858.

A work was some time since published in America by a Mr. Reed, entitled "The Hand of God in History." Shortly afterwards a gilded plagiarism of that work, entitled "God in History," dropped from the prolific pen of Dr. Cumming. The fundamental idea sought to be established in these works seems to be this:—God by providence is in history; Christianity is the truth of God; Protestantism is the truth of Christianity; therefore God, by providence, in history asserts His regard for Protestantism, and so overrules events, and has so organised nature, that the Protestant religion must ultimately become the universal faith. As an illustration of this idea, we will quote a single sentence from Mr. Reed's work. He says (p. 41):—"Coal, like the English language, is Protestant; like freedom, general intelligence, or piety, coal is Protestant. In vain do you search the world over to find any considerable deposit of this agent except where the English language is spoken and the Protestant religion is professed." Now, we are not sure that the same arguments would not apply to some unpleasant insects; yet we have no supposition that Mr. Reed is anxious to include these among his Protestant brethren. As to *coal* being Protestant, we do not see that, even if it be a fact, it affects in the slightest degree your coal markets. It does not make the article cheaper. It does not facilitate our mining operations. It is no guarantee against accidents in the pit. If Protestants were intending to turn universal persecutors, and were about to bring all Catholics to the stake, it might be some consolation to them to know that coal was a truly Protestant article, and might be fitly used in the conflagration. As it is, we cannot but regard this argument for the truth of Protestantism to be, like coal, a very black and brittle affair, and destined to end in smoke.

Of course, if history be the unfolding of the mind of God, it is the unfolding of truth, for God is Truth. Of course, also, we believe that our creed is the embodiment of truth, and that therefore the records of history are illustrations and confirmations of our creed. But what are we to do with our opponents on such a question? If we tell them to go and study history, they may retort and say: "We have studied history as well as you, and we find that, according to our reading of history, we are right and you are wrong." It is easy to boast about the favour shown to our views by Providence, but it requires a deeper insight than ours into the reasons of things to assert with certainty that what we believe is the whole or the pure truth of God. What,

then, is the conclusion of the matter? . This, that God's truth and man's opinion may be very different things; that it is a noble and most edifying principle that God's truth is being silently unfolded and established in history; but that the particular opinions of men are as silently modified, reformed, and purified. Human systems grow and flourish and decay, but "the Word of the Lord abideth for ever."

This idea of God in history is at once grand and appalling. That great Being, at whose word the heavens and the earth sprang forth, who looks from every star, who breathes in every wind, who smiles in every calm, and who moves in every storm, lives in the life of the world. He is present in every crisis; He is active in every agitation; He rejoices in all its righteous progress; He frowns on all its crimes; He weeps over all its griefs. He who has made the firmament to blaze with splendour and the earth to blush in beauty—who gives the flowers their fragrance, the forests their verdure, and the fields their fruit; who regulates the seasons in their round and directs the great sun in its illustrious pilgrimage; at whose command the ocean leaps into "foaming fury," and at whose "still small voice" there is a great calm; who ordains the mighty winds to be His clarions, and grasps the lightning as His sword; who makes the thunder-cloud His chariot and the wide firmament His couch; who invests the mountains with their drowsy dignity and clothes the valleys with their modest fascination—this glorious SPIRIT is ever present with the sons of men to conduct them to purity, love, liberty, and happiness. There is design, sanctity, mercy in every event of the world's life, dictated by more than a transient impulse, and ending in more than passing impressions. It becomes us to read history with reverence, for we have to do with laws that are immutable, and with a power that is omnipotent. Human life is not a mere game of speculation, or a mere indulgence of the day; it is an active element mingling with all other elements—a practical contribution to the world's progress. It is a part in that marvellous drama of which history is the record. We may not always detect the thread of connection. The law of development may sometimes seem involved and complex. But there *is* development, there *is* connection; and whatever the details may be, in spirit and in issue the law is holy, just, and good.

History, however, is vague and uncertain in its instructions. It has

not the clearness of the oracle. Its lessons are important, but hard to learn. But this is an advantage rather than otherwise; for the ambiguity of history adds to, instead of detracting from, its interest. It gives to it the fascination of poetry. As we read of the deeds of our forefathers, we indulge towards them an affection and an esteem which our contemporaries but seldom command. The times in which they lived we fancy must have been much more exciting than our own. We have had our dreams of the past; and we exalt the actual histories which are handed down to us to that ideal standard of glory and interest which our dreams have suggested. "The Good Old Times" is a phrase which may well be made the butt of ridicule when quoted as the senseless, sleepy, and selfish watchword of an almost extinct political party; but those words are uttered by every man's heart—in secret and in silence, if not in books or on the public platform. Who will calumniate the dead? Who does not gladly forget the failings, and even the vices, of a departed friend? And shall we cruelly remember the misdeeds of our good old mother age? We reverence, it may be with a purely ideal awe, our ancestry; and the generations that preceded us we honour with a kindly affection. "The Good Old Times" is the historical creed of the imagination.

Another circumstance may be mentioned as investing history with a kind of poetic charm. There are a thousand trivial occurrences in every day's life of a nation which are beneath the dignity of history. Only the remarkable incidents are recorded. Those little details which the historian must omit are the very things which give the tone of dullness to the present, and the omission of which from the records of the past leaves them to produce not only surprise, but interest also. Moreover, history does not consist of an occasional marvel, eloquently and elaborately descanted on by the writer, but a collection, a multitude, of extraordinary transactions, each pregnant with deep importance, and all having some mutual bearing. It is not simply an anecdote or two accompanied by prolix expatiations, nor a collection of independent anecdotes, but a narrative consistently and naturally blending marvellous stories together.

We may thus see how it is that there should be so much scope for *prejudice* in the writers of history. If the events which have transpired had come upon the world with the emphasis and the simplicity of the Decalogue, no historian would be bold enough to attempt a perversion, and few would be obtuse enough to misunderstand. As

it is, almost any view may be adopted without its inaccuracy being readily observed. And if the meaning of a fact would be patent to those acquainted with it, and at the same time prejudicial to the designs of the author, it is easy for him to suppress it, or to invent a story which shall counteract its influence. What are the great mass of the histories we possess but the *ex parte* statements of prejudiced men? An excessive tenacity of private opinions is likely to be felt more by the historian than by any other person. His writings relate to *character* as much as, if not more than, to facts; for actions are to be judged of by the men who performed them. So that all history is more or less biographical. The historian, then, has to form an opinion of the character he has to describe. He wishes to make it as uniform as possible. In coming to a decision on the matter, he is influenced by the principles his hero held, and the institutions he supported. If they were his own, that is a great deal in the man's favour. It creates a prejudice on his behalf at once. That prejudice exaggerates every good quality, and modifies every bad one; and by the time the historian is prepared to give his verdict, he has made the subject of it just what he would have him to be, and very likely *unmade* him from what he actually was.

Take, as a case in point, the Commonwealth age. That, all must admit, was one of the most important periods in the experience of England. Whether we consider the principles which were then so earnestly fought for, or the conflicts which agitated the nation, or the great men by whom those conflicts were conducted, we must be convinced that the experiments then made were such as would afford counsel, caution, or encouragement to earnest politicians in all future ages. Whatever may be our prejudices as to *the* great man of that marvellous time—Oliver Cromwell—of this we must be certain, he was a *representative man*. He stands out a monument of something wonderful and momentous.

But how are we to judge what Oliver Cromwell was? If we read only one historian of that period, we shall certainly have but a partial view of his character; if we read them all, we shall find it difficult to come to any decision. David Hume, for instance, who sneered at all the professions of devotion to God, sorrow for sin, faith in Christ, and hope of heaven as the imbecile babblings of superstition and ignorance, saw in Cromwell all these things; and of course he could not alter his creed just to give

the "Usurper" a little praise. So he denied him even the credit of sincerity! The Protector was a religious man, therefore he was a hypocrite; he was an earnest man, therefore he was a fanatic! Now you go to the study of the Cromwellian age with that feeling, and you rise from it with that feeling deepened; and do you not perceive how it will affect your decisions on the theological, ecclesiastical, and political controversies of the present day? Again, Thomas Carlyle is a man who has lived amongst the rocks and caves of the earth. He has slept with lions in the wilderness, and danced to the wild music of the storm. He admires the extraordinary, the craggy, the terrible, the heroic. Oliver was no dandy. He had never been trained to sell pretty ribbons at a penny a yard, much less to wear them. He was one of those lions that Carlyle would like to play with, and so Carlyle has paid him the high compliment of putting him among the world's great heroes! D'Aubigné has taken him from the heroes, and, we were going to say, made him a "saint," though that would hardly do to say of the great historian of the Reformation. Hence he says in the preface to his work that "no book can treat worthily of the great Oliver if the *Protestant* interest does not hold the foremost place in it."

I do not mention these differences with the intention of throwing any scorn upon historical writers, or any contempt upon history. It must be confessed, however, that the author of this kind of literature occupies a most difficult and responsible position, the circumstances and associations of which, instead of alleviating the difficulties or diminishing the dangers to which he is liable, rather aggravate and augment them. He requires a combination of opposite qualities, none of which must be indulged to an extreme, or his mind will be involved in misapprehension and his labour in mistake. For example, none would contend that he should be without principles. He is not to merge his responsibilities as a teacher in his duties as a chronicler. He cannot himself learn from history without settled convictions of his own. And yet history must not be sacrificed to these. In being a principled man, he must not cease to be a man of integrity. Else his principle becomes prejudice, and, instead of being an historian, he will become a mere reckless party-advocate or special pleader. Again, he must be a man of prudence and sagacity. He has to make a selection of incidents, and these must be appropriate, or he will malign the dead and insult the living. But his prudence must not degenerate into timidity. He must not abandon his

independence as a judge in order to maintain his freedom from fault as a witness, or his narrative will be disfigured by insulting explanations, and burdened with a multiplicity of unnecessary details, and history, instead of being a dignified and instructive teacher, will be a babbling, petty, mischief-breeding gossip. Again, he should be imaginative. He should bring to his assistance the flowers of the garden as well as the fruits of the field. The sparkle of wit, the flow of humour, the refreshing reliefs of fancy, and the pleasant aids of illustration should be blended with the sober statement of facts and the profound analysis of character. And yet this imaginativeness must never be allowed to overstep the bounds of propriety. Fancy must not usurp the throne of judgment. He may be gay, but never trifling. Else he will not be a true historian, and must content himself with the humble reputation of a punster, or of a dabbling novelist. So that he has to be principled, prudent, and imaginative, but must not be bigoted, timid, or fanciful. His principle, though strong and reverential, must never destroy his candour; his prudence must not be allowed to overthrow his independence; and his imagination must not be permitted to pervert the decisions of his reason. He has to analyse with the caution and the confidence of a critic, to observe with the sagacity and impartiality of a philosopher, to exemplify the sensitive feeling of a poet, and to maintain the integrity and the conscientiousness of a man of God.

These qualities are as necessary to the reader as they are to the writer of history. We are too prone to forget this. History is solemn; and we should be devout when we hear its voice. It has a word for each one of us, to which we should pay careful and reverent attention. There is scarcely a course of conduct open to us in any capacity upon which it does not pronounce a judgment. It illustrates policy of every hue. There is scarcely an artifice the result of which it does not reveal. It unmasks hypocrisy. It strips flippancy and pride of their meretricious trappings. It explodes every sham. It depicts the horrors and echoes the curse of all injustice, despotism, imposition, and fraud. If our aspirations are after a high morality and a useful benevolence, it points us to its noblest and most honoured characters, and thus vivifies our emulation. If an ungodly ambition actuates us, it says, "*How are the mighty fallen!*"

History can never be understood without a deep and ever-active

sympathy with those who are its subjects. Their circumstances, temptations, natural disposition, and education should be taken into account. Cynicism is out of place in these studies. The misanthropist can find no good in anybody because he has no sweetness in his own heart. The critic can always discover faults; or if his passion for criticism be stronger than his love of fairness, he can make faults where he cannot find them. We admit that the great historical personages were fallible, frail, and imperfect men; but they were heroes nevertheless, and their frailties establish their brotherhood with us. See them in their grandeur; and do not say, because clouds passed over their life, that there is no real glory in their fame. Judge them as you would be judged. You are peevish: but you are ingenious. You are passionate: but you are sincere and true.

And we should read for the future. We may personify history, not only as a teacher, but also as a prophet; and his face, though he is fresh from the desert, is bright with animation, whilst hope sits enthroned on his brow. The records of history are the annals of progress; and as we read them, and learn from them how superior the present is to the past, we may with a perfectly rational confidence believe that the future will, in the same ratio, be better than the present. For the book of history is an endless volume that can never be entirely written or entirely read. It is the depository of records that multiply for ever. The human race never reaches its goal. There is no finality in its knowledge, no fatigue in its energies, no limit to its capacities, no end to its development. History, thus far, has been one long, living proof of this. And in the hope of progress lies the spirit of duty. Believe in the future on the basis of your knowledge of the past, and you will be all the stronger for present responsibilities. Cheerfulness, awe, and resolution will be quickened within you.

Illustrations from a Preacher's Note-book.

(Continued from p. 40.)



13. *The Necessity of Sorrow.*

HE cold and snow of winter are as essential to the health and vigour of some forms of vegetable life as the sunshine and warmth of summer. There are many plants which, instead of flowering if it were always summer, would die. So it would seem that a certain proportion of trial and sorrow are necessary to the growth and perfection of some Christian graces. We should miss many of the finer traits of spiritual character if we were left without the modifying and mellowing influences of adversity and trouble.

14. *The Assimilating Power of Christ.*

As the flower-bulb, itself without any beauty, is drawn upwards by the ministry of the sun until the leaves and petals of the flower unfold and appear in some of the richest colours of the light, so our souls, encrusted with selfishness and worldliness, when brought under the power of Christ grow up into His image, and reflect upon the world the lovely features of His gracious character.

15. *The Preciousness of Prayer.*

Beautiful is an island in the ocean, fragrant with roses, and adorned with the myrtle, the palm, and the cedar, to the eye of him who is nearing its shores after a dark and tempestuous night at sea! But more attractive still is the throne of the heavenly grace to the storm-tossed voyager on the ocean of life. Fair is the oasis in the burning, sandy desert, with its crystal springs, its verdant foliage, and its cooling groves, to the parched and wearied traveller across the exhausting wilderness! But more welcome still is the mercy-seat to the Christian pilgrim amid all the hardship and the dreariness of the way he has to take. The preciousness of prayer to the tired and weary heart none can measure and none can express, but those who have themselves felt it.

16. *The Coldness of mere Morality.*

The morality of some people reminds me of the portrait of the Duke of Rutland by Sir Francis Grant. The painter has given such minute attention to the costume of the Duke that the head, which ought to have been the main feature of the picture, and from which ought to have shone out the mind and the heart, is quite a subordinate matter, and the picture would not have been injured much, as a work of art, if it had been omitted altogether. Some people spend immense pains on the drapery of their life, treating as a mere accident that which ought to be regarded as of the first importance. The consequence is that their morality is cold and unattractive; it has no warmth in it, because it is simply an external thing, untouched and unfed by the living forces of a pure and loving heart.

17. *Secret Christians.*

There are a few people in Russia who have set up a new religion which is to be professed in secret and to have no name. Many modern Christian professors might very fittingly belong to such a sect. They are religious, so they say, but their religion, if a fact, is a fact only to themselves; nobody else knows anything about it; certainly it never shows itself in the home, over the counter, or at the social circle. We may depend upon it that wherever true Christian life exists it will be sure to reveal itself. That man is to be disbelieved who says that he is religious, but whose religion is never made manifest in his daily deportment and conduct.

18. *Christ the Christian's Model.*

When an artist wishes to become proficient in his calling and to produce works which the most critical shall praise and the world shall flock to see, he is careful to have before him the best models, and no matter where those models are, there will he endeavour, if possible, to go that he may study them. The Christian has to work out in his daily life a fair and noble result; he has to develop little by little the majesty and the grace of a complete spiritual character, than which there is nothing in this beautiful world more beautiful; and, in order to succeed, he must study the highest form of our humanity, the most perfect embodiment of human goodness that can be found. In the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews we have set before us for our instruction and encouragement a long catalogue of

ancient worthies; but though in all of them there are some points deserving of our imitation, yet in none of them is there any excellency in perfection. And if not in them, much less can we expect to see such a thing in any of our fellow-men with whom we are accustomed to mix in life. But in Jesus Christ we have One whom we can set before us as a complete Pattern, a perfect Model. In Him we see not only all virtues, but all virtues exquisitely blended, so as to present to our view symmetry, harmony, beauty, perfection. To Him, therefore, we are commanded to look. We are to be "followers of Him"—that is, imitators, copyists. We are to strive to exemplify in our personal life those comely traits which we behold and admire in Him. We are to gaze upon Him until we are "changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord."

19. *Variety in Human Experience.*

In the physical world there is a constant mingling of light and shadow. We cannot have the beauty of the rainbow without the gloom of the storm-cloud. We cannot gaze upon the majesty and brightness of the full moon without knowing that the dark shadow of the earth is about to invade its radiant disk, and again to effect the gradual extinction of its soothing light. As in the physical world, so is it in human life. What great prosperity ever came to a man without its being attended or followed by some adversity? What great joy ever took possession of a human heart without its being touched and tempered by some degree of sorrow? From the cradle to the grave there are even in the brightest lives constantly recurring alternations of light and shade, of gladness and grief.

20. *Sombre Training of the Young.*

Some parents, instead of encouraging, seek to repress all hilarity and joyousness in their children, and remind one of the Russians, who, at their marriage festivities, have a circling dance, and give a reward to the maiden who, amidst all that nuptial revelry, has never spoken and never smiled.

21. *Risking Spiritual Happiness for Trifles.*

A man is leaning out of the window of a railway carriage going at the rate of several miles an hour; he loses his hat, and forthwith he leaps out of the window in order to secure it; he falls with fearful

force upon the metals, and is dashed to death. This is not a fiction, but a fact recorded in the newspapers at the time that it occurred. We wonder at the recklessness of the man; and yet how many are there every day who act in a manner equally foolish and equally fatal! For the sake of a mere trifle which touches only their outward life, they will heedlessly risk the interests of their immortal souls; for the sake of some mere temporary gain they will foolishly jeopardise their eternal welfare.

22. *The Benefits of Life's Storms.*

Storms find out our weak places, reveal our vulnerable points. Many a noble-looking tree whose trunk seems firm as granite, whose branches afford shelter for birds and cattle, and whose leaves, in the tender hues of spring, the rich tints of summer, or the golden glories of autumn, are beautiful to behold, is yet weak and decaying at the core, and its weakness and decay are unsuspected until the storm lays them open to inspection. So we, in the eyes of those about us, and even in our own view, may appear strong in our integrity, and may be showing some attractive points and doing some useful service; and yet, at the same time, there may be at work in our hearts some insidious process of evil, of whose presence we do not even dream until some storm from heaven lays us prostrate, and reveals to our gaze our real inward condition.

23. *Activity and Repose.*

It is with the powers of the soul as with the organs of the body. There can be no sound and healthy condition of either unless there be suitable alternations of activity and repose. The body that is always in exercise or always at rest will speedily be unable properly to perform its functions; and the soul that is perpetually active or perpetually restful will suffer in a similar way. The great thing to be seen to, in order to maintain our souls in health and soundness, is to have periods of repose between our seasons of activity—periods, that is to say, when we draw ourselves away from effort and endeavour, and give up ourselves to quiet communion with God, casting ourselves on His love that we may be refreshed and strengthened.

B. WILKINSON, F.G.S.

A Strange Scene at Hang-Chow.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR ELWIN.



PERHAPS it will interest you if I attempt to describe what I saw in a temple near Hang-Chow during the past summer.

Time : Midnight. Place : The Eastern Hill Temple.

Truly a strange scene meets our gaze. From the top of this flight of twenty steps we look upon a vast crowd gathered in the temple court. Nearly every man carries a lantern ; so that, although there is no moon, there is plenty of light. What are these people doing in this temple in the middle of the night ? Before answering this question, let us turn round ; what do we see behind us ? We are on an elevated platform in the temple proper. In the centre, in the position of honour, sits an idol, truly a great hideous figure. This has been brought to preside over the ceremony about to take place. Many servants wait on him. He has secretaries and attendants, executioners, and many others, all waiting to do his bidding. In case he should feel the heat, four men constantly fan him all night. This idol represents the ruler of the spirit-world, who has under him ministers of state, mandarins of high and low degree, to carry out his wishes.

Suddenly there is a shout in the crowded court below. We see the large entrance-gate at the further end of the court thrown wide open, and in walks a man representing a mandarin, attended by his secretaries, executioners, and messengers ; while over him is held a most beautifully embroidered silk umbrella. Attendants on either side cease not to fan him with large feather fans as he walks along, while before him, in case he should be annoyed by unpleasant smells, walk attendants swinging brazen censers suspended by chains, from which clouds of incense continually ascend, fumigating the air. With measured tread he advances across the temple area, and slowly ascends the steps. An attendant places on the ground a cushion beautifully worked in gold and silk, and upon this the mandarin in silence kneels before the idol. Being president of one of the six governing boards, he then presents his report, after which he withdraws. Again there are shouts, as one attendant after another advances and presents official cards, which are received and placed before the idol. There are no less than seventy-two of these cards presented, representing seventy-two inferior mandarins of the spirit-world, who are not permitted even to kneel before his Majesty. The chiefs of the six boards only come in person ; their followers helping to swell the crowd waiting in the court below.

By this time the crowd is immense, and it is with difficulty we hold our own. The runners and others, whose duty it is to keep an open space in front of the idol, have hard work indeed to fulfil their task. At last all is ready, and the keeper of the lower regions has orders to bring up a certain evil spirit to be judged according to law. Ponderous keys are committed to this individual, who, with

five or six assistants, hastens off to the place representing Hell, to bring the doomed one to judgment. Soon unearthly yells rend the midnight air, intense excitement prevails, as these men appear once more dragging with them an unhappy wretch bound with iron chains to present him to the judge. If it is asked who it is that is treated thus, the answer is simply that it is a mad person, truly mad—this is the only real thing about the whole performance. The madness is supposed to be caused by an evil spirit that has taken up its residence in this person's body. This spirit is now to be judged, and, if possible, cast out. Truly, the Chinese believe that a man may be possessed by devils. But there is silence. The possessed one, having been forced on his knees before the idol, is now being questioned by those appointed for the purpose. There is a long conversation; many questions are asked, but we are not near enough to hear what is said. Soon judgment is pronounced, the man is to be beaten and consigned again to Hell for a time, after which he is to be restored to his friends, who have paid from £1 to £5 in order to have this cure tried.

The sentence is received with shouts by the multitude, and preparations are at once made to carry it out. Soon all is ready; the man is lying stretched on the stone floor on his face before the idol. Two executioners advance, each armed with that instrument of torture, the long bamboo. The crowd stand back, and soon not a sound is heard in the still night air but the thud, thud of the bamboos as they fall one by one, not on the man lying on his face on the ground, but on a straw figure, dressed like a man, placed by his side.

The beating over, the man is again questioned, and then ordered to be taken to the place from whence he came. The attendants close on him, and he is quickly hurried off to that awful place. Truly, it is a terrible place. A narrow doorway admits one into a long chamber; there is no window, but, by the light of many flaring candles placed before the idols who are supposed to rule over this department of the unseen world, we see through the blinding smoke of the incense that is being offered to the same deities small figures representing men going through every imaginable torment. Not pictures, but figures, of men and women suffering every kind of torment that man's ingenuity can suggest. Here in this dreadful place we see in succession representations of men being sawn asunder, boiled alive, ground to powder, crushed by stones, having their flesh boiled, burned, slowly cut away by large knives or torn away by hooks. We see people being pounded in mortars, thrown on to spikes;—but enough, it is too awful; blinded by the smoke of the incense offered to the fiends who preside over these ceremonies we rush out, thankful indeed to breathe once more the pure air. View this place at midnight, and then say whether what others have written about in books or depicted on canvas the Chinese have not got here in truly terrible life-like representation. To this place these poor wretches are hurried, here to be chained up and left alone.

But what is going on in the temple? One case being settled, another is taken in hand. Amid the shouts of the multitude another one is dragged across the court and up the steps; this time it is a young man about twenty-two. A dreadful scene is now enacted. The man refuses to kneel; the attendants throw themselves upon him and try to drag him down, but cannot. The excitement increases;

the crowd surges wildly to and fro ; in spite of all our efforts we are borne hither and thither by the press. There is one calm face, it is that of the pale young man. Threats and promises are alike vain ; to judge by his countenance, his mind seems to be far away ; he appears to use no force, but they cannot get him down. Baffled in their efforts, "To Hell with him !" is soon the cry. They hurry him to the top of the steps, but he will go no farther. One by one he shakes off his tormentors. He is nearly free, when several of his keepers rush at him, run him down the steps across the temple court, and do not stop until they leave the young man securely chained in the Infernal Regions. This time they do not leave him long. The summons once more is issued. Again the attendants hurry him in. Having been baffled once, they determine not to be baffled again. No sooner has the possessed man reached the top of the steps than down he falls on his face, doubtless tripped up by one of his keepers. While some hold him down, others question him ; but not one word will he answer. Such obstinacy must be severely punished. The idol's mouthpiece sentences him to be beaten on the ankles. Again the executioners advance ; again the long bamboos are produced ; again the straw figure is brought in ; again, amid death-like silence, the blows are heard. But the beating is ineffectual ; no sound passes the young man's lips, and so once more he is hurried off to the place from whence he came.

While looking on this scene, my thoughts wandered off to other scenes about which I had read, upon which others had looked in bygone ages. I no longer saw the idol of the Chinese : there sat the Roman emperor ; before him was a Christian who refused to offer incense, and give him the honour due to God alone. There was but one alternative, and as the cry, "To the lions, to the lions !" seemed to ring in my ears, I came to myself. There sat the idol made of painted wood, on every side surrounded by worshippers bestowing upon it every kind of honour ; but the young man, who in spite of every threat refused to kneel, had gone. We have seen enough ; we hurry out of the temple, gladly leaving behind us the shouting multitude. Pleasant it is once more to look up at the quiet stars and remember that although the heathen may rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, yet the Lord reigneth, and will reign for ever and ever.

Again we ask, What does it all mean ? The answer is, that what we have seen may be called a Chinese method of curing mad people. The madness being caused by the evil spirit, which has taken up its abode in the man's body, if the evil spirit can be cast out the man is cured. Are they ever cured ? The people say sometimes they are, but more often not. All we can say is, that there are not many persons who could be locked up for some hours in the Infernal Regions represented here, in the middle of the night, without going mad, even if they were of sound mind before they were put in there. These ceremonies last twenty nights, every night being witnessed by a different set of people. The lunatics are brought from places both far and near. Some idea may thus be formed of the number who gather here every year.

As I walked to the place where I was lodging, solemn thoughts filled my mind. Never before had I seen idolatry like this. A few women worshipping in a temple, or a larger crowd gathered together on some feast-day to do honour to an idol—to this I was accustomed ; but here were thousands of people showing their

faith by their works, spending vast sums of money to do honour to poor dumb idols. And many of these persons, not the poorest by any means, but men of influence, spending large sums of money for the same purpose. One night all the expenses were to be paid by Wu, the celebrated banker of Hang-Chow and Shanghai, perhaps one of the richest men in the empire. As I stood that night with my companion on the mountain side, and listened to the distant roar of the great multitude in the temple in the valley, I think I was able to realise more than ever before the greatness of the work that lies before God's servants in the great heathen empire of China.—*From the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," March, 1882.*

Proposed New Baptist Chapel at Gothenburg, Sweden.

IN the advertisement department of the February number of this Magazine we inserted an important circular respecting the above-named enterprise. We trust that our readers have not overlooked it, and that some of them may be able and willing to render the help which is greatly needed. Mr. Svenson is still in England, and is endeavouring to collect subscriptions for the important object for which he has been sent over to this country. We need not repeat the details of the case, or the arguments by which it is supported. It will be sufficient for us to ask our friends who have not contributed to turn again to the circular, and to give to it their kind and sympathetic attention. Our brother writes to us to say that £2,000 are needed beyond what the friends in Sweden can raise, and, though he has been in this country five months, he has not been able thus far to collect more than £300. The case is strongly recommended by a large number of our leading ministers and laymen, and we hope that the earnest appeal founded upon it may not be in vain.

Reviews.

ONESIMUS: *Memoirs of a Disciple of St. Paul. By the Author of "Philochristus."* London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

LIKE its predecessor, "Onesimus" is an ingenious, a fascinating, and, at the same time, a disappointing book. It is written from the anti-supernatural standpoint, and represents the accounts of our Lord's miracles as an accretion—a series of unauthorised traditions, formed

by the less intelligent members of the Church in the latter part of the first century with the view of proving that Christ was the predicted Messiah. It is difficult to say whether the writer is more in sympathy with Paulus or with Strauss. He occasionally agrees with the former in speaking of the miracles as founded on facts, but facts superstitiously interpreted, and so as to attribute to our Lord an unreal glory.

In other places he follows Strauss in representing the miracles as myths, generated by the idea, formed under the influence of Messianic conceptions and unreasoning religious enthusiasm. The predictions of the Old Testament had to be fulfilled; Christ must have done the things foretold of Him, and thus the records of the miraculous arose!

The writer of "Onesimus" has a profound appreciation of the ethical and spiritual significance of the Gospel, and has successfully shown that on this ground its claims on our reverence, our faith, and our obedience are such as can be urged by no other religion or philosophy. But he surrenders so much to the demands of rationalistic criticism as to leave us only a fragment of the Gospel, and to divest that fragment of the most powerful plea it can advance in favour of its Divine and absolute authority. We cannot settle the controversy by saying that the evangelical narratives are the mere shell of the truth; in fact, we deny that position altogether—they are a part of the truth itself. This naturalistic hypothesis reduces the life of Christ to an ideal—grand and elevated, no doubt, but a mere ideal, to be approved, followed and obeyed according to our subjective state. If Christ did not deliver the discourses attributed to Him by the evangelists; if He wrought no miracles; if He did not actually rise from the dead, we have no proof that through His voice God Himself has spoken to the world, and that the hopes He has inspired in our hearts will be fulfilled.

The ideal biography of Onesimus is charmingly narrated, and in many of its salient features might be true. Onesimus was exposed as an infant with his twin brother Chrestus on the steps of the temple of Aesclepius in Pergamus;

was adopted by Ammiane of Lystra, and at her death was sold into slavery of the cruellest and most repulsive kind. He was afterwards purchased by Philemon of Colossæ as a companion and amanuensis. With him he travelled to Antioch, to Jerusalem, and to Athens. Philemon was now a Christian, and urged Onesimus to adopt his new faith. But this could not yet be. Onesimus was, indeed, restless and dissatisfied. He had lost all belief in the gods, and could find no comfort in the cold abstractions of Stoicism. But he could not honestly accept the teachings of Christianity. While in this condition, Pistus, a base fellow, who, for the sake of currying favour with Philemon, had been baptized, maliciously accused Onesimus of theft. The device succeeded, and Onesimus was condemned to an ergastulum. Hereupon he made his escape, wandered for some months with a begging priest of Cybele, and plunged into wild excesses. After various adventures, he reached Rome, where he met the Apostle Paul and was won over to the faith of Christ. On his return to Colossæ, Philemon liberated him, and he thenceforward laboured in the ministry. Some time afterwards, he went again to Rome to see the Apostle, and heard from him the story of his life, and an account of his doctrines, and was with him up to the hour of his martyrdom. He subsequently came to Britain, where for seven years he enjoyed the companionship of Philochristus, at the end of which period he was called to preside over the church at Beræa, and ultimately he suffered martyrdom at Smyrna.

The story brings us face to face with the intellectual and social condition of

the apostolic age. Its representations of the heathen ceremonies and festivals, of the intellectual unrest and the moral decrepitude of the age, of the attitude of the upper classes, and especially of the philosophers, towards Christianity are as accurate as they are powerful. The author has put into an attractive form statements and arguments derived from such various writers as Maximus of Tyre, Ælius Aristides, Epictetus, Celsus, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus. If "Onesimus" does not possess the freshness and simplicity of "Philochristus," it is a work of remarkable beauty. The narrative flows on gracefully. We frequently come across touches of true poetic power and fine spiritual intuition. The side lights it throws on the apostolic history are of considerable worth, and in many instances the genesis it gives of the early heresies is accurate and striking.

But how "Onesimus" can gravely assert that it was not much before the end of the reign of Vespasian—*i.e.*, about A.D. 78 or 79—that the churches began to commit to writing the traditions of the acts of the Lord; that it was some years later before Matthew's Gospel (the authorship of which is represented as uncertain) began to be read as a supplement to the traditions; that Christ's walking upon the water was simply the stretching forth of His hand to save Peter when he denied his Master, and ventured on the troubled sea of temptation in his own strength, we own ourselves unable to conceive. Still less can we allow the fabulous character of the two earlier chapters of the Third Gospel. The preface to that gospel is too reasonable and too philosophical to sanction such an idea. The evangelical narratives have about them an impress of reality, a tone of absolute truthfulness, which is want-

ing in the apocryphal books. The writers of them are fully alive to the distinction between allegory and history; the critical spirit of the Roman world and the hostility of the Jews would have ruthlessly exposed any such proceeding as this theory supposes, and the objections felt to it by Onesimus himself would have been emphasised by the enemies of the gospel, and its credit would have been lost. The beliefs of the early Christians were based upon a supernatural religion. It is therefore a futile task to affirm that the supernatural is simply the product of their creed. A work like this may open men's eyes to the unique beauty of Christianity as a philosophy of God and His relations to mankind, but it weakens, and would ultimately destroy, its dynamic power.

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THE THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: a Handbook for Bible Students. By the Rev. J. J. van Oosterzee, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Utrecht. Translated by Maurice J. Evans, B.A. Fourth Edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is not a new work, but a new edition of a work which is several years old. It may, however, be new to many of our readers, and we will endeavour to give a short account of it.

Dr. Oosterzee is a German theologian of the strictly Evangelical type. He has the penetration which belongs to the German mind, and his learning is characterised by the combined comprehensiveness and minuteness for which the Germans have long enjoyed an enviable distinction. His endowments and acquisitions are consecrated to the momentous work of expounding and vindicating the teaching of the Word of

God. He found the kind of manual which we have before us to be a desideratum in the prosecution of his calling as a university theological professor, and the production of it has laid theological students under a large and lasting debt of obligation. The translator very properly reminds us that others may derive advantage from this eminently useful work. "There are not a few," he remarks, "among those who make no claim to the title of theological students, for whom the Christian faith—no less than the Christian life—of the first age will always be a matter of supreme importance; who believe, moreover, that independent research in the domain of New Testament doctrine is essential to the cultivation of genuine devotion; and who will gladly avail themselves of every suitable means of learning somewhat more fully what is 'the mind of the Spirit.' For such, a trustworthy compendium of the teaching of the New Testament scriptures themselves is well-nigh indispensable." After an introduction, in which the author defines the science of New Testament theology, and sketches its history, method, &c., he devotes the first part to a setting forth of the "Old Testament Basis," and to a compact and succinct exposition of Mosaism, Prophetism, Judaism, and the teaching of John the Baptist. The result is thus stated:—"Mosaism and Prophetism contain the germ and starting-point for the testimony of the truth which was given by the Lord and His Apostles, and is contained in the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament. In Judaism we find nothing by which the personality of the Lord and the contents of His Gospel can be explained in a merely natural way." The way is thus opened for a consideration of "the theology of Jesus

Christ." In the first instance, we have a review of the teaching of the Synoptical Gospels concerning "The Kingdom of God," "Its Founder," "The King of Kings," "His Subjects," "Salvation," and "The Way of Salvation." Then follows the distinctive teaching of the Gospel of John concerning the Son of God in the flesh, and in His relation to the Father, to the world, to His disciples, and to the future. As to "the differences between the Synoptical and the Johannine Christ," the author observes that "it is not of such a kind that the impartial investigator can regard only one or the other series as genuine or trustworthy. On the contrary, upon any attentive comparison, the higher harmony meets the eye at every point, and the difference, however considerable, is not only perfectly explicable, but is to be regarded as in more than one respect exceptionally important." This statement is made good by eight pages of close and consecutive reasoning. The distinctive, but harmonious, teachings of Peter and Paul are then developed with a master-hand, and the organic connection between the gospels and the epistles is carefully traced. This is the best indication we can give, with the space at our command, of the contents of one of the most useful books of our day.

THE INDIAN BAPTIST. February. Calcutta: Baptist Mission Press.

OUR friends in India have started a magazine of their own. In so doing they have acted wisely. The periodical will be a useful organ of intercommunication and intelligence, and we wish for it all possible success. Its editor, the Rev. R. Robinson, of Calcutta, can command a staff of vigorous writers, judging from the second number, which

is before us. We are somewhat concerned to find, from one of the articles, that the London Secularists—or, as they are properly termed, the Bradlaughites—have appointed an emissary of theirs to India, who evidently means mischief to Christian missions in that land. This redoubtable champion of infidelity rejoices in the magnificent name of Babu Kaliprasanna Kavyabisaharad. The editor of the *Indian Baptist* shrewdly suspects that if he be contemptuously ignored he will soon grow weary of his work. Baptists in England might read this magazine with interest and advantage. Its cost is three rupees per annum.

JIM'S TREASURE; or, Saved from the Wreck. By A. K. H. Forbes.

HOW THE FRENCH TOOK ALGIERS; or, the Janissary's Slave. Translated from the German of W. O. von Horn, by J. Latchmore. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

JIM is a good lad, with a bad father and a somewhat weak-minded and lachrymose mother. Jim's father gets his living by plundering wrecked vessels. On one occasion there is a storm, and Jim succeeds in saving a little girl from the devouring waters, who becomes a treasure indeed to Jim and his mother—the object of their love, and the light of their home. They have many privations, but they struggle on as best they can, and Jim develops into a simple-hearted Christian young man. He has a rough brother Jack. By-and-by the father vanishes, and is supposed to be drowned; but ultimately a letter comes home from him which intimates that he is in Australia in a destitute state, and asking for money to enable him to return. Jim replies with pathetic tenderness to

the effect that there is no money to spend. Meanwhile, Jack wanders about from port to port, and at last comes back—broken down under the combined influence of poverty and fever—to find Jim in a good situation as ship carpenter at some distance from the old home, and living in his new quarters with his mother and Lina. Jim takes the fever, but recovers. Lina sickens and dies, and after her death he finds in her Bible an order for £200. He has now no need of the money, and lays it aside “for the good of other little orphans.” Years wear on, and Jim becomes a junior partner in his master's firm, and is proud to find that Mary Goodwin, “a good Christian woman, active and energetic in all objects of charity,” is “willing to be his wife.” The story is simply and artlessly told, and is sound in its teaching from first to last.

“How the French took Algiers” is a tale of similar length, but of very different character. It does not profess to be a history of the operations by which the Algerian territory came into the possession of France, but to deal with some of the minuter incidents which led to that important event. The story is well told, though it has too much of the cold and stately formality by which German stories are often rendered heavy and uninteresting to English readers. It shows, however, how great consequences may spring from apparently diminutive causes.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. February and March. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., Paternoster Square.

WE must still assign the foremost place to this periodical, issued for the special advantage of Christian ministers. It commands an admirable staff of con-

tributors, who unite in setting forth the religion of the Saviour in its various aspects, adaptations, and claims. We cannot particularise the contents of the two numbers before us—they are too numerous and diversified for our space. But we have an elaborate and brilliant discourse by Dr. Bersier, of Paris, on “The Testimony of the Apostles;” a considerable number of good Homiletic Outlines; and, taking the two numbers together, some fifty pages of learned and careful exposition of different parts of Scripture. There is a very smart essay by Dr. N. J. Burton on the question, “Why are Long Sermons preached?” and the answers he gives are such as to show that he thinks the practice a bad one. In the March number, Dr. R. F. Littledale contributes the first paper of “a clerical symposium” on the “Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement,” which is able in its way, but which is certainly not quite up to the orthodox mark, as we understand the term. We are gratified to find that the Rev. B. Wilkinson, who has of late honourably appeared in our own pages, is supplying a series of discourses on “The Prayers of Christ,” from which we may fully expect to derive some valuable instruction.

THE PSALMIST: a Collection of Hymns, Tunes, Chants, and Anthems for Congregational Worship and for Domestic and Family Use. *The Chant Book.* The Organ Edition, demy 4to. London: J. Haddon & Co., Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

WE have already given our hearty commendation to this work. “The Chant Book” before us is, in every respect, an admirable production. It is well printed, and strongly, yet tastefully, bound. The chants and anthems are of a high class, musically con-

sidered; and most of them have enjoyed a long celebrity. The pointing is thoroughly intelligible, and makes the singing easy; whilst the words and the music are perfectly fitted to each other. The type is large and beautifully clear.

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THE ANTIDOTE TO FEAR: Illustrated by the Prophet Isaiah. By Newman Hall, LL.B.

GRACE AND GLORY. By Newman Hall, LL.B. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street; John Snow & Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

NEWMAN HALL needs no introduction and no praise. He has written too much to require the one, and too well to require the other. These two little books are characteristic of his blended simplicity and strength—redolent of Evangelical truth—and abundantly adapted for spiritual usefulness. The first of the two should be devoutly read by all tried and timid Christian souls. The “Fear Not” of Isaiah are skilfully grouped and impressively expounded. “Grace and Glory” is an elaborate and, in many parts, beautiful setting forth of the teaching in Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

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THE BAPTISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. A Sermon by John Urquhart, Kirkcaldy. Price Twopence. London: Yates Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street; Edinburgh: Robert Symon, 8, St. James’s Square; Glasgow: George Gallie & Son, 99, Buchanan Street.

THIS is one of the most effective expositions and defences of the baptism taught in the New Testament ever delivered from the pulpit. We have read it with exceeding pleasure, and equal

Reviews.

wish that every one who adopts the practice of infant sprinkling might read it with a mind open to the clear and unanswerable arguments it contains. Mr. Urquhart very properly avails himself of the acknowledgment now almost unanimously made by competent and candid Biblical scholars that infant sprinkling finds no warrant in the Word of God. He shows, by the consent of the wisest minds, and by the plain teaching of Scripture, that it is not of God, but of men, and presses home the authoritative example of the Master, who said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.

Ward, Lock, & Co.

WE have gratefully received two additional numbers of this great work—the tenth and eleventh. The more it is examined, the better will it be appreciated. It differs in substance and manner from all other Commentaries of our acquaintance, but it is all the more worthy of study on that account. It abounds with rare learning, and is replete with shrewd, condensed, and pointed remark. The doctor's hostility to Calvinism breaks out here and there—sometimes without any plausible pretext; but we are glad to give to the work, for the most part, an unqualified praise.

THE SENTINEL: a Monthly Journal devoted to the Exposition and Advancement of Public Morality, and to the Suppression of Vice. Price One Penny. Dyer Brothers, Amen Corner.

THIS periodical should be read by all who wish well to their fellow-men, and to whom it is important to know the forms which wickedness assumes, and

the extent to which it abounds in our time. Many of the revelations it contains are appalling in the extreme, especially in relation to regions to which public observation is not often directed. We are brought face to face with enormities which we had never suspected, and which must be dragged ruthlessly into the light if they are ever to be cured.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S ALMANAC FOR 1882. *Little Teachers and My Nelly's Story.* Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, W.C.

THE Almanac contains an immense amount of valuable information on the temperance question—its history, its present aspects, its claims. The statistics relating to the cost of drunkenness are worthy of universal consideration. The two stories are well written, and will aid the great work in whose interests they are published.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH: a Monthly Journal in Defence of Christian Truth. February. Price 6d. S. W. Partridge & Co.

WE spoke in high terms of this new serial in our February number, and we can repeat our commendation now. It contends earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; and the contention is as intelligent as it is uncompromising. Infidelity and false religions get no quarter in it. Such defences of Christian truth are needful, and we trust that they will be appreciated.

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE. February. Elliot Stock.

THE second number of the new series of this long-established and excellent magazine is quite equal to the first. It

is adorned with a vivid portrait of Dr. W. L. Alexander, and has several articles of superior merit, amongst which we would specially note "The Refiner's Furnace," by the Editor, and "Savonarola," by Professor Fairbairn. A most useful paper is contributed by Professor Johnson on "Felicities of the Revised Version of the New Testament." Faith Chiltern contributes a poem of much quiet pathos and simple beauty on the words, "I know their Sorrows." The "Records of the Life of Dr. Raleigh," arranged and published by his wife, are appreciatively and skilfully reviewed by the editor.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES. With Map, Notes, and Introduction. By Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A. London: Cambridge Warehouse, 17, Paternoster Row.

THE study of the historical books of Scripture is often depreciated as dry and uninteresting. In some hands it unquestionably is so, but Mr. Lias has here shown that it need not be. When we enter upon it under the guidance of a competent and scholarly thinker who brings to his task the resources of a vigorous, well-trained, and reverent mind, it is invested with a special charm. The late Dean Stanley, by his graphic portraiture, made many of the old stories live again, and enabled us to see them as vividly as if we had been eye-witnesses of them. The work of a critic and commentator is necessarily occupied with a series of details. But it may be performed so sympathetically and skilfully as to excite and maintain our interest. This Mr. Lias has done. He displays as great a mastery in the discussion of historical and geographical questions as in his handbooks on "The Corinthians" he showed

in relation to questions of doctrine and ethics. His introduction is clear and concise, full of the information which young students require, and indicating the lines on which the various problems suggested by the Book of Judges may be solved. He considers that the book was written under the supervision of, possibly by, the prophets Nathan and Gad. Its monarchical aim is manifest throughout, and this supposition seems, both on linguistic and historical grounds, to be feasible. The notes are lucid, pertinent, and suggestive, and often compress into one or two lines the result of extensive reading in such authorities as Ewald, Hitzig, Hengstenberg, Bertheau, Kiel, Stanley, Rawlinson, and Milman. Many illustrations are also gathered from our great masters of poetry and prose. The version of Deborah's song given in the appendix admirably indicates both its parallelisms and the structure of the poem. The view taken of Jephtha's vow seems to us most in harmony with the whole tenor of the narrative; the impression naturally left on the mind is that he sacrificed his daughter in death. The expressions in the text do not necessarily involve the idea of death on the altar of sacrifice, but such an interpretation is less strained than any other. And Mr. Lias shows conclusively that we must not try either Jephtha or any of the judges by our own moral standards. We are greatly pleased with his masterly and helpful addition to our Old Testament literature.

THE BOOK OF JOSHUA. By George C. M. Douglas, D.D., Principal of Free Church College, Glasgow. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THIS is one of Messrs. Clark's "Hand-

books for Bible Classes," and forms a capital companion to the author's work on "The Judges." Dr. Douglas has little sympathy with the free and irreverent handling of Scripture which of recent years has become so fashionable, but he is equally determined to neglect nothing of real worth in the investigations of critics and archaeologists. Though he does not introduce into his pages devotional or practical matter, he lays the strong foundations on which others may build. The thoughtful and effective perusal of this work would furnish a useful discipline to ordinary teachers, and would supply a much-needed tonic. Such books cannot be too strongly commended.

THE TEMPTATION OF JOB ; and other Poems. By Ellen Palmer. London : George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street.

OUR second impression of this volume is more favourable than our first. The leading poem does little more than paraphrase the principal parts of the Book of Job. The paraphrase is often neat and effective. "Church Bells" is, of course, formed on the model of Edgar Allan Poe's well-known poem. "David Livingstone," "York Minster," "The Sea Maiden," and "Earl Osmond" strike us as being specially good. The rhythm is musical, and the thought graceful. The parallel suggested in "The Bishop's Armour" is surely somewhat weak.

IMPORTANCE OF FAITH IN SCRIPTURE MIRACLES. By An Associate of King's College. London : Houghton & Co., 10, Paternoster Row.

THE author of this brochure has made good his position that miracles are not

violation of natural law, and he justly rebukes the presumption of those who make their own knowledge the measure of all things. He writes in a plain and forcible style, and to readers who are not well versed in the controversy with rationalism his work will be useful. He writes for ordinary and non-professional readers.

"ALL OF BLUE ;" or, the Body is of Christ : being Brief Key-Notes upon Some of the Types of the Mosaic Sanctuary. By Frank H. White. London : S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

WE are not sure that all the *likenesses* on which Mr. White insists are valid. His interpretations are occasionally strained, but he has mastered the subject very thoroughly, and errs mainly in the detailed application of a principle which, in itself, is thoroughly sound. His book is not only devout and Evangelical, but manly, practical, and useful. It cannot be read without profit. The style is thoroughly good.

CHINA : her Claims and Call. By the Rev. Griffith John, of China. Price Sixpence. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE author of this little work has gone through many years of faithful toil as a missionary of the Gospel in China. His appeal to British Christians on behalf of that marvellous country is sustained by an immense mass of facts which he has brought together, and which are fitted to tell mightily upon our wonder, our pity, our faith, and our benevolence. It would be well if every Christian in the world could read it, and, under the spell of its argument, which every fresh page does but render more conclusive and convincing, could resolve to do

something—the best that can be done—directly or indirectly, to help forward the evangelisation of a people than which there is none at once more interesting and more needy on the face of the earth.

GETHEMANE; or, Incidents in the Great Sorrow. With Hymns of the Passion. By Rev. W. Poole Balfern. London: T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row.

THIS little volume contains a series of meditations and hymns on the closing scenes of Christ's life and passion. They open up to us the sufferings in the Garden and on the Cross of Him who was emphatically a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. The incidents "of the *one great sorrow* as illustrating the *one great love*" of our adorable Saviour are suggestive of reflections calculated to sustain our hearts in our deepest sorrows, and to intensify our love to Him who is afflicted in all our afflictions, who "Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." Out of the depths of the sorrow of Him who was perfected by suffering to be our High Priest, and thereby strengthened to succour us, we gather strength, and as our sympathy with the suffering Jesus is evoked we realise His sympathy and drink into His spirit who said, "Not My will, but Thine be done." To help us into this sympathy and fellowship with Christ these meditations will be found an invaluable aid; and we cordially commend them as a *vade mecum* in the sick chamber and valley of tribulation.

GRAMMAIRE DES GRAMMAIRES. By Dr. V. de Fivas, M.A., F.E.I.S. Forty-fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.; Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, John Menzies & Co.; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

THIS French Grammar has been prepared for the use of colleges, schools and private students, and comprises the "substance of all the most approved French Grammars extant, but more especially of the standard work, 'Grammaire des Grammaires,' sanctioned by the French Academy and the University of Paris." It needs no commendation from us. Its popularity in the quarters where such a work is most needed is its sufficient testimonial. The forty-fourth edition was an enlargement and revision in accordance with the new edition of the Dictionary of the Académie Française, and the present issue has the further advantage of an Appendix on the history and etymology of the French language. These larger additions have not increased the price of the work, which is published at three-and-sixpence.

THE HEM OF CHRIST'S GARMENT; and other Sermons. By Enoch Mellor, D.D. With a Biographical Sketch by Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE deeply regret that our review of this noble volume, which is in type, must stand over till our next issue. Our readers should procure it without delay.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1882.

Robert Burns.



IN the 6th of April last a magnificent marble statue of Robert Burns was unveiled in Dumfries by Lord Rosebery, and the event was accompanied by great public rejoicing. The papers describe the demonstration as a truly "national" one—as one which "gave unmistakable evidence of the love and esteem which is universally felt for Scotland's illustrious peasant." Words spoken on such occasions are not to be very severely judged. The enthusiasm of the moment does not usually allow itself to be restrained by nice discriminations. Bearing this in mind, we gladly acknowledge that Lord Rosebery's address, though couched in terms of exalted and affectionate panegyric, indicated no blindness, on his part, to the darker features of the poet's character, or to the sadder and more humiliating experiences of his life.

If Burns be worthy of the honour which has just been paid to his memory—and we certainly do not think it worth our while to dispute his title to it—something of his history may once more be told. Probably many of our readers are not familiar with it. They may have some general idea of what he was as a man and as a poet; they may have heard or read some anecdotes about him; they may have seen, and admired, and been amused by, and felt the pathos of, some of his poetic pieces. But more than this comparatively slight acquaintance with him we suspect they cannot boast. Our sketch of him must be brief; but we trust that it will not be devoid of interest

to those—if any such should happen to meet with it—to whom Burns has hitherto been but little more than a name.

He was born on January 25th, 1759, in a small house near the town of Ayr, and close to Alloway Church, immortalised by his wild poem, “Tam o’ Shanter.” His father was a man of stern, but sterling, goodness, in comparatively humble circumstances—first as a gardener, afterwards as a small farmer, with much experience of vicissitude.

The good man endeavoured to maintain a godly home, and we have a beautiful picture of the family at their evening devotions in “The Cotter’s Saturday Night.” He died when the subject of our sketch was twenty-three years old, and the poet honoured his memory with the following epitaph:—

“O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend !
 Here lie the loving husband’s dear remains,
 The tender father, and the generous friend.
 “The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
 The dauntless heart that feared no human pride ;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe :
 ‘ For even his failings leaned to virtue’s side.’”

Burns was placed, along with his brother Gilbert, under the tuition of Mr. John Murdoch when he was between six and seven years of age.

A diligent and not unsuccessful student at school, he was, at the same period of life, a hard worker on his father’s farm. He had a robust frame, and did the manual work of a man, even while he was making progress in knowledge. When about fifteen years of age he began to write verses. How this came about should be described in his own words:—

“You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language ; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below. . . . Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly ; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin ; but my girl sung a song which was said to be by a small country

laird's son on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love ; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he ; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarship than myself."

Such was the origin of Burns' first song—singularly simple, tender, and pure—entitled "Handsome Nell." Scotland was at this time being driven "half-mad" by discussions on "polemical divinity," and young Burns plunged into them with his characteristic ardour. At first, his only motive was a desire to "shine in conversation parties on Sundays, between sermons, at funerals, &c." Of course, he was denounced as a heretic, and the "hue and cry" against him probably had some influence in fixing him in the state of mind out of which such pieces as "The Ordination," "The Kirk's Alarm," and other similar ones sprang—poems which, for their bitter, biting irony, have probably seldom been equalled in any language.

In his seventeenth year, Burns took what we may venture to regard as his first decidedly wrong step in life. He went to a country dancing-school. His alleged reason for this was a desire to "give his manners a brush." The desire was a laudable one, but his method of gratifying it was likely enough to put his morals in peril. He says, however, that the dissipation to which he was thus introduced was such only "in comparison with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of Presbyterian country life ;" and that, "though the Will o' Wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of his path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept him for several years afterwards within the line of innocence." This plausible expedient for improving his manners wrought evil in another way. It brought him into direct collision with his father, who showed his disapproval of the step, and his anger at the disobedience which prompted it, in such a way as to provoke the youth to the partial "dissipation which marked his succeeding years." Two years later the family removed to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, from whence Robert went to Kirkoswald "for a little more schooling." And now new dangers gathered around him.

"I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me ; but I was

no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble," &c.

Thus things went with him till his twenty-third year. Meanwhile, Poesy, he says, was still a darling walk for his mind—indulged in according to the humour of the hour. Only half-a-dozen of these earlier poems are in print:—"Winter: a Dirge," "The Death of Poor Maillie," "John Barleycorn," "It was upon a Lammis Night," "Now westlin winds and slaughterin' guns," and "Behind yon hills where Lugar flows."

Heavy troubles now came upon the poet in quick succession. He joined a flax-dresser in Irvine, and the shop took fire when they were giving "a welcome carousal to the new year"—a calamity which left him, he says, "like a true poet—not worth a sixpence." He was disappointed in love, and fell into melancholy. Bad company corrupted him. His father died bemoaning his deviations from the line of virtue. With resolutions of amendment, he joined his brother in taking a neighbouring farm, of which project he says:—

"I entered on this farm with a full resolution, *Come, go to, I will be wise.* I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of the devil, and the world, and the flesh, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Poetry now began to flow freely from his pen, and to find its way into print. Some of it, such as "The Twa Herds," "Holy Willie's Prayer," &c., was excited by what he regarded as caricatures of religion which had come under his observation, and was naturally adapted to create, in certain quarters, a bitter prejudice against him. In the midst of these circumstances, his heart was well-nigh broken by the disappointment of his hope of making Jean Armour his wife, and he poured out his distress in the singularly plaintive, touching lines entitled "The Lament." It was with him a time of inconsolable woe. His woe, however, was largely due to the gross improprieties of which he allowed himself to be guilty. What else could be expected whilst he was "pledging his faith in Bibles and in sonnets to three or four idols of his heart at the same time"? He resolved to emigrate to the West Indies; and, to gain the means of doing so, he set about the publica-

tion of a volume of poems by subscription. The project issued in a way he little expected. Instead of facilitating his removal to Jamaica, it kept him in his native land. It put £20 into his pocket and brought him immediate fame. He accepted an invitation from Dr. Blacklock to Edinburgh, and arrived in the gay and splendid city in the November of 1786. One of his editors remarks that "a taste for letters is not always conjoined with habits of temperance and regularity, and Edinburgh, at the period of which we speak, contained, perhaps, an uncommon proportion of men of considerable talents devoted to social excesses, in which their talents were wasted and debased." These men, together with others high in rank and station who were equally loose in their morals, received the peasant-poet into their society with open arms, fed and feasted him, flattered and petted him, and not only pampered the sensual tendencies in his nature which had already obtained much too free a development, but even undermined the manlier elements in his character, which he had been enabled heretofore jealously to guard. A by no means unfriendly writer says that, "during a twelvemonth, he was engaged in a continual succession of festivity, and may be said to have run the gauntlet of eating and drinking against the whole city of Edinburgh."

A new edition of his works enabled Burns to travel a little. He made one tour through the south of Scotland, and another through the north, receiving in all quarters the most flattering attentions from the learned, the noble, and the gay. Having paid another, and (as it turned out) a final, visit to Edinburgh, he settled on a farm at Ellisland, in Ayrshire, a few miles from Dumfries, where he wrote "Auld Lang Syne" and "Tam o' Shanter," and where he married his early love, Jean Armour. The farm did not prove to be an adequate means of support, and he supplemented it by a situation in the Excise at a salary of £50 a-year. It had soon to be given up, and James Currie, "a sagacious farmer whose land lay contiguous," accounted for the failure to a friend thus:—

"Fail! how could he miss but fail when his servants ate the bread as fast as it was baked, and drank the ale as fast as it was brewed? Consider a little: at that time close economy was necessary to enable a farmer to clear £20 a-year by Ellisland. Now Burns's handy-work was out of the question: he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped like a hard-working farmer; and then he had a bevy of idle servants from Ayrshire. The lasses were aye baking bread, and the lads aye lying about the fireside eating it with warm ale. Waste of time and consumption of food would soon reach to £20 a-year."

Promotion in the Excise was thwarted through the suspicion with which his political opinions were regarded. He was understood to have spoken of the French Revolution in terms of approval, and had to submit to the humiliation of an official inquiry into the matter, which ended, not, indeed, in his dismissal, but in the intimation that in future his conduct would be narrowly watched. One gentleman, hearing that he *had* been dismissed, proposed a public subscription on his behalf. He proudly declined the offer in the following letter:—

“The partiality of my countrymen has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and children have pointed out my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern; and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. . . . In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an Exciseman by necessity; but I *will* say it, the sterling of his honest worth poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit oppression might bend, but could not subdue.”

Alas! what moral strength he had was being rapidly undermined by other agencies—agencies, moreover, which were bringing him fast to the grave. Sin was hurrying forward to its natural consummation and issue—death. Not yet thirty-six years of age, he wrote: “What a transient business is life! Very lately I was a boy; but t’other day I was a young man, and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o’er my frame.” Less than two years later, with utterly broken health and spirits, he wrote: “I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel’s streams I have sat and wept. I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain. Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope. I look upon the vernal day, and say with poor Ferguson:

“Say, wherefore has an all-indulgent Heaven,
Light to the comfortless and wretched given?”

In prospect of the great change, he wrote the following touching lines:—

"Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms;
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.
 "Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!
 Fain promise never more to disobey:
 But should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;
 Again in Folly's path might go astray:
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
 Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray
 Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan,
 Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?
 "O Thou, great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling power assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine,
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be
 To rule their torrent in the hallowed line;
 O aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!"

Such repentance seems to be genuine; and yet even on his death-bed he could address the young lady who was in attendance upon him, and was endeavouring to soothe his sufferings, in such shameful lines as these:—

"Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied,
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
 Than aught in the world beside."

The end soon came. On the 21st of July, 1796, the poet died. On the 25th he was buried, "volunteers firing over his grave, and his wife giving birth to a son."

We have not thus introduced Robert Burns into our Magazine with any intention of discussing the characteristics of his genius, or of defining his place amongst the poets of the world. Such an essay would scarcely come within our province. But the unveiling of the

new statue at Dumfries has compelled us to look at the features of his life afresh, and, from the records of that life, to figure to ourselves as definitely as we can what manner of man he was. It is in no spirit of prudery that we wish that some of his poetic pieces, and not a few of his letters, had never been written, or that, having been written, they could sink into the harmlessness of oblivion. And such a wish is only intensified by the pleasure we derive from a large proportion of the published efforts of his pen. In very many instances his sentiment is pure and his moral tone lofty; and, spite of some immoral productions, and others which can only be stigmatised as doggerel, we have no difficulty in giving our hearty assent to the beautiful words of Carlyle, "In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye; for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day, and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!"

There were times, alas! when Burns, like many another great poet, allowed his genius and his fine, quick, keen sensibilities to be prostituted to unworthy uses. Carlyle asks, "Will a Courser of the Sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door?" Was it not just this that Burns too often debased himself to do? We can judge of what he might have been habitually by what he was good enough and strong enough to be sometimes. No man is—no man can justly be expected to be—always at his best; but it is sad to see a man of such splendid capabilities so often at his worst. And the spectacle is the more painful because Burns was not without ideals of life which were beautiful and true. He knew the right; admired it; longed to be faithful to it; yet all too commonly chose the wrong. He was not without conscience; but conscience was in perpetual conflict with depraved inclination, and in that conflict conscience was too generally defeated.

Armed with genius, with a fine, manly pride, with conscience, and with a certain measure of religious sensibility, what was it that the poet essentially lacked? May we not say that it was the specifically Christian element? He was no atheist. He recognised the providential government of God. The impulse to pray was often strong within him. Penitence was no infrequent emotion in his soul. Glimmerings of hope in the Supreme Mercy break out ever and anon from his confessions and his petitions. But he never rises into the calm, settled, solid strength of Christian faith. He was not unfamiliar with the Holy Scriptures. Did he never hear the Gospel of Salvation proclaimed from some trustworthy Scottish pulpit? How strange that, with all the wretchedness which lay beneath the crazy pleasures to which he was so sadly enslaved, he never once seems to have caught the sweet voice of the Saviour who promised rest to the weary and heavy-laden. He had his times of solitude; how strange that his solitude was never brightened by the realised presence of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost? Yes. If Burns had become a Christian in his youth, how great the difference to him, to his family, to his poetry, to Scotland, to all English-speaking peoples! The grace of God was free to him, as it is free to all who are within the range of its proclamation; but he missed it, was deaf to it, lived an *ignis fatuus* life without it, and, for want of it, died in gloom. He sowed to the flesh, and of the flesh reaped corruption. Dissipation fitted him for nothing better than a premature grave. Initiation in vice—the being steeped in the “mud-bath” did not “cleanses” him—never cleanses anybody—for the assumption of “the real toga of manhood.” “It cannot be the training one receives in the Devil’s service, but only our determining to desert from it, that fits us for true manly action;” and the more decisively we gravitate to it, the greater the necessity for the greater attraction of the Divine things which the Gospel of Salvation by Christ opens upon us. “There was hollowness at the heart of Burns’s life.” He knew it; he bemoaned it. The consciousness of it perpetually haunted him. He even envied the mouse whose nest he turned up with his plough:—

“Still thou art blest compared wi’ me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e’e
 On prospects dear ;
 An’ forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an’ fear.”

He longs to be a child again.

“Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchanged for riper times,
 To feel the follies or the crimes
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active men engage,
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim, declining age.”

Scotland has put a new honour upon her poet, and we do not chide her for doing so. But Burns has raised his own monument, and, to those who have eyes to see, there shine out from it, as in letters of fire, words of solemn meaning which it were well for all young men to ponder :

“THE BACKSLIDER IN HEART SHALL BE FILLED WITH HIS OWN WAYS ; AND A GOOD MAN SHALL BE SATISFIED FROM HIMSELF.”

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. V.



FROM Edinburgh one naturally turns to Glasgow. Though not so picturesque and beautiful as the Scottish metropolis, it is, nevertheless, a very handsome city. Its streets are broad and straight, its houses lofty and well built, and its shops and warehouses large and handsome. Take the Trongate, for example, which, for length and breadth, variety of architecture, activity and life, is admitted, by common consent, to be unsurpassed by any street of a similar character in any city of Europe.

Glasgow is unquestionably one of the most *ancient* cities of Scotland. Its history goes back to the times of St. Kentigeva, who came from the Orkneys in 539, was appointed bishop of the district and consecrated by St. Columba. From his death, until 1050, the annals of Glasgow are veiled in impenetrable obscurity. In 1175-78 the mists begin to clear, and a royal charter made Glasgow a burgh, gave it a market, and freedoms and customs. As far back as the twelfth century it was governed by a Provost, Bailies, and an organised Corporation, having courts of justice dealing with the sale and investment of property, deciding disputes among the inhabitants, and punishing the violators of law.

But Glasgow is also one of the most *modern* of the larger cities of Great Britain. When commerce began to extend, and the inhabitants ceased to depend on the cathedral and its wealthy ecclesiastical community, to which the city chiefly owed that importance it once possessed, the progress towards its present condition was very rapid. Before the time of Charles II., it supplied the greater part of Scotland with raw and refined sugars, and had opened an extensive trade with Bristol, and subsequently with the American Colonies and the West Indies. While commerce was daily increasing, manufacturing establishments of every kind rose up on every hand, and they are now sending forth products similar to those of every county in England. In shipbuilding and engineering it is almost unrivalled; and, both in its commerce and manufactures, has become perfectly *cosmopolitan*, since her merchants deal in the various produce of every country, and trade with every quarter of the globe. The general depressions which so frequently occur in places limited to one or two branches of manufacture are, in consequence of the variety of its trades, comparatively unknown in Glasgow. The general character of the inhabitants, formerly remarkable for ascetic severity and sanctity of manners, has been greatly modified, and become more like that of their neighbours. Essentially different socially from Edinburgh, it has advantages and attractions peculiarly its own, and in harmony with its commercial activity and enterprise.

The rapid rise of Glasgow in population and wealth is easily accounted for. Situated in the midst of a district abounding in coal and iron, lying on both banks of the Clyde, which runs a course of one hundred miles, beautified by magnificent natural scenery and the embellishments of art, it possesses the means of ready convey-

ance to every spot to which commerce extends. It possesses an inland navigation, and a safe stream harbour, unequalled, perhaps, in Europe. At the beginning of the present century, persons, it is said, could walk across the bed of the river at low water, and at high tide vessels of little more than fifty tons burthen could reach the quay. But such has been the energy of the Clyde Commission that now some of the largest ships may be seen lying at the Broomielaw; and a commercial navy of vast extent, and a countless fleet of steamers, pass up and down to all parts of the world, as well as to the lochs and islands of Scotland. Of the latter, the *Iona* has acquired an almost world-wide renown.

One of the first objects which a stranger visiting Glasgow would seek out is the fine old Cathedral of St. Mungo, the only one in Scotland which ruthless hands have not destroyed. It is finely situated, and the ground on which it stands, sloping very considerably to the east, gave the architect a fine opportunity for erecting crypts into which the light of day freely comes. They are beautiful exceedingly, and the variety in the ornamentation of the pillars, cornices, and roof is most remarkable. One could not stand there without recalling the scene so graphically described in Scott's "Rob Roy," when young Osbaldiston is apprised of his danger.

When I first saw it, the nave and chancel were disfigured by an arrangement of pews and galleries of the rudest and most uncouth kind. A few years since, all this was cleared out, and replaced by fittings more comfortable and appropriate. The stained glass windows which now adorn it, especially some in the crypts, are among the finest of this description of decoration of Gothic buildings. As an indication of the change which has taken place in feeling and opinion, it was announced in one of the papers, some time ago, that the sounds of an organ, after a lapse of two centuries, are again heard within the walls of St. Mungo! A glance across the ravine to the Necropolis—a burial-place worthy of such a city as Glasgow—completes the survey of a scene of singular interest and beauty.

Close by the Cathedral stands the Barony Church, rendered famous by the ministry of Dr. Norman McLeod, a plain, and indeed somewhat ugly, building. A little way down the High Street—once the residence of the aristocracy, but now greatly changed—we come upon the halls of the Old University, recently made into a railway goods station. One regrets the breaking-up of old historic associations. But the change

was inevitable, and the beauty of Kelvin Grove, the West End Park, and the New College buildings, standing on an eminence, and exceedingly elegant and striking, are decisive indications of the vast and rapid advance of Glasgow in culture and wealth.

One of my earliest acquaintances in Glasgow was the late Mr. Robert Kettle, a most firm and zealous teetotaler, when that movement was struggling in its infancy, but which is now sweeping so grandly over the land; an able man of business, one who, as I have been informed, resisted all temptation to extend it, that he might have more time to devote to the interest of philanthropy and the cause of Christ. Content with a moderate competence, of simple, inexpensive habits, he was able to give more largely than persons of greater wealth. He was a steady and zealous friend of the Baptist Mission, and collected all the subscriptions contributed by friends in Glasgow.

For some time he resisted all my proposals to send a deputation to represent the Society, and to hold a public meeting as was done in other places, insisting that his method was the most effective, and far more economical. Ultimately, he gave way; and when he saw how much deeper was the interest excited in the minds of our friends by seeing and hearing some of the brethren who had laboured in the field, or had intercourse with them, both in public and in private, none were more glad than he. The good effect of these new arrangements was visible in his own increased ardour and zeal. With a fine commanding person, there were combined the most simple and cordial manners; and his unaffected, genuine piety, and steady, consistent adherence to his principles, made Mr. Kettle a power in the Christian community of Glasgow, where his name will be long remembered with sentiments of affectionate respect. Since his day our denomination has greatly increased; and the churches there now take, in zeal and liberality for missions, a conspicuous place in the front rank.

Received, on my periodical visits, by the church in John Street, with great cordiality, I became acquainted with Mr. Shearer, Mr. Watson, and Mr. John Smith. They were remarkable men in their separate spheres of life, with whom it was refreshing to have friendly intercourse. Their decease was a severe loss to the church, and made breaches which were not soon repaired.

Not much time elapsed ere I made the acquaintance of the late

Bailie Smith, and, being on several occasions his guest, our acquaintance ripened into friendship. He possessed a superior mind, and cultivated it with constant care. He did not allow the claims of his large business wholly to absorb his time, and he kept up his study of the classics to the last. He used to take volumes of them from a shelf close by his desk, when conversing with friends whose taste lay in the same direction, and would read his favourite passages with great delight. On the bench he was an upright, yet merciful judge, and his habit of addressing warnings and counsels to offenders induced many persons to describe him as "the preaching bailie."

He had a wonderful memory. He could recall sermons and speeches which he had heard, without an effort. His power of quotation was astonishing, and he would go on without a stop for a long time—sometimes to a greater length than was pleasant. Plain in person, and simple in manners and habits, few would, at first sight, anticipate the pleasure which intimate intercourse with him afforded. No one could know him as I did, without holding his memory in profound esteem.

I remember his telling me that, when Dr. Wardlaw had attained to the fiftieth year of his ministry in Glasgow, he invited a party of friends to meet that venerable divine, and, having proposed to the company a hearty expression of their esteem and affection, and of their high appreciation of the eminent services he had rendered to the cause of truth and the well-being of the inhabitants of Glasgow, the Doctor rose and replied somewhat to this effect:—

"Bailie, you and I represent two great powers in this city; both of which are necessary to its order and peace. It is your province to wield the force of law, to punish offenders, and to dispense justice. It is my province not to punish criminals, but to save them through the preaching of the Gospel; and, if a blessing rests on my labours, your responsibilities are proportionably lessened, and vast evils are averted.

"Bailie, this reminds me of the daft man at Huntly. This poor laddie had, early one Sabbath, got into the pulpit, to the surprise of many in the kirk and the amusement of others. The minister, on entering from the vestry, seeing the daft man in *his* peculiar place, was very indignant, and, in tones of authority, addressed him thus:—'John, man, come down!'—'Nay, minister, just you come up hither.'—'John, man, I say, come down!'—'Nay, minister, just come hither,

for they are aye a stiff-necked generation, and it tak's the baith of us to keep them in order.' So, Bailie, with respect to us—they are aye a stiff-necked generation, and it takes the baith of us to keep them in order."

I never enjoyed the privilege of seeing or hearing Dr. Wardlaw in Glasgow. But on his last visit to London, he preached, one week night, at the Poultry. I had gone down to Mill Hill school with my late dear and honoured friend Mr. Binney to attend an examination of the boys in their Scripture studies, and we hastened back in order to be present at the service. The Doctor must then have been on the verge of eighty; but the sermon lacked none of the old vigour, either in thought, expression, or delivery. We frequently exchanged remarks, *sotto voce*, expressive of our admiration and wonder at passages which stirred our souls to their very depths. I do not know what is thought of his numerous publications in Scotland now, and there cannot be many alive who knew him personally, or remember him as a preacher. But he must have been, in his day, a living power, and his name will long be honourably associated with the most distinguished citizens of Glasgow, to whose welfare he devoted his great talents and extensive acquirements, through a protracted, laborious life.

The Devil and his Angels.*

BY THE REV. J. BIGWOOD.



HOW or what is the Devil? Who or what are his angels? When were they created? Where do they dwell? What is their character? What are their capacities, and what their occupations? What relation do they sustain to man? and what influence do they exert on the human race? Such are some of the questions which crowd upon the mind at the mention of the subject before us.

* Whilst the editor gladly avails himself of the permission to insert this paper (which was read at a meeting of "The Brighton Ministerial Theological Society"), he must not be understood to commit himself to some of the speculative opinions to which Mr. Bigwood has given expression, and to which he appears to lean.

These questions are more easily asked than answered. They belong to a world impervious to our senses, and of the laws of which we are more or less ignorant. We can form no definite conception of the nature of spirits, and cannot argue with any certainty respecting their operations. All our knowledge concerning them must be revealed, and, since *matter* must be the medium of the revelation, we can only imperfectly understand what is revealed. All *a priori* reasonings on spirits are therefore valueless; and to say that this or that must be, or cannot be, is simply absurd. The work of reason is to determine the authenticity of the revelation, and of wisdom and piety to receive implicitly that which the revelation declares.

The existence of the Devil is assumed throughout the Bible. The Devil, Satan, Enemy, Dragon, Serpent, Tempter, Ruler of the world, God of this world, Prince of this world, Abaddon, Apollyon, Beelzebub, are some of the names given to him. The Bible also assumes the existence of demons, called in the Authorised Version "Devils," but incorrectly. *Διαβολος* occurs only three times—in the plural, and then is used adjectively, and is translated "slanders" or "false accusers" (1 Tim. iii. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 3; Titus ii. 3). The name "Devil" means "accuser." In Rev. xii. 10 he is called "the accuser of our brethren—which accused them before our God day and night." An accusation of God is implied in the words, "Hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every fruit of the garden?" and, "Doth Job serve God for nought?" The word "Satan" means "adversary," and is suggestive of his hostility both to God and man. That the demons are Satan's angels is implied in the reply of Jesus to those who charged Him with "casting out demons by the power of Beelzebub, the prince of demons;" "If Satan cast out Satan, his kingdom cannot stand."

We gather from the Scriptures that they are *spirits*—not flesh and blood—evil spirits, unclean spirits, malicious, murderers, liars, wily, crafty, abounding in devices and snares—that they are numerous and mighty, the "world-rulers of this darkness, and spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (R. V.).

Concerning the original condition of the Devil and his angels we have but little information. That they were created by God we argue from the fact that "by Him were all things created that are in heaven or that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers." We may, however, safely

conclude that they were not created in their present character and state. All our information is comprised in the words, "God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains (or pits) of darkness to be reserved unto judgment" (2 Pet. ii. 4). "And the angels who kept not their first estate (own principality, R.V.), he hath reserved (kept, R.V.) in everlasting chains (bonds, R.V.) under darkness unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude 6).

Their sin is not stated. The words (1 Tim. iii. 6), "Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil," are significant. Do they imply that Satan, invested with rule, became puffed up with pride, and so behaved that he was *deprived* of his rule—kept not his *αρχη*? Did he want to be God? And does this explain the first temptation, "Ye shall be as gods"? What is meant by their being "reserved in bonds of darkness" is not very clear. I do not understand how spirits can be chained, nor do I understand how they can have any relation to space. The language must be figurative. May it be explained by the words of Christ (Luke xxii. 53), "This is your hour, and the power of darkness"? and of Paul (Col. i. 13), "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son"? "Against the rulers of the darkness of this world," or (R.V.) "Against the world-rulers of this darkness," meaning that darkness is the domain or sphere of the action and rule of these fallen spirits—the darkness of the *κοσμος*, the domain of all not in the Kingdom of Christ; and that this will be their sphere until they shall, at the great day, be judged by Christ and His Church. In Eph. vi. 12 they are said to be "spiritual wickedness in high places," or (R.V.) "spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places"—or, I should say, "in the heavenlies" (*τὰ πνευματικὰ τῆς πονηρίας ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις*). This phrase is found five times in the Epistle to the Ephesians—"Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings *ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις* in Christ" (i. 3); "Set Him at His own right-hand *ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις* far above all principality," &c. (i. 20); "And hath made us sit together *ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις* in Christ Jesus (ii. 6); "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers *ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις* might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God." May not "the heavenlies" indicate, neither things nor places, but the *plane* or *sphere* in which Christ rules—in which *we now* are blessed with all spiritual

blessings—in which we now sit with Christ—in which all powers are subject to Him—and in which, through the Church, shall be made known to principalities and powers, evil as well as good, the manifold wisdom of God ; or, in other words, the Kingdom of God's dear Son into which we have been translated, having been delivered from the power of darkness ? This plane or sphere, entirely spiritual, may be close to us, around us, in which we all live who are in Christ ; all others being in the sphere or kingdom of “ the Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.” The “ heavenly things purified with better things,” and “ the heavenly Jerusalem,” in the Epistle to the Hebrews, may illustrate this use of *ἐπουρανίους*. Within this spiritual sphere, then, it would seem these angels, principalities, and powers are permitted to work, as well as in the *κοσμος* of darkness, and that with them the disciples of Christ have to contend (Eph. vi. 12). They go about as roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour. With Jesus on earth the devil contended. In all points He was tempted, but He resisted unto blood and death, and is, therefore, seated at God's right hand in the heavenlies, angels, principalities, and powers being made subject to Him.

Illustrations of this fearful conflict with this fearful foe may be found throughout Scripture. Our first parents were no sooner created than they were tempted—alas ! too successfully. The devil entered into Judas the Betrayer. He sorely vexed Peter. He tempted Ananias and Sapphira to lie to the Holy Ghost. In the book of Revelation he and his emissaries are represented as in constant conflict with the Church of God. The “ enemy ” that sows tares in every field of spiritual husbandry is the devil ; and the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and the doctrines of devils. Who can fully estimate the fearfulness of the conflict ? Malicious, subtle, mighty foes are seeking our destruction ; spirits invisible, intelligent, diligent students of human nature, aided by the experience of thousands of years, whose working is with all powers and signs and lying wonders and the deceivableness of unrighteousness, transforming themselves into angels of light ; with this world, its pomps and vanities, riches, honours, arts and sciences, and indeed all worldly things at their command ! For Satan is the god of this world, blinding the eyes of them that believe not ; the prince of this world,

attacking even Christ Himself. He offered Jesus all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory thereof, if He would but bow down and worship him; and it is not hinted that he offered more than he could bestow. Nevertheless, our foe is not omnipotent. If we fight him with spiritual weapons, we must conquer. If we resist him, he will flee. If we use the whole armour of God, we must overcome. It is a *spiritual* conflict, and, armed with the Spirit of Christ, we must gain the victory.

But *why* does Satan thus attack the human race? Was he the monarch to whom the government of the earth was originally entrusted by God? Was our earth the *αρχη* which Satan did not “keep”? He said to Jesus, “All this power will I give Thee . . . for it is delivered unto me, and unto whomsoever I will I give it.” (Luke iv. 6.) Did he try to make himself absolute lord, and revolt against God? When God said to man, “Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,” did He substitute man for Satan as the ruler of this world, and was man intended to be a rival and successor to Satan? Further, was man to subdue the earth by superiority, not of strength, but of obedience? If so, the temptation is intelligible. Satan at once tries, and successfully, to draw man from submission and love to God, and then to keep him under his own dominion—a dominion not physical, but moral. His success with Adam encourages him to try with Jesus. The temptation is similar in character. His aim, in the first temptation of Jesus, and throughout His whole life, was to seduce Him from complete submission to the will of the Father. A more fearful issue is involved in the conflict. Jesus, if victorious, is in *human nature* not only to be ruler of the world, but to bring Satan and his angels into subjection. Satan was defeated; but he did not yield. From then until now, he and his angels have maintained a desperate fight against the rule of Christ, and have endeavoured to hinder the Gospel in its triumph in the world. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* It is the battle of the god of this world with the Prince of Light, by whom he has been dethroned, and to whom through the everlasting ages he will be subject.

This conflict with the devil and his angels is, however, not without its benefit to the people of God. They are “*more than conquerors.*” They are prepared to reign with Christ by suffering with Him.

How does Satan act on man? We cannot say with certainty.

But may not spirits act directly on our spirits—paint images on our imagination, and thus excite our desires, and tempt us to evil? And may they not act on the spirits of our fellow-men, and induce them to become our tempters? Their power over man would be found, not in the temptation alone, but in that within man in sympathy with the temptation. If any man is tempted, he is drawn aside of his own lust and enticed. He, however, who wilfully sins and loves evil, is ever an easy prey; for he who commits sin is the slave of sin, and each successive sin rivets the chain more firmly. Thus men are even as the fallen angels, reserved in bonds under darkness for the judgment of the great day.

Satan may also be influenced by hatred to God and jealousy of Him. He is battling with God as well as with man. This consideration, I think, supplies the key to the Book of Job. "Doth Job serve God for nought?" Men will not, he insinuates, love God for what He is. God cannot win their love by His character. They will only serve Him for what they can get. "Well, then" (says God), "try it. I give Job into thy hands, only touch not his life." The devil is defeated. "Though He slay me," says Job, in the very depths of his trouble, "yet will I trust in Him." Job is thus simply the battle-field on which God and the Devil wage their conflict. Thus regarded, the book is a splendid drama, depicting a warfare which is continually being carried on, of which the Church of God is the arena.

Moreover, Satan is desirous of retaining the worship and homage of men. The words, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it," suggest the complacency with which Satan regards this world as his own—the proud strut of a lord among his vassals and slaves. And this desire has, from the beginning, been too fully gratified. Up to the time of Christ, the whole world, except the seed of Abraham, were gross devil-worshippers; and since the time of Christ all men, except His disciples, have been willing slaves and more or less refined worshippers of the devil. Idolatry was, and is, devil worship; not perhaps avowedly, but really—the devils lurking about the heathen altars, and appropriating to themselves the worship paid to idols. Thus we read, "They shall no more offer their sacrifices unto idols after whom they have gone a whoring" (Lev. xvii. 17); "They sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils" (Ps. cvi. 37); "What say I then? that the idol is any thing, or that which is offered in sacrifice to idols is

any thing? But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God; and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils" (1 Cor. x. 19-21). This last is a striking passage. Paul denies that an idol is anything, but affirms that the sacrifices and worship offered to idols were appropriated by demons, and that those who partake of the sacrifices offered to idols are brought into fellowship with demons as much as Christians are brought into fellowship with Christ at the Lord's Supper. From the beginning, the struggle of Satan has been to obtain the worship of men. He offered to Jesus all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them, if He would fall down and worship him. He did not, I imagine, expect Jesus to render him *gross* worship, or to surrender His own Kingdom to him *openly*; but rather to secularise it—surround it with the insignia of Satan's world, its pomp and show—in fact, to make it a kingdom held in fiefdom to Satan instead of God. The contest between Moses and Pharaoh resolved itself into a contest between the God of the Hebrews and the gods of the Egyptians. God declares to Moses, "Against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment" (Exod. xiii. 12). Many of the plagues had special reference to the religion of the Egyptians, and were calculated to bring their gods into contempt. The serpent was a typical representation of the presiding divinity of Egypt. The River Nile was regarded as a god. The beetle was held in peculiar veneration. In every age, Satan has had his worshippers in the grosser and more refined forms of idolatry and hero-worship; and, since the time of Christ, many forms of professedly Christian worship have been little better than devil-worship. Professed followers of Jesus have been quite willing to secularise His Kingdom, and to surround it with the insignia of Satan's world; so that in many churches besides those of Smyrna and Philadelphia, the synagogue, if not the throne, of Satan may be found. Even amongst men who in their intellectual pride deny his existence, his most earnest worshippers may be discovered. He is a crafty, wily devil. He understands that the worship of the heart is the real worship, and is satisfied if the hearts of men be turned from God, and fastened upon himself or his creatures.

The question here arises, Can Satan render any help to his

votaries? Has he any power over the forces of Nature? Can he impart knowledge to his worshippers? Had enchanters, wizards, magicians, those that had "familiar spirits," anything to warrant their pretensions? Or were they simply impostors? The question is too wide to be fully discussed now. I may, however, remark that all such among the Jews, and all who consulted evil spirits, were commanded by God to be put to death; and the reason assigned for this severity was that in so doing they deserted God for demons. If so, might not Satan and his angels help their votaries? The case of the Witch of Endor occurs to the mind. She is said to have had a "familiar spirit," and is consulted by Saul. The narrative is found in 1 Sam. xxviii. 5-20. How are we to understand it? Was it simply a piece of jugglery? Did she bring up Samuel? Or was she in any way helped by her "familiar spirit;" and, if so, in what way? That she literally brought up Samuel, or that Samuel literally appeared or spake, I do not for a moment imagine. If God refused to give counsel to Saul in the usual way, it is not probable that He would send a message by Samuel at the summons of a witch; nor is the tone of the message at all that of a holy prophet sent by God. May not the matter be thus understood? Saul, in deep distress, sorely pressed by the Philistines, forsaken by God, turns from God to demons. He seeks a woman with a "familiar spirit"—one of a class which he had commanded to be put to death. At first the woman is afraid, but, satisfied that she will not suffer harm, asks, "Whom shall I bring up?" Saul answers, "Bring me up Samuel." She applies to her "familiar spirit"—a demon. He comes at her bidding, and presents Samuel to her imagination, at the same time revealing to her that the person seeking her aid is Saul. This discovery fills her with alarm, and she cries out, "Why hast thou deceived me? For thou art Saul." At Saul's request she describes the form and dress of him whom she sees depicted on her sensorium, and whom, from her description, Saul perceives to be Samuel. It is not written that Saul saw Samuel, but that Saul, after her description, perceived or knew that it was Samuel. The conversation then proceeds between Saul and Samuel *professedly*, but the woman *really*—aided probably by ventriloquism. The words put into the mouth of Samuel are just such as a demon might have been expected to inspire. How keen and malicious the reproach conveyed in them! The prediction is not more than an evil spirit, perceiving Saul's fear and the state of the

armies, might venture on. This is, in my opinion, a clear case of prediction by the aid of a demon. Ahab's prophets were inspired by an evil spirit who told the Lord that he would be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets; and Micaiah told Ahab, "The Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all thy prophets" (1 Kings xxii. 22). At Philippi Paul and Silas met with a woman possessed with a spirit of divination, who brought her masters much gain by her soothsaying. Paul cast out the spirit, and the art of the woman ceased. Literally, she had a spirit of Python. The priestess of Apollo was a Pythoness. Now, if demons appropriated to themselves the worship offered to idols and false gods, may they not have lurked about the temple of Apollo, and the oracle at Delphi, and other oracles, and inspired these oracles, and furnished the Pythonesses with as much knowledge as they themselves possessed—limited, but yet great? Great, I say—with great opportunities of observation; possibly, with ability to range through the universe with ten thousand times the rapidity of lightning, and to take armies, nations, and circumstances within their ken; possibly, with the advantage (as suggested by the Book of Job) of some intercourse with God and with good angels; and, probably, with the power of acute discernment, aided by the study of men and things, of human passions, dispositions, and habits for thousands of years. Surely, spirits with such resources might have met most of the demands made upon the oracles, which, if sometimes clear and definite, were often obscure and ambiguous.

I have said that, in tempting men, Satan probably acts through the imagination. So the sensorium, or imagination, of the Pythoness may have been the medium of inspiration. Was the imagination the medium through which God's prophets were inspired? And does this explain their apparent ignorance of the time of the events predicted? May it not account for the burning of incense, and the frantic gestures of the Pythoness, by which the power of the imagination would be increased, and impressions the more readily received, and by which the priestess would, in every way, come more completely under the influence of the spirit?

I find no difficulty in believing that thus far men in every age may have been helped by demons; and the grosser the idolatry, the greater the help. If men give themselves up to devil-worship in any form, I see no reason why demons should not be inclined and able to help them.

The power of Satan over the bodies of men claims a moment's attention. Of this, demoniacal possessions are an illustration. I take it for granted here that the New Testament demoniacs were really possessed with demons. None of us would think for a moment that Jesus and His apostles went through the farce of telling demons to come out of people if they were not in them, merely in compliance with popular current phraseology; nor that the New Testament writers would give such graphic accounts of the actions of spirits in demoniacs—of their utterances, of their expressed knowledge of Jesus and subjection to Him, of their passing out of men into swine—had they not been narrating facts. There are many questions one would like to discuss, did time permit. Whence their power over man? Whence their knowledge of Christ and His apostles? Why their desire to inhabit and injure the human body? Were they prompted by malice, malignity, spite against God? Or was their occupation of a body productive of increased perceptions, pleasurable or otherwise? And did it afford them media of speech and motion? Are there demoniacs in the present day? Has any change taken place in the economy or government of the world or the Kingdom of heaven? These and many other questions crowd upon my mind, but I must not entertain them now. But I should like to ask whether "possessions" were the *only* forms of disease inflicted on men by Satan and his angels. Were the other diseases healed by Christ and His disciples the result of the same evil agency? Were dumbness, blindness, epilepsy, insanity, Satan's work? Were all the cures effected by Christ and His apostles the triumph of Christ's Kingdom over Satan? And was it in reference to these that Christ said, "I saw," or was contemplating, "Satan falling from heaven"—from his rule and power in the heavenlies—anticipating His own complete triumph in the full deliverance of the body from the dominion of Satan? Peter tells us that Christ went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil (Acts x. 38). Of the woman who had been bound together eighteen years, and was loosed by Him of her infirmity, Jesus said, "Whom Satan hath bound for eighteen years." Job was afflicted by Satan with boils. Paul had "a thorn in the flesh—a messenger of Satan." Does all this mean that, by God's permission, our bodies are in some way, or to some extent, in Satan's power? Satan is said to "have the power of death;" has he the power of disease, which is associated with frailty and prepares for death? Are the bodies of the redeemed subject to the

bondage of frailty and corruption? And will deliverance from this bondage complete "the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body," for which the Christian is waiting and groaning? And will this deliverance by the resurrection at the appearing of Christ complete and constitute the fulness of the glory of Christ and His Church? "The last enemy, Death, shall then be destroyed." Does this in any way explain that mysterious statement in Jude, that Michael, the archangel, contended with the devil respecting the body of Moses? Was the body of Moses, which could not be found, at once glorified? And have we in Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration two saints fully redeemed from bondage—the one changed, the other raised from the dead—samples of the changed and raised at the coming of Christ? That diseases have evident causes and remedies would present no great difficulty. Paul had "a thorn in the flesh," the natural result of his ecstasy—probably a nervous impediment of speech. That "thorn" was "a messenger of Satan." It was also sent by God, that he "might not be exalted above measure" by the vision. Here we have one result with a threefold cause—physical, demonic, and Divine. Saul had an evil spirit producing melancholy, and David with his harp drove the spirit away. May Satan, then—into bondage to whom sin has brought us—having brought us into the bondage of corruption and death of which the devil has the power, afflict and vex the bodies of men (held in a chain, of course), and even the saints of God, over whom his time of power of any kind must be short? And may our afflictions, even though traceable to natural causes, be Satan's handy-work, in which he is unwittingly God's instrument in preserving us from greater evil, and working out our everlasting good?

The incestuous member of the church at Corinth was given over by Paul to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit might be saved. Also Hymenæus and Alexander were delivered by Paul over to Satan that they might learn not to blaspheme. In the case of the Corinthian, the discipline effected its design—the man was humbled, reduced to penitence, and restored to the fellowship of the church; a result probably not contemplated by Satan. We know not what the suffering was; in all likelihood, it was physically connected with his sin. Who can tell how often Christians may be left in Satan's power, and, by physical suffering inflicted by him, brought to repentance, or prevented from sinning?

This material world of ours is closely connected with a world of spirits. The two seem to touch at every point. There are more agencies at work around and within us than our senses can perceive, or our philosophy dream. Were our eyes to be opened, as were the eyes of the prophet's servant, might not we too perceive chariots of fire and horses of fire; and within the sphere of the heavenlies ten thousand times ten thousand of the angelic hosts, and, mingling among them, principalities and powers, the world-rulers of this darkness, and spiritual hosts of wickedness, engaged with them in deadly conflict, a conflict infinitely more deadly, and involving issues infinitely more fearful, than any waged on the battle-fields of earth? But we, too, with the prophet, should be able to say, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be against us."

First Lines in Lizzie's Album.



CONSECRATE this comely Book of thine,
 Chosen for Poesy's sweet use, to be
 A Garden filled with flowers and fruits divine,
 Where thou may'st wander oft, serene and free.

God bless it! May its fragrant, rich perfume
 Bring many a luscious pleasure to thine heart,
 Which Life's rapacious cares shall not consume
 To leave behind keen Disappointment's smart.

God bless it! May its well-grown, fecund trees
 Yield timely sustenance to Faith's best life;
 A sure retreat withal, wherein, at ease,
 Sweet, smiling Hope may dwell when storms are rife.

Look well to th' tilling. Only sterling seeds
 And plants place in this soil. If blights assail,
 Purge them away. Allow no space for weeds;
 And Heaven's quickening showers and sunshine hail.

So shall this Garden be to thee, and all
 Who love thee, Lizzie, an Enclosure bright
 With various beauty, till thy God shall call
 Thee gently upward into Heaven's own light.

There thou shalt find an Eden fairer far
Than any Earth can show, where Love shall solve
Life's holy mystery, and naught shall mar
The sweet, grand, endless years as they revolve.

B.

“Mr. Walter,” Village Baptist Pastor.

A SKETCH.



HE of whom I write was not known widely in the denomination. Yet he made his mark in a quiet corner of the land, into which, at the time of his ministrations, railways had not penetrated. The young people he influenced are now elderly, but they retain loving remembrances of him, not to be stifled by the deposit of cares and hopes of later years. I, for one, would like to recall somewhat of his life-teachings, his piety, and his beautiful unselfishness.

Life opened to Walter not unfavourably. He possessed a fair middle-class education, and had prepared himself for the occupation of a chemist. He had early declared himself “on the Lord’s side,” and had been received into a Baptist communion. At the age of twenty-five, a failure of health, which apparently followed on a horse accident, withdrew him from active pursuits. In the quiet communings of his own heart, and daily learning new lessons in the school of adversity, gaining fresh knowledge of Jesus at the fountain-head of Salvation, and desiring that all might drink of the life-giving stream, he resolved, should life be spared, to devote himself to the Christian ministry. This was no hasty impulse. For twelve long months he was confined to his couch. In the commencement of his illness he was bereft of the tenderest and noblest of mothers. Often he had to bear intense pain, and there were moments when “Why have I to pass through *this*? Surely against me He is turned; He turneth His hand against me all the day,” involuntarily escaped his lips. But the ordinary habit of his mind was one of Christian submission and fortitude.

During intervals of ease, the invalid’s chamber became an attractive

spot to a privileged few who were permitted to join his sisters there. Walter's buoyant, sympathetic, affectionate nature responded to a bright smile, or an offered flower or picture; and very humorous and quaint utterances would ever and anon flow from him. He would often be busy with plans for the benefit of others, and among his favourite schemes was the formation of a Book Society, which still flourishes at Bridgeton.

What twilight converse there was with his father on spiritual truths, and concerning the loved departed one! The venerable man's portly figure, healthful countenance, and dark eyes and eyebrows contrasted strikingly with the pale face, the pathetic blue eyes, and the long slender fingers of the invalid son. Walter's window commanded a south aspect, and sometimes the evening star led to a talk about astronomy, which always interested and animated him, and filled him with the wonder and mystery of creation. Once I saw his face suddenly grow sad, and an appearance of pain came over it. He answered the inquiring look of his sister by the words: "Must we think that that planet will shine on in its beauty for eons of time, and that souls will remain hopelessly tormented in outer darkness? No, no! I do not see my way out of the perplexity; but there is a way, for God is love." No more words were spoken, for we thought of Walter, the sufferer, feeling in the depth of his heart that "God is love."

After a time health returned, and he was enabled to carry out his design of studying under the guidance of an able minister, to whom he ever after felt greatly indebted. Walter's life at this time was marked by another friendship, which to onlookers appeared very true and beautiful. Involuntarily the words "David and Jonathan" would be spoken as the two were seen wending their way to some distant farm-house, or wandering in the shady, flower-decked, perfumed ways of an old wood. What a spot it was for soul-communings! In pauses of the conversation there was heard a soft undertone of the hum of insects, the far-away laughter of the children, the distant lowing of cattle, and the ripple of the river as it flowed on to murmur by the burial-ground attached to the gray church, where so many rested who had once gambolled in the wood, or held lovers' converse on the chair under the fir-trees, from whence, in the month of April, was spread on the hill-side a carpet of blue—for the hyacinth o'er-topped many other flowers.

It was all flecked by the sunlight, and “silent shadows from the trees refreshed one like a slumber.” In the earlier spring, also the wood charmed you, if you sought the spaces filled with warm light, where flourished the greenest and most luxuriant mosses and the tufts of the first primroses, when the brook chattered merrily in the avenue to “Golden,” as it was freer from sedges and cresses, and the lark would rise from the bank “to Heaven’s gate singing.” But time sped on, and the friends separated—Walter to enter on his first charge at Tideside, and Ernest Allbright to become a close student at college, with gifts and excellences that fitted him to be what he is now—a useful, fearless, and admired preacher at St. Monica’s. Methinks, if I could hear him, I should ever and anon say, “That feeling is echoed from the old wood,” or “That thought was akin to Walter’s.”

“In the wood

We two have felt the warm tears dim our eyes,
While zephyrs, softer than an infant’s sighs,
Ruffled the light air of our solitude.

* * * *

Tell me if these can ever be forgiven—
These abject—who together have partaken
Those sacraments of Nature, and in vain.”

I will only write of what came under my own observation; and so of Walter’s first charge it will be sufficient to say that the poor heard him gladly. The link was severed by an illness which brought him home after an absence of about two years. Rest and genial influences under the paternal roof availed once more to establish him in comparative health. Amongst his own kindred, and with old neighbours, he was useful and welcome at all firesides. The chemical knowledge he possessed, in conjunction with his general and various information, appeared to be always at hand to second his higher teaching. The anxious farmer, or the busy housewife, or the bright, cheery young couple entering life together, frequently sought his advice. He smoothed the difficulties of children by his tact in introducing them to the mysteries of the clock, or of the multiplication table, or inventing for them some new game, or encouraging them to confess a fault. So the children loved and listened to him. Out of a straitened purse he always had something for the poor, and, with the faculty of seeing into the situation, his words of counsel were not commonplaces.

It was at this period that the members of the Nonconformist Union

church in his native village invited him to become their pastor. After much prayerful consideration, he accepted the call, believing that God had chosen that path for him to walk in, notwithstanding the proverb, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country."

"How will you feel at preaching before your wise, clever deacon?" said his sister. "You once made kites with him, and I, a small child, held the paste-bowl."

"Mr. Heben is far more than clever, Elfie. He rejoices whenever the 'glad tidings' are carried to souls simply and earnestly. He is large-minded, and gives generous sympathy. What a privilege it will be to get under his bracing influence again! I have always found some abiding thought left in my mind after conversation with him. He is always ready to give to others from the stores of his richly cultivated intellect; always ready, too, to help and encourage. What say you?"

"Oh, brother, Mr. Heben is all that, and more. But be your own simple, earnest, dear old self, and 'not another.'"

"You are right, in a sense, Elfie. But I must look away from self, and seek Divine help, to be 'simple and earnest,' for these are great qualities."

So Walter, in his preaching, spoke of religion "not as of a logical system, but as of a new life, a heavenly strength, a very present help in trouble, and a remedy for every evil under the sun."

There was no baptistery at the chapel, and those who considered it incumbent on them to observe the rite by immersion went for that purpose, accompanied by their minister, to a neighbouring town, where there was a flourishing Baptist church.

I remember one of his sermons which made a deep impression upon us. It was from the passage in the Psalms, "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." There was in most of his hearers a feeling that out of his own inner life the sermon came. His own intense consciousness of the need of Divine help was there, and his vivid realisation of the living, present Christ pervaded the whole. The bent figure of the preacher and the white, slender hand told their own story; but the pathetic joy in the face spoke of God's gracious remembrance. An earnest, loving, heavenly light came into the eyes of a young girl that morning, which has never since left them through

a brave, struggling life—not even when fortune fled, and children died, and she had to weep a widow's tears. The dear old father of the snow-white hair, and with the bonnie rose at his button-hole, listened as he sat in his corner, and remembered the sermon to his latest hour, years after Walter had joined the glorified in Heaven.

The little chapel was generally well-filled on Sunday evenings. Some orthodox church-folk attended, with the very sufficient excuse of there being no evening service in the picturesque, chilly old church in the valley a mile away. On crowded nights an old lady might be seen showing ploughman, cobbler, or smith to her own or any other person's pew, so that there might be no vacant places. She wore a wide lace frill, and her bonnet never varied with fashion; but her originality, strong sense, and goodness, made her whole person and dress harmonious and dignified.

In a house where the requirements of different persons had to be considered, the question of the minister's study was a rather difficult one, but like many other difficult questions of a practical character, it arranged itself in time. The largest, sunniest bed-room was allotted to him. It possessed a book cupboard and roomy tables for desk and papers. His favourite spot on damp winter afternoons was a large kitchen ingle, whereon crackled logs of wood and peat. A cup of strong coffee and a book would be within easy reach of his chair. The good servant would find means to make herself and every one else invisible, except when she might be summoned to give some particulars of poor neighbours—information which she seemed to gather from the air, but which was, nevertheless, always trustworthy. In genial weather, the summer-house and a long level walk in the old-fashioned garden were sacred to him. Sometimes, indeed, the chatter of the young sister house-keeper—only one sister remained at home then—had to be quenched.

"Away, Elfie! You interrupt me more than the stray pig, grunting in the lane below. I am trying to silence him with cabbage-stalks;" and, suiting his action to the word, a cabbage-stalk was thrown over the hawthorn fence. "But stay a minute, dear. You know there is to be a change of pulpits on Sunday. Promise me that you will be kind to the supply."

"Oh, there is somebody coming with bad grammar, or you would not insinuate that I could possibly be any other than a good hostess."

"Well," responded the minister, with a smile, "the grammar may be rather imperfect; but think how excellent the man is—better than you or I. Then there is your blue silk dress. It rustles. Please don't wear it in chapel. Rustlings are disturbing to preachers." Assuming a propitiatory tone, he added, "The colour is good, and you *do* look nice in it."

"So I ought," said Elfie, virtuously, "for you helped to choose it. I will try to be all you wish. Now I am off."

"Stay! Something more. Will you ask our brother Justin to avoid giving that knowing little 'Ahem!' when anything in the sermon grates on his philosophic ears? He does try me so sometimes, Elfie, that I could——"

"Stay, sir! That would be impetuous. Father says you inherit the quality from your grandfather. Sensitiveness, too. No, I won't tease, if you will put away that 'discourse.' You are looking tired. Mind, when you are away from us, and don't allow any friends to give you a 'prophet's chamber' that may be damp; nor allow your impetuosity to carry you into great fatigue, as that means an illness for you. Let us walk in the shade of the elm-trees."

The brother and sister strolled from garden to orchard, then up the meadow ascent, all under the trees their father had planted in his younger years; from thence to a bowery lane that led them round to the village, where they made a friendly call, took tea, and tarried till the lengthening shadows called them home.

"Lengthening shadows!" Ah! lengthening shadows were drawing around Walter when he was but just entering the thirty-fifth year of his age, when his people were anticipating for him years of activity and usefulness, when the bond which united them to him was becoming more closely knit, and when, from invigorated health, his duties had grown lighter and pleasanter.

After a holiday, during which his taste for scenery and social intercourse had been happily gratified, he returned homeward by sea. A fearful storm arose, and his sufferings from sickness were so great that those who welcomed his arrival felt that he would never again leave it alive. His last illness was short; and, being himself assured how it would terminate, he calmly made his arrangements. No murmur escaped him, and he showed tender consideration for his nurses and attendants, urging them to take the needful rest and food. Those nearest and dearest to him could not but feel how suitable to

the manner of his departure were Mrs. Barbauld's well-known lines:—

“How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks the weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes—
How gently heaves the expiring breast!”

Truly says one, “You, who are in health can scarcely conceive the manifestations God makes to His people as they stand on the brink of the grave.”

On Walter's last night on earth, his medical attendant—in the prime of health and strength—bent over him, and said in kindly tones, “Walter, my poor fellow, how are you feeling now?” Sweetest peace and joy illumined the sufferer's features, and, addressing the doctor by name, he said, “God is very good to me.” The strong man's eyes were moistened, and he murmured, “I never saw anything like that!”

In the night-watch that followed, silence wrapped around Elfie as something that could be *felt*. Suddenly it was broken by lights, and quickly stepping horses, and the rumble of the coach, all passing as a flash down the village street, leaving it stiller than before. “Like life,” thought the young watcher. “My brother is nearing the end of his journey. But there is no audible signal from the other side. How restful he is, though! How sure he is of going to be with the Lord in but another mansion of the Father's great house!”

In the morning's light Walter rallied, and liked us to be near him. To his father, “At the chapel something will be said about me when I am gone. Ask my friend from the next village to say how these words have been borne in on my mind, ‘Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.’” Then, turning to his sister Elfie, “Sit where I can see you; it won't be long now.” His lips moved in prayer, and he passed away so tranquilly that we scarcely knew when he ceased to breathe.

L. E.

Mysteries in Religion.*

BY THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

“Then said I, Ah Lord God! they say of me, Doth he not speak parables?”
EZEKIEL XX. 49.



HERE is a tone of remonstrance and expostulation in these words of the prophet. He is evidently conscious that because of something in the nature of his message, that message will be unpopular with his hearers. The message was that he should “prophesy against the forest of the south field; and say to the forest of the south, Hear the word of the Lord; Thus saith the Lord God; Behold I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree.” Something mystic, something dimly intelligible, he had to tell the Jews concerning that southern land of Judea. Looking from this, their northern place of exile, he saw signs of coming destruction, but of the nature of that destruction, of the precise manner of that fire which was to consume this forest of the south, and when and how it was to come, he has nothing to tell them; he is not told himself. They seem to have been irritated at such half revelation. They evidently supposed that if they were to be warned against this danger, all the better for them that the warning should be clear, precise, and definite; and they might have said, “What is the meaning of thus warning us against some mysterious fiery judgment unless you tell us what it is, and when it is to be, and how we may avoid it? Why do you thus speak parables? Let us have none of these mysteries; let us have simpler and plainer speech.” The request was a natural one, and so, evidently, was the temptation in the prophet’s mind to yield to it, if possible. Not for his own sake. This prophet, whose lips had been touched with fire from the altar, and who had seen the Lord God in His glory, was lifted above the fear of man; and never did prophet speak more sternly or faithfully to the people whom he had to address. Not for himself, but for his message, he would fain have had it more popular with the hearers of it. What-

* Report of a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, May 29th, 1881. Slightly abridged.

ever the stumbling-block was, in the manner and form of the message, that lay in the way of its acceptance, he would fain remove it if possible. And so in his entreaty is implied a petition that he might be allowed and enabled to explain his parable. "Ah, Lord God, if it may be so, may I but utter plainer speech! They say of me, 'Doth he not speak parables?'"

Brethren, the sin of Israel and the temptation of Ezekiel were not for that time alone, but for all time. They exist now as truly as they did then. They are to be found wherever the Church of Christ, discharging her great prophetic office for her Master, confronts a doubting or unbelieving world. The message of the Church to the world is, like the message of the prophets of old, in part plain, in part mysterious, and, as it were, in parables. When she speaks of the duties and hopes of what we call natural religion and morality, her words, as of old, go straight to the heart of men, and need no pleading to induce their acceptance. But she has other words to speak that are not so plain; words that are full of mystery; words that sound like parables in the ears of those who listen to them. She has to speak of a Father who sent an incarnate Son into the world to die for men—of the mysteries of the Incarnation, and the Atonement, and the Resurrection, and the Ascension, and the descending of the Spirit, and the Eternal Life to come. And as she speaks these mysteries—speaks them dogmatically in the name of Him who has commissioned her by His authority to press them, *on that authority*, for the acceptance of man, she meets the answer from the world the prophet met of old. "We will accept your plainer truths; but we revolt from your darker sayings. Speak to us plainly, and in no proverb, and we will own you as a teacher from God. Why do you speak to us in this parable?" How often do we hear and read in all the most familiar forms of modern literature expressing the heart and thought of the age: "Give us natural religion, but give us less of your dogma; we care not for your theology and its mysteries; give us religion only." And the temptation of the Church is now, as of old, to yield to that cry—not for her own sake, but for the sake of her message; to soften down some of its difficulties, to explain away some of its strange sayings, in the hope that it may become more acceptable to men. Men seem at times—earnest and faithful preachers of the Word—to be willing to place their own faith in abeyance for the moment, if they may, in some

way, win back some degree of faith from others ; never so happy as when they lower the Divine character and authority of their mission ; never so pleased as when they think they have won some measure of acceptance by showing that this miracle is after all not so very miraculous as men think, or that this mystery is after all not so very mysterious, and that there is less of parable and less of dogma in their message than there appears to be to those who hear it.

In vain, however, does the teacher seek to conjure the spirit of unbelief by betraying or attenuating the message which he has come to speak. In vain shall we seek thus to lessen the supernatural. For the spirit of disbelief, growing by what it feeds on, will insist at last upon the casting out of *all* the supernatural, and we shall have to contend for the last shreds and fragments of it. In vain do men strive to save the Faith of Christ, as the judge of old once strove to save the Person of Christ, when, to buy off His enemies, he said, "I will chastise Him, and let Him go." In vain do we thus strive to save our Faith by binding it for the scourge of a destructive scepticism, which will not be satisfied save with the death of our Faith, even as His enemies were not satisfied save with the death of the Lord of that Faith. Our duty is to say plainly, "The words you would have us alter are not our words to change, even with a view to win your assent ; they are God's words. Mysterious words they *may* be ; but we are the stewards of the manifold mysteries of God, and we dare not for our own sakes, and need not for yours, add to or diminish aught from them."

But while the Church is thus sternly faithful to her mission ; while she speaks, and must ever speak, the dogma or parable that her Lord has given her to speak ; while she cannot give to men what they ask for—a religion without mystery ; she may, at least, and *we* may on this occasion, strive to show to men *the reasonableness of mystery* and *the necessity of dogma*. If we look at the objections which are commonly made in our popular literature to Christianity, we shall find, I think, that they divide themselves under two heads. One is the objection to the mysteriousness of Christian dogma, and another to what is described as the unreality of the language respecting Christian experience. "We cannot endure your dogma ; we cannot bear your cant. The one is too mysterious ; the other is too unreal. Why will you speak to us in these parables ?"

First, we may remind the most scientific and logical of the objectors

to dogma and mystery that very much of the scientific belief of mankind in their own teachings is, for the mass of those who receive it, nothing but dogmatism. How many of those who receive the most ordinary axioms and teachings of science can prove them, or even understand them? How many of the hundreds of thousands who receive these doctrines, and act upon them, and make them their guide in the practical affairs of life, receive them upon the authority of eminent men of science! Those who receive them receive them as dogma. Is it, then, altogether so inconceivable a thing, and so strange, that the all-wise and infinite intelligence of the Author of the World should deal with us, even the most learned and wisest of us, as the most learned and wisest of us deal with inferior intelligence, and that He should give us, in the form of a dogmatic utterance, that which we could never have discovered for ourselves?

But is it *possible* for us to comply with this request—that we should eliminate all dogma and all mystery from religion? Let us try to do it for one moment. Let us suppose that we have banished from Christianity all those technical and mysterious terms about the Trinity, and Incarnation, and Atonement, and Regeneration, and that we have *simplified our message*. To what shall we reduce it? We may reduce it at least to two words, and, beyond these, it will not bear any reduction if it is to be a religion at all. We must speak of God, and we must speak of MAN. For what is religion but the joining together of God and man? And when we name these two words have we got rid of mystery? Are there two words more fraught with mystery than these two? Who is there that has even so much as studied the vastness of the mystery which lies in that one word—*God*? *Si non rogas intelligo*, was the saying of the ancient father, and it is ours still. Ask us not what this word means, and we may have some dim conception of its meaning. But reduce it to what you please in the crucible of modern analysis; bring it down to the “Eternal something without us that works for righteousness;” or ascend to the most abstruse idea of God you can find in creed or article—and what is it but mystery, unfathomable mystery? And we *men*—poor humanity—what a parable; what a grotesque, and sad, and mysterious, and pitiable parable we human beings are to ourselves! What is man? and what is God? And then, when you bring these two ideas together; when you think of God and man in any relation whatever; when you think of the

finite brought into contact with the Infinite; when you think of the human nature that prays and entreats, and of the changeless Law that mocks the prayer and silences the entreaty; when you think of the mysteries of humanity brought into contact with the mysteries of fate and foreknowledge and free-will and foreknowledge absolute, do you not see that there seem to rise up above the mercy-seat clouds of mystery that veil the tabernacle, and that we cannot penetrate? God and man are not words—are not notions; they are facts—great, strange, awful facts, that will not come and go at our bidding, as we reason about them. And the mysteries that belong to them vexed the minds of men before Christ was born, and would vex them still if the name of Christ was forgotten. The awful shadows of these mysteries wrap us round wherever we go. We cannot avoid them merely by bidding men not to speak parables about them. Parables are in our hearts and souls, and in nature, and in the world around us—in the very air, as it were, of our intellectual breath and thought; and we cannot cease to feel them without ceasing to exist.

Can we escape from *cant*? What is the meaning of the word “cant”? Cant, in its strictly etymological and historical meaning, is simply this:—the language of the initiated; a language known to those engaged in any business or occupation, the terms of which are terms of art, technical terms, and, as such, are only known and understood by those who practise the art. In the strict and original sense of the word there is no bad meaning. Religion is a science, and it is an art; the science of the knowledge of God, and the art of holy living. And, therefore, it must necessarily have cant—*i.e.*, its technical terms. They seem strange to those who practise not that life; but any spiritual man understands them who knows the things themselves. There is no more unreality in the cant of religion than there is in the cant of medicine, or of law, or of trade, or that most offensive of all cants—the cant of irreligion and scepticism. We cannot, then, cast out of the Christian life those words that offend men. We must continue to have, in all religious teaching, its dogma and its cant, even though men may say to us, “Why do you speak to us in these parables?”

But though Christianity *must* be mysterious in its doctrines at some times, and *must* be peculiar in its words at others, there is a *warning* for us Christians and for us teachers of Christianity in this objection of the world and of the age, that we do well to give solemn heed to.

There is, *at times*, a justifiable meaning in the objection of the listener to the mysteriousness of the Christian teacher. The time when the objection is lawful is this: when the teacher, going to the other extreme, shrinking from attenuating his message, dares to *add* to it; when he thinks and speaks as if men could not have too much of mystery, as if (and how untrue the saying is!) it were better for men to believe too much than to believe too little, and as if the certain and inevitable reaction against believing too much was not, in the end, that men *do* believe too little, or believe nothing at all. But this is the temptation to the teacher of the Church from age to age—to multiply the mysteries and to increase the difficulties; to speak *her* parables in addition to *God's* parables; to add wire-drawn inferences from some truth of Scripture to the truth itself, and to place it beside the truth as an article of belief; to build up wide and long-reaching suburbs of opinion round about the fortress of Christian truth—suburbs in which the enemy effects a lodgment, and from which he may assail the citadel. And often the heart of the Christian is smitten with terror as he sees the dust, and hears the crash, of the fall of some one of these outlying suburbs, which he has been dreaming for years have been outworks, but which may come down and pass away, leaving the great stone walls of the old fortress untouched and uninjured in their integrity of eighteen centuries.

In like manner there is a danger that our speech, descriptive of the Christian life, may become unreal. Men may be guilty of religious cant in a bad sense; and they are so whenever the words of their religious life—however true and important in themselves—are used by them without some corresponding emotion and experience in their own hearts—in other words, whenever our life falls below the level of our religious speech. Then are we speaking cant—cant that is mischievous and deadly to our own spiritual life. The language which expresses the feelings is ever exposed to this danger, that when the man's feelings fall below the level that is indicated in his speech, he becomes a hypocrite—if not a conscious, then an unconscious one. Love, purity, truth, faith, and trust, are very common words; but if we are dishonourable, untruthful, impure, unjust, the words, as we use them, are cant words for us. On the other hand, it is the experience of our own lives that makes speech real. Is there in this church to-day any one, even the very youngest of us, who has not at times felt the marvellous power of certain events to give a strange

and new meaning to old and familiar words which he has used hundreds of times, and never realised what they meant before? Who has not had occasion to say, "I never knew what it was to love, to hope, to sorrow, to be ashamed, to feel the acuteness of remorse, till this moment"? And as the man passes through some deep and dark night of life's experience, the words that accompanied him aforesaid through all his pilgrimage, cloud-like, in the day of his prosperity, shine out like pillars of fire in the darkness of sorrow, or difficulty, or distress; and they become real, living, and burning words upon his lips as they never were before. There is, on the contrary, the terrible power that men have of making words—the best words of their speech—unreal and untrue to themselves. There are those whose experience will testify to the truth of what I am about to say. How words that once to their hearts, not so long gone by, were no parables, but sweetly intelligible words—words of purity and gentleness and truth—words that spoke of things lovely—words that they lisped at their mother's knees—words that they spoke as their own young knees were bent in prayer, and that trembled on their lips as they lifted up their hearts to God for strength to do nobler and better things—how those sweet words have come to lose their meaning for them, and sound to them far away, like words that men hear in a dream! And in place of these there come words and ideas that to the pure in heart were once as parables—altogether unknown in their ignorance of evil; words that are unlovely, and impure, and that speak of things that are of ill repute, and that haunt the life and are familiar on the lips! The words of such an one are terribly, cynically real. There is no cant about them!

In the last place, we thank God for this—there is the power of bringing a better reality, a nobler life, into our speech. By living our creed, our creed becomes for us real. Men may so live that their prayers and their creeds are the living utterances of the new life that is stealing day by day into their hearts. As the man becomes child-like, he is able to understand the meaning of the creed in which he expresses his belief in the Father. As he becomes Christ-like, he can understand the meaning of the word "Christ." As he becomes spiritual, more and more does he understand the sentence in his creed which speaks of the giving of God's Holy Spirit to dwell amongst us; and prayer, and repentance, and conversion, and approach to God, and assurance, and hope, and every other word of Christian

experience, become for him new words, because they become for him new facts in his life. As he dwells more and more in the heavenly land, he learns more and more of the heavenly speech. And so the creed fills the life with light, and the life reflects back that light upon the creed. Parables there will be; mysteries which we cannot understand; ay, and unrealities in the speech of Christian experience that none know better than those who are striving to rise to heights of Christian life and feeling. How far they fall short of their own Christian ideal they know; but they will follow what they believe, and those who thus live and learn will still draw nearer to that ideal. In spite of all their shortcomings, there is a reality that underlies the parable, and there is a life that animates the word that speaks to their experience. We are not to be as children simply listening to parables of our faith, as children listen to nursery stories. We are not merely "children crying in the night," or "children crying for the light." Rather we are to live as Christian men—as brave and strong men, with patient, and quiet, and trusting hearts, walking along the hard ways of life: ways that are chequered by the shadow of the Cross, and lightened with the glory of the crowned Christ. And it may be that, bent and bowed beneath the weight of difficulty, and trial, and the weariness of life, our eyes rest upon the path *just where our feet can stand*, and see even *there* such pure light from our creed that it becomes a great revelation from the Father in Heaven, who has given us our lot to walk and work in life. Or if, weighted and overborne by toil, we lift our eyes upward, there shall come upon us a light that lightens even while it dazzles. And so along that chequered path, now of darkness and now of brightness—now of mystery that we cannot solve, and now of truth that we can grasp, and take into our life, and make our own—we, in our day and generation, walk our appointed way, and do our appointed task, until we pass *beyond and behind the veil*, where the parables shall be interpreted, where life shall become absolutely real, because it shall become absolutely pure, where "we shall be like *Him* because we shall see Him as He is."

Our Annual Meetings.



THE present number of this Magazine will appear just at the time when the Annual Meetings of our denomination will be reaching their close. We can only write a line or two in anticipation of them. We have the programme before us, and it promises the usual variety of occupation and of interest. We trust that the different gatherings which are to be convened for the extension of the Gospel at home and abroad will be numerously attended, and that they will be pervaded by a holy enthusiasm, inspired, supported, and directed by the Spirit of God. We rejoice in the safe return of Mr. Baynes from India. A cordial welcome awaits him, and his account of what he has seen and heard in the great Eastern land will be listened to with rapt attention. We anticipate the Financial Report of both our Missions—the Home and the Foreign—with some concern, and shall be thankful to find that the needful funds have not failed to come to hand. The Union has important business to transact. Its chairman, the Rev. J. J. Brown, is a man of high character and of exhaustless energy, and has been a faithful friend to the Divine Master's cause, as represented by our denomination, for many years, and we pray that his year of office may be one of even exceptional usefulness. We shall sadly miss some whom we have been accustomed to meet. Mr. Gould is gone, and Mr. Sampson is laid aside. The Lord be praised for what our beloved brethren have been enabled to do, and may the one who is still spared be mercifully restored to health, and to the great work to which the Union has called him!

Reviews.

THE HEM OF CHRIST'S GARMENT, and other Sermons. By Enoch Mellor, D.D. With a Biographical Sketch by Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

DR. REYNOLDS opens his exquisite "sketch" with words of a tender beauty which we cannot forbear to quote:—

"The fleeting shadow of the dearest life passes rapidly out of our sight. The vapour that appeareth for a little while is too soon lost for us in the grand cloud of witnesses that charge the horizon, where the sunshine of earth dies away. Those who gaze wistfully and lovingly along the silent way, cherishing most sacred memo-

ries, are themselves following the long procession. As they look they catch some of the departing beams. He who wept with the family at Bethany does not forbid the feeble effort to prolong the glow which sunset does not altogether extinguish.

"The loved and venerated man, whose holy and vigorous life is veiled from us in that great light which is as darkness to our feeble vision, has left a blank in many hearts which nothing but Divine love can fill. Still, for a little while, we may soothe the bitterness of farewell by holy remembrances. Some spoil may be taken from the King of Terrors if we can still hold converse with our friend by the perusal of some of the thoughts by which

he held his brother men captive while he was yet with us."

Posthumous sermons do not always sustain the reputation which a popular and influential preacher has enjoyed in his lifetime. Many a sermon as delivered is incomparably better than the same sermon as written; and reporters, however accurate, cannot always do justice to the deeper, more spiritual, and consequently more subtle elements of power which a preacher of the higher order usually brings with him into the pulpit. But Dr. Reynolds rightly observes of the volume before us:—

"No truer memorial of Enoch Mellor, no better effort to conserve and prolong his influence, could be devised than the publication of the following selection from his sermons. It has been made by those whose love and knowledge pre-eminently fit them for the task. These discourses offer specimens of his varied powers, and reveal the spirit of the man and the tone of his ministry. They present his mastery of many deep problems of faith and life, his familiarity with the multiform and complex questions of spiritual experience, his power to grapple with the profoundest problems of theology, his lucid expositions of those Holy Scriptures on which he ever took his stand, his tender sympathy with suffering and temptation, his knowledge of the motives which sway and of the ignorances and prejudices which fetter the human heart, his subtle logic and his marvellous point, his forcible expression and his burning appeals to conscience."

In this summary we have probably an exhaustive account of the qualities which gave to Dr. Mellor so high a distinction in the pulpit of our day. He had them all in an unusually large measure, and in very active operation. We knew enough of him to open the volume with the expectation of a rare

enjoyment in its perusal. That expectation was heightened by the words from his friend which we have just quoted. It has been amply fulfilled. As Dr. Reynolds says:—

"No candid reader will peruse these sermons and feel at any loss to understand Dr. Mellor's reputation as one of the great preachers of his generation, or be surprised to know that for a quarter of a century one of the largest congregations in England hung upon his words, and was ever foremost in good work and devout service. Those who can read between the lines, and hear once more the echo of his ringing voice, and feel the sentiment of indubitable reality and personal conviction which he uniformly conveyed, will find here the best memorial of a ministry singularly noble and stimulating."

Dr. Mellor was born at Salendine Nook in 1823. His earliest school-studies were prosecuted at Lindley and Huddersfield, where his progress showed him to possess "remarkable ability." In 1841 he was Gold Medallist of Huddersfield College. At eighteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, and, on the completion of his course there, took his M.A. degree "with characteristic distinction." In 1870 he received his D.D. diploma from the same university. In Edinburgh he had the advantage of the prelections of Sir William Hamilton, "whose influence was observable in all the development of his mind, and whom he never ceased to reverence and even to follow." There also he enjoyed the pulpit teaching of Dr. Lindsay Alexander, and devoted himself to the Christian ministry. After spending some two years at the Lancashire Independent College, under the presidency of Dr. Robert Vaughan, he accepted the pastorate of Square Chapel, Halifax. The church had become

feeble, but his ministry "stirred the dying embers of church life, and the Spirit of God breathed upon them until they burst into a flame." For thirteen years he laboured with a most substantial and steadily increasing success, when, in 1861, he was induced to succeed the late Dr. Raffles in Liverpool. Two years later he was elected to the chairmanship of the Congregational Union—an office which he filled with an intellectual, spiritual, and administrative dignity and power in which he has had few, if any, superiors. After a time he had the felicity of returning to his old sphere at Halifax, where he remained until his death, which occurred on the 26th of the October of last year.

Dr. Mellor could write so well that there is reason for regretting that he did not write more. His most important literary production was his Congregational Union lecture for 1875, on "Priesthood considered in the Light of the New Testament"—one of the ablest of all the volumes of that valuable series. He was one of the most powerful debaters of his day. The earliest printed production of his with which we are acquainted, and which we still greatly prize, is a lecture on "Modern Christianity and Secularism," delivered when he was thirty years of age, and which is remarkable for its vigour both of defence and of attack. And he was as good as he was great—as gentle as he was bold. So says Dr. Reynolds:—

"No one acquainted with the beauty of his home-life and his pastoral work will harbour the faintest suspicion that the persistency, constancy, and enthusiasm of the public man overshadowed the gentler and sweeter elements of the Divine life. These, too, streamed forth from him.

There was thunder, and great wind, and fire; but how often have his dearest friends known that they reached the inmost life of him when he spoke in still, small voice concerning hope and love, concerning our weakness and our need, and of what is behind the veil. He was a son of thunder, but also an apostle of love."

But we must halt. We mourned when Dr. Mellor died, but he is still with us in the comprehensive, sound, deep, clear, strong, yet tender Christian teaching by which these twenty noble sermons are pervaded.

THE SWORD AND TROWEL. February and March. Passmore & Alabaster.

IN the February number of this periodical, Mr. Spurgeon dismisses THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE with the single remark that it "holds on its way—good, but rather heavy." We will not retort upon him with the remark that the *Sword and Trowel* holds on its way—good, but rather light; for such a mode of criticism would not be consistent either with self-respect or with the respect which is due to him. At the same time we do not see why all our Baptist organs should be required to conform to one literary pattern; and Mr. Spurgeon will not be offended if we say that both his and ours are probably capable of improvement. These two numbers of the *Sword and Trowel*, however, have their excellences, like their predecessors, which we heartily acknowledge; and amongst them not the least are those which give a special interest to the details of the great and complex work carried on in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle and its associated institutions.

A CATECHISM FOR PROTESTANT DISSENTERS. Containing (1) A History of Nonconformity; (2) The Reasons for Nonconformity. Twenty-sixth Edition. Re-written by Two Cambridge Nonconformists. To be had of Rev. W. A. Guttridge, M.A., Victoria Road, Cambridge.

A WORK of well-proved worth, capable of rendering invaluable service in our politico-ecclesiastical struggles, and published at a penny. It ought to be circulated by thousands.

SEVEN YEARS' PIONEER MISSION WORK IN CARDIFF. By W. F. James. London: Bible Christian Book Room, 26, Paternoster Row.

A LIVELY and suggestive record of honest Christian work, carried to a successful issue amid great difficulties. Here and there the details are needlessly minute, but this fault we may readily overlook in so excellent and encouraging a book.

LIFE AND TRUTH. Bible Christian Book Room.

A SHORT poem, in blank verse, on the great themes of Christian faith and experience, intended mainly for the young.

NEW COVENANT ORDINANCES AND ORDER. Practical Reflections in Rhyme. London: Elliot Stock.

WE cannot congratulate the writer on the success of his attempt. His intention is better than his execution. The rhyme is often prosy and imperfect. Some of the paraphrases are good, and throughout the work we meet with useful thoughts, but if the writer had conveyed them in another form it would have been better.

THE CHRISTIAN. February and March. Morgan & Scott.

ALL who wish to keep well posted up in the various orders of evangelistic work which is being carried on in our time should consult this vigorously conducted journal. The two numbers now on hand are replete with interest. We are glad to see the teachings of prominent persons in connection with the Salvation Army on the subject of "Holiness" very earnestly challenged and, in our judgment, refuted. Those teachings, if we understand them aright, are utterly unscriptural, and extremely dangerous.

THE BELIEVING SUFFERER; with Special Reference to the Cross and Passion. By William Tait, D.D., Incumbent of Trinity Church, Pau, France. Price Sixpence.

SEEDS OF THOUGHT. By William Tait, D.D. New Edition, carefully Revised. Nisbet & Co.

WE have read with unusual pleasure some other works by this author, and amongst them we may specially mention "The Christian Indeed: an Exposition of the Lord's Prayer," which totally differs in its character and aim from all other treatises on "The Lord's Prayer" which have come under our notice. We were, therefore, fully prepared to enjoy the two publications before us. The former of them gives us a view of our suffering Lord which has been too generally overlooked, and from which, probably, some may even now recoil, as being incompatible with His recognised divinity. And yet we cannot but think that a sad and injurious mistake is thus made. Dr. Tait effectually guards himself from any forgetfulness of Christ's

Divine Power and Glory; but he rightly contends that "the Incarnation was the Divine Being entering into the human condition, as to body, soul, and spirit," and that in that condition He stands forth as our "All-Perfect Example at once in duty and in suffering, in life and death." "To regard Him as being so self-sustained as to be above the need of faith is, in one most important particular, to render His example inapplicable to us, inasmuch as of all human goodness faith is the root and spring." The author works out his idea with all needful fulness, in a style beautifully simple and chaste, and with a reverentialness of tone most impressive.

"Seeds of Thought" contains fifty-two short essays on well-known passages of Scripture, and beautifully elucidates the more important Scripture truths. Short as the pieces are, they are full of light, strength, and suggestiveness. "The Fruit of a Congregational Bible - Class," they supply excellent matter for Sunday reading and meditation. Dean Goulburn, in his brief preface, says: "The simplicity and luminousness with which the thoughts are in all cases expressed will do much to commend them. The book, as a single glance will show, is full of those doctrines of grace which are known under the name of 'Evangelical.' But the cultivation and thoughtfulness of the writer are a guarantee that neither in this nor in any other of his works will narrowness or party-spirit be found, or want of sympathy with those who, while equally sincere and devout in their allegiance to our common Master, regard Christian truth (it may be) from a different point of view." These words are true. The work is not polemical. We like it all

the better, however, because it is truly Evangelical throughout. We have not detected the least trace of Sacramentarianism in any part of it.

MR. TENNYSON'S "DESPAIR." A Lecture on its Religious Significance.

By Thomas Walker. Elliot Stock.

THIS lecture is eloquent and, in many respects, able; but it has not won our assent. Mr. Walker considers that the "persistent aim" of the poet "has been to exhibit the effect which the doctrine of endless sin and suffering produces in a mind religiously disposed and ready to adore a righteous and holy God, but utterly confounded by the thought of Omnipotence pitiless and unjust." That our poet is no believer in the endlessness of the future punishment of the wicked must be patent to all who are acquainted with his writings; and it seems pretty evident, from some parts of his recent poem "Despair," that that doctrine had something to do in the production of the Atheism which the poet depicts as leading to such terrible consequences. But our version of the "persistent aim" of the poem would differ from Mr. Walker's. At the same time, the publication of such a poem supplies a perfectly legitimate occasion for reconsidering the doctrine of the endlessness of the sufferings to which the impenitent and the unbelieving are to be doomed. Mr. Walker has thrown no fresh light upon this awful question. He does not attempt to deal with the alleged evidence from Scripture. His argument is, for the most part, sentimental only. He welcomes Tennyson as an opponent of the theory from which he indignantly recoils; but he has no sympathy for Tennyson's "larger hope," instead of which he advances what is

now known as the doctrine of "Conditional Immortality."

THE REVELATION OF THE RISEN LORD.

By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., &c., &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

No Biblical scholar has shown a more complete mastery of the questions which "hold the approach" to the subject of our Christian faith than Dr. Westcott. His "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels" and his "History of the Canon" place him in the front rank of apologists. He is not less skillful as an exegete and an expositor. His "Revelation of the Risen Lord" contains a series of short studies on the great forty days which are singularly fresh and suggestive. They are really a supplement to a preceding volume on "The Gospel of the Resurrection," but have, at the same time, a completeness of their own, and aim rather to unveil the deep spiritual significance of the narrative than to defend its authenticity. Dr. Westcott does indeed prove that a mere study of the successive appearances of our Lord fosters the conviction that the idea of the resurrection could not have arisen spontaneously among the disciples, and that it is absolutely inexplicable apart from its truth. But he mainly regards the resurrection as itself a revelation which illuminates the whole range of human experience. We are to see in the risen Christ the end for which man was made, and the assurance that the end is within reach—a type of humanity free from the accidents of time and place, the pattern of our redeemed and glorified manhood. All the incidents are regarded from this standpoint, and are consequently invested with marvellous freshness.

Dr. Westcott is a sober and reverent thinker, as soundly Evangelical as he is liberal, having at command vast stores of learning, but never fettered by them. His clear intuition is as manifest as his perfect self-discipline. There is in his writing a severe and chaste beauty, a subdued glow of intense and fervid thought. The eleven chapters into which the work is divided deal, *inter alia*, with the revelation through love, through thought, in the work of life, and in patient waiting—the conviction of faith, the great commission, spiritual sight, &c. It is a book which is sure to live, and every year it will be held in higher appreciation. Thoughtful students will find in it a mine of spiritual treasures. It is among the most valuable aids to the understanding of this momentous chapter of the gospel history, and occupies a place which is altogether unique.

THE PREACHER'S COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF RUTH. With Critical and Exegetical Notes. By the Rev. Walter Baxendale. London: Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

WE presume that our readers know something of the plan and method of "The Preacher's Homiletical Commentary on the Old Testament," now in process of publication by Mr. Dickinson. The work has a distinct aim, which it is well adapted to secure. It is almost exclusively homiletic. The critical and exegetical notes are useful, and the preacher who uses the Commentary will do well to consult them; but they are auxiliary to the main purpose rather than an essential part of it, and so they are conveniently compact and brief. The volume before us is not unworthy of the beautiful theme on which it dilates. The homilies have

the rare merit of decided originality and freshness without departing from the spirit and teaching of the narrative; and they are accompanied by a large number of illustrative extracts from many of our ablest writers, ancient and modern, in prose and poetry. The Commentary is preceded by a short but useful introduction to the Book of Ruth, with observations on its canonicity, contents, authorship, chronology, and geography; and is followed by an "Index of Subjects analytically arranged," and a "Table of Themes homiletically treated." We are grateful for this addition to our stock of Commentaries, and heartily recommend it to our ministerial brethren.

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THE STUDENT'S COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY BIBLE; Founded on the Speaker's Commentary. Abridged and Edited by J. M. Fuller, M.A. Vol. IV. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE editor's ingenuity must have been severely taxed in his endeavour to compress the substance of the notes on the whole series of the prophetic books into the space allotted to him here. In our notices of previous volumes, we have expressed our high appreciation of the manner in which he has performed a difficult and delicate task. The fourth volume displays equal care and conscientiousness, and the results are in most cases equally satisfactory. But the compression has frequently had to be carried so far as to endanger clearness and force. Points of importance are often left unnoticed, sequences are

broken, and graphic paragraphs of the original work are divested of their peculiar power. From a "Student's Commentary," it would have been better to have omitted the text of the Authorised Version, and have included more of the notes. Still it is an immense advantage to be able to procure, in so cheap and convenient a form, the gist of the "Speaker's Commentary." There are many non-professional readers who will be glad to have in such brief space the substance of the highest thought and most authoritative scholarship on the books of Scripture. To men of limited time and means, the "Student's Commentary" will have precedence over all others. Even in their abbreviated form, we have no finer notes than those of Dr. Kay on Isaiah, of Dean Payne Smith on Jeremiah, and of Mr. Currey on Ezekiel.

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WINES: Scriptural and Ecclesiastical.

By Norman Kerr, M.D., F.L.S. London: National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, W.C.

DR. KERR has expanded into a book a lecture which he recently delivered before the members of the Church Homiletical Society on the wines of Scripture. Of the ability, the scholarship, and high-toned philanthropy of the work there can be but one opinion. But its conclusions will not gain universal assent. Dr. Watts (of Belfast) and Mr. Wilson (in his work on "Bible Wines") have advanced arguments on the other side which cannot, as it seems to us, be refuted.

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THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1882.

Our Annual Meetings.



IN our last number we expressed the hope that the London anniversary of the various organisations connected with our denomination would show no diminution of public interest in their proceedings, and no halting in the pathway of their success. That hope has not been disappointed. We have not, indeed, to chronicle "signs and wonders." There was no report of miraculous occurrences. We did not expect any sensational surprises, and we had none. We record the fact without even the faintest emotion of regret. The known results of a heated "revivalism" have not been such as to inspire us with any wish for their extension. At the same time we have to rejoice and to thank God that no indications of failure, or even of feebleness, were observable. Each of the societies has some great work in hand, to the achievement of which a large amount of healthy energy is consecrated. Some of our enterprises are more or less hampered by special difficulties; but those difficulties do not even suggest discouragement, and much less do they occasion dismay. They are fearlessly measured and weighed; they are gallantly attacked; and we are assured that, in due time, they will be completely conquered.

The financial state of our Foreign Mission is not satisfactory. The debt is a heavy one, but not too heavy either for the resources or for the liberality of the thousands by whom the

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The financial state of our Foreign Mission is not satisfactory. The debt is a heavy one, but not too heavy either for the resources or for the liberality of the thousands by whom the

Mission is beloved and befriended. It will disappear as similar debts have disappeared before. Happily, it has arisen, not from a falling off in the income, but from a necessary increase in the expenditure. In the April of 1881 the treasurer could report a total income of £51,459 14s. 10d., with the announcement that that was the largest income the Society had ever received. This year a further advance was realised to the extent of nearly £1,000, the total proceeds having amounted to £52,366 16s. 7d. The work is extending; the Mission was never more deeply, soberly, and thus practically respected than now; and the visit of Mr. Baynes to India and Ceylon is sure to administer a new impulse to its operations in that part of the world. China and Africa are open. More men—men of the old heroic stamp—are wanted; they will come; but with the men we must have more faith, more prayer, and more money. Surely these will not be withheld. We look forward into the future with confidence. It was impossible to listen to the impassioned, noble address of our Mission Secretary, at Exeter Hall, without feeling that his recent visit to the East had inspired him with a new enthusiasm. The nature and magnitude of the enterprise, so far from having appalled him into timidity, has given additional expansion to his views, and fresh fire to his zeal; and we may well expect that his increased energy will transfuse itself into the hearts of our agents abroad, and into the Committee and the churches at home. How fine was the address of our venerable brother Mr. Aldis at the introductory prayer-meeting! He spoke as one who has long lived in happy fellowship with the Divine Master, "whose whole life," as he said, "was a self-sacrifice, and whose life at every part and every moment was steeped in the incense of prayer." Surely his closing words have not been, and will not be, without some appreciable and adequate result. "We must have the desire that will raise the ceaseless cry; we must have the yearning wrestling that will never let go its hold till Jacob, limping, trembling feebleness, becomes Israel, princely and prevailing might. That such may be the temper of all our gatherings, that the Divine Lord may be manifest to every eye, that the mighty Spirit may be powerful in every speaker and every hearer, is my earnest desire. Many are gone; soon, very soon, some of us will follow; only this is our testimony—the Master's work is of priceless worth; it has in it no element of regret, from it no taint of harm. It is all joy while it lasts, and bright in view of the heavenly

light foretelling of a more perfect joy awaiting those who are engaged in His service. Oh, ye who are young in years, lay it to your hearts till you shall become old; you will not have the least conception of the possibilities of joy in connection with the Saviour's service. Begin it; begin it early; fling your whole nature into it. The nature steeped in the Lord's love becomes essentially angelic. The wings of light shall bear it away to a better world from whence its essence came, and where its final joy and final abode will be."—The missionary sermon by Mr. Roberts, at Bloomsbury Chapel, with "Jesus Christ conducting His Church into the Inner Sanctuary of Missionary Devotion" for its theme, was one of the ablest discourses to which we have had the privilege of listening for many years, and was in every part of it perfectly appropriate to the occasion; replete with lofty and sometimes subtle thought, presented in clear and felicitous diction; delivered without ostentation, and equally without timidity; imbued with the Spirit of the Master; true to the real aim and the best methods of the enterprise; and eminently adapted to guide, to encourage, and to stimulate. Mr. Roberts is one of the youngest of our more prominent preachers. May his career be one of lengthened and constantly enlarging prosperity.—The missionary cause must have a powerful hold upon the sympathies and solitudes of our friends, else would the *soirée* at the Cannon Street Hotel have been, at least in point of numbers, a failure. The rain poured down heavily and persistently; yet the large hall was full, and the proceedings reached the usual pitch of animation, under the rousing influence of good chairmanship and excellent speaking. It was a pity, however, that Mr. Hill, of Leeds, was left without time for his allotted part in the fulfilment of the programme.—The Zenana meeting was another success in the splendid series, as it was sure to be from the attractions springing from the peculiar nature of the work it was designed to promote, and from the sanctified eloquence of such speakers as Mr. Roberts, of Liverpool, Mr. Gogon Chunder Dutt, and Mr. Baynes.

We might write in a similar strain of the tone and character of the other assemblies which gathered for more or less distinctively missionary purposes. Amongst these the Bible Translation Society ought to take a much more influential place than it has yet occupied. Is the fact that it commands only a partial support to be traced to the more strictly denominational aspect which it seems to wear? If

that be so, the fact is scarcely creditable to our denominational loyalty. The Society had an honourable origin, and Baptists ought certainly to feel both the legitimacy and the importance of its claims. Bigotry is hateful everywhere; but fidelity to principle cannot be disregarded anywhere without a wrong done to conscience. Many striking statements were made at the meeting, and those who were present enjoyed them; but we should have been better satisfied if Bloomsbury Chapel had been crowded. There was some improvement in the attendance at the meeting of the British and Irish Mission, and again the speaking was of a high order. This Mission is passing through an important change by its absorption into the work of the Union. Such a change cannot take place without a certain measure of risk; but we trust that the issue will be seen in a greatly increased efficiency. That result will probably be a work of time; but we shall all do well to seek, to hope, to pray, and to toil for it.

The Union moves along with steady step in the path which opens before it year by year. It often has tough work to do; but it is robust and athletic, and knows how to "endure hardness." It is gradually consolidating its strength, and defining to itself the specific objects to which its energies should be devoted. The amendment of its constitution did not fail to provoke a sufficient amount of animated debate; but there were no unseemly displays of temper, and Mr. Bompas's proposals were carried. The position and prospects of the Annuity Fund were somewhat anxiously discussed. Contributions, for one reason or another, do not come in with a freedom and a fulness sufficient to justify the expected grant to the beneficiaries without encroaching upon the capital. Is it desirable that this should be done? That is at present the crucial question. For our own part we do not think that the just expectations of the beneficiaries should be disappointed, unless the disappointment is inevitable. May not the future of the fund be left, to some extent, to the conscientiousness and the enthusiasm of the future? At the same time, Mr. Booth's statement, that an additional income of £400 per annum for three years in the form of free contributions would ensure the full grant to the beneficiaries for that period, ought to stir up the friends who are interested in the project, with a view to preserve the capital intact on the one hand, and to avoid a very natural dissatisfaction amongst the beneficiaries on the other. The paper by Mr. Lockhart on the

evangelistic problem was one of unusual point and power; and the speech of Mr. Henderson, of Coventry, which immediately followed it, brought to the front another of our younger men worthy to take his place by the side of Mr. Greenhough and Mr. Roberts. He spoke with an ease mingled with earnestness, with a chasteness and a beauty mingled with quiet, penetrative power, which reminded us of the addresses of the late Mr. Birrell. The discussion which succeeded seemed sometimes in danger of going away from the precise subject in hand; but many admirable things were admirably said, and the morning was, in our judgment, well spent. We were happy in our chairman. His address was timely and able, and his management of the business and of the assembly was at once so energetic, so prompt, so adroit, and so genial, that scarcely a sign of disorder was observable. Mr. Sampson's absence was an occasion of deep regret, but we were glad to learn that his health was improving, and gratified to have so efficient a temporary substitute in Mr. Booth.

This rapid and imperfect sketch must close. We lack space for further remark. We are thankful for this last of our anniversaries, and pray that a rich blessing from heaven may follow it through the coming year, and that those of us who may be spared to meet next April, and those who may then join us, may have more reason than ever to unite in the acknowledgment, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Darwinism and Christianity.



THE recent death of Mr. Charles Darwin, the great English naturalist, has awakened general sympathy, and led once more to an eager and interested discussion of the theories with which his name is inseparably associated. He had acquired, by the sheer force of his genius, a world-wide fame; and on the Continent not less than in England and America, by those who have most persistently opposed his hypothesis as sincerely as by those who accept it, he was held in deserved admiration

and respect. It cannot now, at least, be said that the mention of his name evokes the blind and unreasoning hatred of religious partizans, and that his writings are the innocent cause of a wide-spread and unnecessary alarm. The storm of disapprobation with which his views were received in 1858 has, for the most part, passed away; and even the men who are sneered at for their orthodoxy and ecclesiasticism can discuss the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man" with singular calmness, appropriating from them all that is good and true, and assured that, when it is fully admitted, it cannot overthrow the foundations of our Christian faith, invalidate our belief in God, or destroy so much as one essential element in our conception of His government of the world. In fact, the religious press has been as unanimous and hearty in its eulogy of Mr. Darwin as the warmest of his admirers could desire, and, if there be any just cause of complaint, it is that the praise is as indiscriminate and as injurious as was the censure of three and twenty years ago. Representatives of evangelical theology have vied with one another in their adulation of a man whose character and mission have not, we are told, been sufficiently appreciated. It is, perhaps, not surprising that Professor Huxley should have affirmed of the "Origin of Species" that it worked in a dozen years as complete a revolution in biological science as the "Principia" did in astronomy. This judgment is—to use the mildest term—premature, yet it is deliberately endorsed by writers in the religious press, who place Mr. Darwin near Copernicus and Sir Isaac Newton in the roll of scientific fame. Whether we are singular in our views or not, we do not know. But we contend that the researches of this distinguished naturalist are as little entitled to the loud encomiums lavished upon them in the name of science and modern thought, as they merit the harsh and ungenerous criticisms of those timid and insolent partizans who, in the name of religion, are said to have spoken nothing but "abusive nonsense."

There was very much in Mr. Darwin's character which we sincerely admire, and in which it would be well for his opponents, no less than his professed friends, to imitate him. His candour, his unwearied diligence, his patience and his modesty were patent to all who knew him. He was no rash or hasty speculator, eager to divulge a newly-formed theory at the earliest opportunity. After his voyage in the *Beagle*, during which he made researches of unsurpassed interest into the geology and natural history of the various countries visited in his

sail round the world, he believed that his observations would throw some light on the origin of species, and at once set to work "by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it." And it was only after five years' work that he allowed himself to speculate on the subject. Canon Liddon has rightly said that "Professor Darwin's greatness is not least conspicuous in the patience and care with which he observed and registered minute single facts as well as groups of facts." That he was absolutely free from bias, and that his work was begun and carried on apart from the influence of preconceived opinions, is more, we think, than can be claimed. But he was, in the main, cautious in coming to conclusions.

The theory which, for convenience sake, is described as Darwinianism, is also popularly known as evolution and development. It is but slightly different from the theory of Lamarck—that all vegetables and animals living on the earth, including man, are developed from certain original and simple germs; though, before Lamarck propounded this doctrine in 1809, it had been presented by Darwin's grandfather in 1794. Mr. Darwin does not, like the French naturalist, start from the basis of dead matter, but from living cells or germs, whose existence he simply assumes. Neither does he believe that the diversity of species is produced by the inward power of development, but by the force of a law operating from without—the struggle for life, the survival of the fittest, natural selection, sexual selection, and other influences of which we are probably ignorant. His own words are, "I believe that animals are descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number." "Analogy would lead me one step further—namely, to the belief that all animals and plants are descended from one prototype." "All the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth may be descended from some one primordial form." We cannot minutely follow Mr. Darwin in the "pedigree of prodigious length" which he gives to man; but a cursory glance at it shows that it makes immeasurably greater demands on our credulity than any theological or ecclesiastical theory which has ever gained currency, either in ancient or modern times. Not content with expressing his belief that "man is certainly descended from some 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;" he traces our early progenitors

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to an aquatic animal, "more like the larvæ of our existing marine Ascidians than any other known form." The Ascidians, probably, gave rise to the lancelet, the lancelet to the ganoids and the lepidosiren; from the lepidosiren "a very small advance would carry us to the Amphibians"—frogs, toads, and long-tailed Tritons. From them proceeded mammals, birds, and reptiles, but "no one can at present say by what line of descent"! From the Monotremes, the lowest of the Mammalia, we rise to the Marsupials, thence to the Lemuridæ, "and the interval is not wide from these to the Simiadæ," which branched off into two great stems—the New World and the Old World monkeys, from the latter of which came man—"the image of God."

We do not wonder that this theory, stated in so bald a form, should be sternly resented. Mr. Darwin himself has pointed out one chief objection to it, when he says that his pedigree of man is "not of noble quality." It is essentially ignoble, and is an outrage alike on our intelligence and our faith. The common-sense of mankind is shocked by the absurdity of the idea that birds, beasts, and fishes are the progenitors of man—that there is nothing in our nature save what has been evolved or developed from theirs. The north countryman who, some years ago, was asked to describe a meeting of anthropologists, said they were a lot of men trying to prove "that we all cam' frae the monkeys; but, for his part, he thoct they at ony-rate had gotten pretty nearly back agen to whar they said they cam' frae," expressed in a forcible though grotesque form a very general and reasonable feeling. Darwinianism, as popularly understood, is certainly derogatory to the greatness of man, and presents us with a painful caricature of our history.

This antipathy has been deepened by the fact that such a theory of the origin of man throws discredit on the Mosaic account of creation. If it be true, we have been assured that the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden must be relegated to the realm of pleasant fiction. With Eden and our first parents in their innocence, the doctrine of the fall also vanishes. This necessarily subverts the scheme of Christ's redemption; for, if man has not fallen, how can he be restored or brought back? We seem, in fact, to be landed in the gloomy quagmires of Agnosticism—if not of absolute Atheism. This inference from Darwinism is incessantly flung in our face.

It is, however, no more than fair to Mr. Darwin to say that he is

by no means responsible for the interpretations which have been put upon his theory, and that, while it has been welcomed, and not unnaturally welcomed, by Materialists and Agnostics as a complete refutation of Christian theism, Mr. Darwin did not advance it with any such intention. He was himself no advocate of what Carlyle expressively called "the gospel of dirt." He did not even advocate the idea of spontaneous generation. The fact that he presupposes the existence of living cells involves the further assumption of a Creator, and, indeed, Mr. Darwin distinctly acknowledged this, and saw it to be an absolute necessity of his position. In the concluding words of his "Origin of Man" he wrote: "From the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers *having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one*, and that, while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved." It is evident that, in Mr. Darwin's own view, a theistic interpretation of his strange theory was not only possible, but inevitable. It is thus a mere question of the method of the working of the Creator, and not of His existence. "The evolutionary hypothesis, supposing it to exist, must have had a beginning: who began it? It must have had material to work with: who furnished it? It is itself a law or system of laws: who enacted them?"

But if Mr. Darwin does not deny the existence of God, he allows no place in the cycling on of the world according to the fixed law of gravity for God's superintendence and government of the world. If He is supposed to have created the living cells, the primordial germs, He at once withdrew and left the growth and development of life from that point to proceed by the simple force of natural selection, and "other influences." Nature is thus regarded as automatic or self-acting. No scope is given for special superintendence; the development is accidental and mechanical, rather than intelligent and according to design. We can no more understand the progress of life than we can understand its beginnings, apart from the idea of supernatural power. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; and at each great step in the process of evolution we must, as reasonable men, believe in the intervention of One who is greater than nature. Mr. Darwin argues against such

intervention, and in words which are unworthy of the philosophical calmness claimed for him, ridicules the doctrine of special creation "as a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion." For our part, we can see no greater difficulty in believing that "at innumerable periods in the earth's history certain elementary atoms have been commanded to flash into living tissues," than in admitting that such a thing happened at the beginning. We venture also to affirm that no reader of Mr. Darwin's works can fail to be impressed with a sense of the feebleness and inadequacy of the causes to which he attributes such vast results. He is continually having recourse to "other influences," and "unknown agencies." What he means when he says that certain phenomena of life "have all been produced by laws acting round us," we are at a loss to conceive. These laws are such as growth with reproduction; inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life; the struggle for life; divergence of character, and the extinction of less improved forms. If Mr. Darwin uses the word law, as meaning only "the ascertained sequence of events," his statement amounts to nothing; for it simply affirms that certain phenomena follow one another in an ascertained order, and leaves us in absolute ignorance of the cause of this order, which must, nevertheless, be accounted for if the doctrine of special creation is to be set aside. If, on the other hand, he uses the word law as equivalent to the will of an Intelligent Power, he concedes all for which we need contend. That Intelligent Power is God. Evolution is, as we believe, one method, perhaps a chief method, of God's working, but it must not be held in such a form as to exclude the belief either in His uniform superintendence, or in His occasional special interference.

A special interference there must have been at the creation of man. **Man**, with his intellect, his conscience, and his spiritual affections, is not the natural descendant of the Old World monkey. We are not yet prepared to admit that even our physical nature has been derived from the anthropoid apes (for the position has not been proved); but if we could admit it, we repudiate the idea that Mr. Darwin has given an accurate genesis of our intellectual and moral powers. It is, perhaps, conceivable that to a physical nature formed like the bodies of the lower animals a special spiritual gift was added by the breath of God. All we can say is that as yet the evidence is utterly incon-

clusive; while the endeavour to develop the moral sense out of the simple feelings of pleasure and pain, liking and disliking, with which the lower animals are provided, is an egregious failure. The gulf here is impassable.

The Darwinian theory of evolution is to-day what it was a quarter of a century ago—a clever and ingenious hypothesis, and nothing more. Careful as the author of it was in his investigations, he has made a continual confusion between assumptions and facts. Such sentences as: “I am led to suppose,” or “we have only to suppose,” are made to do duty for solid argument. “Probably” is invested with the force of “certainly.” We quite agree with Mr. Darwin that on his hypothesis it is as hopeless to inquire into the development of our mental powers, as to inquire into the origin of life itself. He acknowledges that “the great break in the organic chain between man and his nearest allies cannot be bridged over by any living species.” He allows, further, that the connecting link between one species and another cannot be found; that species during the whole of the historical period have remained unchanged. Not one is known to have passed into another. No evidence has been adduced to show that ascidians have grown into fish, fish into frogs, frogs into birds and reptiles. Variations there are, but horses remain horses, sheep remain sheep, monkeys remain monkeys, and the offspring of all animals bear indubitable marks of their parentage. If such a process as Mr. Darwin’s hypothesis supposes was really in operation, by what means was it arrested? How has this grand life-impulse, this marvellous ascending power, been chilled and destroyed? To say that the process is so slow that we cannot reasonably expect to see any indication of it in a few thousand years, is to beg the question. A theory which postulates thousands of millions of years is self-condemned, and is the fruit of “the scientific *imagination*” rather than of patient and careful observation of facts. The most trustworthy astronomers, like Sir William Thomson, cannot grant Mr. Darwin’s demands for so “prodigious” an age of the world; their most careful calculations will not carry them to so remote a past: on purely scientific grounds, as Mr. Darwin himself candidly admitted, “the most eminent palæontologists—viz., Cuvier, Agassiz, Barrande, Pictet, Falconer, E. Forbes, &c., and all our greatest geologists, as Lyell, Murchison, Sedgwick, &c.—have unaminously, often vehemently, maintained the immutability of species.” Even Professor Huxley, “after

much consideration, and with assuredly no bias against Mr. Darwin's views" expresses his "clear conviction that, as the evidence stands, it is not absolutely proven that a group of animals having all the characteristics exhibited by species in Nature has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural. Groups having the morphological character of species, distinct and permanent races, in fact, have been so produced over and over again; but there is no positive evidence at present that any group of animals has, by variation and selective breeding, given rise to another group which was even in the least degree infertile with the first. . . . As the case stands at present, this 'little rift within the lute' is not to be disguised nor overlooked."

While, therefore, we have every disposition to acknowledge all that was valuable in the character and work of Mr. Darwin, we cannot join in the unqualified eulogies which have recently been pronounced upon them. That he has added much to our knowledge of natural history, and modified many current conceptions both in theology and science, may be freely admitted. He has, we suppose, proved that species are variable, though not indefinitely variable, and, still less, mutable. And, while he has traced the variation to the influence of circumstances (natural selection, &c.), he has overlooked, or not given sufficient prominence to, various preceding and co-operating causes. His noble qualities of mind and heart, his untiring industry, his humility and generosity are worthy of the highest praise. But this ungrudging appreciation does not imply acquiescence in theories which have not been, and cannot be, scientifically proved. As Christian men, we are bound to cherish a pure and disinterested love of truth in every branch of inquiry, to welcome fresh light from whatever quarter it may come and whatever effects it may have on our previous beliefs. An unreasoning opposition to science is censurable and mischievous; not more so, however, than an unreasoning acquiescence in dicta advanced in its name. We must discriminate between facts and theories; between phenomena (whether in Scripture or in the material universe) and their interpretation. It is a Christian duty to *prove* all things, and to hold fast that which is good. Mr. Darwin was a close and patient observer, but not a great and logical thinker. His collection of facts is invaluable. The inferences he has drawn from them are utterly insufficient to bear the weight of the superstructure of which they, and not the facts, are the foundation. His entire system is built on a *may have been*, and no *may have been* can set aside the

sure Word of God. Had Newton possessed no other claim than one like this to the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, his name could not have stood so high on the bead-roll of fame. We have seen no reason to alter the opinion we formed of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis many years ago, and which has been expressed in words far more forcible than our own:—"We confess that all the respect which we entertain for the author of these views has inspired us with no corresponding feeling towards this *may be* philosophy, which is content to substitute the merely possible for the probable, and which, ignoring the responsibility of any approximation to rigorous demonstration in the establishment of its own theories, complacently assumes them to be right till they are rigorously proved to be wrong. When Newton, in former times, put forth his theory of gravitation, he did not call on philosophers to believe it, or else to show that it was wrong; but felt it incumbent upon himself to prove that it was right." This is surely the only valid method, but it has not been pursued by the great naturalist whose followers contend that he has exploded our old theologies and revolutionised our conceptions of the origin and development of life.

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. VI.



WE cannot take leave of Glasgow without a brief notice of two distinguished brethren who, in their day, were preachers there of great influence and power. One belonged to the Established Church of Scotland, and the other to our body. The reader will be at no loss to understand that I refer to Dr. Norman McLeod and to Dr. Paterson. I have no intention of comparing or contrasting them—of offering any remarks on their distinctive characteristics, or wherein they resembled each other or differed from each other. I shall simply describe them as they appeared to me after a somewhat lengthened and

intimate acquaintance. They moved in very different spheres, and had an important work to do, which they did right heartily and well.

I first saw Dr. McLeod in London, when he preached the annual sermon on behalf of our Mission at Bloomsbury. His fame as an eloquent, impressive preacher and as a striking, vivacious writer, had preceded him. I never saw that spacious church so crowded on any previous occasion; and, though the service was in the morning, there was a large preponderance of men—in fact, if one may use a homely expression, there were more hats than bonnets. We were all struck with his fine robust, manly presence; with the genial aspect of his countenance, which was instinct with force. There was an entire absence of all fuss and pretension. His manner was as simple as it was serious, as frank as it was earnest and devout. He was evidently impressed with the importance and responsibility of the occasion, and of the duty he had to discharge. His powerful intellect and loving heart were manifestly in sympathy with the object for which he was about to plead—and how earnestly did he plead for it! His splendid voice, as sonorous and deep as the tones of the Diapason, poured forth a mingled stream of fervid eloquence and melting pathos. The service was one never to be forgotten by those who had the privilege of being present. Ah! how many who were there have, together with the preacher himself, passed away and entered “the world of spirits.”

The sermon was founded on those memorable words, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me.* I will not attempt any description or analysis of this most vivid and impressive discourse. The earnest, impassioned preacher, and the hushed and excited throng, are present to my recollection even now, though very many years have since then rolled by.

Perhaps the most impressive part of the sermon was the answer to the question, “What world is this which is to be crucified by the cross of Christ? Not the material world in which we dwell, nor the world of Art, nor of Science; but our own nature; ourselves, with all our passions, instincts, and powers.” On all these topics he allowed his fine imagination full play. His faculty for striking and copious illustration was very conspicuous. At times his intense emotion lifted his mental conceptions into the most eloquent and impassioned utterance, and then brought them down to the expression of the tenderest pathos. The audience, as I had reason to know, were

more impressed with the momentous character of the subject than excited by admiration of the preacher. I scarcely ever saw such a multitude of strong men so moved and melted. The acquaintance that began under these happy circumstances, ripened into friendship as opportunities of intercourse were subsequently afforded by my frequent visits to Glasgow.

Some years afterwards I heard that the Doctor and his family had retreated, for rest and quiet, to Norwood, where I then resided. Though I knew he wished, as far as possible, to be *incog.*, yet I soon found out where he was residing, and called upon him on Lord's-day evening after our service. The weather was excessively hot; and I inquired of the servant who came to the door—

“Is Dr. McLeod within, and can I see him?”

“Yes, the Doctor is at hame, but I dinna think he can see you, for he is vera hot and vera tired.”

“Well, I am hot and tired too. But do you take that card up, and, if the Doctor is well, he will see me fast enough.”

I dare say many of my readers know the manner of old and faithful servants who have lived for a long time in families. They seem to constitute themselves their guardians, and watch over them with jealous care to preserve them from unnecessary intrusion. One needs to be a little peremptory if this sort of feeling is to be overcome. So this faithful domestic did as I told her, but evidently with reluctance. When, however, she returned, her countenance was a study.

“The Doctor bids ye aye come up, for he will be richt glad to see ye. But I didna ken ye were freens.”

I found him in *dishabille*, having thrown aside every garment with which he could dispense, for the heat was overpowering. He apologised for his appearance with the greatest good humour, and I only regretted that I could not imitate his example. The conversation soon turned on missions, as he had just been appointed Convener of the committee of the Scottish Church Mission. He asked me to furnish him with some of the more recent Reports of our English missionary societies, which I had the pleasure of handing to him a few days after.

“Well now, Doctor, what evening can you give me this week? I will get my friends Drs. Tidman and Price, and Mr. Edward White to meet you, and you will greatly enjoy their society.”

“My dear sir, it cannot be. The printers' devils are haunting me,

and give me no peace. No! I am sorry not to meet your friends, but it is simply impossible."

I looked imploringly to Mrs. McLeod, for I *did* wish to have this meeting. She interpreted my look, and kindly interposed.

"Well, Norman, if you would only bestir yourself a little earlier the morn, you could do it very well."

"Doctor, you are done," I involuntarily exclaimed. And so it was settled. What an evening it was! How he and my friends *did* talk. Mr. White's power of conversation is surpassed by few; and the ladies greatly added to our enjoyment. It was nearly midnight ere we parted, and even then we were very reluctant to separate. Other opportunities of this sort of intercourse occurred subsequently in Glasgow; and I shall never forget one when he asked Dr. Walter Smith to meet me, whose sermons and writings were then the subject of sharp and adverse criticisms. I rather poked a little fun at him for asking one of the feeblest of the orthodox host to meet two such powerful and notorious heretics as they were. But I did not find them so heretical after all. When we went up into the drawing-room, and saw the beautiful children, so quiet and perfect in deportment, and yet so joyous and free; Mrs. McLeod discoursing sweet music—for she played with great skill and taste, and sang with exquisite feeling and expression, his splendid bass voice giving full effect to the harmony—one wished the days were longer, and night would sometimes forbear to come. Pleasant indeed are the recollections of such scenes as these. But it is very sad to think that death has cast its shadow over them, and that they can never more be repeated.

Very different opinions have been expressed as to Dr. McLeod's intellectual and religious character. He was not, in the exact sense of the terms, an accurate scholar, or a profound theologian. I never heard that he made any pretensions to be such. But his mind was carefully cultivated and richly stored. His knowledge of general literature, and the elements of general science, was very large and varied. He was a powerful and voluminous writer, and an orator of the highest class. He was too impulsive, had a far too wide-reaching sympathy with mankind of all ranks and conditions—in a word, was too human to be confined within the narrow technicalities of formulas and creeds. He was not the man to delight in the subtleties of prosody, or the niceties of accents, and of longs and shorts. But in

regard to the great verities of the Gospel of the grace of God, he was, in my judgment, sound to the core. It must not be forgotten that he passed a large portion of his early life in Germany, and that he had travelled over a large part of Europe, Canada, and the United States. He was, consequently, very cosmopolitan in habit and taste. Hence he could be at home anywhere—in the abodes of royalty, in the homes of philosophers, merchants, and *litterati*; and never more so than in the forecastles of ships among sailors, the cabins of fishermen, and the homes of the poor. If the memoir of his life and labours at all speaks truly, and it is generally admitted to be faithful, he never failed, in his intercourse with persons of every rank and condition from the palace to the cottage, to speak a word for Christ. He was esteemed by our gracious Queen, not more for his geniality, his varied knowledge, and *bonhomie*, than for his fidelity as a Christian minister and a friend.

I have heard it said he was far too much a man of the world to be a leader in the Church. He *was* a man of the world, but in the best sense. He had seen so much of it, and had observed it in so many of its phases, that he could honestly make allowances where persons of more limited experience would only condemn. He carried "his heart on his sleeve"—a dangerous practice for so impulsive, genial, frank, outspoken a man, especially when many around him were persons disposed to judge of character and conduct with an almost Pharisaic severity. His thorough enjoyment of social life, of innocent amusements, of the pleasures of the table, of art, nature, science, of study and travel, doubtless exposed him to some perils, and more misconstructions. Persons of cold temperaments, reticent manners, and constant self-restraint, who are afraid to unfold themselves and enter heartily into the joys of life, may be very safe and very good; but their goodness is, after all, negative, and they do not add much to the brightness of this sin-stricken world. My tutor, Mr. Crisp, in a gentle admonition, on account of some hilarious outburst of mine, remarked to me that he had no doubt a joyous, lively disposition was a great blessing, but it had its perils. This is perfectly true; but who would not, if he had the choice, prefer such a temper, and look to the grace of God for help to avoid its dangers?

The more I saw of Dr. McLeod in private, the more I felt assured that he was really a devout, good man—one who had a deep sense of the responsibility of his office as a Christian minister, who loved

the truth and faithfully preached it—whose life, whether in the rural parish he first occupied, or in the more prominent and onerous position of pastor of the Barony Church, was devoted, as the grand end of it, to the improvement of the social, moral, and religious well-being of the people of his charge, whether the educated and intelligent, or the toiling masses of the wynds of Glasgow.

My friend Dr. Paterson, as well as Dr. McLeod, has also become “a Reminiscence.” He was the devoted and honoured pastor of the church which first met in Hope Street, and which now meets in Adelaide Place, nearly all his public life. And that life was an eventful one. When he joined our body he made enormous sacrifices. Everywhere he had “the cold shoulder;” and by many who knew him, and professed to esteem him, he was ignored. But he held on his way bravely. Confident of his own rectitude of purpose, he discharged his public duties with unfaltering courage and fidelity, until, by his ability, zeal, and devotedness, he compelled respect, and rose by slow, but sure steps to a position of commanding influence. It is not too much to say that our denomination in Glasgow owes very much of its present position—which is no mean one—to Dr. Paterson.

I first knew him as pastor of the church in Hope Street. He would strike a comparative stranger as somewhat stern and distant in temper and manner. Manly and frank, he yet had a good deal of the cannyness generally attributed to Scotchmen. But how all this vanished when one became intimate with him! Like most men of superior intellect and strong feeling, he possessed a large fund of genuine humour, all the more effective because of the gravity of his appearance and manner. Some of the happiest of the many happy hours I have spent in Scotland were passed in his company; and they were not only enlivened by his affectionate geniality, but made profitable by the instruction and wisdom which he imparted from the ample stores of his accurate and extensive knowledge.

How nobly he bore the numerous and severe domestic trials which chequered his life, especially the death of his devoted and admirable wife! In this respect he presented a fine example of the power of Divine truth, when grasped by the firm faith of a vigorous intellect, and of the all-sufficiency of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to sustain the believer in the darkest hours of bereavement and sorrow. And not the least of his many trials was the attack which laid him aside from public duty, from which, contrary to all

human expectation, he was, for a brief season, happily restored. The church of which he had been so long the faithful pastor at once took steps to relieve him of all anxiety as to his future support. Their generous and affectionate sympathy were a comfort and a solace to him, and brightened the remainder of his life.

The new kirk in Adelaide Place, with its large and flourishing church, is a splendid outcome of this manly and godly life. Happily associated with Mr. Chapman, and then with Dr. Culross—who left Scotland with a high reputation as a scholar and preacher, and who has returned to it with, if possible, a still higher reputation, won by a character of spotless purity and godly sincerity among his brethren in the south, whose esteem and love for him is high and ardent—Dr. Paterson could look back on his past life with gratitude and satisfaction. To him the beautiful words of Scripture eminently apply—*At evening time it shall be light*. And so it was, for he truly fell asleep in peace. The members of this church, having had such distinguished men as pastors, may well rejoice in advantages which fall to the lot of only a few. May they have wisdom duly to prize them, and grace to use them for the glory of their Master, and the salvation of men!

Notes of a Short Holiday in Switzerland.



IN a brilliant August morning the Dieppe train, freighted with tourists, all more or less miserable from the experiences of the preceding night, stopped at the Rouen Station. Here we alighted. "We" signifies a septuagenarian Baptist minister, who in these notes will be designated "Paul," and myself, who, jointly in search of health and pleasure, resolved on paying a visit to Switzerland, *viâ* Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, and Pontarlier.

At Rouen, then, we left the train, intending to spend an hour and go on to Paris almost directly; but a distant view of the towers and porch of St. Ouen transfixed us, and we felt time must be had to take in the poetry of the thing. We began our explorations by walking up the street till we reached the exquisite fountain just erected, and surmounted by three massive groups of sculpture. This

point of eminence gave us a glimpse of marvellous lacy spires and towers of fairy-like delicacy in every direction, so we resigned ourselves to a day's sight-seeing. And odour-smelling, too. A black and unsavoury gutter ran down through the middle of the street, and every now and then we came across a heap of vegetable refuse, tin pots, broken glass, &c., awaiting—I hope—translation to a more suitable sphere.

We went down from the fountain to the public gardens close by St. Ouen. Here we could sit on the easiest of garden-seats, with matchless flowers all around us, the great poem in stone in front of us, and a perfect blue sky over us. One of the flower-beds was a masterpiece. It was in the form of a shield, and bore the old ecclesiastical device of the Lamb and Flag. The ground-work of the design was in a small, bright crimson foliage-plant, as close growing as moss. The lamb, with his right fore-leg curled round the staff of the flag, was perfectly shown in a thick crop of delicately pale green foliage. The whole scene was one of especial loveliness: first the brilliant blue sky, then the soft neutral tints of the magnificent church, and then, close round our feet and clinging round the building's base, the deliciously varied shades of the soft greens and crimsons.

But these dreamy delights would not show us Rouen. So we went in search of a building belonging to a spire, which we thought must be the cathedral's. At last we found it, and were richly paid for our long search; but, lovely as it was, we gave the preference to St. Ouen. The beautiful iron spire is new, but the towers date from the beginning of the sixteenth century. One of these, the Butter Tower, was built entirely with money gained by the sale of permissions to eat butter in Lent. We had no time to examine the celebrated tombs in the interior, among which are those of Duke Rollo and Richard Cœur de Lion. Besides, we were hungry. This difficulty we overcame by eating our first French dinner, consisting of turbot stewed in butter, and "mouton aux haricots," with bread at discretion (we had three-quarters of a yard to cut from), supplemented with excellent claret. After dinner we went through the fish and vegetable market, and found ourselves by chance in the market-place, where we must perforce regard with remorseful admiration a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, who is represented as crushing the British lion very flat indeed under her feet. It is a magnificent statue, but a painful sight to any well-con-

stituted English mind. It is not nice to remember how tremendously we were beaten, nor how meanly and cruelly we treated our victor when change of fortune brought her into our power.

Then more narrow streets. It does seem a pity that the splendid architectural glories of Rouen should be framed in such obscure, unsavoury streets. One is reminded at every turn of the "jewel in the swine's snout." Nothing brought that homely illustration of Solomon's more forcibly to my mind than the magnificent Palais de Justice. We spent a long time in the morning vainly looking for it, and then, in the afternoon, as we were passing through a slum-like street, there burst upon our view a building covering three sides of a quadrangle, and decorated with the richest drapery of carving wherever there was an available space. It gave a marvellous impression of the poetry of architectural art, and the love the very builders must have had for their work. We, as a nation, so often adorn the salient points of our buildings, leaving the less noticeable parts comparatively bare; but in this fascinating old Norman town they throw the treasures of their art and handiwork over all, the hidden corners as well as the striking façade, with the lavishness of a love that finds it impossible to be too generous to the beloved one.

Nearly the last thing we saw before we set our faces Paris-wards was La Grosse Horloge, set over an archway spanning a narrow street. The face of the clock is covered and surrounded by most graceful sculpture, which is also continued under the arch, and blossoms out into the street. We dared not spend as long a time as we could have wished in examining its beauties, but made our way towards the station, when quite unexpectedly, on turning a sharp corner, we came upon the lovely church of St. Maclou. The carved work in front of this exquisite little gem surpasses every possible imagination in delicacy and lace-like fineness. But trains will not wait, and we were obliged regretfully to leave this quaintest of cities. Our ride to Paris was very delightful. The broad, smooth Seine kept us company on the left nearly all the way, and beyond it rose a range of soft, wild hills. When the full moon rose over the waters the perfect day became the perfect night, and presently the hurly-burly of the Paris station seemed a rough hand laid on our shoulder, awaking us from a lovely dream.

Our day in Paris was very superb, but tremendously fatiguing. Immediately after breakfast we sallied forth to get our luggage

inspected by the Custom House officials. This was not a severe ordeal. They looked sagaciously at the outside of my small tin trunk, and asked if I had any tea in it; then at the outside of Paul's portmanteau, and asked him if there was any tobacco inside; and on our promptly replying in the negative to both queries, they let us off, and we went out to see the sights. Paris is magnificent. Many of the houses we saw were six or seven storeys high; and as we walked along the Boulevard Haussmann we could feel why Parisians are so proud of their city. Its grand charm is its brightness; the sky is so blue, the air so clear, the streets so gay, and the cafés, with their little tables and chairs under the awning, so cheery.

We passed the New Opera House, splendid in situation, in design and in effect, with many disparaging reflections on the way we do things in London, and entered the Place Vendôme, with its wonderful column, to be still more delighted when, a few minutes afterwards, we came to the splendid expanse of the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées. From thence we saw in the distance the Arc de Triomphe; and the soft gray structure spanning the blue, gave us a mute invitation not to be resisted, so we trudged on till we reached it. We "did" it faithfully, and then descended by the other side of the avenue. On returning to the Place de la Concorde, my eye caught, deceitfully near-seeming, the two wonderful towers of Notre Dame, apparently at about two bridges' distance. So we started full of courage, and Paul even lingered lovingly over the second-hand book-stalls which lined the embankment of the Seine. Bridges after bridges were passed, and the towers looked farther off than before. But we trudged bravely, though wearily, on and on, and eventually found ourselves in front of the doors, with the inevitable twelve apostles keeping guard in the porch. It is a more venerable structure than the church of St. Ouen, and interwoven at every turn with romance ancient and modern; another poem in stone written in mediæval lines, enchanting the student with the prodigality of its beauties, and the infinite resources of imagination and taste shining forth at every point. We opened the door, and the effect, as we entered fresh from the garish light outside, was unspeakable. The building at first seemed as lofty as the heavens; but the dim religious light, still further dimmed by a mist, probably the remains of some incense-burning, and toned by deeply-coloured glass windows, allowed us at last to distinguish the splendid roof. On our left, as we entered,

was a small chapel lighted by several redly-burning tapers, and two women knelt in silent prayer before the miniature altar. As we walked slowly round the church, we saw in another side chapel an altar with a solitary taper burning, and a suppliant kneeling in front of it. I was very tired and exhausted; otherwise, I do not know that the influences of the place would have so affected the nerves; but as it was, they were simply overpowering and perfectly indescribable. We came out, and, in the clear sunny daylight, reason resumed her sway, and superstition became superstition once more. Moreover, we went into a restaurant and dined off unsurpassably tough mutton chops and very good wine. Thus fortified, we took passage in one of the pretty little Seine steamers for the Place de la Concorde; from thence went to our hotel, paid the bill, and at 7.40 p.m. started for Switzerland.

The journey from Paris to Lausanne has left behind it an ill-assorted heap of reminiscences. The country, till we approached the Swiss frontier, was horribly dull and flat, decorated with long monotonous lines of pollard elms and poplars, which looked quite ashamed of themselves for being such conspicuous objects. Our long night was made hideous by a passenger, apparently in the last stage of consumption, who, swallowed up in a profound sense of his own infirmities, was painfully unmindful of his fellow-passengers' stomachs. Paul lost his hat; for several hours the dust poured in upon us in a continuous stream; everybody looked very ugly; and, the carriage being narrow and fully occupied, there was no room for a comfortable disposition of our feet. But presently the flat ground was varied with hillocks, which gradually grew higher and higher; forests of pines made their appearance; the train going continually up hill was very slow, and, when at Vallorbes we got out to stretch ourselves, the frost was lying on the grass, and the air was strong and pure, beyond anything I had ever dreamed. By-and-by the Jura stood out against the horizon in a long glorious panorama, and in a few minutes we were all paying homage to Mont Blanc, who raised himself up, clad in white from head to foot, against the deepening blue of the August sky. A fresh delight seemed to fill the soul at every turn; then Lake Lemman was at our feet, and we were at Lausanne. The impressions of the next few hours can never be forgotten. The surface of the lake was absolutely unruffled, and the water was as blue as turquoise, not only

by reflecting the blue of the sky, but in itself. The fishes, as they swim about in its depths, glitter with most vivid tints, although in themselves sober-hued enough, and the stones that lie at the lake side, just covered by the water, are as different as possible in colour from their fellows above water-mark. This end of the lake was surrounded, and seemed to be lovingly guarded by sunny vine-clad hills and soft violet mountains, some lifting their heads just above the little mist-clouds, and some with snow lying round their crests. A sky of cloudless blue looked down in gladness upon it all, and, that we might assure ourselves it was no mere dream of the senses, a tiny steamer and two little dots of rowing-boats with canvas awnings crept gently over the surface of the water. The appearance of our train, and a lively altercation with a Swiss porter fettered by red tape, brought down our souls to an earthy level again. The rail lay close to the lake's edge, and some new beauty met our eyes every minute, so that we could not be impatient for our journey's end; but it was with a feeling of exultation that we stepped out at Aigle station, and found our friend Blackbird waiting for us with her heart shining out of her eyes.

L. M. D.

(To be continued.)

Via Solitaria.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.*

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Reprinted from the "New York Independent."

ALONE I walk the peopled city,
 Where each seems happy with his own;
 Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
 I walk alone.

* Now that our best and sweetest Poet has left us, rending by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been sacrilege before, the following touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife in 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June ;
Oh ! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray ;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers ;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes ;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,]
The blade is stolen from the sheath ;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one ! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands ;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart he has waited at the "station" till now, at last, "the parted" are made "one."

Olivet College, Mich.

H. M. GOODWIN.

"Filled with the Spirit."

In yonder field are children playing,
 And there—oh ! vision of delight !—
 I see the child and mother straying
 In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,
 Stealing the treasures one by one,
 I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
 The parted—one.

September 18th, 1863.

"Filled with the Spirit:" a Whitsuntide Homily.

"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."
 EPH. v. 18.



THE margin of the Revised Version reads: "Be filled in spirit." The requisite majority of the Revisers, however, have retained the old rendering, and therefore it may be used without misgiving in this homily.

The Christian people at Ephesus had been heathens, and may consequently be supposed to have indulged more or less freely in the shameful practices common to their own part of the heathen world. But the Gospel of Christ had come to them in power, and they were now under a process of moral and spiritual purification. Still, they were living in the midst of their old heathen associates, with the old debaucheries constantly before their eyes; and thus they were in danger of relapsing into their old sins. The apostle saw that they might be drawn away from the purity to which they were called by their new faith, and warned them against the terrible apostacy. The warning is given in the text and the verses immediately connected with it.

There is every reason why Christians, as such, should be merry and joyful, though many persons are under the strange delusion that religion and melancholy are pretty nearly synonymous terms. Nor do I refer at this moment to specifically spiritual joy. Earthly good is given to a Christian, not that it may be a tantalisation, but that it may be a true source of pleasure. Use it as not abusing it; take it for what it is worth, and no more; and it will not disappoint

you. But whilst our religion does not condemn the legitimate enjoyment of worldly pleasure, it does require that we be sober and pure. Let not those who are permitted to "feed on honey-dew," and to "drink the milk of Paradise," bring down their tastes and cravings to the level of meaner delights. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."

Whitsuntide ought to be a joyous feast; but surely it ought also to be a holy one. Yet how has it been observed by many in this Christian land? In worship? In prayer and praise? In the drinking in of new draughts of spiritual life? In freer spiritual indulgences? In the attainment of a higher spiritual elevation? In the enjoyment of a richer spiritual ecstasy? Yea, undoubtedly, it has been so observed by many. But how many more have abused it "in revelling and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness," in all manner of evil gratifications, in the unbridled commission of sins which must bring wretchedness to thousands of households, and must help to fill the infernal world with ghastly shapes of horror? What better Whitsuntide motto could we have than this, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit?"

Why do men resort to intoxicating drinks? The answer is that these drinks stimulate. They drive the blood at a quicker pace through the veins. They produce, for the time being, a sense of fuller and intenser life. They possess, in their first action, an exhilarating power. They do not augment life, but they excite it. This is why men are so fond of them; and it is in this that the danger of "excess" lies. Men crave more vigour; they abhor dulness; and that which readily animates is only too likely to be used extravagantly, until realities fade from the vision, and incoherent, miscellaneous phantoms take their place, until exhilaration sinks into stupefaction, and the powers of life are overstrained and partially, if not wholly, paralysed. It is not that the poor drunkard likes the extremes of intoxication; for these, I should imagine, are too nearly akin to dying to be agreeable even to the flesh, whilst the process of recovery must always be painful. But he likes the earlier effects of the intoxicating cup so well that he knows not when to stop, and continually thirsts for more; unconscious and, alas! unwilling to learn, that the life thus gained is a spurious thing, a base counterfeit, a coarse and dismal mockery of life, which degrades the passions, dethrones the conscience, confounds the reason, perverts the judg-

ment, demonises the imagination, makes brutish impulses dominant, and thus subjects the entire man to a horrible desolation. The inference is that all dependence upon such excitements for our real life is a wrong to our nature, and a dark dishonour to Him who has made us. It is a shameful slavery—a foul and wicked self-degradation. I do not touch the question of total abstinence. That question seems to me to be outside the limits of this subject. Intemperance, in the proper sense of the word, is the sin against which the apostle warns us. The true life is that which springs, not from wine, not from strong drink, not from the risks of the turf or the billiard-table, not from the dance of the ball-room, not from the dazzling, garish splendours of the world of fashion, not from any outward excitements administered to the passions of our fleshly nature, but from the pervading presence and the energising power of the Divine Spirit within us. Outwardly, and by superficial observers, the spurious life may be mistaken for the real, and the real for the spurious. Because men under the influence of wine feel that they can think more rapidly, can survey a subject more widely, can fabricate finer pictures of the imagination, and can talk more fluently, they fancy themselves inspired, and suppose that the inspiration has something of divinity in it. On the other hand, men who are carried away by the currents of a truly Divine life—wrought up to glorious enthusiasms by the Spirit of the Lord—“elevated,” as one expresses it, “into the ecstasy of a life higher than their own”—of such it will probably be said, as it was said of the Christians in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, when each one of them was “filled with the Holy Ghost:” “These men are full of new wine.”

I fear that some of our evangelists depart from the principle on which the admonition of the text is founded. That principle is that excitements, administered to the sensuous part of our nature, have a tendency to sensualise the soul, whilst true life imparted to the soul by the Spirit of God must have the effect of spiritualising it. Some evangelists seem to imagine that what may be fairly termed gross appeals to the passions are the grand instrumentalities employed by the Divine Spirit in the conversion of sinners,—minute descriptions of the crucifixion, the strong Eastern metaphors of Holy Writ drawn out and elaborated until all their high, original, spiritual suggestiveness is changed into something which has scarcely an element of

spirituality in it; anorous representations of the love of Christ; tremendous pictures of hell as a fiery gulf where souls lie burning for ever and ever; and so forth. Such instrumentalities may bring a sort of intoxication to what is sensuous about us, without originating a single throb of new life in the soul. There are many other stimulants for which people crave besides those which are alcoholic. Some professedly Christian ladies must always have an exciting novel in hand. Thoughtful books on religious subjects, adapted to nourish the spiritual life and to keep alive the flame of devotion in the heart, are altogether unsuited to their taste, and are regarded as being dry, flat, stale, and uninteresting. Others find their intoxication in listening to exciting sermons, or in attending crowded and noisy religious meetings. Our age is intensely sensational, and our preachers and writers are ignored as being useless unless they make a stir! Now, that "sensation" which springs from a revival of true spiritual power is desirable in the extreme; for in it the outward man is subordinated to the inward, and the inward man is charged and ennobled by the life of God. There is an immeasurable difference between such a man and one who is "drunk with wine," or with romance, or with oratory, or with any sensuous excitement. He is "filled with the Spirit." And as his life is Divine, so also is his joy. Much of our revivalism never touches the inward man; and thus it happens that, when the sensuous excitement is withdrawn, so many of those who, under it, have seemed to go through a process of conversion fall back into the old life of the ungodly world, and, by the violence of the reaction, become more fully the children of the devil than they were before.

Now, this phrase, "Be filled with the Spirit," is a very significant one. I shall not attempt to define its meaning; for it is one of those spiritual, Divine utterances which are better comprehended by the heart than by the intellect. If you cannot enter into the import of it as it stands, no amount of verbal explanation will enable you to do so. It certainly means something more than that we should have the essential presence of the Spirit; for from that presence none of us can escape. It also means something different from the enjoyment of the miraculous gifts of the Spirit; for these have been bestowed upon a few persons only, and have no bearing upon the question of a man's spiritual salvation. The Divine Spirit should pervade our spirits, as the light of the sun pervades the atmosphere, or as life pervades the animal frame.

Let not this be supposed to be impossible. Some eminent Christians have been thus "filled with the Spirit"—Stephen, Peter, Barnabas, Paul, John, and many others since their day. The men I have named are described to us by such words as these: "Full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." What was possible to them, in this respect, is certainly possible to us. The Spirit can fill all. He is compared to light, air, water; and, as these are universally diffused through the great material economy, so may the Spirit of God be universally diffused through the great spiritual economy. Every Christian reader of these lines may be thus "filled with the Spirit." Desire it; seek it; pray for it; lay mind and heart open to it; and it shall assuredly come to pass. For not only *can* the Spirit "fill" all, but He is *waiting* to do so. He loves us as does the Father, who has shown His love by sending His Son to die for us; loves us as does the Son, who has shown His love by giving Himself for us. So the Spirit is waiting to show His love by giving Himself to us, and by taking up His abode in the darkened and polluted chambers of our being, that He may be our Light, our Purity, and our Life.

How indispensable is this being "filled with the Spirit" to the perfection of our life! Let us remember that we are called to holiness, to such a state of sanctification, that not even the searching eye of the Omniscient shall detect any fault in us; to the sacrifice of self, to the giving up of the lusts, the vanities, the foolish fashions of the world, so much so that, as the apostle phrases it, we have to be "crucified to the world," until every drop of the blood of the corrupt life of the world is drained out of us, not by a single, keen, terrible, but momentary pang, but by the slow process of "crucifixion," by a long, weary act of dying—dying to the world! Are we forgetful of God? We must learn to love Him with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Does faith in the Saviour falter? We must come to that solidity of trust in which we may say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." Are we conscious of tendencies to carnality? We must cultivate the spirituality which is "life and peace." Are we proud? We must be humbled. Are we covetous? We must become bountiful. Are we revengeful? We must become forgiving. Are we irritable? We must become patient. Are we wilful? We must become tractable and submissive. Is this easy? Is any part of it easy? In the light of such considerations we can

perceive the meaning of the words, “Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life;” “War a good warfare;” “Put on the whole armour of God.” The Christian life is difficult and toilsome; and what is to make it otherwise? When men are weary with some great work, and feel their energies to be failing within them, they fly to some stimulant which shall help them forward for some little while longer. But we have a healthier, because surer and more permanent, remedy for spiritual languor. Nay, we have that by which such languor may be prevented. “Be filled with the Spirit”—the Spirit of Holiness, of Life, and of Power. The Spirit never faints, and is never weary; and, “filled with the Spirit,” His exhaustless energy will be ours, and the “yoke” of Christ will be “easy,” and His “burden” will be “light.”

Think of temptation and of trial. Suppose your lot is smooth and comfortable. How hard it is for a man whose path is strewn with flowers and brightened by the warm sunshine to endorse this, which, after all—taking the true analysis—is the true verdict concerning merely worldly good,—“Vanity of vanities! All is vanity.” In the time of our worldly prosperity we may *say* this, but only the man who is “filled with the Spirit” will say it, at such a time, in such a way as to show that he intelligently and heartily believes it. Suppose, on the contrary, that your life is chequered and saddened by adversity. Some sweet, sacred hope has been blighted. Some noble ambition has been thwarted. Your work is not congenial, and yet you cannot get away from it. You feel that somehow things are all wrong—that “the time is out of joint”—that you are out of your element. Your resources are limited, and uncertain withal. Your health is feeble, and duty is exacting. Such a time is one of trial and of temptation. It is delusive to think that adversity has an intrinsic power to make men and women humble, to wean them from the world, to bring them near to God, and to force them to seriousness of life. It may do something in that direction under certain conditions; but there are other, and by no means uncommon, conditions in which it does just the opposite. Adversity often hardens the heart; makes people morose, and sceptical, and bitter, instead of making them gentle, and trustful, and devout. Only those who are “filled with the Spirit” will come forth from the fires of affliction and of sorrow “as gold seven times purified.”

Moreover, we have our Christian example to set, and our Christian work to do; and we find this double obligation beset with difficulties

on every side. It is not easy to make our piety apparent without making it ostentatious; to "let our light so shine before men" as the sun shines, quietly, noiselessly, without Pharisaism, "so that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven." But, "filled with the Spirit," we shall move along our path consistently, steadily, and lustrously withal—so sound at heart that our outward life may be trustfully left to shape itself very much as it will; and men will see that "we have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him." It is not easy to persist in working for the Great Master in the face of worldly opposition, and still less so in the face of the hostility, or the fickleness, or the apathy of those who ought to work zealously with us. But, "filled with the Spirit," we shall rise to the height of a heroic consecration, saying, "My duty shall be done, whoever else may fail," and it *will* be done.

This, then, is our Whitsuntide lesson. "Be filled with the Spirit." Let the heart be opened so that the Spirit may enter, as the light and the pure, free air pass into a darkened and close apartment by the opening of the doors and windows. Long, pray, and wait for the Spirit, as did the disciples during the days that preceded the Pentecost; and the gift shall be yours as truly as it was theirs. The outward phenomena may not be repeated, but the inward reality will not be withheld; and, having that, you will gloriously triumph.

The Dublin Tragedy.



WE shall not dilate upon the horror with which we were stricken by the news of the diabolical murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on the evening of the 6th of May. The details of the terrible event have been given by the newspapers with all possible minuteness, and in all their harrowing power. Happily, the elasticity of human nature, especially when sustained by the grace of God, allows of a recovery from the stunning effects of even so fierce a blow. We are unutterably thankful that the emotion of vengeance which this double assassination has excited has been reserved, for the most part, for the perpetrators of the crime, and has not extended to the Irish nation at large, or even to that part of it which has of late been more or less given up to rebellion and anarchy. Vengeance is not always sufficiently discriminative, and, taking

even civilised human nature as we commonly find it, it would not have been surprising if every abettor of the Land League had been accounted responsible for the atrocious deed which has startled and horrified the world. Unfortunately, that notorious association, with many plausible excuses for the agitation which it has set up, has not been as loyal to law as it might have been. It has connived at crime and outrage, even if it has not formally and intentionally counselled it; and, in the remembrance of its inflammatory advocacy, it ought not to wonder at the darkest deeds which have been enacted. We are unwilling to believe, however, that those deeds have entered into its programme, and have no doubt of the sincerity of its leaders in their emphatic repudiation of them. At the time at which we write, the Dublin assassins have not been identified. We trust they will not escape. The general impression amongst cool-judging persons is that they were Irishmen from America, instigated by a revolutionary spirit at once blind and ferocious, abandoned to lawlessness, and fiendishly delighting in blood. That human nature is capable of such inhumanity is mysterious enough; but facts are stubborn things, and there have been creatures in human form with whom tigers might favourably compare. Such monsters are beyond the pale even of mercy; and the law of self-preservation demands that they be tracked to their hiding-places and summarily dispatched. But we unfeignedly rejoice in the noble restraint which public sentiment has put upon itself under the tremendous provocation which has arisen from this last and most revolting crime by which the soil of Ireland has been stained. Even the Conservative zealots were at first not altogether unwilling to dissociate the atrocity from the more open promoters of the Land League agitation; and if their mood in relation to the matter has become less just, the change is to be ascribed to the pressure of purely party interests to which they have been too ready to yield. They now attack the Government and its supporters upon the transparently false pretence that the condonation of the murders is shown by the release of the principal suspects and the legislative settlement of the question of rent-arrears, and that this "new departure" is the result of an unpatriotic and treacherous compact between the Government and the Land League—a compact which makes the Government the defeated party, and that, too, with its own deliberate consent. The Tories could unscrupulously coquette with the Irish leaders as long as it answered their purpose to do so. Events have turned the scale, and their chagrin spits out its venom upon the Parnellites and the Government equally.

"There is a silver lining to every cloud," and "the deed of horror" has brought to the surface a strength and a beauty of Christian sentiment which will be the wonder and admiration of after days. The most resplendent examples of this are found in the families which have had most bitterly to mourn. How patiently, how resignedly, and how hopefully have they suffered! We linger entranced upon the words which Lady F. Cavendish wrote to Lord Spencer:—"I should be very glad if there be any means of letting it be known in Ireland, so as to have some good effect, that I would never grudge the sacrifice of my darling's life if only it leads to the putting down of the frightful spirit of evil in the land. He would never have grugged it if he could have hoped that his death would do more

than his life. There does seem some hope of this, and you are doing all you can to keep down that dreadful danger of panic and blind vengeance." In those noble words there breathes the essential spirit of the Saviour. Shall they prove to have been written in vain? It was in the same spirit that Lord Spencer himself saw the possibility that the evil which had been done might be transmuted into good. "Let it be known in this country," he said, "that Englishmen are determined to do justice to Ireland, and to promote her welfare with a devotion equal to, but not surpassing, that which has been so tragically cut down. Then from the darkest night may rise a bright day." Lord F. Cavendish himself knew the risks he incurred by his acceptance of office, and, ere he left for Dublin, spoke of them in terms which sounded like the utterance of a presentiment of the tragedy which so speedily happened. Yet he was glad to go with his message of peace, and did not shrink from the sacrifice which it might only too surely involve. Politics of the higher order has its martyrs as well as religion, and our own day has not been without them. Their death thrills the nations with horror; but it is not so much waste of life. It is too nearly akin to the sacrifice of the Cross for that. Fenian ferocity and Tory spite will spoil the hopeful possibilities which have emanated from the noble blood which has been so recently shed, if they can; but we trust that, under God, these foul machinations will be confounded, and that poor Ireland may now start on a happier career.

The Liberation Society.



THE annual meetings of this Society have now for some years had their recognised place in the great May gatherings of the metropolis; and those recently held were fully up to the mark in point of earnestness and efficiency. The Report presented to the Council at the Cannon Street Hotel was crowded with facts of the most encouraging description, and the tone both at the Council meeting and at the public meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle was confident, even to the altitude of exultation. To the evening meeting Mr. Spurgeon sent a characteristic letter, which trenchantly dealt with the question of Disestablishment on its religious side. In a few telling sentences he set the whole matter forth, both as one of Christian principle, and as one to which the circumstances of the day lend special significance. "Here," said he, "is a Church of Christ which surrenders itself to the State. Its bishops are appointed by the rulers of a worldly kingdom; and, as for itself, it cannot wear the ribbon or leave it off without Cæsar's permission." What more need be said to convince an unbiassed mind of the wrong which such a condition of things must inflict upon the religion of our Divine Lord? This ecclesiastical slavery is patent to every observer; it is a shame and an outrage, and ought to be abolished

forthwith. Well might Mr. Spurgeon go on to remark : "It is a mercy that some few of her sons" (the sons of "the Church") "find this fetter too galling. The mystery is that they should continue to wear it when the door to Christian liberty is open. . . . More strength to the arm of those true friends of the Church of England who would establish her by disestablishment, and enrich her by disendowment." This is the goal to which sentiment in the Church is rapidly tending—Disestablishment without Disendowment, if possible ; but, if otherwise, Disestablishment, whatever the pecuniary cost may be. In Scotland public opinion seems to be even more ripe for the consummation so devoutly to be wished than it is in England, and Mr. Peddie's incisive motion on the subject was elaborately expounded and eloquently enforced. Mr. Carvell Williams gave a graphic picture of the situation of the English Church as affected by the controversy respecting the imprisonment of Mr. Green, by the discussion on the union of the Church with the State at the Newcastle Church Congress, by the cropping up of the tithes question in various forms, and by the formation of a Curates' Alliance for protection against the autocratic power of the beneficed clergy, for an augmentation of their stipends, and for the improvement of their status in the Church. All these circumstances seem to be conspiring together to involve the Church in embarrassments with which Parliament will find it difficult, and probably undesirable, to deal, which must become, sooner or later, intolerable, and extrication from which is consequently only possible through the medium of such a complete disestablishment as shall leave the Church free to order her own affairs according to her own best judgment. Every year the advance to this issue quickens its pace, and we know of nothing which could keep the question from the front if only the terrible Irish difficulty were out of the way.

Correspondence.

THE EVANGELISTIC PROBLEM.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.



EAR SIR,—It is most devoutly to be hoped that the interesting and valuable paper by Mr. Scholefield in your April number on the Evangelistic problem will turn the serious thoughts of your readers to one of the most difficult and important questions affecting the Church of Christ.

The census of attendances at churches and chapels, taken in about eighty centres of population, has revealed a fact for which perhaps few were prepared. Whilst, during the last thirty years, churches and chapels have multiplied to an unprecedented extent, the actual number of attendants would seem to have decreased. This fact proves that something more than the erection of buildings and improvement in church architecture is necessary to draw the masses to public worship ; and suggests the question whether the forms of public

worship have the charm for *professedly Christian people* they are generally supposed to have ; for *their* less frequent or general attendance is, I fear, one cause of the small numbers revealed by the census. From some cause or causes, the public means of grace have not the power to attract they once had. On all hands complaints are heard of *once a day* attendance. Many avowedly go to church or chapel *for the sake of example*, not for the pleasure to be derived. Dissatisfaction with the service is constantly being expressed ; *short pastorates* prevail ; deacons, on the removal of a pastor, are inundated with applications from, or on behalf of, ministers wishing a change. All sorts of questionable excitement, such as entertainments, concerts, oratorios, services of song, announcements of sermons with grotesque or taking titles, or others yet more objectionable, are had recourse to in order to keep up the congregation or make up the funds. Thoughtful, intelligent, godly ministers find it more and more difficult to retain their position, and almost impossible to obtain an invitation to any new charge. The general rage seems to be for the man who will fill the pews and keep up the finances. These facts are patent. The causes may not be so patent, or we may not be willing to perceive them. The subject demands the careful and prayerful consideration of all who sincerely desire the purity and growth of the Church of Christ.

It must be allowed by all that, to meet the wants of the masses perishing around us, our church agencies are ineffective, if not absolutely powerless. The masses do not come to our places of worship ; and we do not wonder at it. They feel that in their dress and circumstances they would not be welcomed, and, if provided with seats, they would be consigned to the gallery or free benches. They are uncomfortable in our chapels, and prefer the freedom and equality they find in the mission hall. But it is also true that if the masses were to come they would not be welcomed, perhaps not tolerated. The pews are rented by those who rent them for themselves and friends, and if not fully occupied the owners would shrink from an unwashed street arab at his side. The announcement as a text of the words of James, in regard to the man with a gold ring in goodly apparel being told to sit here in a good place, and the poor man in vile raiment being told to stand there or sit under the footstool, would, by its very appropriateness, startle many a respectable congregation and much disturb their complacency. It may be quite right for a Christian church to enjoy their own vine and figtree and eat the fruit thereof, but do not let them talk about their care for the masses unless, once at least, on the Sunday they are prepared to welcome them into their pews, and willing that the sermon should be for them, or else provide for them some hall or suitable place in which their ministers and others may make known the way of life to these destitute and perishing folk.

But to open their pews or provide a hall for these masses is not enough. Something more is necessary. The Salvation Army is doing a good work in exciting their attention and bringing them into their halls ; but something more, which the Salvation Army cannot supply, is needed. The people need the sympathy of Christians ; they need instruction which they cannot get from addresses or sermons ; they require to be visited at their miserable homes by those who can kindly and tenderly, without offensive condescension, enter into their circum-

stances, their surroundings, their temptations, their difficulties, and win their confidence. They require to be gathered into some Bible class by a teacher who will draw them out and let them give utterance to their thoughts and difficulties, who will treat them as men and brethren, and *attract* rather than *drive* them to Christ. If Christians would do this Christ-like work, if ministers would train their people for this work, and be willing that they should vacate their pews once a day to do it, the wide gulf between the street arabs and Christian society would be bridged over, multitudes would be turned from courses of vice and sin, and joy would result to Christians and Christ. Unfortunately this is not the work that pleases, that attracts observation, or that is much encouraged. Some deacons, not all, are unwilling that the strength of the church should thus be diverted from strictly home purposes; and some ministers, but not all, are not willing for work to be undertaken that is not under their control, or that would interfere with the attendance of church members at the Sunday evening service; but it is a work that must be done, and for which ministers must train their churches, if the health and efficiency of the churches is to be maintained. The Church of Christ must not be eaten up by its selfishness; and a more complete spectacle of selfishness can scarcely be presented than a professedly Christian congregation in their well-cushioned pews, in easy composure listening to sermons which neither tax their mental powers nor disturb their repose, and praying for the conversion of sinners around them for whose welfare they never make any direct personal effort.

To get at the masses and acquire their confidence and respect will not be found difficult, if attempted in an earnest, loving spirit. If properly sought, entrance into the hovels of the lowest and most depraved is easily obtained. Kindness will attract the meanest to the Bible-class. To draw out their thoughts and objections to religion will be comparatively easy, and, if they are treated as intelligent beings and equals, to remove these objections will be as easy; and if at the hall the conventionalities of the pulpit are discarded, sermons of plain common sense in simple every-day language will meet with attentive and candid hearers. The work is attended with little or no danger; the roughest and vilest will appreciate kindness and sympathy, and will blush to render injury or insult to the feeblest worker; and under the thickest coverings of vice grateful and impassible hearts will be found.

A few weeks since I was present at a tea-meeting of a class of youths and men, from fifteen to fifty years of age, gathered together by a young Christian lady in one of our large towns, in a neighbourhood not surpassed in vice and wickedness by that of St. Giles or the Seven Dials. They numbered about 120. Some of them had been in jail; many of them had been confirmed drunkards. About seventy of them through the winter were generally present at a Bible meeting on the Sunday afternoons; and at a similar meeting one evening in the week, about fifty would be present; and a similar number at a night school, at which several ladies assisted, on another evening. She had obtained a library of *instructive* books, of which the scholars greedily devoured the contents. These meetings were free from all excitement; no entertainments, no music, nothing but Bible instruction. There was not a single abode of any member of the class that the

teacher had not visited, and there was not much in the circumstances of many that they had not told her. If at any time any one was unruly, he was expelled for a time from the class, and that was considered a severe punishment, and on the first opportunity the culprit generally returned. Frequently she had gone into public-houses in search of backsliders, and led them away to their homes; and there is scarcely a house in the neighbourhood which she had visited into which she had not found eventually a hearty welcome. On the Sunday evening she will frequently accompany thirty or forty of them to a mission hall, sit in their midst, and secure their quiet attention to the sermon or address. In the class there are about a dozen of whose decided conversion she is hopeful, whom she meets on the Sunday morning for prayer and free conversation on religious subjects. For this work I do not imagine that this young lady has any special qualification, except love for souls, an intelligent knowledge of the Word of God, an utter disregard for all conventionalisms, and readiness to own and speak, without any false shame, to any member of her class at any time or in any place. Hundreds equally qualified might surely be found in our churches; and if they only caught her spirit and did a similar work, how abundant would be the harvest! What a glorious Salvation Army would thus be enlisted, who might carry the battle into Satan's camp and overturn the strongholds of vice!

There is a common fallacy lurking about the phrase "the public worship of God," and the notion that the religion of the land can be gauged by attendances at church or chapel. The unconverted may attend our chapels, but they cannot worship God, and such attendance may aid them in self-delusion, and be as ruinous to their souls as the Ritualism of the Church of England or the Church of Rome. God is a spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Christians may unite in prayer and praise, and by Christian fellowship mutually benefit and strengthen one another; but true, complete Christian worship is something more than listening to sermons and prayers and singing hymns. The worship of God, as taught in the New Testament, and there called "our reasonable service" (*λατρεία*), is the consecration of our bodies as living sacrifices, and such sacrifices God demands. **WORK IS WORSHIP, AND LABOUR FOR CHRIST AND SOULS IS PRAISE.** How small a proportion of the members of our churches realise this! Does one in five do any real work for Christ? To give money is comparatively easy, especially when it only means saving less, and not any real sacrifice; but to devote time and health, to sacrifice pleasure and comfort, to endure fatigue and reproach, is a very different and much more arduous thing. But to do this will be to follow Jesus, to tread in His footsteps, to enter into His glory and joy. When this is realised the Church of Christ will be healthy, vigorous, and a power on this earth, and the world will be brought to Christ. **AND NOT TILL THEN.**

AN AGED DISCIPLE.

Reviews.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE RELIGIOUS TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND. By S. R. Pattison. CHILDREN'S FLOWERS, THE FRIENDS OF THEIR RAMBLES AND PLAY. WONDERS UNDER THE EARTH. By Jane Besemeres. AFTER TWENTY YEARS : a Story of Patient Hope. LITTLE RUBY'S CURL ; or, Tom Foster, the Railway Porter. By Helen J. Eastwood. FIELD COURT ; or, Who Maketh Thee to Differ ? LITTLE STROKES FELL GREAT OAKS. HARRY BLAKE'S TROUBLE. By the Author of "Ben Holt's Good Name," "George Wayland," &c. THE BLIND BOY OF THE ISLAND. By the Author of "Ursula's Promise." LUCY MILLER'S GOOD WORK. By the Author of "Ursula's Promise." THE HAPPY RESOLVE, and other Sketches. THE SUNNY VALLEY, and other Tales. HUNGERING AND THIRSTING. By the Author of "Willie and Lucy at the Sea-side," &c. CHARLEY'S LOG : a Story of School-boy Life. By the Author of "Soldier Fritz and the Enemies he Fought," &c. COUSIN JACK'S ADVENTURES. HERBERT AND HIS SISTER ; or, Not in One Shoe. THE PATCHED FROCK : a Story of a School Feast. By the Author of "The Herring Boat," &c. THE CHINA CUP ; or, Ellen's Trial : a Worcestershire Story. TALKS WITH UNCLE MORRIS. By Old Humphrey. GOLDEN, GOLDEN, ALL GOLDEN, and other Stories. By Mrs. Prosser. THE SPAR-

ROW ON THE HOUSETOP, and WISHING AND WANTING. By Mrs. Prosser. WITHOUT INTENDING IT ; or, John Tincroft, Bachelor and Benedict. By G. E. Sargent.

WE can do little more than call the attention of our readers, and especially the younger portion of them, to this long list of publications, all of which have our unqualified approbation. They are not of equal merit, nor are they all equally interesting ; but they are all excellent in their way, and are sure to diffuse wholesome influences wherever they are read. Some of them are specially attractive. The two little volumes by Mrs. Prosser are amongst the best of the story-books ; and the best of these stories, to our thinking, is "Peter Duckett, the Cobbler," which appears in the series with the heading, "Golden, Golden, all Golden." "Harry Blake's Trouble" vividly illustrates the evil consequences of a false sense of honour. "In Hungering and Thirsting" we have a poor child who picks up a piece of torn paper from the pavement which contains the words, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst." She is puzzled ; but observation and experience, combined with wise teaching, ultimately make the mystery plain. The story has touching incidents, and ends well. We may see from it how the Spirit of God makes the simplest means helpful to the spiritual enlightenment of the most ignorant. Only half a text may be enough to start the mind on a course

which shall lead to the Saviour. In "Herbert and his Sister" we trace the subdual of a spirit of discontent—first to the extent of making the prospect of death attractive, and afterwards in reconciling to the ills of life; the beautiful transformation being wrought by the Gospel as taught by gentle, tender-hearted Christian sisters. "The Patched Frock" depicts the remorse occasioned by a mean and dishonest action, and cured, together with the bad character from which the action sprang, by the Christian generosity of the child to whom the wrong was done. But we have not space to characterise each one of the works before us. "Without Intending It" is a tale of much larger bulk, and much higher literary pretensions—perhaps here and there a little too chatty for a story of so grave a character, with not much of the romantic, somewhat tame, but yet well worth reading as pointing out the disadvantages which are more or less sure to be attendant upon mere passive goodness of nature, and the need of a well-trained, high-principled, and active will in the pursuits and circumstances of life. "Children's Flowers" is a work of real beauty, and of great value in view of the specific aim of its author. It is not scientific in the formal, technical sense; but it is highly instructive, and children of some intelligence and taste will study it with unflinching delight. Its object is "to excite their wonder and admiration, to cultivate their powers of observation, to increase their love of flowers, and so to help them to read the messages of God in nature." These twenty-three chapters will give our young people an insight into the floral beauties which abound in our fields and hedgerows by which they must be at once charmed and benefited.

The work is got up with a purity of taste befitting its theme. "Wonders under the Earth" consists of pleasant conversations on a great variety of subjects which are comprised under the general title—Fossils, Rocks, Wells and Springs, Precious Stones and Metals, Precious Relics, The Catacombs, &c. The talk is discursive, but never tedious, and many interesting and useful facts turn up in the course of it.—"The Religious Topography of England." Few places in our country are entirely destitute of some incidents in the lives of those who have dwelt in them which might contribute their quota to a history of the development of the religious life of the nation. Mr. Pattison has brought together a great number of facts, many of them from out-of-the-way and humble sources, with which it is an advantage to be acquainted. Probably the number might be considerably increased; but Mr. Pattison has accumulated some hundreds, to which an easy arrangement has been given. He wisely remarks that "it is in the obscurer walks of life that we often find the best illustration of the forces which have secretly but effectually shaped our national religious life."

We have some other publications of the Religious Tract Society before us which we hardly know how to classify, but which we are also glad to recommend. Mrs. Walton's "Christie's Old Organ; or, Home, Sweet Home," is issued for a penny, and "A Peep behind the Scenes," by the same author, for threepence; both of them effectively illustrated. We have also thirteen parts of the serial entitled "Friendly Greetings," which retains all its charming and wholesome qualities to the full, and which should have a welcome to every English home. A packet of beautifully

printed and illustrated leaflet specimens, and one of superbly embossed texts still further attest the energy with which the society carries on its work. Literature at once so well presented, so wholesome, and so cheap cannot have a too rapidly increasing popularity.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

By the Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones.
Second Edition. Hamilton, Adams,
and Co., Paternoster Row.

TWELVE months ago we had the pleasure of recommending this volume. A second edition of such a work may be regarded as a sufficient recommendation in itself. The discourses are worthy of the important themes they discuss—pure in doctrine, clear in thought, vigorous in expression, with much of freshness and something of originality. Ministers may read them with advantage, but they should not be read by ministers alone.

JONAH AND HIS MISSION. Expository Sermons. By James Menzies.
London: Elliot Stock.

THE charm which all intelligent readers have discerned in this brief prophetic writing has been keenly felt by the author of this small volume, and has given to his pages an interest and a power which are frequently lacking in works of larger bulk and more ambitious aim. He has written on a theme with which he is in thorough sympathy, and brought to its discussion the resources of a well-read and carefully disciplined mind. Though his pages are not burdened with endless foot-notes, it is evident that Mr. Menzies has acquainted himself with the best that has been

thought and said on the history of the earliest of the prophets. He discusses each subject with clearness of perception, soundness of judgment, and generosity of heart. His exposition is fresh and suggestive, and his application of its lessons to the needs of our own day is forcible and pointed. He writes with great ease and simplicity. His sermons are very beautiful, and we trust his publication of them will be in every sense successful.

MICAH ; with Notes and Introduction.

By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A.
London: Cambridge Warehouse, 17,
Paternoster Row. 1882.

IN the short compass of sixty pages Mr. Cheyne has embodied the results of recent Biblical research, and preserved the cream of the most earnest thought on the prophecy of Micah. Although Micah is one of the minor prophets, he occupied an important place in the development of the religion of Israel. As a younger contemporary of Isaiah, he was probably a diligent student of his writings. The resemblances between the two are too patent to be overlooked, and are none the less striking because of the diversities which are also discernible. Mr. Cheyne has succinctly depicted the social and religious condition of Judah during the time of Micah's prophetic labours, and has happily illustrated the characteristics of his style, its fervour, its imaginative boldness, its vividness and energy, and its forcible rhythm. His exegetical notes are terse and lucid, his historical illustrations are apposite, and he has admirably caught "the informing spirit" of this beautiful book. This is one of

the works on which we cannot set too high a value.

THE TRUTH OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AS ESTABLISHED BY MIRACLES. By Ram Chandra Bose. Religious Tract Society.

THERE is a tendency just now to undervalue the evidential force of miracles in the argument for the truth of Christianity. This tendency is observable not only amongst those by whom the Divine origin and authority of Christianity are challenged, but also amongst those who rank themselves on the side of an implicit and hearty faith. They extend the doctrine of supernaturalism so widely and so far that neither within its range nor beyond it do they leave any scope for the distinctively miraculous. This is surely a mistake. Jesus Christ undoubtedly wished His miracles to be understood as attesting His mission and as establishing His claims. Accordingly, we are glad to meet with a thoroughly intelligent, comprehensive, and cogent work on this important subject. Such a work we have in the volume before us. Our interest in the volume is heightened by the fact that its author, the Babu Ram Chandra Bose, is "a convert of the Free Church of Scotland Institution in Calcutta, founded by Dr. Duff." The Preface supplies a few of the main incidents and occupations of his life, and prepares us to confide in his skill, fidelity, and energy as a defender of "the faith once delivered to the saints." The book itself consists of seventeen lectures, which show him to be a man of splendid reasoning powers, with his Oriental fancy well under control, thoroughly acquainted with most of the standard Western literature which bears upon his

theme, and skilful in his endeavour, as well as relentless in his determination, to expose the false and to vindicate the true. Under his management the subject loses its dryness. He marshals his facts in admirable order, and presents his arguments with perfect clearness. These 420 eloquent and learned pages provide an excellent antidote to some of the forms of the current Agnosticism. The more widely and carefully they are read the better.

A SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.
By Dr. J. A. Dorner. Translated by Rev. Alfred Cave, B.A., Principal of Hackney College, and Rev. J. S. Banks, Professor of Theology, Wesleyan College, Leeds. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1882.

THE current issue of Messrs. Clark's "Foreign Theological Library" completes Dorner's great work on Christian doctrine. A great work in every sense it assuredly is. It displays vast erudition, profound philosophical insight, subtlety of thought, and a resolute grappling with the position of opponents. Following as it does two such masterpieces as "The History of Protestant Theology" and "The History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ," we are surprised at its thoroughness, its comprehensiveness of range, and its full and many-sided power. Had it been the work of an entire lifetime, it would have been a monument of marvellous industry and rare scholarship. It is a tribute alike to the genius, the learning, and the untiring perseverance of its author. No book of greater worth has as yet been issued in the "Library" of which it forms a part.

The third and fourth volumes of the work are probably of more general interest than their predecessors, though not really of higher importance. They carry us across the threshold of the Christian faith into its inner sanctuary of truth, and enable us to contemplate its profoundest mysteries. The foundations having been carefully laid, the superstructure is here built upon them, and stands before us in fair and stately proportions. The earlier volumes deal with all questions relating to the existence of God, the possibility and need of a supernatural revelation, and the more specific need of redemption. The present volumes are more fully occupied with the contents of the Divine revelation—human sin in its relations to the Divine government, Christology, Soteriology, Ecclesiology, and Eschatology. The doctrine of the Person of Christ is treated with the minute accuracy, as well as with the masterly comprehensiveness, we might expect from one who had already given us our ablest modern treatise on the subject. The section dealing with this problem furnishes effective and conclusive arguments, not only against the naturalism of Strauss, Paulus, Baur, &c., but equally against the more specious dogmas of Arianism and the religious aestheticism of modern Unitarians. Dorner's keen insight and vigorous logic have illustrated with remarkable freshness the validity of the Evangelical conception of Christ, and proved that our views of His person form the key to the ultimate solution of all other problems. Christ is Himself our Christianity, and with the surrender of our faith in Him as God-Man it would be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain our theistic conceptions of the origin, the government, and the destiny of the world. The

doctrine of the Atonement, again, is reviewed in connection both with its Biblical foundations and its correspondences and ramifications in human life. This section is of special value, and should tend to arrest the laxity of creed which is becoming fashionable even among Evangelical theologians. Dorner differs but little from the ordinary Lutheran in the results to which his investigations lead him; but his spirit throughout is that of Schleiermacher, whose philosophy, especially in its appeal to human consciousness and the importance attached to its needs and decisions, he has so largely followed. In the division on the Church there is a section devoted to baptism with which we cannot agree. Its discussion would require at least as many pages as the few lines we can here give to it. As a philosophical defence of infant baptism we have read nothing of equal ability, and its tone is as manly and candid as we could desire. Its main defect—a defect that invalidates the whole—is that it is philosophical rather than Biblical. Its position is not determined by the question, What saith the Scripture? but by *a priori* reasonings, ingenious probabilities, and answers to human needs devised by man rather than authorised by God.

We stated in our notice of the first volume of this work the limitations under which we accepted Dorner's appeal to consciousness and the dangers which are involved in an injudicious use of it. Our opinion on that point remains unchanged, but we are in a position to affirm now, what we could only hope for then, that in no case has this philosophy been unwisely employed, and that, while we cannot endorse all that has been advanced in the course of these four volumes, it is

pleasing to find that on most points we are in hearty accord with this great theologian, and that he has furnished so striking a proof that the teachings and demands of the Bible are thoroughly in harmony with the needs and aspirations of man, essential to his progress and the exclusive means of his perfection.

The translation has been executed with care and skill. The rendering of a work so abstruse and often so involved in style can have been no easy task, and could not have been so effectively done had it not been regarded as a labour of love. English readers are under no small obligation to Principal Cave and Professor Banks for the pains they have taken and the conscientiousness they have displayed. To Mr. Cave, who has, as we infer, had the main responsibility, we offer our special congratulations. As he has borne so large a share in doing "the next best thing" to which he alludes in his Preface, we trust he will, before long, do the best thing itself, and give us a book of his own of equal worth with that which he published some years ago.

THE SCHOOL HYMNAL TUNE BOOK.

Edited by John Adcock. E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

THE General Baptist Publication Board some time ago issued a "School Hymnal" which received a favourable notice in our columns. A collection of tunes for that volume has now appeared which is worthy of equal praise. The one is an appropriate companion to the other. Amongst these tunes we notice, with a goodly number of old favourites, not a few that are new, many of which we suppose to have been specially contributed to this work. Amongst these

latter we find twenty-nine which bear the name of the editor, and most of which deserve the place assigned to them. Several have been inserted by permission from "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and some other well-known sources, whilst the more celebrated composers, as is meet, figure conspicuously. At our first inspection we feared that the music was generally too abstruse for the class of singers for whom it has been provided; but, should this objection turn out to be well founded, we would not urge it after the mass of musical twaddle with which our schools have been deluged of late. Besides, the musical education of our young people is greatly in advance of what it was a few years ago.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. May.

Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Paternoster Square.

THE April number of this magazine for preachers has not reached us, which is the more to be regretted because of the gaps which the break has occasioned in the sermon-series on "The Prayers of Christ" by the Rev. B. Wilkinson, in some of the expository papers, and in the "symposium" on "The Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement." The May number, however, presents the usual attractions. The Rev. J. Page Hopps does not seem to us to apprehend the teaching of Scripture on the subject of "Atonement," but he writes on that subject in a manner superior to that of the average Unitarians of our day. We are specially interested in an essay by the Rev. J. P. Allen, M.A., entitled "Parrhesia, or Pulpit Boldness," the second instalment of which appears in the present num-

ber, and which is characterised by thinking and writing of a very high order.

SPIRITUAL POWER FOR MISSIONARY WORK. By the Rev. Griffith John, Missionary to China. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

MR. JOHN'S powerful appeal for China has already been noticed in our pages. In the exposition before us we are led to the supreme source of missionary power. It is from the Holy Ghost that, in our missionary work, we derive our spiritual illumination, holiness, unity, and joy, and consequently our power of dealing with human souls, and of pleading with God on their behalf. Then follows the discussion of three questions—First, "Are we filled with the Holy Ghost, and do the churches of these days enjoy a fulness of the Spirit that can be compared with that enjoyed by the Church of the apostolic age?" Second, "Is a new Pentecost possible to us?" Third, "How is this fulness of the Spirit, this baptism of power, to be obtained?" These questions are answered as an earnest, heroic, Christian with a deep insight into the teachings of the Word of God might be expected to answer them. Associated with this stirring discourse we have an impassioned address delivered by the author ten years ago in Surrey Chapel, based on the words, "Come over and help us."

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.
Parts 12 and 13. Ward, Lock, & Co.

WE hope our readers are availing themselves of this admirable and cheap edition of Dr. Clarke's great work,

which is sure to retain a high place in the rapidly increasing mass of Biblical literature to which it belongs. The two numbers before us carry the student forward to the 15th Psalm.

THE DAY OF REST: a Coloured Magazine of Sunday Reading for the Family. February. Strahan & Co.

JUDGING from the specimen before us, we have nothing but praise for the subject-matter of this periodical. It contains the first two chapters of "The Lord's Pursebearer," by Hesba Stretton; "Christ at Emmaus," by the author of "The First Christmas;" "The Parable of the Prodigal Son," by the Vicar of Lowmeads; some fine poetic gems, and a number of other articles, all true, beautiful, and good. The printing is excellent, but the cover and illustrations are, to us, simply hideous. They are meant, we suppose, as a concession to the æsthetic whim of the day, which, in our judgment, is about as unsightly as it can be.

SHORT PAPERS ON GREAT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. Dublin: Alexander Robertson, 3, Grafton Street. London: Nisbet & Co.

SOME of the "papers" in this volume, which is published at a shilling, have appeared, the author tells us, "in the pages of a weekly contemporary." We had not met with them before, but we are heartily glad to meet with them now. They deal with very momentous and pressing questions; and, whilst having the perfect ring of what we should designate a genuine orthodoxy, they are thoroughly unconventional

and original. Their author is not enslaved to the mere letter of Scripture, but is actuated by a healthy reverence for its authority, and seems to have a deep insight into its real teaching. There is no inconsiderate thinking—no rash writing. Yet the views taken are independent, bold, and free—not as towards the Word of God, but as towards the opinions of men; whilst the language is singularly transparent, vigorous, racy, and telling. The interest is rather heightened than otherwise by one speciality, to which the writer alludes in the prefatory words: “Whilst they have the very widest significance, it will be observed that these Papers have been written with special reference to the present state of Ireland.” They discuss the following topics:—“Christian Union,” “The Apostolical Succession,” “Apostolicity,” “Pentecost,” “Miracles,” “The Divine Standard,” “Sanctification,” “The Trumpet Call of Prophecy,” “The Coming of the Lord,” “The Present Distress.” We have in these eloquent pages a high ideal of the Christian character and life; and many intimations, not uncharitably, but yet faithfully, given as to the extent to which the general body of Christians in our day fall short of that ideal. The author is no pessimist; at the same time he is a faithful admonitor. He anticipates a splendid future for Christianity and for man. He makes many startling statements—startling, however, chiefly because the principles involved in them have been long forgotten. In the latter part of the work he argues with great force against the pre-millennial Advent theory, contending that it is based upon a total misapprehension of the Scripture passages pleaded in its favour, and that it is distinctly disproved by other pas-

sages which are seldom noticed as having any bearing upon it. The value of the book is not to be estimated by its price. It is worth twenty times as much as many a half-guinea volume which we could name. We do not endorse its teaching throughout, but every Christian in the land would do well to give it a thoughtful and prayerful perusal.

OUTLINE MISSIONARY SERIES: (1) *Polynesia*, by Rev. S. J. Whitnee, F.R.G.S.; (2) *South Africa*, by Rev. James Sibree, F.R.G.S.; (3) *Female Missions in Eastern Lands*, by Mrs. Emma Raymond Pitman. London: John Snow & Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

THESE volumes form part of a series of missionary manuals which we introduced to the notice of our readers some months ago, and possess the same qualities of clearness, conciseness, and accuracy. They are written by experts, in a popular style, are thoroughly unsectarian in spirit, and bring down the information to the latest date. As the basis of addresses at missionary prayer-meetings and working parties, we know nothing more admirable.

TROPHIES OF GRACE. Narratives of Some of the Fruits of Labour for the Lord. By W. J. Lewis. London: Morgan & Scott.

MR. LEWIS is an earnest and indefatigable worker in connection with the Spitalfields Gospel Mission, and labours among the very lowest classes of the population. His success has been great, and the story he here tells is one which fills us with deep thankfulness, illus-

trating, as it does, the power of the Gospel to save the worst, and to bring peace and blessedness into the hearts of all. No one can read the book without being stimulated to more zealous evangelism.

We trust none of our readers are without it. The popular edition of "Farrar's Life of Christ" is very useful, but it ought not to supersede the illustrated edition, the numbers of which are now almost completed.

THE BIBLE EDUCATOR. New Serial Issue. Part I.

COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST. London : Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that Messrs. Cassell are issuing a new edition of their "Bible Educator" in monthly parts. The work has already won for itself a high position in our theological literature, and, although it is essentially popular in style, it is no less essentially scholarly, and its articles may be consulted with profit by the most advanced students. There is scarcely a subject of importance, either in the Old or the New Testament, on which it does not touch—the various books, their authorship, &c. ; the inspiration of the Bible, its geography, ethnology, psychology, and poetry ; its biographies, its plants, animals, minerals, Eastern manners and customs, and all that is really needful to an intelligent and consistent understanding of the Divine Word. The work is edited by Prof. Plumptre, and among the contributors are the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Farrar, Canon Rawlinson, Dr. Vaughan, Dr. S. G. Green, Dr. Samuel Cox, Prof. Moulton, and many others. No better guarantee of the excellence of the work could be given. It ought to be circulated by thousands, and doubtless will be. The serial issue of the "Commentary on the New Testament" has now reached the close of the Acts of the Apostles.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER. Selected Chiefly from Modern Writers. By W. E. Winks. Religious Tract Society.

THE idea of the compilation with which Mr. Winks has favoured those who need instruction and encouragement on the subject of prayer—and we suspect that the number of such is by no means small—was an exceedingly happy one, and he has worked it out very effectively. Such a book is likely to be more widely read and to do more good than a separate treatise of equal dimensions from any single author. It contains the thoughts of many of the most gifted minds and many of the saintliest spirits of modern times, admirably arranged in distinct divisions, so as to possess the character of a connected and logical series.

"The plan adopted presents first of all the *foundation for prayer* in the character of God, in the words, the example, and the mediation of Jesus Christ, and in the teaching of the sacred Scriptures. Then follow chapters in which prayer is *defined*, its *necessity* is advocated, and its *power to nourish the spiritual life* is set forth. The *practical and speculative difficulties* which often beset the path of devout and thoughtful men are presented next. To these a large proportion of space has been allotted, for it is precisely on account of these difficulties that the compiler has felt the urgency of the task he has undertaken in bringing these selections together

in this form. The sections which deal with the methods of prayer—private, domestic, and public, 'What to pray for' and 'How to pray'—stand next in order; and those which show the *results* of prayer close the series. Thus the student of this vital religious question has laid before him, in a comparatively small

compass, and with a great variety of detail, The Authority, The Nature, The Difficulties, The Methods, and The Results of Prayer."

This excellent production may be easily consulted through the medium of a copious and admirable index.

De Profundis.



SAID, "The primal curse is gorged,
The rolling planet swerves with wrong,
Why its polluted course prolong?
Is not, O God, already forged
The bolt that shatters it to nought?"

I said, "The ways of life are foul;
Virtue is hardly worth the strife;
Vice o'er the warp and weft of life
Broods ever, like a ravening ghoul,
Shaping to evil act and thought.

"Our souls are weary for the end;
Better at once the sum of all;
Better that instant doom should fall
Upon a race time cannot mend,—
That yet from worse to worse will go!"

Thus in despair of life I swept
Over the jarring chords of thought,
That to no wholesome sounds were wrought:
Into the place of God I leapt,
Seizing the right to judge and know.

Till, on a sudden, burst the cloud,
The bitterness of soul had passed,
And I awakening stood aghast
Lest on my spirit, fierce and proud,
Lay the inexpiable sin.

For not idolaters alone
They who to Baal bow the knee;
Gods of the spirit there may be:
Passions and senses we enthrone,
And to self-worship enter in.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1882.

The Late Rev. George Gould.



HE writer of this notice first saw Mr. Gould at the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union at Birmingham in 1864. He was then in the prime of life, and had for years been widely known as a man of noble endowments and of large culture, of benevolent sympathies and of sterling integrity, powerful in the pulpit and on the platform, and supremely devoted to the great cause of Christianity in all its manifold claims and bearings. His manly form, his handsome countenance, his pleasant voice, his easy utterance, the appositeness and force of his remarks, and, above all, the fine, healthy tone of evangelical spirituality which pervaded all that he said, made just the impression which might have been expected. Some observations which fell from him at the missionary meeting, on the Tuesday morning, touched the assembly to the very heart. They came in the course of an earnest and solemn discussion on the subject of Religious Revival and the need of a new baptism of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Gould's words were few, but they were weighty. He spoke under the influence of intense emotion, nobly controlled. In a dozen sentences he set forth the greatness of the blessing which was desired, the kind of prayerfulness which would obtain it, and the spiritual preparation which was needed for its enjoyment. That short address was enough to show, even to one who had not heard or seen him before, what manner of man he was—a gifted servant of Christ, enlightened, uncompro-

ming, consecrated to his Divine Master with the full consent of all his powers of thought, judgment, conscience, and affection. His intellectual superiority shone with unclouded clearness in the paper which he read at one of the sittings of the Union in Cannon Street Chapel on the same occasion, and which had for its subject, "Romanism and Rationalism;" and it was exceedingly interesting to watch the skill with which, without a trace of denominational bigotry or narrowness, he pointed out how these two forces, so hostile to pure Christianity, might be most effectually rebutted from the Baptist stand-point. Subsequent opportunities of seeing and hearing him deepened, but did not otherwise modify, the impression he then made.

Mr. Gould was born at Bristol on the 20th of September, 1818. His father was a china and glass dealer, who for some thirty years held the office of deacon in the church at Counterslip Chapel. In his boyhood he had the advantage of the tuition of Mr. Phillip, a school-master at Upper Easton, near Bristol. Mr. Phillip is described as "a most efficient instructor, who in after years could look with pride upon the number of men who received from him their intellectual training." With parents conspicuous for their piety, the youth was brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The Divine blessing rested upon the teaching and discipline which were administered to him, and at eighteen years of age he joined the Counterslip Church by baptism. He was in somewhat seriously enfeebled health at the time—so much so, that "the family doctor, anxious about his condition, attended his baptism to see him on coming out of the water." Most persons would have felt themselves justified, under such circumstances, in postponing the ceremony. Here was an instance of devotedness to principle regardless of results, combined, however, with such prudence as might prevent those results from being unnecessarily injurious; and those who knew Mr. Gould can testify that he was actuated by this high spirit of conscientious devotedness to duty throughout his life.

It soon became apparent that he possessed gifts and graces which fitted him for the Christian ministry, and on Sunday evening, December 24th, 1837, he preached his first sermon at Fishponds, from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly

pardon." Such was the key-note of an intensely evangelical ministry which was terminated only by his death, some forty-four years afterwards. In the September of 1838 he entered the Baptist College, Bristol, then under the presidency of the Rev. T. S. Crisp. The three years of his student life were diligently occupied in the cultivation of the powers, and in the acquirement of the various kinds of knowledge, which were needful for the efficient prosecution of his adopted work; and when they were over he became the pastor of the Baptist Church in Lower Abbey Street, Dublin. In 1843 he married the daughter of Samuel Pearce, Esq., of South Moulton, Devonshire.

In 1845 the committee of "The Baptist Irish Society" published an account of its origin, history, and prospects. To this account was prefixed "An Outline of the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," from Mr. Gould's pen, the worth of which may be inferred from the fact that it was described by the Committee as "a valuable epitome of information, not elsewhere to be gained without considerable labour and research, and highly creditable to the industry and talents of the writer." We regret that we have not seen this publication; but some idea of it may be derived from the following summary of the positions it sought to establish, which we find in a brief memoir of Mr. Gould, which was issued in Norwich immediately after his death:—

"The object of the work was to show that the early Irish Church was independent; that 'the religious character of the church was gradually lowered and eventually changed by an English monarch into a likeness to the papal church;' that 'no moral means were adopted to introduce Protestant doctrines among the Irish, but that, on the contrary, those doctrines were required to be received because they were sanctioned by Parliament;' that 'the native Irish were almost wholly neglected *in obedience to the laws*, and no adequate spiritual instruction furnished for them;' that 'confiscation of property and loss of life followed every attempt on the part of the Romanists to gain the ascendancy conferred on the Protestants;' that 'the rivalry of the Protestant sects for State patronage had the effect of deteriorating their piety, weakening their moral influence, and destroying their ultimate efficiency;' and that 'in freedom from all state alliance, patronage, and control, in the self-denying zeal of their members, excited by love to Christ,' would be 'found the surest guarantees of the spiritual peace, diligence, and success of the churches of Ireland.'"

The re-publication of this essay at the present time, written, as it was sure to be, in Mr. Gould's clear and forcible style, with its positions sustained by conclusive argument and by abundant references to trustworthy authorities, would be a timely contribution to the solution

of a problem which is agitating many minds. What are we English to do with Ireland? The land question is only a part of the difficulty. Settle that question, and the religious question will still remain. Protestant England can never believe that Ireland will be prosperous and happy so long as Romanism retains its hold upon so large a proportion of her population. The suppression of Romanism has been tried, and has failed, as was meet. The present disposition in some quarters is to go to the opposite extreme, and to suggest that Protestant Missions to Ireland should be withdrawn, and that Irish Romanism should receive Government patronage. It is intimated that Catholic schools should be assisted by the State, and that a Catholic University should be established with a State endowment of the professorships! Why not go the whole length, and endow the priesthood? Such a suggestion is enough to make a true-hearted Protestant shudder. We have disestablished the English Church in Ireland; let us address ourselves with redoubled zeal to the work of converting the Irish Catholics to the Protestant faith. For while that work remains to be done, "the Irish difficulty" will still confront us in its most formidable proportions.

Mr. Gould's pastorate in Dublin, though a prosperous and happy one, terminated in 1846, owing to a failure in the health of his wife. He moved to Exeter, having accepted the oversight of the church at South Street Chapel in that city. Here he busied himself in various works of Christian usefulness. The Church-rate injustice was then in full operation. It was one to which such a man as Mr. Gould was not likely tamely to submit. When the demand was made upon him, he refused compliance; and goods, consisting of two mahogany hall chairs, a German clock, a mahogany chair, and a mahogany child's chair, were taken from his house to be sold by auction. It scarcely needs to be said that the victim of this outrage lost no opportunity of denouncing the law by which it was authorised, and that none rejoiced more than he did when that law was abolished in 1868.

On the removal of Mr. Brock from Norwich to Bloomsbury Chapel, London, in 1849, Mr. Gould was invited to become his successor. He accepted the call, and at the "Recognition Service," held on the 18th of September, he read a "statement" which contained the following characteristic words:—"I hope to vindicate the freeness of the Gospel invitation as addressed to men everywhere, and to exhibit the justice of that condemnation which *even now* attaches to unbelievers. At the

same time it will be my endeavour to show how the salvation of every true Christian is to be ascribed to God's sovereign grace, and to insist on the necessity of good works not only as ordained by God that we should walk in them, but as the direct consequence of that grace which bringeth salvation unto us." This order of ministry was now no new thing to him. He began with it at Dublin, and maintained it to the end. The words we have quoted express the essence of the Gospel he had to proclaim—its central doctrine and the foundation of its ethics. To him Christ was all; the Source of life, and the Object of faith, of love, and of holy, willing, devoted, and happy service; and that same Christ it was ever his delight to commend to all whom his voice could reach. He was familiar with the speculations in regard to religion which are rife in our time, and many of them deeply interested him; but they neither obscured his vision nor disturbed his confidence. A flippancy scepticism roused his indignation; but the perplexities of earnest minds, if frankly revealed to him, were sure to elicit his sympathy. Some who knew him but distantly may be surprised at this latter remark. They may be under the impression that what we may term his intellectual judgment was too overbearing to allow of the free play of charitable feeling, especially towards those to whom the religion of Christ, in its more distinctly evangelical form, was not so clear and so well-established as it was to himself. Timid souls were, perhaps, likely to be repelled by what they imagined to be a certain severity in his manner; but the difficulty was not insuperable, and a few interviews on the part of such as were willing to learn were sufficient to wear all distrust away. We have before us a letter of his which shows that his sympathies were not shut up in a hard and narrow "orthodoxism." He says:—"Accept my hearty thanks for your kindness in writing to me about your brother. I had not heard of his death, nor even of his illness. But whilst I sympathise with you in your loss, I no less congratulate you on the assured conviction which you have of his having fallen asleep in Jesus. It is intensely gratifying to me to hear of his simple faith in Christ at the last. I mourned over his aberration in days gone by, and gladly welcomed him on his return to old associations, when he first made his appearance in the Mission House in Moorgate Street, and shall now think of him as beyond the chilling influence of doubt, and in the midst of the innumerable and sympathetic multitude who have washed their robes and made them white

in the blood of the Lamb. Would to God all other doubters may seek rest to their souls in the same manner."

Mr. Gould was too enlightened a man to consider that a Christian minister was guilty of a departure from his own proper work, and of a degradation of his office, if on any occasion he used the pulpit for the enforcement of important political principles, provided this was done on a distinctively Christian basis, and in a distinctively Christian spirit. Of course, the Christian minister has a separate and well-defined function, and to the duties arising out of that function his pulpit exertions should, for the most part, be confined. He has to set forth the claims of the Gospel of Christ—that Gospel viewed specially as a revelation of God's mercy to the world, and as an antidote to the miseries which the world has incurred in its antagonism to God's will; and it is sufficient for him, as a general rule, to seek the establishment in the hearts of his hearers of those Christian principles the universal triumph of which will secure, not only the religious, but also the social and political welfare of all men. But occasions may arise on which the stringency of this rule should be relaxed. The Gospel is not the narrow, circumscribed, small thing which some good people think it is. It is *good tidings to the world* in the most comprehensive acceptation of the phrase. There is nothing of value to man with which it does not stand closely and sympathetically allied. It beneficently penetrates into—intermeddles with all his affairs. If, in the light of Christianity, we recognise the hand of Providence in all the events which come to pass around us; if, in the same light, we watch the history of the world, as page after page of it is put down by an unerring Interpreter; if thus we trace onward the progress of humanity towards its ultimate perfection, taking care to note the conditions under which that progress is achieved, we shall see that there are always springing up new questions of grand and weighty import, which are by no means beneath the notice of the preacher of the Gospel, and which, in the course of his ministrations, he may turn to the most advantageous account. Mr. Gould's conception of the work of the ministry was a noble one. He saw clearly enough that that work specifically consisted in preaching repentance and the remission of sins through Christ, and that for a preacher to lose sight of the peculiarity of his mission by converting the pulpit into a rostrum from which he may harangue his hearers on every one of the ten thousand topics which interest mankind in art, in literature,

in philosophy, in science, in politics, or other similar matters, would be at once incongruous, absurd, and criminal. Nevertheless, there were times on which he did not hesitate to show the bearings of Christianity on the social and political duties of men. Norwich had acquired an unenviable notoriety for electoral corruption. A General Election took place in 1852, and a month before that event Mr. Gould preached a sermon on "The Duty of Christians at an Election," which was published by request, and in which he laid down the following propositions:—I. "We are to regard our political rights as a solemn trust." II. "We should seek the exactest information to guide us to the right course of action." III. "We should avoid all imputations upon the motives of others." IV. "All the influence we use must be of a moral kind." In connection with the last point, he said: "Men are invited now-a-days to *sell* their consciences. It seems, therefore, necessary to say that public indignation should be pointed rather at the monster who bribes than at the wretch whose poverty yields to a bribe. Unhappily, the custom has become so general, and of late years has been so unblushingly avowed and defended, that men may lose their abhorrence of its wickedness, and forget that to sanction it even by silence is to endanger some of our noblest privileges. . . . What may be the issue of the approaching contest in this city I know not, nor am I careful to know; but I do feel a deep solicitude that you who have named the name of Christ should walk worthily of your high vocation." The electoral character of Norwich has improved of late years. How much did teaching such as this contribute to the change?

In 1857, he preached and published a sermon on behalf of the Norwich City Mission; and the writer of the brief memoir to which we have referred, observes:—

"It was on the occasion of the holding of the annual meetings of this Society that Mr. Gould would describe, in indignant terms, the so-called 'homes' of the poor in this city, and would lament that dens, which are a disgrace to a civilised country, should be tolerated. Was it any wonder, he would ask, that people who were destitute of the conveniences and even of the decencies of home life should seek enjoyment in the public-house, or haunt the streets? Every effort made in this city to provide decent dwellings for the humble class had his warmest sympathy. When it is remembered that the men in the Corporation who have led the van in the movement for demolishing some of the old 'rookeries,' and erecting comfortable dwellings in their stead, are members of Mr. Gould's

church, who shall say that his reiterated denunciations of a great social blot were made in vain?"

Mr. Gould had now to address himself to an important and difficult task in relation to his church. The question had to be settled as to whether that church should maintain the practice of "strict," or should adopt that of "open," communion. It had been agitated by this question, not infrequently, through a series of years. During Mr. Brock's pastorate, whilst the usual strict communion service was continued on the first Sabbath of the month, a separate service came into vogue, at which unbaptized persons were admitted to the Lord's Table. When he left, Mr. Gould was elected to succeed him, with the distinct understanding that he was "an advocate of open communion, and that upon *that*, as upon all other religious questions, he should feel bound to speak as occasion arose." The matter was brought to a head by the admission to the Lord's Table of Elizabeth Bayes, whose health, at the time, did not admit of her being baptized, but who was willing to undergo the rite "as soon as the providence of God should allow." This arrangement was challenged by one of the trustees of the chapel, and a discussion followed which resulted in the adoption of the following resolutions, with only six dissentients:—

"That this Church, whilst welcoming to the Table of the Lord those whom we regard as joint partakers with ourselves of the Grace of Christ, is anxious to meet the case of such brethren as conscientiously object to commune with unbaptized believers at the Table of the Lord, and therefore resolves to set apart one afternoon in each month, for the celebration of the Lord's Supper by baptized believers, but leaves the choice of the day to be determined by those brethren.

"That those believers in the Lord Jesus Christ who have been accustomed to meet together with members of this church on the third Lord's-day in each month, to eat the Lord's Supper, be affectionately invited to meet with the church henceforth in all commemorations of the Lord's death which may be agreed to amongst us, save that which is set apart for baptized believers only.

"That believers in the Lord Jesus, who may hereafter desire communion with this church at the Lord's Table, be admitted thereto by the vote of the church."

The immediate result of these decisions was a serious secession, not from the church, but from the congregation. The seceders met for worship in another building. The Rev. W. Norton, one of the trustees of the chapel, held a conference with them, and then called upon Mr. Gould with the request that he would vacate the pulpit. The request was declined. The seceders, though worshipping apart, claimed still to be members at St. Mary's, and to have the right to take part in the

meetings of the church. At a church meeting Mr. Gould read a paper on "Schism," which was followed by the presentation to him of a "declaration" which had been drawn up by Mr. Norton and signed by various members of the church. After "a desultory conversation," Mr. Gould

"intimated his willingness to submit the legal construction of the trust deed in regard to Communion at the Lord's Table with unbaptized believers to the arbitration of one or more persons mutually to be agreed upon between the Rev. W. Norton and himself, on the understanding that the result of such arbitration should be accepted as a final settlement of such question, the pastor expressly binding himself to resign his office in case the result is adverse to the resolution of the church meeting of the 11th day of March, 1857, and Mr. Norton being bound, in case the result is adverse to his interpretation of the trust deed, to abstain from all legal proceedings."

The church unanimously approved of the suggestion, but after a long correspondence, embracing various negotiations, it was declined by Mr. Norton, and the case had to go before the Master of the Rolls.

It is no part of our duty in this sketch to advocate, or even to express, any opinion upon the ecclesiastical question which was thus raised, but we need not refrain from paying our hearty tribute to the consummate ability, and the perfect transparency of character, with which Mr. Gould performed the painful part which his convictions imposed upon him in relation to it. Mr. Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) was employed against him, but he was fortunate in being able to retain the services of Sir Hugh Cairns (Lord Cairns) on his behalf. The whole case was argued out at great length on both sides, and Mr. Gould's procedure was completely endorsed and vindicated by the decision. We have read over again with the deepest interest the bulky octavo volume afterwards published by him containing all the speeches delivered at the hearing of the case, the Judgment of the Master of the Rolls, and an elaborate introduction of 198 closely-packed pages from Mr. Gould's own pen, which gives the history of the St. Mary's Church and of the Communion question connected with it, along with the contents of the Church Book which bear upon the controversy, and a variety of other matters arising out of that controversy. This great work can scarcely be read without leaving upon the mind the impression that if its compiler had not been a minister of the Gospel he would have made a brilliant lawyer and a thoroughly trustworthy judge.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Short Holiday in Switzerland.

II.



UR *pension* was situated in a wonderfully beautiful spot. From the eastern side of the valley of the Rhone runs out a deep narrow gorge, the commencement of the valley of the Ormonts, and the passage used by La Grande Eau on its way from the Diablerets to the Rhone. On each side of this river-torrent rises a range of lofty hills. Our summer resting-place was a charming house perched on the side of one of these ranges at an elevation of about 2,000 feet above sea-level. Above us, below us, and on each side, vineyards climbed the hill almost to its summit, rejoicing in the warm southern aspect. I could hardly look down to the bottom of the gorge without feeling dizzy, and, if we did look, the foliage often interposed to prevent our seeing the rushing water we could hear far away beneath us. The range opposite is clothed with fir-trees up to the very top. Behind that rises another and another, Chamoisaire showing himself bold and brown against the sky. Though we were so high up, the road from Aigle was exceedingly good, and comparatively easy of ascent, planned on the zig-zag style, so that the scenery was to the traveller as continually varied as it was gloriously beautiful. Up this road Gottlieb drove the *diligence* every morning, returning the same afternoon. The four pretty white horses, with musical bells hung round their necks, ringing at every movement, looking so gay and wilful, the *débonnaire* Gottlieb cracking his tremendously long whip, giving the cheery "Heeiou!" to his steeds, and scattering gay smiles and bows as he passed our door—the English party inside with their multitudinous parcels—the saturnine guard who gave and received our letters—this all flashed by twice every day, leaving a trail of brightness and music behind it.

Balconies and temptingly shady arbours covered with climbing plants, and commanding a magnificent prospect, invited us to spend a few days in resting from our fatigues; but soon the spirit of enterprise began to stir within us, and about ten o'clock one splendid morning

we started for our first Swiss "course" in company with our friend Blackbird and her brother, who will, for convenience sake, pass as "Professor."

We struck straight up into the woods behind the house, and in about fifteen minutes gained our first level standing-place. Then, on looking round to our right, we saw the seven peaklets of the Dent du Midi rearing themselves aloft to the height of more than 10,000 feet, proudly conscious of a new and dazzling coat of snow, and a fine sunshiny day to show it off to the best advantage. A little more climbing, and by the side of the Dent du Midi appeared the Glacier du Trient, the first glacier I had ever seen, blinding under the direct rays of the August sun. Farther up still, and the glorious panorama grew more and more extensive; the Rhone lay behind us, a silver thread in the green valley; the Signal d'Aigle became a mere insignificant mound at our feet; and by the side of the glacier rose the Dent de Morcles. Blackbird was very good, and gave Paul the support of her shoulder all up the difficult ascent. In about an hour and a-half we all turned off the rough stony path over which we had hitherto toiled, and struck into a steep grassy meadow on which stood a chalet, the property of our hostess. Here we reclined, to use a strong figure of speech, but the field was so steep that we did in point of fact *stand* at an angle of about 45 deg., supported by the ground. We had then attained an altitude of over 3,000 feet and had 1,000 more yet to climb. The view that lay spread before us was *quite too too*—as the modern phrase hath it. For one unguarded moment I took it in; then became so horribly dizzy that, during the rest of our halt, I had to hold an open umbrella before me. What I think I saw in that instant was—at our right, wooded mountains and grassy hills, with the picturesque chalets scattered over them far and near; in front, still the forest-clad mountains of Veyge, making way at their base for a peep at the green valley with the white Rhone rushing through; to the left, the mountains of Ollon; and, towering high above them, the Dent du Midi, the Glacier du Trient, and the Dent de Morcles. Then we started again; this time over grass thickly sprinkled with the showy blossoms of the colchicum. New mountains now arose in front and on each side of us. The Signal de Leysin subsided and the Tour d'Ay rose on our left; the Mont d'Or (so called from its sunset aspect) and Mont Chaussy in front; while on our right we were obliged to notice an impertinent, dazlingly white peak called

the Oldenhorn. This thing runs along quietly enough in a horizontal position, till it seems suddenly to have become aware that it enjoys the proud distinction of marking the boundary of the three cantons of Vaud, Berne, and Valais, and precipitately and precipitously raises itself aloft in the shape of a statue of Liberty, with one arm resting on a shield, the other on a lion; then, having done this and made for itself a name as a lofty Alpine peak, it drops as hastily as it rose. It is really a very beautiful object, on account of its dazzling whiteness and extraordinary shape.

About noon we reached Leysin, a village of Swiss chalets. These chalets looked very curious, but are precisely like the miniature representations of them that we have in England. Some are large, four storeys high, with the pretty open galleries round them, variously decorated; some with herbs drying for winter; some with linen drying for Sunday; some with flowers blossoming for all times and seasons. The wood of which they are built is unpainted pine, dyed by age and tempest a rich Sienna brown. Each chalet has, packed all round it, as high as the first gallery, the winter's supply of wood, which gives an air of plenty and comfort. Over most of the attic windows, under the overhanging eaves, is inscribed the date of building, some as old as 1695, and under the date a pious legend, such as—"By the help of God, this house was built for the habitation of Louis Batiste and his family. May the peace of God ever abide within it!" And what struck me as particularly droll was the perpetually recurring notice—"Défense de fumer. Amende 5 fr." (Smoking forbidden. Fine 5 francs). It seems the village has been twice burnt down, and a third catastrophe of the same kind has been prophesied by some Continental Mother Shipton; so they take this precaution, and at nine o'clock every evening three men march through the streets to see that all fires and candles are put out. The church was a curious little edifice, apparently far too small for the place, and certainly not capable of containing half its population but we were told it was more than large enough for the congregation assembling there. The toy-spire was covered with what appeared to be thin layers of talc, and the effect in the bright sunshine was most brilliant.

Behind a large and highly respectable chalet, we took our seats on the edge of a water-trough and ate our noonday sandwiches, and drank the light wine of the country from a bottle which Blackbird

held suspended in the water by a string attached to its neck and slung round her waist. All this was truly rural, but, as we wished to avail ourselves of the *diligence* from Le Sepey, we could not linger. The road to Le Sepey was a slight descent, and very easy to walk; and, in that clear, pure, strong air, fatigue did not even occur to the mind. The sweet little heartseases, or "pensées" as my companion called them, bloomed in profusion by the wayside, and every moment made us feel more familiar with the glorious old mountains. D'Or and Chaussy seemed to become quite dear and intimate friends, the Chamoissaire became less and less rigid, and the Oldenhorn, in its lovely whiteness, seemed to show good reason for so continually thrusting itself on our notice, and calling itself a "pic."

By degrees the valley of the Ormonts Dessous opened up to us, and showed us, sloping away from its depths, infinitely lovely green declivities stretching up to the mountains' base, with the rustic brown chalets and picturesque water-mills scattered about at wide intervals, each surrounded by its own tiny pasture and little bit of corn-field. It all looked so peaceful, as though no sin nor sorrow could prevail there to disturb a single life; and yet, as we descended into the valley, the Professor was telling me, in pathetic words, of the still misery that settles down on these little homesteads in bad years, when continued rain or cold weather prevents the vine and corn from ripening; when food for the cattle fails, so that they must be killed and eaten without bread; when there is no wine to sell, bringing money to buy what is wanted; when everybody has to *go without*. And a large white house standing all by itself was, a few years since, the scene of a horrible tragedy—a double murder—committed for the sake of a very little hoard of money. So Paradise does not lie on this side of eternity, and never will.

The *diligence* had not started when we arrived at Le Sepey, but it had only one vacant place; so here our party divided. Our Swiss friends bravely completed their "course" on foot. Paul obtained a front place in an open car, and was packed in between two gentlemen who neither of them understood a word of English. To me was given the spare seat in the *diligence*; and, without any pangs of fear, I took my place behind the four white horses, who, in their exasperation at the flies, were making the air musical with their pretty bells as they tossed their heads and stamped first one foot and then another to

shake off their tormentors. Happily for them, we soon started, and in their delight they broke at once into a run which lasted for the five miles of down-hill. It was a splendid road, a perfect triumph of engineering skill, but to me it appeared a mere shelf, overhanging abysmal depths. I was absolutely compelled to turn away my eyes from the window commanding the precipice, and looked out of the other. That showed me, rising above us, a nearly perpendicular wall of limestone, so lofty I could not even guess where the top might be; and so close I could have touched it as we passed. This, in its suggestiveness, was almost as bad, so I withdrew my gaze and looked steadfastly in the faces of my companions. In the unmoved placidity of their countenances and demeanour I saw, as in a mirror, the safety of our position, and my ridiculous English nerves were tranquillised, only quivering now and then irrepressibly at some especially sharp turn of the zig-zag.

When we reached our pretty *pension*, Paul was looking out for me, and we mentally shook hands. Blackbird and the Professor arrived in due course; and over our cheery evening meal the delights of the day were renewed, while a sense of its perils was borne away in the steam from our tea-cups. L. M. D.

(To be continued.)

Katharine von Bora,

THE WIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

PART I.



THE story of the life of the Great Reformer has been told many times, but too little has been said about his wife. Regarding him as an ecclesiastic, a reformer, and a great doctor of theology, people have hardly thought of him as a husband and a father. Yet such he was, and in the family group his beloved Katharine was only less conspicuous than himself. A woman of strong mind, of great force of character, of

pure domestic virtues, of untiring industry, of unflagging devotion to her husband, and of a simple and earnest faith in Christ, she was every way suited for her high position, and she fulfilled her duties with admirable tact and fidelity.

Little is known of her early life, but her name and family have been clearly ascertained. Her nuptial ring, given by her husband, is still in existence, and gives the name of "Katharine von Bora, born 29th January, 1499." On both sides she was descended from noble families, her father's ancestors having been Margraves of Misnia, having their seat somewhere between the towns of Wittenberg and Halle. Her brother, John von Bora, was in the service of Albert of Prussia, and afterwards of Henry, Duke of Saxony. He is often mentioned by Luther.

At the age of twenty-two Katharine entered the Convent of Nimptsch, in Saxony, two days' journey from Wittenberg. Whether this step was the result of her own choice, or of the decision of her parents, is not known. A conventual life was not only deemed sacred, but it was a convenient way for parents of good families, but small means, to dispose of their portionless daughters. Be this as it may, Katharine soon became dissatisfied with conventual life. There is good reason to believe that her discontent arose from the light of the Reformation, which the walls of the convent could not exclude. Luther had twice visited the neighbourhood previous to her entrance, and some of the sisters had cordially embraced his teaching. With the light of Gospel liberty they saw through the pretentious sanctity of conventual vows, and very properly desired their personal freedom. Katharine imbibed their sentiments, and shared their longing, which becoming every day more intense, they resolved if possible to obtain release. There were nine who thus groaned under the yoke. Very properly, they first applied to their parents, but their appeals met with neither interposition nor response. They then put themselves in communication with Luther, who at once, with chivalrous zeal, projected a plan for their rescue.

This somewhat romantic enterprise was actually accomplished by a staid and elderly citizen and councillor of Torgau, Leonard Koppe, with the assistance of his nephew. On the evening of Good Friday, 4th April, 1523, they all descended from Katharine's window—so, at least, says tradition—and were helped over the wall by Koppe, who had a wagon ready, stored with large barrels, in which they were

securely packed, and were out of danger before their escape became known. They were taken, first to Torgau, and thence to Wittenberg, where Luther received them at the Augustine Monastery, until he could otherwise provide for them, either by restoring them to their parents or in some other way. Katharine was received into the house of Philip Reichenbach, the town clerk of Wittenberg.

Neither at this time, nor for a long period afterwards, did Luther think of marrying Katharine, nor of marrying at all, though, believing that marriage is one of God's ordinances, he had written in defence of the marriage of priests, and had recommended his friends to marry. Most of the escaped nuns soon found husbands, and some were matched to men in high station. Katharine's hand was sought by Jeremy Baumgärtner, a young man of good family then staying at Wittenberg. When he left the town, however, his affections cooled towards her. Dr. Caspar Glatz, pastor in Orlamünde, next made suit. Luther used his influence to bring about their union; but one of the parties was not agreed. Katharine had a mind of her own. She understood their intention, and complained of their efforts to Nicholas Armsdorf, preacher at Wittenberg, frankly declaring that she could not give her affections to Glatz, and, at the same time, avowing, with charming simplicity, like Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, that other proposals might be taken into more favourable consideration.

Katharine, in her personal appearance, was interesting rather than beautiful, and her air and manners commanded respect. Luther treated her with great deference, but he mistook her dignified manner for pride. Six months before his marriage he wrote to Baumgärtner, Katharine's old lover, saying, "If you are anxious to have your Katy, come here at once, or she will be the property of another." Not long before this he had declared his unwillingness to take a wife, not from any aversion to matrimony, but because he was, every day, expecting to have death inflicted on him for his doctrines and teaching.

But Luther could not forecast the future. He was a man—a man with a big loving heart, and God had intended him for Katharine, even as He had fitted Katharine for him. Closer acquaintance showed him that, beneath her reserve, there were a kind heart, strong good sense, and warm affection, and his esteem ripened into love.

The probability of his marrying had been much talked about, and both friends and enemies were busy in discussing the question, the

latter with manifest ill-will and scorn. "Should this monk marry," said one of them, "the whole world, and even the devil, will burst into shouts of laughter, and he himself will destroy what he has been building up."

Luther, however, was proof against such sneers, and only required to believe that any course was in harmony with the will of God to determine him to pursue it. So in this case. It was a bold step, but, believing it to be a right one, he advanced without fear of results. Everybody was taken by surprise, not excepting Katharine herself. All was done so suddenly, though, on his part, not hastily. The courtship was as short as it could be.

One beautiful morning in June (Tuesday, 13th, 1525), Luther took with him three friends, and repaired to the house of Reichenbach, the town clerk, where Katharine had been staying from the first. These friends were Bugenhagen (otherwise known as Pomeranus), the town preacher; Apell, a lawyer; and the celebrated painter, Lucas Cranach. In their presence Luther put the important question. The maiden blushed, and thought he was jesting. Assuring her that he was in sober earnest, she at once, and with true maidenly modesty, gave her consent. A formal betrothment followed, and on the same day the nuptial knot was tied, and the nuptial benediction pronounced by Dr. Bugenhagen. The three friends and Justice Jonas formed the wedding party at the frugal feast. To none other of his friends had he divulged his purpose—not even to his friend the Elector of Saxony, nor to his beloved Melancthon. Nevertheless, he did a wise thing, and he made a happy choice. The enemies of the Reformation were furious, putting into circulation the basest falsehoods, and venting the most absurd predictions; and, worse than all, denouncing Katharine as one of the vilest of the vile, though there was not a blemish on her character.

The marriage proved a great blessing to Luther, and, through him, to the Church and to the world. It gave the last blow, for hundreds of thousands, and for generations, to the absurd dogma, as unscriptural as it is unnatural, of the sanctity of celibacy and celibate orders. "Marriage is honourable in all"—

"Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all."

Katharine was a true helpmeet, and their mutual affection became deeper and stronger as time rolled on,—as Katharine's excellences shone out, and her sympathy was drawn forth in connection with all Luther's trials and labours. She loved her husband tenderly; she admired his talents as a theologian, and she honoured his zeal and courage as a reformer. There was some disparity of age, Katharine being in her twenty-sixth year, and Luther forty-two; but while she had the sedateness and thoughtfulness of an older woman, he had the sprightliness of a younger man.

According to the custom of the time, a feast was made upon the bride being conducted to her new home a fortnight after the nuptials. Luther's parents were present, and many of his friends. Seven of the letters of invitation have been preserved. The one to Dobsig, the Elector's Marshal, was in Luther's frequent style of humour:

“No doubt the strange rumour has reached you that I have become a husband. Though this is a very singular affair, which I myself can scarcely believe, nevertheless the witnesses are so numerous that I am bound to believe it; and I have concluded to have a collation next Tuesday for my father and mother and other good friends to seal the same and make it sure. I therefore beg you, if it is not too much trouble, to provide vension for me, and be present yourself to help to affix the seal with becoming joy.”

This interesting gathering, for which the city sent several casks of beer, is supposed to have been held in the apartment in the monastery which Luther had occupied as a monk.

Many presents marked the event, and, among others, a magnificent silver cup overlaid with gold, weighing nearly four pounds troy, richly ornamented and suitably inscribed. This was the gift of the University whose fame and prosperity were due so largely to Luther. This cup was purchased from Luther's heirs in 1800, for one hundred rix-dollars, by the University of Grufswalde. The year following their marriage, John, Elector of Saxony, made a present to Luther of the whole of the cloister buildings and the garden adjoining. Here he resided, and his family after him, until it was purchased and fitted up for academical uses.

Let us take a peep at them, as they might often have been seen during his leisure hours, seated in the study, or, in summer time, in the garden. Katharine is busy with her embroidery or other needlework, or, perhaps, skilfully working in her own exquisite style, a portrait of her husband, or some pretty device. She reminds him of letters to

be written to his friends and other correspondents; and when he is dejected through heavy trials, as great minds often are, she repeats passages of Scripture and favourite hymns.

Katherine released her husband from all care about domestic matters. She was a good manager; and she needed to practise economy, for Luther had a large heart and an open hand, and their house was visited by guests of all kinds, and yet his entire regular annual income was not much more than equal to £150 of money at the present time. Indeed, with all her economy, for some years the expenses exceeded the income, and they had to borrow, or pawn some of their valuable cups.

Luther knew her worth, and did not fail on fitting occasions to declare her excellences. Writing to a friend, he says:—"Katy, my dear rib, salutes you, and gives you thanks that you have thought her worthy of your very courteous letter. She is, by the blessing of God, quite well; gentle, kind, and obedient in all things, far beyond my hopes. Thanks be to God. I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Cæsar."

"Sir," said Katharine one day to her husband, "I heard your cousin, John Palmer, preach this afternoon in the parish church, whom I understood better than I can Dr. Pomar (Bugenhagen), though the Doctor is held to be a very excellent preacher."

"John Palmer preaches," said Luther, "as you women use to talk, for what comes into your mind you speak. A preacher ought to stick by the text, and deliver what he has before him, to the end people may well understand it. But a preacher that will speak every thing that comes into his mind, is like a maid that goes to market, and, meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold together a goose-market."

Talking one day about Abraham being called to offer up Isaac Katharine said: "I cannot believe that God would require any one to kill his child."

"Dear Katharine," replied Luther, "canst thou, then, believe this, that God hath been pleased to deliver up to the death for us His only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, than whom He had nothing more dear to Him in heaven nor upon earth?"

R. SHINDLER.

At Last.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
 And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling
 My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
 Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
 O Love divine, O Helper, ever present,
 Be Thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting,
 The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father ! Let Thy Spirit
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
 Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place :

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
 And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions,
 The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. VII.



EVERYONE who visits Scotland will be sure to take advantage of the facilities afforded by the steamboats thoroughly to see the far-famed Clyde. But every visitor does not take a look at its celebrated Falls. This is a great mistake. They are easily reached by breaking off from the main line at Carstairs, and taking the train to Lanark—a place rendered famous by the establishment of large works by Mr. Dale, afterwards carried on by Mr. Owen, a sincere patriot and philanthropist, his peculiar notions and eccentricities notwithstanding. The Clyde meanders through a plain, pastoral, level country from its source, having no striking features whatever until it reaches the ridge of the hollow down which its waters tumble, forming a double cascade of striking beauty and impressiveness. It does not, like the Thames, flow through an exquisitely beautiful country as from Oxford to London Bridge; nor does it, like the Severn, from its source to Gloucester, pass banks adorned with towns and cities and hill and dale; nor like the Shannon, now washing the feet of rugged mountains, and then expanding into picturesque lakes, and, ere reaching Limerick, rushing over the rapids of Castle Connell, almost equal in beauty to its own Falls. In common with these rivers, it expands, ere its waters reach the sea, into a broad and splendid estuary.

In summer time, and at low water, the visitor had better go down by train to Greenock, and embark in some steamboat there. For the Clyde is yet the great sewer of Glasgow; and the effluvia from it is sometimes fearful. At high-water it is not so offensive. But how its wealthy and enterprising citizens, who have brought an abundant supply of water all the way from Loch Katrine, and, at enormous expense, deepened the river so that the largest ships can

come up to its quays, have not remedied this great sanitary defect, is indeed marvellous.

The scenery of the Clyde really begins at Dumbarton, a precipitous rocky bluff, which carries one's thoughts back to the times of the heroic Wallace. On the left bank are Greenock, Gourrock, Wemyss Bay, Largs, Millport, where an old Presbyterian minister is *said* in former times to have prayed, every Lord's-day, for the Divine blessing on "the Greater and Lesser Cumbræ, and the adjacent isles of Great Britain and Ireland!" On the right bank, after passing Dumbarton, are Roseneath, with the Holy Loch, Helensburgh, the beautiful villages which cluster round the entrance to Loch Long, and Gareloch, Kilm, Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, and the Kyles of Bute. At the mouth of the Clyde are the Isles of Arran and the solitary rocky steep, Ailsea Craig, 1,100 feet high, the home of vast flocks of various kinds of sea-fowl.

Arran is an object of attraction to the artist, the poet, and the geologist. It is twenty miles long, and about ten broad, not quite so large as the Isle of Wight, and has within its limits almost every variety of scenery. Goatfell, the highest of its mountain peaks—all of which are volcanic in appearance, and have sharp jagged outlines—as seen from Broadick, has a grand appearance. But mountains, lochs, streams, and glens, especially Sannoch and Rosa, of surpassing beauty, entitle the island to be called "picturesque Arran." From the top of Goatfell—an elevation of a little more than 3,000 feet—the view is most extensive, embracing the Ayrshire Coast, Kintyre, Jura, with its paps, on the north-west, Ailsea Craig to the south, and the Firth of Clyde, with the almost entire range of the Argyleshire mountains, to the north. No marvel that, in fine weather, the numerous and well appointed steamboats are crowded, when a trip of sixty or seventy miles on this splendid river does not cost more than eighteen-pence or two shillings! Though not so picturesque as the Rhine, with its ruined castles and quaint villages—which, however, owe much of their attractiveness to being foreign—the Clyde is the finer river; for it has, what the Rhine has not, lofty mountains and beautiful isles.

A stranger, on first going down the Clyde, will be forcibly struck with the number and size of the ship-building yards. The vessels now constructed are mostly of iron, and the din of hammers is heard on all sides. The extent and activity of this business are simply

wonderful. Some years ago I saw the *Black Prince*, one of our finest frigates, launched. Every steamboat was crowded with spectators. The shore was lined with an eager multitude, who had not, however, calculated on the wave which so large a ship would raise, in a narrow river, when she slipped off the ways. In an instant hundreds were immersed in the water, and the spectacle was most singular and exciting. Happily, plenty of boats were at hand, and a crowd of helpers rushed to the rescue, and no lives were lost, though many were, for a time, in great danger.

My first visit to Paisley was not a little remarkable. I had been spending the earlier part of the day with my honoured friend, Dr. Paterson, who gave me some account of the place, its people, and the friends whom I should probably meet there. Having arrived at the railway station, I was surprised to find all the shops shut, the streets deserted, and neither cab nor omnibus to be seen. Paisley looked like a city of the dead. Never having been there before, I knew nothing whatever of the locality of the Baptist Chapel.

After waiting for some time, I caught hold of a sharp-looking lad and asked him if he would kindly take my bag, and show me the way to the Baptist Chapel. "Come awa, sir," and awa we went. After a long walk he pointed to a building, and said, "That's the chapel." It had no pretensions to ecclesiastical architecture, certainly. But this did not at all surprise me, as I understood our Scotch Baptist friends were generally found worshipping in upper rooms, or in buildings of primitive simplicity. Not knowing if this were the place I wanted I fortunately kept the laddie until I had ascertained. So I knocked at the door. Presently a lassie answered my knock.

"Is the minister of this chapel within?"

"He is, sir."

"Then will you just go and ask him if he expects a gentleman from London to give a lecture on Ireland and Popery?"

She disappeared under a low archway, and, when she returned, said to me—

"His Riverence is confessing a woman, and when he's dune, he will come to ye."

I could hardly find words to express my astonishment; and to be at the Papist Chapel, when I had come for the purpose already stated, was certainly sufficiently embarrassing. So I somewhat hurriedly replied:

“Go back and tell his Riverence it is all a mistake. I have been brought to the wrong place altogether, and I am exceedingly sorry he has been disturbed.”

I then turned to the laddie, and I fear somewhat angrily said to him—

“Wherever have you brought me?”

“Were ye no speering after the Pääpist Chääpel? and its just there I have brought ye.”

“No, no; not the Papist Chapel, but the Baptist Chapel, man. That’s the place I am seeking.”

“Come awa, sir.” And awa we went back to the place whence we started. Happily, a policeman was standing there, and to him I told my trouble. He, turning to the lad, said to him, “Tak the gentleman up to the Baptist Chapel in Storey Street.”

On arrival I did not feel quite sure I was right yet, as I saw before me a flight of several steps. I bade the lad wait and went up. I heard some singing, and, from its heartiness, I was sure there were many voices joining in the exercise. So, pushing the door open a “wee bittie,” I beckoned to a man whose eye had caught mine, and he came out at once.

“Are you expecting a gentleman from London, who is announced to give a lecture on Ireland and Popery?”

“Deed we are, sir, and we dinna ken what is become of him.”

“Well, I am that person, and, through misdirection, I have been running hither and thither, and am too hot to come into a crowded assembly. Kindly tell your pastor I am here, and when I get a little cool I will come in.”

I went back to the boy, and told him I was right at last; and having asked him what made the town so still, and why was all business suspended, he informed me it was “Fast Day.” Of Scottish “Fast Days” I knew nothing then, but became tolerably familiar with them on subsequent visits. They are evidently not observed with the same strictness as formerly, and are rather regarded by many, perhaps the majority, as holidays. How far this change is for the better or worse, I do not feel competent to offer an opinion.

When I entered the kirk I was not saluted with pleasant looks. To use a word the meaning of which I did not then know, but have understood since, the good folk *glowered* at me. Being seated on the platform, and looking round until called on to speak, I determined, as

the best introduction, and most likely to win their attention, to tell them the story. They did not seem to care much until I got to the wee lassie's message—"his Riverence is confessing a woman, and when he's dune he will come to ye"—then, as if each person was touched by an electric shock, all heads were up, and all eyes fixed on me with a curious expression of surprise and amusement. From that moment I had my audience in hand. They listened throughout the lecture with a constantly increasing interest, and the brethren commended the Irish Mission to the liberality of those present, and its advocate to their cordial regard. We had a capital collection, and liberal subscriptions from friends on whom I called next day.

On this occasion I was the guest of Bailie Coats, when an acquaintance began which ripened into a most affectionate friendship that has lasted to the present day. Many times I have been his guest since then, both at Paisley and at his beautiful cottage at Dunoon. His numerous family are all happily settled in life, and useful in the churches of Christ with which they are associated.

Subsequent visits gave me the privilege of Christian acquaintance with other friends, some of whom have passed to their rest, whose memory is very fragrant. Nor can I forbear to mention Mr. Thomas Coats, who, with his brother, has done so much for Paisley; not only by nobly sustaining their work people in the awful time of the cotton famine, as well as in taking their share in the burden of relieving the poor generally, but more recently giving a public park, and a Free Library and Museum, to the town. Their great factory, the largest and most important of its kind, renowned all the world over, is equally distinguished for the order which pervades it, and for the solicitude of its proprietors to promote the moral well-being of those whom they employ. It is well worth a prolonged visit, for some of its machinery is so exquisite that its movements seem more like those of an intelligent being than those of a machine. Nor are these gentlemen less remarkable for their munificent support of the various organisations of the Christian churches with which they are connected.

Paisley is certainly not a beautiful town, but its surroundings are fine. It has been suggested to me that these surroundings have given inspiration to poets whose songs stir all loving hearts, and imparted to her artizans the taste which has given to "Paisley Shawls" a name throughout the world. The place is full of activity and life;

but looking at it, especially on a "soft day," when the stour is "drookit," who would ever dream that shawls of such exquisite beauty, both in design and colour, were manufactured in it? It has, however, a history, which goes as far back as the time of the Romans, and notable men have been born there. "The Pen Folk," even if it had no other people to boast of, would confer upon it a renown which will not soon pass away. Its representatives in Parliament have been distinguished, for the most part, for their consistent support of wise and good legislation. And the Paisley ministers have not been behind their fellows in ability and power.

Illustrations from a Preacher's Note-book.

(Continued from p. 179.)

24. *The Beautifying Power of Christ.*



Tis wonderful how the sun will make even common things look attractive, even unsightly things look beautiful. An old ruin, consisting only of a few ivy-covered walls and heaps of fallen stones; a rude-looking cottage, with its thatch torn, its windows broken, and its fences half blown down—both these objects I have seen transfigured, made positively attractive, as a few gleams of the sun have fallen upon them, bathing them in its soft and lovely orange light. What the orb of day thus does for natural objects Christ does for them that are willing to receive His influence. Wherever the beams of His truth and love are allowed to shine unhindered, there even the most uncomely characters look beautiful. Faces that have appeared hard and sour, features that by the long buffetings of sin and care have grown anything but sweet and winsome, have yet brightened up into a tender radiance and rich beauty as they have stood in the light which the Sun of Righteousness has shed upon them.

25. *Moral Elevation essential to the Vision of Christ's Glory.*

We can only discern the glory of Christ, so as to be kindled by it

into admiration and worship, as we ourselves rise above the ordinary levels of our life. A mountain may be very magnificent, towering to a sublime height, its sides covered with rugged grandeur, and its summit crested with shining snow; but much of its magnificence will be lost to the beholder who simply looks at it from the depth of the valley or the level of the plain below. Mountain heights reveal their massiveness and their splendour only in the degree in which they are viewed from some proportionate elevation. We may read in the Scriptures of the glory of Christ, of the wondrous majesty that belongs to His person, of the numerous and incomparable excellences that adorn His character, but our hearts will never be stirred to rapture or moved to adoration until we gaze upon "the King in His beauty" from the lofty altitudes of our own spiritual experience. It is one of the grand characteristics of the Christian life that the more we rise up towards Christ the more we discern of Him, and the more we discern of Him the more do we rise up, by the law of attraction, towards Him.

26. *Christian Gladness imperfect until shared by others.*

If we give ourselves to the service of Christ and become outwardly and earnestly obedient to His will, we shall find a gladness deeper and richer than any we have ever felt before. But that gladness will not be perfect so long as it is not shared in by all who are near and dear to us. You have stood, perhaps, on some hill when the sun has gone down with more than usual splendour; you have watched the wonderful colouring of the sky; you have gazed upon it as it became flushed with gold and then turned to intensest red, and then softened into rose, and then paled away into faintest, tenderest hues, never appearing for two consecutive moments the same, and flooding all objects, great and small, with its own ever-changing glory; and as you have watched all this you have become conscious of a strange joy which no words of yours could express, but you have instinctively wished and longed that others were with you to rejoice in the superb spectacle, and that wish, that longing, has taken the edge from off your delight. What sight in the natural world can for a moment compare with the views of Christ which rise before the eyes of Christian faith and hope? The most gorgeous glories that ever crossed the sky at sunset are as nothing in comparison with the

splendours of the Divine majesty, and love, and mercy, and grace as these are revealed to the cleansed vision of the pure and loving heart. But sweet and bright and vivid as is your gladness when God shows to you His glory, it is nevertheless imperfect till it is shared in by all around you, and especially by those who are the closest to you in friendship and affection. Christian joy has in it a wondrous power of expansion; the more there are to participate in it, the more does it swell out and sweeten. This fact affords one of the strongest arguments that can be urged against the spirit of religious selfishness. We not only wrong others, but we rob ourselves, when we are concerned simply for our own enjoyment. The way to the highest and largest blessedness is that which our Saviour Himself pointed out when He said to the man out of whom He had cast a legion of demons: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

27. *Christian Effort not always lost when it seems so.*

A handful of seeds may be dropped on some pebbly beach, but the dry sand and coarse shingle will not give them even the faintest chance of growing. The next tide, however, may wash them out to sea, and, after drifting on week after week, and league after league, they may be cast upon the soft and loamy shore of some remote and desolate island, and, finding there congenial lodgment, may strike out their rootlets, and ere long, by their luxuriant growth, the wilderness may become a garden. You think that the good seed of the Word of God which you have sown has fallen on very unpropitious soil, and will never take root and bring forth its appropriate fruit. But wait a while, judge not too rashly, let patience have its perfect work. Some tide of the Divine Spirit may come and convey the seed you have scattered where, contrary to all your expectation, it will germinate and yield a rich crop of blessing.

28. *Our own Views of God's Redemptive Purpose not to be taken as exhaustive and exclusive.*

It cannot be doubted that we interpret the great redemptive purpose of God, to a very large extent, from our own taste and temperament and training. In doing so we do not err so long as we

allow that others of different taste and temperament and training from our own may, in the views which they gain of God's purpose, be equally right with ourselves. Let us take a familiar illustration : here is a rose, fresh and fragrant, shining in all its June glory. A man who has a passion for painting comes up to it, and you ask him what is the purpose which this queen of flowers is meant to subserve, and he replies at once that it was evidently intended to minister to the sense of beauty. You put the same question to another man, who spends most of his time in the laboratory of the chemist, and he says that it was unquestionably designed to play an important part in relation to the gaseous condition of the air we breathe. You present the same inquiry to a third observer, whose studies are mainly devoted to the marvels of insect life, and he assures you that it was made what it is to supply sustenance to the minute forms of life that almost every day you may see burying themselves within its leafy folds. Now, who can affirm that any one of these replies is wrong? Each of them is perfectly clear and right as far as it goes; they are only wrong in so far as they claim to be in themselves complete and exclusive. The purposes of the rose are manifold, and neither painter, nor chemist, nor entomologist must say that his view of the matter is the only view, and that all other views are erroneous. It is just here that so many and such grievous mistakes are made in the interpretation of the Divine intentions in the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ. Men look at that great work of God—the greatest of all His works—and they see certain aspects, features, points of it; those aspects, features, points of it that are most in harmony with their own natural disposition and their own accustomed modes of thought, and these they set down dogmatically, as if they contained all that could possibly be discerned and discovered. A man of stern and judicial cast of mind, for whom no idea has so great an attraction as that of absolute sovereignty, looks upon the redemptive work of Christ, and he sees in it the grand working out of an immutable principle of righteousness. Another man, of loving and gentle disposition, whose sweetest idea is that of pure fatherliness, looks upon the redemptive work of Christ, and he sees in it the impartial and unfettered outflowings of an infinite affection. Both these men are right, but they are only right so far as they go. Neither of them sees the whole sphere of the truth, and therefore neither of them has a right to harden

his interpretation into a dogmatic theology and seek to force it upon the minds of others as a full and final expression of the whole thing.

29. *The Separating Power of Sin.*

You may sometimes see in the ocean a pile of rock rising steeply to a considerable height, and having on it, here and there where a patch of soil covers it, the remains of what was once a luxuriant vegetation. If you examine it, and also the mainland a few furlongs off, you will come to the conclusion that they were at one time, now long gone by, united together. They have become separated by the action of the sea. At first there was but a small inlet, scarcely large enough for a single boat to anchor in; this was gradually enlarged by the incessant beating of the surf until it became a broad bay, and at last the sea, striking with more and more force upon the cliffs every year, cut its way completely through, and now what was once a part of the mainland is but a solitary and desolate isle. Herein we have a picture, and a very vivid one, of the work of sin. The prophet, when he wished to bring home to the consciences of the people the heinousness of their transgressions, said, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God." One of the most direct and appalling effects of sin is the breach which it makes between the human heart and God. Man is made in the likeness of God; he is an offspring of the Divine thought and love; he is endowed with the same moral and spiritual capacities as those which God Himself possesses; but let sin be suffered to find an entrance into his heart, and, like the gnawing, devouring, destructive sea, it will eat away all the holy and sacred ties which bind his heart to God, and cut him off from God, and leave him inwardly lonely and desolate.

B. WILKINSON, F.G.S.

Be Still.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM

BE still in God ! Who rests on Him,
 Enduring peace shall know,
 And with a spirit fresh and free
 Through life shall cheerily go.

Be still in faith ! Forbear to seek
 Where seeking nought avails ;
 Unfold thy soul to that pure light
 From Heaven, which never fails.

Be still in love ! Be like the dew
 That, falling from the skies,
 On meadows green, in thousand cups,
 At morning twinkling lies.

Be still in conduct, striving not
 For honour, wealth, or might !
 Who in contentment breaks his bread
 Finds favour in God's sight.

Be still in sorrow ! " As God wills !"
 Let that thy motto be.
 Submissive 'neath His strokes receive
 His image stamped on thee.

Be still in God ! Who rests on Him
 Enduring peace shall know,
 And with a spirit glad and free
 Through night and grief shall go.

Garibaldi.



HIS most romantic of modern warriors, and Prince of modern patriots, has at length passed away, at the ripe age of seventy-five. This is not the place for even a sketch of his wonderful life, which is the less needful inasmuch as biographical accounts of him have appeared in the newspapers in great profusion. It is interesting, however, to note that most of the organs of public opinion, both in England and on the Continent, have united in one grand tribute of praise. The exceptions are few and, for the most part, insignificant, and are found exclusively amongst the reactionary class—the sullen defenders of political and ecclesiastical despotism, who are incapable of appreciating a life so chivalrously devoted to the interests of civil and religious liberty as his, and who could not resist the impulse to “give their kick at the dead lion.” When Lord Beaconsfield died, he was very generally applauded—less, however, for his character, which, even under the softening influence which emanated from his open grave, did not escape adverse criticism, but for the remarkable intellectual activity and astuteness which he maintained through his long and conspicuous career as a statesman. Garibaldi never pretended to shine as a man of intellectual genius and culture, and his blindest admirers have not thought of ascribing to him powers which he did not possess. But men of all political parties, at least in England, have vied with each other in the honour they have paid to his incorruptible moral virtue and nobleness. Just before his magnificent reception in England in 1864, one who had “the pen of a ready writer,” and who was well known to many of our readers, used the following words concerning him:—

“Virtue is yet a power in the world. I have no doubt that those who have the faculty of moral criticism, and who come in contact with the brave general—truly, as *Punch* has it, ‘the noblest Roman of them all’—will find some defects in his character. He has his failings. He is neither infallible nor immaculate. What those failings may be I have not the slightest notion. Nor does it much matter to me, to you, or to anybody. There are very few men in the world together at any one time of whom it can be said that the small frailties which

link them to our humanity are forgotten in the rich and grateful sense of those supreme nobilities which distinguish them from its average types. When a person great in our estimation, intimate to our knowledge, dear to our affections, or useful to our interests dies, we are in the habit of wisely forgetting the shortcomings and imperfections which may have ruffled our intercourse with him ; but, during his lifetime, our custom is to give to those shortcomings and imperfections not only their full, but even an exaggerated importance ; and the cases are scarce indeed in which a man who has still the marks and organs of mortality about him rises to the height of an ideal hero. Garibaldi is one of the few. His public virtues are exactly of that order against which the frailties of human nature are habitually at war. The qualities adored by mankind are ever those which are most scarce in its experience. Patriotism, integrity, conscientiousness, disinterestedness—these are excellences to which we are all most religiously bound—which many a man cultivates unseen—which are often exhibited on a lofty platform and on a large scale ; but which, in the hard and practical detail of life, are incessantly confronted by our smallest vanities, our spasmodic malignities, our unconfessed ambitions, or our immediate personal family or social interests ; and, although the compromises we make with ourselves are almost unconsciously effected, we yet know that our fidelity to truth, honour, justice, and even love, often stands in need of the support either of some recorded oath, or the sense of shame, or the dread of public suspicion and ignominy. Garibaldi, however, has achieved a complete and mature reputation for a sublime superiority to these attributes of a low and insidious self-hood, which cling so tenaciously to most of us. He has proved his power of self-abnegation. His freedom from disreputable passions has been demonstrated. His achievements have been so notorious that his not availing himself of the advantages which they brought within his reach constitutes a revelation the full significance of which everybody comprehends. The regard we all feel for this man has nothing to do with those affinities which spring from similarity of temperament, unity of opinion, a common object, or the interaction of mutual interests. For my own part, I am free to confess that, if I understand Garibaldi's political creed at all, there is hardly an article of it which I could receive in the precise form in which he would be likely to state it to me ; but this is a fact which does not cross one's mind in connection with his name. We most of us have an innate reverence for rank ; and a king, a duke, a lord, a bishop, or a mayor, receives from us, as a matter of course, some formal acknowledgment of our homage ; but Garibaldi's glory is of a kind and degree in which those minute distinctions of ceremonial courtesy which regulate, and very properly regulate, our demeanour in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures according to the grade they occupy in the social world are swallowed up. He impersonates the virtues which we all most admire, with a consistency which must be pronounced singular. Mistakes of judgment he may make, before he dies, as he has made them in times that are past ; alliances he may form in which he will be out of place, and through which his unparalleled influence may be perverted to mischievous results ; but these things will not necessarily affect his character. That is unspotted. It is free from the

shadow of a single suspicion. This man Garibaldi is a hero, pure and simple. His disinterestedness ; the purity of his spirit ; his devout patriotism ; his broad and simple benevolence ; his invincible strength ; and his stupendous valour, constitute the distinguishing features of a character one of the most entrancing and edifying furnished for the emulation of men in modern times. His extremes are all virtues, and they all meet, constituting a moral harmony which it is charming to witness. The extent and value of his public services may be measured by his personal incorruptibility ; his modesty, by his prowess ; his good faith to others, by his fidelity to his own convictions ; his courtesy, by his independence ; his lion-heartedness, by the perfect serenity and gentleness of his spirit. Many amongst us may regret Garibaldi's tendencies to exaggerate the qualification of peoples for democracy, and his habit of forgetting the conditions of social order in his enthusiastic devotion to the idea of political liberty ; but of his own sincerity and heroism no man entertains a doubt."

The moral influence of such a life as that of Joseph Garibaldi ought not to be lost upon the world. We do not specially allude to his military adventures, and to the almost astounding heroism which he displayed in them. He thus describes what we may term a specimen scene which occurred towards the close of the siege of Rome in 1849 :—

"It is true that this diversion was not free from danger, for it was known that the Savorelli Villa was my head-quarters, and balls and bullets and shells rattled all day on my windows. Especially when, to obtain a better view, I went up to the belvedere above the roof of the house, the matter became rather curious. It was a regular hail of bullets, and I have never heard a more incessant hissing of winged lead. The house, shaken by the cannon balls, trembled as if in an earthquake. Often, to give the Frenchmen artillery a more brisk employment, I had my breakfast served up on the belvedere, which had no other protection than a wooden parapet. Then, I can tell you, I had such a music as dispensed me from summoning that of the regimental bands. But matters became even worse when some practical joker of the staff amused himself by hoisting to the lightning-conductor above the little terrace a banner, on which were written in large letters the words—'Bon-jour, Cardinal Oudinot.'"

But Garibaldi was not a mere soldier, with the characteristic intrepidity and hardihood of the profession. His fearlessness was associated with the great virtues of the heart. The whole civilised world ought to be lifted nearer to an ideal goodness by being made, under the influence of the event of June 2nd, to trace over again the wonderful career, and to re-study the grand character, of the unsophisticated, brave patriot "who conquered a kingdom and did not seize its crown—who emancipated a race and took no reward—whose

valour and chivalry were but as the natural discharges of common duty." Napoleon called the English "a nation of shopkeepers." Surely we may learn now that "money-hunting is not the supreme virtue, and that to make sacrifices for the good of others is the nearest road to the central heart of humanity." That truth we virtually acknowledge in the honour we pay to Garibaldi's memory; and the acknowledgment should carry with it a power sufficient to impel us, in all the ways open to us, to follow the splendid example which he has bequeathed. Selfish ambition may be at a premium; but the premium ought now to be sensibly reduced. There is too much truth in the bitter words of the poet:—

"The harmony and happiness of man
Yield to the wealth of nations; that which lifts
His nature to the heaven of its pride,
Is bartered for the poison of its soul;
The weight that drags to earth his towering hopes,
Blighting all prospect but of selfish gain,
Withering all passion but of slavish fear,
Extinguishing all free and generous love;
Of enterprise and daring, even the pulse
That fancy kindles in the beating heart,
To mingle with sensation, it destroys—
Leaves nothing but the sordid lust of self,
The grovelling hope of interest and gold,
Unqualified, unmingled, unredeemed
Even by hypocrisy."

Such a picture is undoubtedly exaggerated, but it reveals a real danger. We want more heroes of the Garibaldi stamp who can teach us to measure our own best interests and our daily duty, not by the artificial standards which have so much sway in the world, but by the purer principles of our Divine faith. These will lead to the culture of simplicity of life, transparency of character, meekness, steadfastness in virtue, in justice, and in truth, moderation in all things, lowliness of mind, a quenchless hatred of all wrong, unfaltering faith in God and in all Divine principles of action, and a consequent impregnable moral dignity. The exemplification of such virtues is the true glory of the individual; their diffusion is the true security of the State. If they were universal, the world would be fit for the languished-for Democracy; for when men are no longer lawless, repressive laws will be no longer needed; and when all are alike

true to the claims of righteousness and of generosity, all will be alike equal in political and social freedom. If every one in the world were as good at heart as the good Garibaldi, soldiers and policemen might be universally dispensed with. Differences might arise, but they would be settled without breaches of the peace. Ralph Waldo Emerson dreamt of a day when "all men will be lovers, and every calamity dissolved in the universal sunshine." The men of the Garibaldi stamp have their part in making the advent of such a day the more possible. Happily, we know of One who is immeasurably greater than he, the Prince of all the kings of the earth, whose reign is a reign of perfect righteousness and love, and who "must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet." He is the Great Reformer of the Ages; and our progress in all earthly privileges must be evermore regulated by our attainments in those simple and beautiful social virtues which gave their fascination to His character, and which are among the most irresistible vindications of the beneficent Gospel He has given to mankind.

Reviews.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALING; or, Miracles of Cure in all Ages. By A. J. Gordon, D.D., Boston, Author of "In Christ," &c. Hodder & Stoughton.

PASTOR BLUMHARDT AND HIS WORK. Edited by Rev. W. Guest. With Introduction by Rev. C. H. Blumhardt. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

WE candidly confess that we know not what to do with the question to the solution of which these two volumes are published as, each in its own way, a contribution. That question relates to the efficacy of prayer in the healing of the sick. It is one of profound interest, and is receiving much, and

rapidly increasing, attention in our day. The passage in the Epistle of James (v. 14, 15) is so remarkable that the devout student may well pause lest he accept what appears to be its unmistakable meaning too readily. Not that the approach to any part of the teaching of the Word of God in a sceptical spirit is to be commended. But there is a difference between scepticism and caution; and caution would seem to be needful when startling statements are presented to us. We know how the passage referred to has been commonly understood, and how its applicability to these later ages has been explained away. Are the Christian people of our time about to learn that a great and grievous error has been nursed for

centuries in regard to this matter, and that the words of the Apostle are as true for to-day as they were for the day on which he wrote them? Intellectual difficulties confront us when we are asked to believe that the prayer of faith will heal the sick even when the administration of natural and scientific remedies has been found to fail; but these difficulties ought not to be regarded as of much account, if the teaching of Scripture be plainly to that effect. We do not perceive much force in the stock argument which Dr. Gordon expresses thus:—"We believe in regeneration, the work in which God comes into immediate contact with the soul for its renewal. That is no less a miracle than healing, in which God comes into immediate contact with the body for its recovery. In the one case there is a direct communication of the Divine life to the spirit, which Neander calls 'the standing miracle of the ages'; in the other there is a direct communication of the Divine health to the body which, in the beginning, was called 'a miracle of healing.'" It seems to us that the two cases are not strictly analogous in relation to the principle for the illustration of which they are brought together. We should imagine that any one accustomed to think at all closely can perceive a radical difference between a purely spiritual remedy for a purely spiritual evil, and a purely spiritual remedy for an evil which is purely physical. The latter case certainly has much more of the appearance of the miraculous than the former. In a rhetorical sense it may be allowable to speak of regeneration as "the standing miracle of the ages"; but in so speaking the word "miracle" is loosely used; and there seems to us to be a measure of rashness in saying, as

a writer quoted by Dr. Gordon does say, "You ask God to perform as real a miracle when you ask Him to cure your soul of sin as you do when you ask Him to cure your body of a fever." If this be so we shall have to revise the generally accepted answer to the question, "What is a miracle?" However, the question is as to the teaching of Scripture on the subject of healing by prayer; and we are glad to have an opportunity of recommending the two works before us as worthy of careful study. Dr. Gordon's treatise is divided into twelve chapters, which comprise the Question and its bearings, the Testimony of Scripture, of Reason, of the Church, of Theologians, of Missions, of the Adversary, of Experience, and of the Healed; the Verdict both of Candour and of Caution; and a concluding chapter on the Prayer of Faith as a great attainment, and the conditions on which it may be reached. The book is vigorously written, and contains a considerable accumulation of facts and arguments luminously stated. The account of Pastor Blumhardt is deeply interesting, not only by virtue of the light it sheds on the subject discussed by Dr. Gordon, but also because of the strictly spiritual work in which that remarkably good man was so long, so largely, and, withal, so successfully engaged.

VOX CLAMANTIS.—*The Life and Ministry of John the Baptist.* By Alex. Macleod Symington, D.D., Author of "The Story of Esther the Queen," &c. Religious Tract Society.

NEXT to the sacred and entrancing interest which belongs to the life of the Divine Son of Man must be reckoned that of the lives of His more devoted servants, and especially of

those with whom He was personally associated when on earth; and it is a matter for thankfulness that the lesser biographies, like the greater one, are constantly being re-written. Among these it is but meet that the life of John the Baptist should hold a conspicuous place. Christ Himself spoke of him as "more than a prophet," and said, "Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." Dr. Symington's account of this wonderful man, the result of a careful and devout study of the sacred records concerning him, is every way worthy of its exalted theme. It is not in any respect polemical, and we are glad to be thus ably assisted in a continuous perusal of the captivating story without being arrested here and there by the awkward and irritating questions which criticism has raised. Those who are drawn to such questions, either by duty or by inclination, will find their requirements amply met by the elaborate work of Dr. Reynolds. Dr. Symington has written, not as an apologist, but as an expositor. His work is reflective and practical throughout, and its one avowed object is "to lead men to the Son of God, the Lamb who baptizeth with the Holy Spirit." He is a reverent student, gifted with spiritual insight and with the power of graphic portraiture. Of the accuracy of some of his conclusions we are by no means certain, though we are equally uncertain as to whether we should be able to refute them. At any rate, we can unhesitatingly say that few books have been issued by the Religious Tract Society of more sterling excellence than this, which will not lose its interest even if it be repeatedly read.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE; or, The Scriptures in the Light of Modern Discovery and Knowledge. From Rehoboam to Hezekiah. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. With Illustrations. Third Edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

DR. GEIKIE'S industry does not flag, neither do his powers fail. Some popular books are easily written. Dr. Cumming could produce them by the dozen. They emanated from his pen with a facility similar to that of the various sorts of wine from "the inexhaustible bottle" of the wizard. Their production cost him but little effort, though they seem to have been regarded as of inestimable worth, if we may judge from the extent and the eagerness of the public demand for them. Other writers, however, amaze us by the vastness and profundity of their research, the wealth of their knowledge, the accuracy and completeness with which they can separate the precious from the vile, the legendary from the true, in the curious records of the far back ages, and the energy with which they can make the realities of the faded Past live over again before the imagination and the heart of the intense and throbbing Present. Dr. Geikie is one of these writers of the higher order; and, in our judgment, one of the best of them. He can think with perfect calmness, can fearlessly investigate, can go through sifting processes with heroic patience, can quietly and successfully pursue his way through labyrinths which would dishearten ordinary explorers; and yet, with all his serenity and self-possession in the attainment of results, he can express and vindicate such results, when attained, with all the fervour and passion of an inspired and eloquent soul. This fourth volume of "Hours with the Bible" is in all

respects homogeneous with those which have preceded it, and sustains the estimate of his powers as a writer which we have just given. It takes us over some three centuries of the sacred history, and depicts with splendid vividness the life and times of Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, and Hezekiah. The volume is embellished with admirable and useful pictorial illustrations, and is rendered invaluable as a book of reference by a copious index. Some readers may think, though we are not inclined to agree with them, that there is an unnecessary severity of temper in the rebuke which the author has, in the preface, administered to Dr. Robertson Smith. He says :—

“In the present volume, as in the last, the opportunity has been taken, where it offered, of calling attention to the references in the later books of Scripture to the earlier. The publication of Dr. Robertson Smith's book, ‘The Old Testament in the Jewish Church,’ and the stir its wild and startling assertions have caused, make this especially desirable, for such incidental contradictions to his extreme views are of great weight. It was, of course, inevitable that a controversy respecting the origin and structure of the Pentateuch should one day rise ; but that it should have been opened by a gentleman of such ultra opinions as Dr. Smith is a misfortune. Nor is it less to be regretted that in mooted theories so unwelcome to the mass of his countrymen, by whom the beliefs he impugns have been regarded as sacred, he should not have shown more of the humility and diffidence becoming under such circumstances. To brand the clergy and educated laity of the three kingdoms, his own followers excepted, as ‘traditionists’ ; to arrogate to himself the glory of a scientific religionist, and to despise every one else as the reverse ; to tell all who do

not agree with him that they ‘show the usual presumption of unhistorical rationalism,’ is neither wise nor decorous. But years and wider study will teach Dr. Smith to be less confident and contemptuous. We must submit to it at present as only pretty Fanny's way, and wait till it pass.”

From an investigator of less research and a writer of less power such words might be open to the charge of churlishness ; but Dr. Geikie is not one of those who “understand not what they say, nor whereof they affirm.”

THE REPUBLIC OF GOD. An Institute of Theology. By Elisha Mulford, LL.D., Author of “The Nation.” Fifth Edition. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

DR. MULFORD discusses such questions as the following :—the Being and Personality of God, the Precedent Relations of Religion and Philosophy to the Revelation of God, the Revelation of God in the Christ, the Conviction of the World, the Revelation of Heaven to the World, the Justification and Redemption of the World, and the Life of the Spirit. These topics occupy 260 octavo pages. Their author is an American, and his work entitled “The Nation” gained for him a high repute amongst men well qualified to judge of its merits. The work before us is largely, though not exclusively, metaphysical, and, as such, it contains a considerable amount of close and condensed thinking. Conventional views of the topics dealt with must not be expected. The author thinks for himself, and, as he possesses considerable thinking power, his lucubrations are certain to be more or less interesting and (either negatively or positively)

instructive to thoughtful readers. In the instance before us, they are certainly not over-burdened with orthodoxy.

FARM SERMONS. By C. H. Spurgeon.
Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

MR. SPURGEON supplies us, in his own life, with as exemplary an instance as any man who ever lived of what is termed "high farming." No part of his nature is allowed to run to waste. Every part of it is cultivated to the highest degree of its capability. We are sometimes inclined to fear that he commits the mistake of *over-cultivation*; yet the marvellous fruitfulness of his mind and character does not diminish. His "broad acres" show no sign of exhaustion; they are as prolific as they were when his earnest, well-directed, and sanctified husbandry was first brought to bear upon them. When we think of the quantity, quality, and variety of their products we are amazed. But we know that he will deem our appreciation of his work radically and lamentably faulty unless, along with him, we ascribe it to the grace of God; and that we gratefully do. The idea of the volume before us is a capital one, and may be characterised as thoroughly Spurgeonic. With many of the sermons we were previously familiar; but they have acquired a new fascination from the admirable manner in which they have been combined together. Of course, they will circulate far and wide. Thousands will read them again who have read them before, and thousands more will read them now for the first time. May God bless the reading to them all! The titles are the following:—"The Sluggard's Farm," "The Broken Fence,"

"Frost and Thaw," "The Corn of Wheat dying to bring forth Fruit," "The Ploughman," "Ploughing the Rock," "The Parable of the Sower," "The Principal Wheat," "Spring in the Heart," "Farm Labourers," "What the Farm Labourers can do, and what they cannot do," "The Sheep before the Shearers," "In the Hay Field," "The Joy of Harvest," "Spiritual Gleaning," "Mealtime in the Corn Fields," "The Loaded Waggon," "Threshing," "Wheat in the Barn." In his singularly appropriate and beautiful preface, Mr. Spurgeon says:—"Reader, if you are a farmer, it will be for your eternal pleasure and profit if the Great Husbandman should meet you by His Holy Spirit in the pages of this book, and exercise His skill upon you, that you may become in His hand as a land which is both tilled and sown. Paul says of believers, 'Ye are God's husbandry'; may this be true both of reader and author!" To which we add our earnest "Amen."

THE STATE OF THE BLESSED DEAD.

By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.

THE COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

By Henry Alford, D.D.

FRIENDSHIP WITH GOD. By the Rev.

Charles Stanford, D.D.

WHO IS HE? or, The Anxious Inquirer Answered. By Sarah F. Smiley, Author of "Garden Graith," &c. Hodder & Stoughton.

We have here the first issues of a "New Pocket Series," which we hope will be continued. The titles of such works, coupled with the names of their respective authors, are a sufficient advertisement. With three of the four now before us we have long been familiar, and the fourth is worthy

of a place by their side. They are uniform, and are tastefully printed and bound; and, though they will travel conveniently and safely in the waistcoat pocket, the type is not inconveniently small.

BIBLE READINGS. By Henry Moorhouse. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THESE "Bible Readings" have the greatness of goodness and the beauty of an unsophisticated piety. They make no pretension to originality of thought, or to scholarly exposition. They are simple reflections on the various passages of Scripture which are made to cluster around the separate themes, vivified by Christian experience, and illustrated by some profuseness of anecdote.

SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS. Nos. I. and II. combined. Compiled and Sung by Ira D. Sankey. Morgan & Scott.

ANNIVERSARY GEMS. An Original and Choice Collection of Sacred Music. Compiled, Adapted, and partly Composed by John Burnham (Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelist). London: William Nicholson & Sons, 20, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row; J. Burnham, 24, Keston Road, East Dulwich Road, S.E.

CHILDREN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICES. For Anniversary and other Special Services. Nos. I. and II. Music composed by Henry J. T. Piercy. London: J. Haddon & Co., 3, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

THE "Songs and Solos" compiled and sung by Mr. Sankey are universally known, and most persons have their opinion respecting them. Those who

appreciate and enjoy them will be glad to have both parts combined together in one goodly volume, comprising in all 441 pieces. They must be taken for what they profess to be—simple melodies simply harmonised, and adapted to words equally simple, but capable of considerable musical expression when sung as they are by Mr. Sankey himself. There is, we think, a larger proportion of the better class of pieces, musically considered, in the second division than in the first; but even these, like the former ones, are, for the most part, too merely elementary and sentimental for our taste; and we suspect that, with the general advance of musical knowledge, they will ere long lose their popularity. "Anniversary Gems" is a work of another order, though not, in the respect to which we refer, of very much higher merit. The 114 pieces contained in it have certainly one source of interest—they are not hackneyed, and most of them are new. They are intended specially for Sunday-school anniversaries, and are mostly jubilant, and such as the children of our schools are sure to learn readily, and to find pleasure in singing. Mr. Piercy's object is not very dissimilar to that of Mr. Burnham; but his pieces are graver, and would do very well for a change. It should be noted that they are also published in the Tonic Sol-fa Notation.

THE CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Parts 18, 19, and 20. Cassell, Pether, Galpin, & Co.

THIS delightful work has made great advances since our last notice of it, and is now nearing its completion. The twentieth part conducts us to the end of our Lord's last discourse to His

disciples, and to the moment of His entrance upon the agony of Gethsemane. The style of narration retains all its freshness, simplicity, and beauty. The external features of the publication are charming, some of the figure-illustrations only seeming to us to be scarcely worthy of that measure of praise.

THE CHRISTIAN. April, May, and June.
Morgan & Scott.

THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY AND FAMILY TREASURY. April, May, and June.
Nelson & Sons.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH : a Monthly Journal in Defence of Christian Truth. April, May, and June.
Partridge & Co.

THE POSTMAN. June. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

GOLDEN HOURS. Edited by Rev. J. Jackson Wray. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH. Edited by Rev. George Sexton, LL.D. Wade & Co., 11, Ludgate Arcade, E.C.

THE INDIAN BAPTIST. Calcutta : Baptist Mission Press.

THE PREACHER'S ANALYST : a Monthly Homiletical Magazine. Elliot Stock.

We can do little more than remind our readers, if they need reminding, of these various periodicals, all of which have their respective excellences. We have a special liking for the *Christian Monthly*, the *Christian Church* and the *Shield of Faith*, though we are not prepared to endorse the whole of the criticism of Dr. Bruce's "Chief End of Revelation," which we find in the May number of the *Christian Church*. Some of that criticism appears to us to arise from a mistaken view of some parts of

Dr. Bruce's teaching, and some of it from a misuse of certain Scripture passages. We are glad to find that the proprietors of the *Christian* have offered three prizes of fifty guineas, thirty guineas, and twenty guineas for the three best series of articles on "The Churches in Relation to Evangelistic Work," the total number of articles in each series to be about twelve, each in length equal to about two pages of the *Christian*, and to be sent to the publishing office not later than August 31st. The *Preacher's Analyst* is edited by the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A., and is well worthy of the notice of the class for whom it is intended. *Golden Hours* contains plenty of racy writing. The *Postman* professes to have "something good for everybody," and certainly most people might look through it with interest, and find something here or there fitted to benefit them. The *Shield of Faith*, with Dr. Sexton and the Rev. F. R. Young as editors, is in good hands, and will help many readers to defend Christianity from the attacks of such enemies as Mr. Bradlaugh and the Secularists.

AUTHORISED OR REVISED? Sermons on some of the Texts in which the Revised Version differs from the Authorised. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. London : Macmillan & Co.

DR. VAUGHAN'S method of illustrating the worth of the Revised Version is as wise and effective as it is simple. Avoiding elaborate literary criticism, he has fixed on a number of crucial passages in which the two versions differ either because of an amended Greek text or an amended translation. He briefly indicates the grounds on which the alterations have been made,

and defines their exact force. His main endeavour is to ascertain their doctrinal and practical results, and this task he has accomplished in a frank, genial, and efficient manner. Opposition to the Revised Version was anticipated as a matter of course, and in some instances it is neither unreasonable nor unfair. In some instances, but not in all; for many of the current criticisms are the result of ignorance and timidity, the fruit of a blind conservatism; and others of them can only proceed from an inadequate disregard to the claims of truth. The questions at issue must be decided on higher grounds than those of taste and association; nor can literary grace and musical expression be regarded as points of first moment.

No living writer is better qualified to speak on the subject than the Master of the Temple. His careful and exact scholarship, his profound reverence for all that is great and good, his refined Christian sympathies and large-hearted charity, render him a specially safe and judicious guide. The sermons comprised in this volume are among the ablest he has published, and possess a higher value than any sermons we have met with for a considerable time. They are all on texts of the first importance, such as 1 Tim. iii. 16; John v. 35, 36, 39, 40; John xvii. 2, 11, 24; Colos. ii. 18 and 23; Phil. ii. 5-10; Rom. v. 18, 19; Colos. iii. 1-4; Heb. xii. 17; Rev. xxii. 14, &c. There is throughout a frank recognition of our losses and supposed losses, but there is no difficulty in showing that these are far more than counterbalanced by our gains. The change in 1 Tim. iii. 16, for instance, deprives us of a direct assertion of the deity of Christ, which does not har-

monise with the context, and substitutes one which, if indirect, is immeasurably more powerful. We cannot speak of the very chiefest of saints or heroes as having been at His birth manifested in flesh. Such a phrase necessarily implies pre-existence, and the true reading proves to us, as the old could not, the Personality of the Gospel. The mystery of godliness is HE WHO was manifested. In Phil. ii. 1-6, again, our Lord could not count equality with God a thing not to be clung to, if He did not first possess it; while, on the other hand, the revised reading brings out much more fully the nature and extent of His humiliation, and enforces with much greater persuasiveness the lesson of the context. There is not a single sermon in this series which will not reconcile to the changes in text and translation many who have hitherto regarded them with suspicion. Dr. Vaughan proves beyond all doubt that, whether the work of the Revisers replaces that of their predecessors or not, all reasonable persons will regard it as an inseparable companion. "They will find in it a flood of light poured upon many of the dark sayings of the other; a light far beyond that of any number of notes and commentaries; a light such as will supply all that is needful to humble and praying hearts for the edifying study" of the Divine Word.

Ministers especially should study Dr Vaughan's sermons. The Revised New Testament has aroused a widespread interest in the study of Scripture, which may become fruitful in all good results. How to regard the work is, and for many years will be, a question of great urgency. Dr. Vaughan has furnished us, in this volume, with specimens of a method of meeting the necessities of

our congregations which cannot be too widely adopted. Sermons based on the same model as these ought to be preached in every church and chapel in the kingdom. The subject is practically inexhaustible, and it will not only ensure wise and helpful instruction, but give freshness, life, and power to every faithful ministry. As a companion to the Revised Version, Dr. Vaughan's volume is invaluable. But, apart from this, its primary purpose, it is full of profound spiritual truth, conveyed in graceful and forcible forms, and with an intensity and earnestness which no intelligent reader can resist.

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THE REVISERS AND THE GREEK TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Two Members of the New Testament Company. London: Macmillan & Co.

THOSE of our readers who have attached any weight to the now notorious articles in the *Quarterly Review* on the Revised New Testament should at once procure this timely pamphlet. The claims which the Revisers set up for the *Textus Receptus* are proved in the most logical and conclusive manner to be false and exaggerated, the method of "genealogy" is ably defended, and "the New Greek Text" (as the Reviewer persists in calling it) is shown to be nearer to the Evangelic Verity than any which had previously seen the light. The tone of the pamphlet is manly and candid, its arguments are lucid and trenchant, its illustrations are the fruit of a complete mastery of the subject, and its style is both scholarly and popular. A more triumphant vindication the Revisers need not desire. It should be read by all who are interested in the question; and what intelligent Christian is not?

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES: The Epistle to the Hebrews. By A. B. Davidson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Hebrew, New College, Edinburgh.

THE CHURCH. By William Binnie, D.D., Professor of Church History, Free Church College, Aberdeen.

SCOTTISH CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. Norman L. Walker, Dysart. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

IN any other age than our own, the idea of publishing, in a series of "Handbooks for Bible-Classes," such a commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews as Dr. Davidson has here given us would have been regarded as incredible. Its simplicity and beauty will commend it to unlearned readers, while its depth and vigour of thought will render it acceptable to students of a more advanced order. Such students doubtless require to investigate the meaning of the sacred text from many standpoints, and to avail themselves of the assistance of critics and interpreters of the most diverse schools. They will find in Dr. Davidson's pages invaluable help. In view of its more immediate purpose the work is amply sufficient. The reader for whose benefit it has been prepared, will need no other help. The Introduction discusses, adequately and comprehensively, the occasion, the contents, and the purpose of the Epistle, and furnishes us with all requisite materials for forming a judgment as to its authorship—a point on which Dr. Davidson speaks somewhat hesitatingly, though he inclines to the belief that it must be attributed to the Apostle Paul. Our own belief is that it was written by Apollos. The critical and exegetical notes are pithy and concise, compressing into brief space the result of extensive research and pro-

longed thought. The more extended notes on *The Son, The Rest of God, The Word of God, The Priesthood of Christ, The Two Covenants, &c.*, are valuable theological essays to which students in a Divinity Hall would delight to listen, and from which they could not fail to derive intellectual and moral stimulus in their discussion of the great problems of theological science. It is impossible, in the space at our command, to enter into details, but our opinion, as the result of a careful and conscientious reading of the entire work, will, we believe, be endorsed by all who can appreciate sound Biblical scholarship, fervent Evangelical faith, reverence combined with courage, and the uniform presence of "sweetness and light." The work is so beautiful, so scholarly and suggestive, that we are anxious to receive more from the same well-trained and skilful hand. Will Professor Davidson take the hint and gratify his friends by completing the ablest exegetical commentary we yet possess on the Book of Job?

Dr. Binnie's handbook on *The Church* is also written with marked ability, and in a liberal spirit. It is, of course, Presbyterian and Pædobaptist in its polity and ritual, and, so far, we are unable to agree with it. But its Presbyterianism is of a type which allows scope to many of the best elements of Congregationalism, as, on the other hand, the writer thinks that we, in our Congregationalism, are gradually approaching his standpoint. Our county unions and associations answer most of the purposes of a presbytery, and the development of their power need not trench on the legitimate independence of any congregation, and is on every ground to be desired. We commend this admirable

handbook of Professor Binnie's to the notice of our friends, not only because they will find in it a clear statement and masterly vindication of Presbyterianism, but equally because they will learn much that may be of the highest and most practical advantage to themselves.

Mr. Norman Walker brings to his task a practised pen. He has told the story of *Scottish Church History* in a lively and graphic style, and carries the reader through the great epochs of the Reformation, the Solemn League and Covenant, the Secessions, Moderatism, and the Evangelical Revival, in a manner at once agreeable and instructive. The History fills with admiration and gratitude for the past and hope for the future. The Free Churches and the principle of Voluntaryism have before them a noble career in the North. Mr. Walker's Manual is inferior to none of the series in interest, and will enhance his literary reputation. Is it not a mistake on the part of the editor not to have mentioned on the title-page Mr. Walker's authorship of "The Life of Dr. Buchanan," if not also his monograph on Dr. Chalmers?

PRESENT-DAY TRACTS. — *Christianity and Miracles at the Present Day.* By the Rev. Principal Cairns, D.D. *Christ the Central Evidence of Christianity.* By the Rev. Principal Cairns, D.D. *The Historical Evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead.* By the Rev. Prebendary Row, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

WE welcome these able contributions to the defence of Christianity from the attacks made upon it in our time, and

hope that others of like ability will follow them ere long. Such tracts as these should be read by the friends and foes of Christianity with equal care, for all might richly profit by the perusal.

THE THEORY OF PREACHING. Lectures on Homiletics. By Austin Phelps, D.D., late Bartlet Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

DR. PHELPS has added another valuable treatise to the many already existing which are designed to instruct preachers in the art of preaching. He has deliberately chosen not to adopt the specifically scientific method; the practical one was more to his mind, and seemed naturally to spring from the circumstances under which the work has been prepared. "Very soon after I began," he says, "to lecture in this department, I formed the habit of preserving manuscript notes of the inquiries of students in the lecture-room and in private conversations. These notes soon grew upon my hands immensely. Answers to those inquiries constitute nine-tenths of this volume. Whatever value the work may possess is due largely to the fact that it is a *growth* from such practical resources, suggested by practical minds, eager in their youthful outlook upon the most practical of the liberal professions, approaching it with intensely practical aims, and prompt to put the instructions they might receive to immediate practical use." Such an account of the work is enough to bespeak the interest of the reader. And it is well to understand that, though Dr. Phelps has written primarily for those who are devoted to the ministerial calling, he

has not written for them alone. He hopes that the book will be "of interest to thoughtful laymen," and the hope is well founded. "My hearers in the lecture-room," he says, "will bear me witness that I have never lost sight of that large and increasing portion of our laity who have very pronounced views of their own of the true theory of preaching, however little they may know or care for its scientific forms. I have recognised the fact that to their experienced judgment my own work must be ultimately submitted in the life's work of my students; and that no theory of a sermon can be worth discussion which does not succeed in adjusting preaching, as a practical business, to the large common-sense of Christian hearers." The author has given forty chapters to the development of his ideas on this great subject. They deal with every important branch of it, and are full of shrewd suggestions, freshly and tellingly put, copiously illustrated, and well worthy of thoughtful consideration. Our younger ministerial brethren, as well as the students in our colleges, whose habits in preaching are not so fixed as to be incapable of change, might obtain from Dr. Phelps some wise directions for which, in after-years, they would have reason to be thankful.

CHARLES G. FINNEY: an Autobiography. Specially prepared for English Readers. Hodder & Stoughton.

It is twenty-two years since Mr. Finney concluded his last visit to England; but his name is not forgotten, and there are many who still remember the remarkable evangelistic work which he did in this country, and who will be

glad to receive an authentic account of his life. The volume before us is deeply interesting from its first page to its last, and we intend to condense the main facts it records for insertion in an early number of this Magazine.

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THE PULPIT COMMENTARY. Exodus.

Exposition and Homiletics by Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. Homilies by Various Authors:—Rev. J. Orr, M.A., B.D.; Rev. C. A. Goodhart, M.A.; Rev. Dr. Young, B.A.; Rev. J. Urquhart; Rev. H. T. Robjohns, B.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
June. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

"The Pulpit Commentary" on the Book of Exodus did not reach us in time for such an examination of its voluminous contents as would justify the expression of a decided opinion respecting it. It occupies upwards of 750 pages, and cannot be adequately read in a day or a week. Nevertheless, the glimpses into it which we have taken suffice to show that the treat we have in store is of a very high order. With gratitude for its transmission to us, we reserve further remark about it for our next number.

"The Homiletic Magazine" presents a bill of fare of the usual attractions. The Rev. Newman Smith, A.M., of Quincy, Ill., U.S., whose work on "The Orthodox Theology of To-Day" we have noticed on another page, opens with a telling discourse entitled "No Divided Devotion," and founded on Matt. x. 37. From the text (Gal. vi. 7) the Rev. A. Brunton exposes the following fallacies in religion:—1. That there will be ample time in the future for attending to the concerns of

the soul. 2. That if elected we shall be saved, and if not elected we cannot be saved. 3. That it will be all the same a hundred years hence. 4. That great men have held that there is no future punishment, and therefore we need not be afraid. 5. That we are to be saved by doing the best we can. We have the fifth of the Rev. E. Wilkinson's admirable discourses on "The Prayers of Christ," founded on Matt. xiv. 23 and Luke xi. 1. Dr. J. E. Cumming, of Glasgow, detects some interesting "Anticipations of the Gospel" in Job xix. 23-27, to which remarkable words he succeeds in giving a spiritual, rather than a secular, meaning. The Rev. J. Telford, B.A., continues his homiletic observations on the Book of Amos. The Rev. Walter Roberts, M.A., treats of the "Cities of Refuge," and the Rev. Dickinson Davies, M.A., furnishes brief, but suggestive, notes on Mark iii. 13-19. The Rev. F. Hastings grows eloquent on "Christian Catholicity," from a reference to the gladness of Barnabas when he "saw the grace of God" at Antioch, where the Jerusalem Christians suspected the intrusion of a latitudinarian spirit. There is a fourth paper in the "Symposium" on "The Scripture Doctrine of Atonement," which is contributed by Dr. Olver, and which seems to us to take up the question in the right way. The expository section is rich with papers from Dr. A. B. Bruce (Matt. xxi. 28-32), Dr. Payne Smith ("The Dream of Nebuchadnezzar"), Professor Blackie (Homiletical Commentary on Jonah), and Professor Candlish (Irresistible Judgment—Zeph. i. 7, ii. 3, iii. 9). There is another paper in this department on John the Baptist, by Dr. Grosart, which is able in its way, but

which is written in a tone and style not much to our taste—arrogant, pompous, and pedantic. The number concludes with the Rev. J. P. Allen's third and last paper on "Parrhesia ; or, Pulpit Boldness."

THE ORTHODOX THEOLOGY OF TO-DAY.

By Newman Smyth, Author of "The Religious Feeling" and "Old Faiths in a New Light." Dickenson, Farringdon Street.

IF we had not known a little of Mr. Smyth as a writer on religious questions, we should have taken up this work with some tremulousness. The title-page would have suggested a reason for fearing that "the orthodoxy of to-day" had been made the subject of unfriendly criticism, possibly an object of angry attack. Our readers will be glad to know that the book is not one of that very undesirable kind at all. It consists of half-a-dozen discourses which, says the author, "were originally prepared in answer to certain objections which had been urged against Evangelical teaching in the columns of a local newspaper in my own home, and which are often raised, in various forms, as difficulties in the way of the popular acceptance of the doctrines of the churches." He draws a very proper and necessary distinction between "orthodoxy" and "orthodoxism." Orthodoxy he describes as "the continual historical development of the

doctrine of Jesus and His apostles," and the orthodox habit or temper of mind as "fidelity to the teachings of the Spirit of Truth throughout Christian history, as the things of Christ have been witnessed to the Church in its great confessions, and as the words of the Lord are still opening their meanings, under new providential lights, in the enlarging thought of the Christian world." On the other hand, "orthodoxy is the dogmatic stagnation and ecclesiastical abuse of orthodoxy"—"an orthodoxy which has ceased to grow"—offering "a crust of dogma kept over from another century," and failing "to receive the daily bread for which we are taught this day to pray." These sentences will apprise the reader at once that he is not invited to follow a merely conventional thinker; and yet, even from our own point of view, we can pronounce most of the thinking in this book to be thoroughly healthy. He exposes the folly of the popular prejudice against creeds. He regards the Cross "as in some real sense necessary for the self-satisfaction of God's own nature in forgiving sin." On the subject of future punishment he is cautious, though evidently without any leaning to the doctrine of "conditional immortality." The book is full of what we may call American vivacity, and will well repay perusal, though its author would be the last to wish that its teachings should be accepted without being brought to the touchstone of the Divine Word.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1882.

The Late Rev. George Gould.

(Concluded from page 297.)



MR. GOULD was deeply interested in the Burials' Question. We are informed that he drafted Sir S. M. Peto's measure. In 1861 he published a letter addressed to the Bishop of Norwich on "The Refusal of Christian Burial to the Unbaptized," in consequence of two persons having been summoned before the magistrates at Smallburgh for "guilty and indecent behaviour" in the churchyard of Horsey, "by then and there singing on the way to, and at the grave of an unbaptized child," for which offence they were each fined one shilling, and thirteen shillings expenses, in default three days' imprisonment. Mr. Gould urged that "the number of persons who die without 'the grace of baptism' is not only very large at present, but is yearly on the increase." The remark applied to the communities which practise infant baptism, and even to the so-called members of the Church of England. But the hardship complained of pressed most heavily upon those by whom infant baptism is repudiated. He said:—

"Even if it were right to punish those whose actions do not accord with their professions, it is a palpable injustice, and, let me add, an act of ecclesiastical tyranny, to brand with dishonour those whose only fault is that they prefer to obey God rather than man."

Mr. Gould had not only a complaint to make, he also had a remedy

to propose, and it was virtually that which has been embodied in the Burials' Act now in operation.

Another important work in which he successfully engaged cannot be better described than in the language of the Memoir to which we are indebted for most of the facts here recorded:—

“In 1861-2 the poor-rate of Norwich (which then had a population of 74,000) was £40,000. Sixty-five persons of every thousand of the population were in receipt of relief, either indoor or outdoor. At a large meeting held in Heigham, Mr. Gould moved the appointment of a committee of ratepayers to co-operate with other committees, and to adopt proceedings for the purpose of considering watching, and, if possible, reducing that excessive taxation. Other parishes followed the example of Heigham. At a meeting held in August of that year, Mr. Gould made a long speech, bristling with figures, exposing the injustice to which the citizens had been subjected under the operation of the Local Act. Conferences of the parochial delegates were held. Mr. Gould's great industry, his masterly grasp of the question, and his ability in dealing with statistics, brought him to the front as Chairman of the Parochial Delegates, who finally recommended that the Local Act should be repealed, and that the city should be placed under the Poor Law Amendment Act, qualified by provisions specially adapting it to the requirements of Norwich. The result of this agitation, in which Mr. Gould took a prominent part, was to bring all Norwich under the Poor Law, and eventually to reduce pauperism and an expenditure which has only fostered pauperism.”

The truth is that Mr. Gould was remarkable not only for his moral qualities, among which his devotion both to justice and to benevolence, was brilliantly conspicuous, but also for his practical sagacity. He possessed an extraordinary versatility of talent, and might have shone, not only at the Bar or on the Judicial Bench, but also in the Imperial Legislature. But he rejoiced in a higher calling than any of these, and only turned aside for the time to other matters when the duty to do so was at once unmistakable and imperative.

In April, 1862 (the Bicentenary year), Mr. Gould delivered an able address in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, on “The Avowed Causes of the Nonconformity of 1662.” His aim in this address was “to correct some popular misapprehensions of the story of the ejected ministers of 1662, and thus to clear the way for a true appreciation of the duties both of Conformist and Nonconformist Christians in England in the present day.” He was an indefatigable member of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and at the April Anniversary of that Society in 1865, he preached its annual sermon in Bloomsbury Chapel, taking for his subject “The Christian Campaign,” and

for his text, 2 Cor. x. 3-6. The sermon, which displayed the characteristic intellectual ability and spiritual earnestness of the preacher, appeared in the May number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE for that year. In the next year, the Rev. Albert Williams, of the Glasgow University, Mr. Gould's son-in-law, was set apart at St. Mary's Chapel to the pastorate of the Circular Road Baptist Church, Calcutta, on which deeply interesting occasion Mr. Gould delivered the charge to the young minister. In six months afterwards he had to mourn the death of the beloved daughter whom he had willingly surrendered for Christian service in the far-off land. Another missionary "charge" devolved upon him in 1874, when the Rev. R. F. Guyton, a member of his church, was designated to mission work in India.

It was only natural that so influential a minister of the Baptist Body as Mr. Gould should in due time become the heartily chosen President of the Baptist Union. He held this office in 1879-80, and discharged its duties with the mingled sagacity and fidelity which were expected of him. In the first of his two addresses from the chair, under the title, "Our Present Outlook," he comprehensively reviewed the conditions and the obligations of the Baptist churches. Equally timely, and in some respects still more valuable, was the second address, delivered at the Autumnal Session in Glasgow, on "The Use and Disuse of Confessions of Faith by Christian Churches."

His interest in popular education is attested by the fact that he was thrice elected to a seat on the Norwich School Board, and twice to its chairmanship—an honourable but arduous office which he held up to the time of his death. This mournful event occurred in the February of the present year. His health had not been robust for some time, but there was no apprehension of the nearness of the stroke which was to end his singularly useful career on earth. He was steadily prosecuting his varied work. On Friday, February the 3rd, he presided at a meeting of the School Board, at the Guildhall, and, on the following Sunday, conducted the usual services at St. Mary's with unusual power. In a few days he was dangerously ill with erysipelas, complicated by inflammation of the lungs and other complaints. On the following Sunday the bulletin announced that he had rested well and appeared somewhat better; but the hope thus revived was doomed to disappointment. At 6.25 on the evening of the next day, he passed to the eternal rest. The attendance at the funeral on the ensuing Thursday revealed the profound and widespread grief which his death

had occasioned, and the exalted respect in which his memory was held. The mournful ceremony commenced with a service at his house, after which the procession started for the Rosary Cemetery. The long line of carriages contained distinguished representatives of various religious and other bodies, far too numerous to mention. Dr. Underhill attended for the Baptist Missionary Society, the Rev. J. J. Brown, of Birmingham, for the Baptist Union, and the Rev. J. T. Wigner, of London, for the trustees of "Psalms and Hymns." The shops were closed along the line of route, and, notwithstanding a heavy downpour of rain, the streets were thronged by multitudes of persons in every grade of Norwich society who were constrained thus to show their regard for the deceased minister and fellow-citizen. At the Rosary hundreds of people, including a large number of ladies, had assembled long before the mourners arrived, and at the grave the Rev. T. A. Wheeler spoke the appreciative, tender, and comforting words which follow:—

"We who are gathered here this morning, of different opinions, positions, pursuits, and ages, have come together that we may show our respect, and discharge the last sad offices of human kindness, for one whom on earth we shall see no more. It seems almost impossible for us to realise the fact that Mr. Gould is gone from us now. To his family and his friends often it will seem as if the sound of his step and the tone of his voice fall upon the ear. Often our eyes will mislead us with the passing illusion that his presence is before us. But we know that he is gone, to be with us no more, and the knowledge overwhelms us with grief. Surely He who groaned and wept with pity at Bethany, will pity our sorrow as we mourn for our dead to-day. It does sometimes happen that the end of a life is a relief to the survivors, and the blessing of departure is more than the loss. It is not so now. Our loss is hard to bear. How great it is we cannot at present tell; but before the colour has faded and the perfume has passed away we may for a moment ask ourselves—What meaneth the life this man has lived? What has he left for us now that he is gone? He has left welcome recollections to many of us of pleasing intercourse, and none could be more kind, more genial, than he whose body we now lay in the grave. And we shall remember these, for they will come to us as strains of music from afar, and carry us back to the happy days gone by. What has he left? Recollections of sympathy in our sorrow, which was feminine in its tenderness and its depth, and in order to staunch the wounds from our hearts he brought consolation to us in our trouble, the example of a courage which never failed, and a loyalty to truth which was unshaken, which has stimulated us, and the remembrance of which will stimulate us still. What has he bequeathed to us? Welcome recollections of a ministry eminently spiritual in its character, instructive, and tender, which we, who occasionally listened to it, always were benefitted by, and carried away with us thankful

hearts that God had given to our brother such gifts for the blessing of his brethren and the glory of His name. He has left us a life inspired by Christ, devoted to Christ, and complete in Christ. And what is there more precious or more powerful? For more than a generation he has been amongst us in this city, and directly or indirectly has affected many of us. I owe something of what I am to-day to him whose voice will fall upon my ears no more. And we are all in some sense better or worse for the life which is now on earth complete. For threescore years and three he lived below, but

‘ We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.’

Such a life as our brother led touches us, and will touch us until we are ourselves carried to our last home. And what of him? We, standing round his grave, partakers of like precious faith with him, believe he is at rest, and at rest in Christ. We sorrow not as those who have no hope, knowing that those who live in Jesus will God bring with Him. We are encouraged by the deep abiding sense of personal faithfulness which he cherished, and the strong enduring faith in Christ which he was enabled to follow—by a life bearing witness continually to the sincerity of his profession of discipleship to the Master. And so children and kindred, with friends and mourning churches, commit his body to the grave in the hope—the strong, confident hope—of resurrection to eternal life. Here we leave him to rest.

“ Give dust to dust ! and here we leave
The earthly seed to die ;
That so this mortal may receive
Its immortality.

“ Spirit to spirits purified !
And his hath soared on high,
Hath joined the members glorified—
The brethren in the sky.

“ Saviour, Thy love unites us all,
The living and the dead ;
’Tis but one body mystical,
And but one glorious Head.

And to Him be glory evermore. Amen.”

The memorial sermon was preached on the evening of the day of the funeral by the Rev. R. Glover, of Bristol. It was full of beautiful and consolatory thoughts drawn from Matt. xxv. 21. The preacher observed :—

“ There are things which change their aspect if you look at them, and what you most dread when you gaze upon it sweetens into a smile. The nettle which you boldly pluck will not sting you, whereas, timorously touched, it inflicts a pain.

If we gaze on death, the longer we gaze the more it sweetens, until it becomes as the very shadow of the Almighty. They who went fearful to the sepulchre found the stone removed, and got therein a hint of the possibility of the victory over death; they that lingered found angels to speak with them; and she, whose grief was most inconsolable, and lingered longest, found at last the friend she had lost standing near, and willing to speak, to comfort, and to gladden her. So is it always. Fear to face death, and it remains a perpetual alarm. Go forth to look at it, and there are still the angels ready to console. We may well afford to gaze on it to-night, for to-night's occasion is a 'coign of vantage' from which to behold it. There are lives on the end of which you do not like to meditate. The rich man dies, and all you think or care to say of him is that 'he was buried.' But there are other lives in which there is so much of soul that you think not of burial or of earth. And we approach to-night the sepulchre which ends the earthly career of one whose qualities are such that we ought not to be afraid to speak of his departure. Early he consecrated all his powers to Christ, and that early consecration never wavered but only deepened, absorbing more and more of his Master's spirit, and was most fresh, most delicate, most beautiful when he passed away. He was not one on whom death was likely to lay an injurious hand. Every grace had set its seal on him to give the world assurance of a man. Exquisite tenderness lay beneath the reserve of his outward manner, fondness for home, fondness for truth, courage that naught could daunt, faithfulness to conviction which he followed out at any cost, an eager wish for the guidance of the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and a readiness to follow whithersoever it led. He took a warm interest in every cause of human progress, whether in society, or in the State, or in the church; helping the poor, teaching the ignorant, seeking to serve the lost in this and in distant heathen lands. He had a large heart that looked beyond itself, on which the shadow of self, which is the shadow of death, never cast its chill. Death had no terror for him. And if we ought to feel that on such a life death could inflict no injury, we feel it all the more readily when we mark how he died. To him, in the brief intervals of clear consciousness which came on his dying bed, to him the Jordan itself was "still waters" and its banks green pastures, and his spirit was at rest, only elate and only grateful. With no sense but that of joy, and no anticipation but that of hope and acceptance through the merits of his Saviour, he passed away. Should we be afraid to look at death in such company and under such conditions? At once we feel that over such a spirit death could have no power; and, accordingly, to-night I want that we should look on the dead as glorified—on our friend, not as he was, but on our friend as he is. Our feelings prompt us to look back, to measure life, to mark service, and to recall incidents that prove the worth of his ministry and his life; and if we yield to that, then there is apt to grow upon our spirit a feeling that our experience is only loss and our confusion becomes more dense, and we begin to think death only an injury. But all things have another side, and so has death. The gate on this side so dark, is, on the other side, pearly. The star that here has had its setting has elsewhere had its rising. What we blame as robbing us of our best friends, Heaven blesses as giving back those that have been watched over and loved. What we call death there is birth. And I want that we should look above

and on the other side, and see to-night, not what our friend has been, but what, through the mercy of his Saviour, he is and is to be. God help us, all of us, that our thoughts may wing their flight heavenward; that the prayer of our open heart and the desire of it may be gratified, and that we may see our friends as they are. I take this text to help us. I make no apology for taking it. I think it fits our friend. Whatever he was, he was a 'servant of Christ.' His spirit found its centre in its Saviour. All its hopes, all its aspirations, all its confidences, and all its aims his spirit found in Christ. 'The Master' was the familiar epithet under which he described his Lord. And through a long life there has been but one supreme desire, and that successfully achieved—to serve as a good and faithful servant his Lord. And now he is passed away. Where is he? What is he? Let us think on these things. Saints, as well as Saviour, rebuke us when we do not ask, "Whither goest thou?" We ought to use the ascending dead as lights to lighten up the heaven of God. Let us follow his light, and, like John Bunyan, who, when the gates of the city were opened, wished himself amongst them, let us catch the bright radiance of the other world, and may it animate us with the desire to follow him. Taking this text, therefore, as suiting him, as expressing the greeting which he has received, and the experience on which he has entered, I want you to notice a few things in succession which mark the great elements of his blessing."

The preacher then proceeded to show, in eminently chaste and impressive language, and with great copiousness of illustration, first, that the departed servant of the Lord still survives; secondly, that he has entered on a world where he is appreciated; thirdly, that he has reached his judgments and rewards; and, fourthly, that he has entered on a world of joy. He concluded thus:—

"What lessons are we to draw? Is there not one of encouragement to all of us to learn to trust the Saviour more and serve Him better? We are afraid of falling, but the Lord will not let us fall. 'They go from strength to strength, every one of them appearing before God in Zion.' You are not going to fall, but having begun a good work, in you the Lord will perfect it unto the day of Christ. Trust more, serve better. Lose not the things that you have wrought, keep to the old Gospel, and to the old habit of watchfulness and prayer. There is no place where the soul will thrive like the shadow of the Cross—linger there, look lovingly there, take a fresh grip of Christ there, and ask fresh mercy there. That grand character upon which we look back to-night was made by faith in the Gospel of Christ. *Do not cast away that inspiration until you get another better.* Leave Christ when you can get a better master, but until then go to Him with your sins to be forgiven, and with your service to be rendered, and ask Him to keep you. If there are those of us who have known the Saviour, who have loved and served Him, who catch inspiration from the glory which our friend has reached, there are others here that surely ought to listen to the voice of the glorified, and who ought to be led by that voice to decide with the great decision that marks the epoch in our everlasting history. We are encompassed with a great cloud of

witnesses that appeal to us to look unto Jesus, and run with patience the race set before us. They testify that He is the only Master that it is good to serve. Will you choose Him? Will not some here be baptized for the dead, and enter the ranks made thinner by his removal? Some of you have neglected his words in life—keep them now when from his dying bed his testimony comes to you with tenfold force. Oh, that all of us may repent! Oh, that each one of us may seek our Saviour; and when we are passing away let beams of heavenly sunlight brighten the tears that fall upon our corpse, and from heaven the welcome be overheard in the case of each one of us—‘Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ Amen.”

We have no space for remarks of our own on Mr. Gould's character, even if we had the ability requisite for a full and discriminating portraiture. He was a man of mutable moods, as other, but not better, men have been, and always will be in this mutable world. Some of his moods, owing, as we judge, entirely to physical causes, were less attractive than others. There were times when he appeared haughty and stern; but on such occasions he was not his true self, as those who knew him best knew full well. A more sterling Christian—a more devoted servant of the Divine Master, never lived; and the loss to Norwich, to the Baptist denomination, and to the interests of religion in this land, occasioned by his departure, will not be easily repaired. We magnify the grace of God in him. He was an eminently just man; and “the memory of the just is blessed.” We learn with great pleasure that a “Memorial” of Mr. Gould will shortly be published, consisting of a considerable Volume of Sermons and Addresses with a Memoir, under the editorship of his son, the Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A., of Bristol.

Notes of a Short Holiday in Switzerland.

III.



AFTER our walk to Leysin and Sepoy we spent a few days in sweet idleness, making intimate friends of all the pet beauties of the immediate neighbourhood, and surrendering ourselves passively to the recreative influences of pure strong air, unclouded sunshine, glorious scenery, and harmonious interchange of thought and feeling.

But the morning of August 25th rose upon us in such royal splendour that it was unanimously decided at the Council of the

Breakfast Table that "something must be done;" and, *à propos* to this decree, our hostess told us the story of a legendary Englishman, who came all the way from London to see the Falls of the Sallenche; went directly thither, satisfied his soul, said he would rather not have the impression dimmed by any other sight, and, without unpacking his portmanteau, went home again. This sounded promising, and we arranged an excursion to the Falls, making it include also a visit to the Gorges du Trient.

So at 11 a.m., our prospects for dinner being rather uncertain, we stood round the dining-table, and each solemnly drank a glass of Bavaroise, the Swiss fortification against famine and fatigue.* That ceremony over, Paul, Blackbird, the Professor, and myself walked into Aigle and took railway tickets for Vernayaz.

Leaving Aigle behind us, we observed with interest on our left the old Roman tower of Saint Triphon, and the famous quarry of black marble; but soon found the scenery on our right imperiously demanding attention. La Dent du Midi had wrapped herself in clouds, and every now and then, with the caprice of the children of the South, she would tear away the veil from her head, leaving her base apparently unsubstantial cloud, a most curious effect being produced by the appearance of a huge pearly-gray monster hanging far up towards the zenith, without (as the police reports say) "any visible means of support." Presently we left Protestant Vaud, and entered the Roman Catholic canton of Valais; and, as we went rapidly down the valley, with the Rhone turbulently rushing in the opposite direction by our side, the Valaisian Alps became more and more imposing and terrible in their grandeur. We crossed the Rhone by a wooden bridge, and had thus a brief opportunity of observing its more salient characteristics. It was of a bluish-white tint, and for impetuosity and energy might have competed with any mountain torrent I ever saw. This rush puzzled me, for the valley is exceedingly level; but I fancied afterwards I had found a solution of my difficulty. Far upon an apparently inaccessible perch of an almost perpendicular rock,

* Should any traveller wish to test by personal experience the boasted virtues of Bavaroise, let him drop into separate cups the white and yolk of an egg, and thoroughly beat both, the white especially, till it is a mere puff of wind; then let the contents of the two cups be mixed, stirring in rapidly at the same time a glass of light wine—that of Yvorne in preference. It should be drunk immediately it is made.

we saw the Hermitage of Notre Dame de Scex, the abode of a solitary monk, who (with a church bell all to himself) spends his life in prayer and in giving advice to all who come for it.

At Vernayaz, the prettiest of a series of charming little toy stations, all carved wood and rose bushes, we alighted, and struck off at once for the Falls of the Sallenche, more commonly called the Pissevache. The Sallenche is a tributary of the Rhone, and flows from the glaciers of the Dent du Midi. After racing down hill with wonderful rapidity, it comes to the precipice, 120 feet high, above Vernayaz, from whence it flings itself after a manner entirely its own. At the top it boils in a fury, then dashes down headlong, describing a curve of perfect grace, losing all appearance of water in its rush, and sending out little forked jets of foam, like a thousand tiny rockets, as a fringe to its glory. The wind comes by, dispersing the watery particles in every direction, the sun shines through them, and the air is luminous with diamonds of the first water. The Sallenche, of a blue-white like all glacier rivers, runs directly into the Rhone; and, if the Rhone be capable of a sentiment, it must feel considerably astonished and somewhat carried away by the energy of its new client.

We dined under the shade of some elms in a field almost encircled by water, the glorious waterfall on our right, in front of us the unclad majesty of Mont Catogne, in the far distance the snows of Mont Velan, with the sunshine reflected dazzlingly from its broad surface, and at our left the Dent de Morcles, brilliant with its lighter-coloured stone. We found, on investigation, that we were minus knives, forks, and drinking-vessels; but Paul came to the rescue with a penknife to cut the bread, and a small silver fruit knife to slice the brawn; while the cup of my travelling-flask was pressed into the service, and, after repeated ablutions in the Sallenche to dissipate an obstinately clinging flavour of cognac, served as a wine-glass for us all. After dinner, two of our party climbed the ascent to go behind the cascade; one retired to the inglorious comfort of the smoking-room at the little inn; while the fourth chose a convenient seat on a mile-stone, and tried to engrave the marvellous picture on the tablets of memory. We presently re-united our forces, and walked slowly towards the Gorges du Trient, through Vernayaz, where, for the first time in Switzerland, we saw a cross, pure and simple, built out-of-doors, with a little niche in it for a taper.

At length we entered the Gorges. Is it lack of words or of thought

that makes me so timorous at entering on this part of our excursion? I do not know; but I do fear that words will blind rather than open the eyes of any one but myself who may read this. Putting it as simply as possible, the Gorge is a narrow passage between rocks over 400 feet high, and so near together that the sunshine never penetrates into the gully. Every moment you expect these rocks to meet over your head, and the air becomes damp and cold. Walking through this passage in the ordinary way is impossible, because the whole of its width is taken up by the River Trient, which comes dashing out of the Glacier du Trient; and, maddened by the restraint of these impassive prison-walls, pours down ever more furiously, in one place clearing thirty feet in one tremendous leap, till it reaches the open sunlight, and, raging and panting, flings itself into the Rhone. To give travellers a clear view of its wonders, a narrow wooden gallery has been constructed, clinging to one side of the precipice by some contrivance of hooks and twisted wires; and, when the rocks overhang too closely, a small bridge crosses to the other side, where the gallery is continued. At its termination, where the gorge widens a little, we sat down, and the Professor and I began to speculate idly on the length of time it must have taken the water to make for itself such a stupendous channel. Reasoning from analogy, we got back about 400,000 years, then became alarmed, and declined to pursue the subject farther. And, coming out, we saw, clinging to these gigantic rocks, the tiniest and bonniest of ferns, reminding us, as do so many things in Nature, of the twofold side of the Divine Essence—the majestic Creator of these awful objects, and the tender Guardian of the smallest fern that grows. On returning to the entrance, a breath of warm wind greeted us, and the sunlight lay softly smiling on a green mountain side to tempt us out of the terrible chasm.

Then we wanted some tea, and turned into a very delightful hostelry called *Hôtel des Alpes*, where we had very good tea, milk, and sugar for the small charge of 2 francs. They brought us the Visitors' Book, in which was written every variety of recommendation in French, German, and English. To these we gladly added our quota and signatures. Coming out, I made glad the heart of a laughing little Swiss baby by dropping into her basket the gorgeously coloured American meat-tin in which our brawn had been brought, and which, empty, was as great a nuisance as, full, it had been a satisfaction. Turning straight from the gleeful little face, we came

upon a *crétin*—a poor creature about 4 feet high, and as broad as a full-grown woman. It (I could not guess its sex) was brown, and had short, curly black hair; but such an utter vacuity in its face, and want of purpose in its movements, that I could not follow the poor thing without a real pain at my heart.

Paul was now tired, and went to the railway station to rest quietly for the short time we had to spare; Blackbird, the Professor, and myself desired one more good view of the Falls. So we walked on, and sweet music saluted our ears, proceeding from a herd of goats, about ninety in number, of large size, and with beautiful horns, which were coming to meet us. Each one had a bell and collar round its neck, and walked with an air of dignified self-possession and conscious elegance wholly wanting in our English goat. Scarcely had they passed, when we fell in with a herd of Valaisian cows, smaller than our Alderneys, of every variety of colour from black and dark-brown up to white, of slightly uncertain temper, generous in the matter of milk, but abstemious in the matter of food, and each one the proud possessor of a bell—not to be for a moment likened to our English cow-bell, but of a *timbre* not inferior to that of our church-bell, though, happily for all parties, of a moderate volume of sound.

We stood before the waterfall once more, and tried again to make it our own for ever. Then we regretfully turned our backs on the Tours d'Ay and the setting sun. From that moment we all wanted to be Argus, for there was more than occupation for a hundred eyes, even if all were *en rapport* with the same brain. For on our right lay Pissevache, and a little cascade crossed by forty-two bridges; behind us were the Tours d'Ay, on the left the Dent de Morcles, and before us Mont Catogne, and, lying behind it, Mont Velan, a peak of the Great St. Bernard, 11,600 feet high. As we advanced, the snow covering its vast surface became a flame-coloured yellow, which deepened under our gaze into a rosy flush, and then into the softest crimson.

Turning into the Station Road, with our faces still directed towards this splendour, our attention was unworthily but completely diverted by the spectacle of three distractingly pretty white Persian kittens with blue eyes, which were playing at a feline adaptation of leap-frog in the high road, and striking attitudes so entirely bewitching that Mont Velan had to give place to them for a moment. Their owner soon put in an appearance, thinking, I suppose, that I looked rather

felonious, and told us they belonged to a family of five, of which two had already found a home in the Monastery of St. Bernard, where they would have to make war on church mice; these three were for sale at 15 francs each. I decided that I could not expose a kitten to the discomforts of a journey from Switzerland to the West of England; and heroically we turned our thoughts again to the mountain, which, from crimson, had become a pale rose, and now changed to gray-white, standing out against a celestial background of soft pink, which gradually faded away into an opaline blue. These subtle changes seemed each more beautiful than the last, and were the delicate crowning charm of a perfect day.

But the day was not finished. Darkness fell fast; and the train carried us through the tranquil valley guarded by the everlasting hills, across the noisy Rhone, to Aigle. Then came the long walk home under the quiet stars; our first sight of the second comet of the year; then the motherly welcome; the cheerful evening meal; and, after all, the enjoyment of God's gift to His beloved—sleep.

L. M. D.

(To be continued.)

Dr. John Brown and his "Horæ Subsecivæ."



HE announcement, in May last, of the death of this genial and hale-hearted Scotchman created, both in literary and scientific circles, and among the general public, the sense of a heavy personal loss. His intimate friends frequently spoke of him as "the beloved physician," and felt that no epithet could more accurately describe his character, or the esteem in which he was held. This intrinsic fitness of the phrase harmonised with the associations of its earliest use by the Apostle Paul. Like the evangelist Luke, Dr. Brown was a man of careful and "accurate" observation, of transparent simplicity and candour, and gained as high distinction in literature as in the practice of the healing art. Though he was not, perhaps, one of the lions of the North, there are few Scotchmen to whom he was not directly or indirectly known, and he was everywhere regarded with deep and tender affection. He was an

especial favourite with children, and had the rare power of awakening their interest and stimulating their curiosity in whatever direction he pleased. His fine conversational powers rendered him a delightful companion, and "other bairns" than the little ones were charmed with the flow of his kindly and humorous speech. His warmest and most grateful admirers will probably be found among the artists, the doctors, and students of Divinity, who owe much of their success to his generous encouragement. A truer and more helpful friend could not be; and how many men in the various professions he saved from hopelessness and failure it would be difficult to compute.

Although the recent death of Dr. Brown may give a special interest to our article, our purpose to write it was formed some weeks before that event took place. The re-issue of the three series of his occasional papers—many of which had been before the public for more than twenty years—seemed a favourable opportunity for expressing our appreciation of the genius and work of an author whose writings have been a source of pure and healthful pleasure, and an incentive to all that is beautiful, chivalrous, and strong. His words quicken our perception of "whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report," and attach us to all that is gracious among the living and venerable among the dead. Their wider circulation will therefore be an unmixed good. Great as is his popularity north of the Tweed, he is not so extensively known in England as he ought to be. On the other side of the Atlantic his works have met with an appreciation which proves that "the mother of mighty nations" is not always as shrewd and far-seeing as some of her illustrious daughters.

It is to the wise persistency of his friend and publisher, Mr. David Douglas, rather than to their author's intention, that we are indebted for the issue, in their complete form, of the "*Horæ Subsecivæ*." It was only after long and urgent entreaty that Dr. Brown could be persuaded to prepare the whole of these admirable papers for a new and uniform edition. He might, if his professional duties had allowed him, have produced a greater and more elaborate work than any he has given us; but we are not sure that he would have rendered more valuable service. The "odds and ends" of some men are worth far more than the "painful" and systematic productions of others. Genius is happily independent of scientific formulæ and artistic elaboration; and though when Dr. Brown speaks to us from his easy chair his sentences are occasionally less perfect than they might have

been, and his arrangement less orderly than a rigid logician would have made it, his words glow with poetic fire, and stimulate the mind to sound the lowest depths and soar to the loftiest heights of human thought. These "fugitive pieces," as he modestly terms them, give us little more than a hint of what he might have accomplished if he had made literature his profession, and especially if he had taken the advice of one of his critics and written a novel! The man himself was greater than his writings, and possessed a breadth and fertility of thought, a versatile and many-sided power, which have been but half revealed. Fragmentary as his essays are, we are glad to have them, and to have them in their present form. They are, in their own line, of the first order—"gold, and silver, and precious stones," without the slightest admixture of "wood, hay, and stubble." They are full of truth, beauty, and grace; the expression of a pure and loving heart, of a soul tender, generous, and heroic; strong in its gentleness and gentle in its strength.

Dr. Brown came of a thoroughly good stock. His great grandfather, the horic old man of Haddington, is even yet well remembered in connection with his edition of the Bible. "He was," says our author, "our king, the founder of our dynasty. We dated from him; and he was hedged accordingly by a certain sacredness or Divinity. I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked, by a blacksmith's wife in a remote hamlet among the hop gardens of Kent, if I was the son of the 'Self-Interpreting Bible.'" This "Self-Interpreting Bible" must have been a remarkable man. When a shepherd lad on the hills of Lomond, he acquired a knowledge of the Greek language, and longed to possess a New Testament in the original. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. On the next morning he entered a bookseller's shop, and asked for a Greek Testament. The bookseller was disposed to make game of him, but one of the Professors coming in handed him the volume, with the remark, "Boy, read this, and you shall have it for nothing." The boy did so, and carried off his prize with great delight. This Testament was one of Dr. Brown's most valued heirlooms. "He cherished it very dearly, and held it close to his heart." Some of the stories told of this founder of the dynasty are full of pith. He was a man of saintly character and lofty devotion, of rugged strength and intensely practical. A weak, conceited youth once

waited upon him to secure his help that he might be a preacher of the Gospel. Mr. Brown advised him to continue in his present vocation. "But," said the young man, "I wish to preach and glorify God." "My young friend, a young man may glorify God making broom besoms. Stick to your trade, and glorify God by your walk and conversation." Another of his smart sayings was, "The grace of God can do much, but it canna gi'e a man common-sense." When he first went to Haddington there was one man who held out against his call. Mr. Brown meeting him when they could not avoid each other, the malcontent said, "Ye see, sir, I canna say what I dinna think; and I think ye're ower young and inexperienced for this charge." "So I think, too, David; but it wad never do for you and me to gang in the face o' the hale congregation." Uncle Ebenezer, the brother of the "king," was a very different, but scarcely less distinguished, character; and it was, we believe, of him that David Hume declared that he preached as if Jesus Christ were at his elbow. The father of our author was the greatest exegetical theologian the United Presbyterian Church has produced. His influence on the students of the Divinity Hall, and, through them, on the ministry of his church, has been of incalculable benefit, and, both in our own country and in America his volumes on "The Discourses and Sayings of Our Lord," on "The First Epistle of Peter," &c., have been extensively read. In the reverential and affectionate tribute so gracefully paid to his father's memory in the "Letter to Dr. Cairns," Dr. Brown has given a full-length portrait of him, as truthful as it is striking:—

"My father—tall, slim, agile, quick in his movements, graceful, neat to nicety in his dress, with much in his air of what is called style, with a face almost too beautiful for a man's, had not his eyes commanded it and all who looked at it, and his close, firm mouth been ready to say what the fiery spirit might bid; his eyes, when at rest, expressing more than almost any other I ever saw—sorrow and tender love, a desire to give and to get sympathy, and a sort of gentle, deep sadness, as if that was their permanent state and gladness their momentary act, but, when awakened, full of fire, peremptory, and not to be trifled with; and his smile, and flash of gaiety and fun, something no one could forget; his hair, in early life, a dead black; his eye-brows of exquisite curve, narrow and intense; his voice deep when unmoved and calm, keen and sharp to piercing fierceness when vehement and roused. In the pulpit—at times a shout, at times a pathetic wail; his utterance hesitating, emphatic, explosive, powerful; each sentence shot straight and home; his hesitation arising from his crowd of impatient ideas, and his resolute will that they should come in their order and some of them not come at all, only the best; and his settled determination that each thought should

be dressed in the very and only word which he stammered on till it came—it was generally worth his pains and ours."

Some of his physical feats—especially in horsemanship—were very amusing, but we must not here detail them.

With Dr. Brown we have lost one of the last links between the Edinburgh of the present and the Edinburgh of the past. It will be long before the world can cease to be interested in everything that relates to the sayings and doings of Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the rest of their illustrious comrades. But those who can remember them are now very few. Dr. Brown has, in various of his essays, given us delightful glimpses of these grand old heroes, and especially of "The Shirra" himself.

"Moving about, the greatest and naturallest of them all, like a Newfoundland dog, or his own Maida among his fellows, Sir Walter, the healthiest, manliest of all our men of letters—frank, open, and full of work as the day; with that homely, burly frame, that shrewd, *pawky* face, with its grey eyes and heavy eyebrows, its tall, tower-like skull (he used to say his hat *was* small, but then he filled it); eyes, when at rest, heavy, filled with latent genius and story, like music slumbering on its instrument; when awake and lighted from within, how alive, how full of fun, making his rich voice and rich life all the richer. He was then at his zenith. . . . I remember him about that time; he used to walk up and down Princes Street, as we boys were coming from the High School, generally with some friend, and every now and then he stopped, and, resting his lame leg against his stick, laughed right out at some joke of his friend's or his own; he said a good laugh was worth standing for, and, besides, required it for its completion. How we rejoiced when we took off our bonnets, to get a smile and a nod from him, thinking him as great as Julius Caesar, or Philopœmen, Hector, or Agricola, any day."

Not less delightful is the sketch of another and very different *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, Dr. Chalmers:—

"How perfectly we can at this moment recall him. Thundering, flaming, lightning in the pulpit; teaching, indoctrinating, drawing after him his students in the lecture-room; sitting among other public men, the most unconscious, the most king-like of them all, with that broad leonine countenance, that beaming liberal smile; or on the way out to his house, in his old-fashioned great coat, with his throat muffled up, his big walking-stick moved outwards in an arc, its point fixed, its head circumferential, a sort of companion and playmate, with which, doubtless, he demolished legions of imaginary foes, errors, and stupidities in men and things, in Church and State. His great look, large chest, large head, his amplitude every way; his broad, simple, childlike, inturned feet; his short, hurried, impatient step; his

erect, royal air ; his general look of good will ; his kindling up into a warm but vague benignity when one he did not recognise spoke to him ; the addition, for it was not a change, of keen speciality to his hearty recognition ; the twinkle of his eyes ; the immediately saying something very personal to set all to rights, and then sending you off with some thought, some feeling, some remembrance, making your heart burn within you ; his voice indescribable ; his eye—that most peculiar feature—not vacant but *asleep*, innocent, mild and large ; and his soul, its great inhabitant, not always at the window ; but then, when he did awake, how close to you was the burning, vehement soul—how it penetrated and overcame you, how mild and affectionate and genial its expression at his own fireside."

Among other vivid sketches of character, those of Dr. George Wilson, Dr. Edward Forbes, Dr. Samuel Brown, Professor Syme, Sir Robert Christison, and the late Duke of Athole stand out prominently, while the "Letter to Dr. Cairns" is a noble ecclesiastical portrait gallery, in which even Mr. Matthew Arnold would find it difficult to detect notes of narrowness and provincialism. The accident of Nonconformity generally operates to a man's social disadvantage, but it neither indicates a lack of strength nor deprives him of sweetness and light.

Dr. Brown has frequently been compared to Charles Lamb, and the comparison, within certain limits, is just, but may easily be pushed too far. Their differences are, at least, as striking as their resemblances ; and though it be deemed a literary heresy, we have no scruple in expressing our opinion that of the two writers Dr. Brown was the healthier, the more judicious, and the more morally inspiring. In the one as in the other, there was a fine play of wit and humour, a delicacy and quaintness of thought, allied with keen susceptibility of feeling, and a power of rich, varied, and graceful expression. But Dr. Brown was a man of greater breadth than our English essayist, and had a more finely developed spiritual nature. He was the master of a more touching pathos, and could awaken and control the religious sensibilities of his readers with as great a naturalness and ease as he could excite to laughter or move to tears. He was at home in regions of thought which Lamb rarely entered, and soared to sublimer heights. He was, indeed, as remote from the rigid spiritual anatomist and the vulgar ethical analyst as from the empty word painter ; but he never allowed either his refinement of feeling, his delicate reserve, or his keen interest in the duties and pleasures of the present, to divert his thoughts from other and higher claims. Often by a few sympathetic words, a vivid touch, he conducts us to the very heart of

questions on which Lamb was altogether silent. To adapt a fine figure of his own, while he rejoiced to move with the multitude in the common ways of life, he was impelled to climb the Mount Sinais and Pisgahs of thought and knowledge, to speak with Him whose haunts they were, that he might descry the break of day and the promised land. He had no sympathy with the sombre idea that every moment of life should be "full o' sairiousness," nor would he subject the minds either of children or of men to an unnatural strain. No one could better enjoy or more easily provoke a good laugh. He looked upon a kindly joke as a part of his stock-in-trade. But his fun was kept within narrower limits and under more rigid restraint than Lamb's. This side of his nature was never allowed to dominate and so injure the rest. The description of Lamb, which Dr. Brown quotes from his friend John Hunter, needs to be greatly qualified before it will apply to himself.

"Humour, wild wit,
 Quips, cranks, puns, sneers—with clear, sweet thought profound,
 And stinging jests, with honey for the wound ;
 The subtlest lines of all fine powers, split
 To their last films, then marvellously spun
 In magic web, whose million hues are one."

We have not seen in the "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" anything that could fairly be called a quip or a sneer. Dr. Brown had not Lamb's power of keen, though kindly, sarcasm ; nor could he indulge in stinging jests. Lamb would have scorned to wound a man even in jest without at once applying the honey. We question whether Brown ever went the length of wounding. Many of his stories are as pithy and humorous as the best of Dean Ramsay's ; as when "Uncle Ebenezer," in the course of a missionary tour in the North, met a band of Highland shearers on their way to the harvest, and asked them to stop and hear the Word of God. They declined on the ground that they had their wages to work for. He agreed to pay them what they would lose—paid them and, closing his eyes, engaged in prayer ; when he had ended he looked up and his congregation had vanished. He complained of this to his shrewd brother Thomas, and got the sensible reply, "Eben, the next time ye pay folk to hear you preach, keep your eyes open and pay them when you are done." How good is the story, told by Dr. Heugh, of the big perspiring countryman, rushing into the Black Bull coach-office, and, as he held the door, shouting, "Are yir

insides a' oot?" An incident which occurred in his father's church is worth repeating. A certain "descendant of Nabal" having put a crown piece into the plate instead of a penny, asked to have it back, and was refused on the ground, "In once, in for ever." "Aweel, aweel," grunted he; "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said *Joems*, the doorkeeper; "ye'll get credit only for the penny." It was this same *Joems* whose simple and earnest prayers showed so deep a feeling of *immediateness*, as if God were very near, and who used to say to Dr. Brown, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to *close groups*." How wise are these words, uttered in a protest against the system of cram in medical education, but admitting of a much wider application:—"Often when I see some of our modern admirable Crichtons leaving their university, armed *cap-a-pie*, and taking the road where they are sure to meet with lions of all sorts, I think of King Jamie in his full armour—'Naebody daur meddle wi' me, and '—with a helpless grin—'I daur meddle wi' naebody.'" What a capital description Dr. Brown's servant gave of one of his callers: "Oh, it's the little gentleman that *aye rins when he walks!*" And how true to life is the picture of a certain old Nathanael, who lived more in the next world than in this. His house, one night caught fire, and he slipped gently into his neighbour's cottage, and found him reading aloud. Waiting till he had done, he said quite composedly, "By-the-by, I'm thinking ma hoose is on fire." The three volumes are full of stories as clever and humorous as these. But the informing spirit is throughout as elevating and healthy as it is bright and vivacious.

Dr. Brown's brief sketches of John Leech and his friend Thackeray are among his most valuable essays. Has anything more discriminating and just been said of Leech than this:—

"What we owe to him of wholesome, hearty mirth and pleasure, and of something better, good as they are, than either—purity, affection, pluck, humour, kindness, good humour, good feeling, good breeding, the love of Nature, of one another, of truth—the joys of children, the loveliness of our homely English fields, with their sunsets and village spires, their glimpses into the pure infinite beyond—the sea and all its fulness, its waves curling their monstrous heads and hanging them, their crisping smiles on the sunlit sands—all that variety of Nature and of man which is only less infinite than its Maker; something of this and of that mysterious quality called humour, that fragrance and flavour of the soul which God has given us to cheer our lot, to help us 'to take heart and hope and steer right onward,' to have our joke that lets us laugh and make game of

ourselves when we have little else to laugh at or play with—of that which gives us when we will the silver lining of the cloud and paints a rainbow on the darkened sky out of our own 'troubled tears;' something of all this has this great and simple hearted hardworking artist given to us and our children as a joy and possession for ever."

No critic has given a more accurate and faithful estimate of Thackeray than we find in Dr. Brown, whose clear insight and generous sympathy enabled him to see beneath the apparent cynicism of this great writer a real kindness of heart and a genuine tenderness of spirit. It was, as he has shown, Thackeray's sense of an all-perfect good, his glimpse into Paradise, not lost, of the lovely and the pure which quickened his discernment of the vileness, the vanity, and the sin he has so courageously exposed. In illustration of Thackeray's reverence and godly fear, several striking instances are given; and an incident is narrated which we must do ourselves the pleasure to quote, both because of its intrinsic beauty and the light it throws on the character of one who, to say the least, has been imperfectly understood.

"We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean Road to the west of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening—such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich, dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom. Between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness, every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all were feeling, in the word CALVARY! The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of Divine things—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."

In these exquisite sentences relating to Leech and to Thackeray we gain an insight into the character of Dr. Brown, which we would not willingly loose. He had gifts of no common order, which he invariably exercised in a manner worthy of the noble profession to which he belonged and of the collateral pursuits in which he found so delightful a relief. He exemplified the meaning of the familiar words,

“for the glory of God and the good of man,” and he has not written a single line which does not act as an incentive to diligence, accuracy, and strict fidelity; to purity and generosity of heart; to reverence towards God, and child-like trust in Christ as at once the revealer of God and the Saviour of men. The tragic pathos and racy humour of “Rab and His Friends;” the “tearful and mirthful” *Pet Marjorie* with its happy audacities; the innocent fun of “Mystifications;” the discriminating “Notes on Art,” the vivid reproduction of the life of earlier days and the unveilings of the storied past are some of the features which give to the three series of “*Horæ Subsecivæ*” an unique charm. It is a treat of no common order to meet so wise, so sagacious, and so sympathetic a teacher in his freest and most familiar moods; to listen to words which are as solid and philosophical in substance as they are quaint and colloquial in form; to come in contact with a sincerity of heart which is more bent on expressing its meaning and getting at the truth of things than on producing an effect; to be moved alternately to laughter and to tears. The tragic pathos of these essays is balanced by their unfailing humour. Wit and wisdom are inseparably blended, and, in a sense in which it can be affirmed of only a few, and they the greatest and noblest, we here seem to meet “some several twenty men all in an hour.”

Novels and Novel Reading.

A FAMILIAR ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.



VENTURE to offer to the younger readers of this magazine some free remarks on novels and novel reading; and I am afraid that, in doing so, it will be my duty metaphorically to tread on a considerable number of very sensitive corns.

It is not natural for people to be comfortable when they find the special sins they love ruthlessly exposed and unsparingly denounced. The exposure and the denunciation have the inevitable effect of putting them upon their mettle—of causing them to assert their independence and their right to do as they please—of provoking a protest

against such an interference with their liberty, and an angry intimation that the censor had better mind his own business. And yet it seems to me that if it be not within the province of a Christian minister to speak strongly against the sins of the age in which he lives, and to warn as many as will listen to him against them, it would be difficult to decide to whom that by no means pleasant task should be assigned. It is his special business to promote by every legitimate means in his power the great interests of truth and righteousness, to set himself uncompromisingly against everything by which the minds and characters of men are being hindered in their true and wholesome development, and to clear away to the best of his ability whatever stands in the path of those great principles of godliness which are set forth in the Divine Word, and which that Word declares to be "profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." I have never heard that John the Baptist was a barbarian, lacking in all right and gentlemanly feeling, insolent, dogmatic, imperious, self-opinionated and self-righteous, because he went forth among the people in his raiment of camel's hair, and with a leathern girdle about his loins, a gaunt, stern, awful prophet, and said to them in a voice of thunder, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand;" or because he said still more sternly to the Pharisees and Sadducees who came to his baptism, "Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruit worthy of repentance. The axe is even now laid unto the root of the trees: every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. He who cometh after me hath His fan in His hand, and He will thoroughly cleanse His threshing-floor; and He will gather His wheat into the garner, but the chaff He will burn up with unquenchable fire." I have never heard that the Apostle Peter was denounced as an impudent man, because he said to the Jews on the day of Pentecost: "Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders and signs which God did by Him in the midst of you, even as ye yourselves know; Him, being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye by hand of lawless men did crucify and slay." It was a bold thing to say, but it was as true as it was bold, and the consciences of the people took it home; for they were "pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and

the rest of the Apostles, 'Brethren, what shall we do?' The Apostle Paul had some fierce denunciations for the infamous practices which had become prevalent in the church at Corinth, but he did not allow any false delicacy to keep those denunciations back. He made both the exposure and the rebuke as unreserved as the gravity of the case required, advancing to the task with words at once intrepid and modest. "Let a man so account of us, as of ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Here, moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful. But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing against myself, yet I am not hereby justified: but He that judgeth me is the Lord." There were people of old who said to the seers, "See not," and to the prophets, "Prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things." It is not always given to a minister of God's truth to be "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument." I do not mean, of course, to place the habit of novel reading upon the same ignominious level as that of the sins against which the ancient prophets and apostles had to hurl their indignation. Far from that. But I believe this habit to be a bad one—fraught with many mischievous consequences; and, as it is so popular and prevalent in our time, I take the liberty of saying a few words about it, even at the risk of being thought by some to be "puritanical" and "righteous overmuch."

What is a "Novel"? A novelty is something new; and it is partly because a "novel" is supposed to be a novelty that it is eagerly read. Its attraction, however, does not lie merely in the fact that it is a new book; because a new book, if it be nothing more, may remain unread, and may become a drug in the market, doing neither good nor harm, and bringing no pecuniary profit either to its author or its publisher. Nay, a new book may be a very good book, full of admirable thinking, fragrant with living truth, wholesome from its first line to its last, and yet, though both new and good, it may secure but few readers. But suppose it to be a new "novel," and then how great the difference! Its intellectual and moral qualities may be good, bad, or indifferent, but the single fact that it is a new "novel" gives to it a special fascination, and people will rush to the reading of it by nobody knows how many thousands. The old Athenian spirit is still rife in the world—that of "spending time in nothing else

but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The things with which people are familiar are speedily regarded as stale, flat, and unprofitable. As soon as they know them they become tired of them, and thirst for something fresh—something which they have never seen, or heard of, or thought of, before—something which can inspire a new interest and create a new sensation. It does not greatly matter what it is, if only it be something new—a new fashion in dress, a new steam-boat collision or railway smash more tragical than any previous one, a new colliery explosion, a new Nihilist or Fenian atrocity, a new breach of promise case, or, perhaps, best of all, a new novel by a new author, appearing under some mysterious title, half suggestive and half meaningless. All this sort of thing awakens curiosity, sends the blood through the veins at a quicker pace, stimulates the languishing powers of life, makes people feel that they are not dying of that queer complaint which the French call *ennui*. Do tell us some new thing! It is at least twenty minutes since we had a sensation! Are we never going to have another? Has the universe come to a deadlock? Has nothing happened within the last twenty minutes? In all that long, weary time has nobody fallen in love? Has nobody found that "the course of true love never did run smooth"? Do tell us the story! Has nobody been married to the wrong person? Has there been no such thing as an earthquake, with toppling towns and buried populations? Has no new comet shot into the sky with a menace of suffocation for the earth and all the inhabitants thereof? What is the latest prophecy of *The Christian Herald and Signs of the Times*? We shall soon be tired of the Salvation Army; is nobody coming forward to out-Booth the General? So the world skips on from one excitement to another, and the shorter the intervals the better. We cannot live without incident. Tell us something about somebody—no matter who, provided he be a somebody, and not a nobody; and if you cannot find a somebody ready to hand who has not been worked threadbare, put your wits to work and manufacture one. Bring him out as quickly as you can, and let us see how he gets on in all sorts of queer situations. Illustration—anecdote—incident—comedy—tragedy—farce—scenic display—sensuous gratification—anything to keep up a pleasant excitement, and to save earnest thinking. Such is our nineteenth century taste.

Let me not be misunderstood. In characterising this peculiarity of our times thus, I do not wish to go to the extreme of condemning

the passion for novelty altogether. It is one of the constitutional passions of our nature, implanted in our being by the Creator; and, as such, we may be sure that, like every other natural passion we have, it is intended to answer some good and useful purpose in our life. It is not in itself a weakness; neither is it an evidence of depraved taste. Indeed, I do not see how it could be dissociated from finite intelligence, especially if such intelligence is also endowed with the power of feeling. It cannot, of course, be conceived to exist in the mind of God. He is infinite in His knowledge.

“To Him there’s nothing old appears;
To Him there’s nothing new.”

But the highest archangel that worships at His feet has always had, and always will have, something more to learn. His treasures of wisdom must become richer and richer as the cycles of eternity revolve. This truth applies still more obviously to our human intelligence. We are made to learn, and “curiosity is the zest of study.” However much we may know, we are conscious that there is much more to be known; and we instinctively dream that what we do not know as yet may be far more deeply interesting, far more useful, and far more worthy to be known, than anything we have already learned. It is out of this supposition that the passion for novelty springs. We see it working in all possible directions. None of us are destitute of it. As one says:—

“Be the man who he may who holds a place in society—be he a person ever so saturnine and dry and seemingly imperturbable—be he even one of those apparent cynics, whose facial muscles are of use to them chiefly in expressing scorn of ‘the gaping multitude’—we know that he has curiosity, and has it as strongly as the flippant talker who flutters like a butterfly from object to object, to sip sweets from every flower for his gossip.”

The operation of this instinct lasts through life. Its ardour may be more or less cooled down in later years, when we have learned by experience how many things there are which we should be glad to know, but which are beyond our ken; how few and how meagre are the solid results of intellectual inquiry and speculation; and how much better it is to be satisfied with the things which have been revealed than to be vainly trying to penetrate into secrets which are impregnable closed against us. But the instinct is never entirely extinguished. As the past recedes further and further away from us,

we turn our thoughts the more wistfully to the future. We must soon die. What about the state after death? Listen to the questions which a thoughtful man, who is just entering his seventieth year, asks on that thrilling theme. John Foster writes to a friend thus:—

“If we might be allowed to imagine such an exception to the general law as a brief visit from a departed friend, with permission of making to us some disclosures of the unseen economy, an earnest inquisitiveness, heretofore indulged in vain, might prompt such inquiries as the following:—Where is it—in what realm of creation—and have you an abode fixed to one locality? Do you exist as an absolutely unembodied spirit; or have you some material vehicle; and, if so, of what nature? In what manner was it at your entrance *verified* to you that you were in another world, and with what emotion? Was an angel the conductor? How does the strange phenomenon, *Death*, appear to you now that you *look back* upon it? What thought or feeling have you respecting your deserted body? What is your mode of perceiving external existence, and to what extent does that perception reach? Do you retain a vivid and comprehensive remembrance of the world and the life which you have quitted? Are you associated with the friends who preceded you in death? What is the manner of intercommunication? What are specifically your employments? What account do you take of *time*? What new manner of manifestation of the Divine Presence? Is there a *personal* manifestation of Jesus Christ? Have you a sense, a faculty to perceive angels as personal objects, analogously to what we should here call a visible appearance? Are you admitted to any personal knowledge of the wise and good of ancient times? Is there an assignment into *classes*? Do the newly arrived acquire immediately an adaptation to the amazing change? Do you still take a peculiar interest for those who were dear to you, whom you have left behind? Have you any intimation how long it will be before they follow? Are you apprised continuously of much, or of anything, that is taking place on earth; if so, by what means, and with what feelings? Have you any appointed intervention in the affairs of this world? Is the awful mystery of the Divine government of this world in any degree cleared up to your view? Is the great intellectual superiority which some have possessed on earth maintained in the other world? Is there a continual progress in knowledge; if so, must not those who have been in the spiritual world centuries, or thousands of years, be so immensely in advance of those recently entering, as to be almost humiliating to the latter? In what manner is the *retributive* destination signified?—is it by any formal judicial act, or only by a deep internal consciousness? Is the separation so wide between the good and evil that no distinct information of the condition of the one is conveyed to the other; or are they so mutually apprised as our Lord’s parable of Dives and Lazarus would seem to intimate? How is maintained your complacency in the appointment to wait an indefinite, but certainly very, very long period before the attainment of complete and ultimate happiness?”

Thus we see how the instinct of curiosity is ingrained into our

nature, and how great is the scope for its operation in regard to the facts and the possibilities of our life in this universe. It is incessantly at work. We see it in all the changing fashions of thought, of opinion, of sentiment, of social, political, and religious habitudes, of dress—in short, in all the ramifications of life. It is an instinct of tremendous force. Appeal to it! Stimulate it! Gratify it! Yes; but here lies the danger. Like every other instinct which belongs to moral and responsible intelligences, it requires to be controlled. In the lower animals, instinct, as a rule, works truthfully and healthily. But when, as in man, it is allied with intelligence and will, it is apt to seek extravagant and illicit gratifications. How soon was this danger verified in the history of humanity! It was through curiosity that the “old serpent, the devil,” wrought upon our first parents so powerfully as to induce them to eat of “that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into our world, and all our woe.” Surely that prodigious example—the first that happened on our earth—of the bitter consequences of allowing curiosity to go too far, ought to tell irresistibly upon every human soul as a warning against the same mournful mistake. But, alas! the mistake has gone on repeating itself ever since, and seems to be as rife in our world as ever. It is strange that it should be so. Why do not people reason in a common-sense way about the matter for two minutes, and then resolve that, God helping them, they will act upon the common-sense conclusion? A moment’s thought would suffice to show that new things are not necessarily to be regarded as good things. “All is not gold that glitters.” Human beings are liable to be deceived—to form false estimates—to be too easily led away by mere appearances—to think of many things as being different from what they really are. How many a child has gone into the fields, and plucked poisonous berries, and eaten them just because they looked *nice*. Poison may lurk in the midst of the most beautiful surroundings; and these may be the more attractive because they are unusual, and may thus give the poison a better chance of doing its fatal work. The boa-constrictor is a serpent of graceful form and of beautiful colours; but don’t embrace it, for beneath its outward beauty there resides a terrible power, which will crush you if you give it the opportunity. There is counterfeit gold in circulation which can only be distinguished from real gold by the initiated and practised eye and hand. The appearance of the bad

sovereign is so much like that of the good one, that you are certain to be deceived unless you are careful. It is possible to manufacture an article so that it shall look wonderfully like a brilliant diamond, worth hundreds or even thousands of pounds; and yet the materials of which the manufactured article shall be composed are but little better than the veriest rubbish.

Now, what is the moral of all this in relation to the subject before us? It is this, that we have need to be extremely cautious as to the kind of literature to the influence of which we yield ourselves. Let us not allow the passion for novelty to run away with us like a fiery horse, for if we do, we know not to what lengths we may go, or how soon we may come to grief. Let us keep a tight rein upon the steed, checking his pace and guiding his course. I am not contending that literature is itself an evil, but that, in all our reading, the principle of selection should be brought to bear as judiciously as possible. Whatever may be desirable in regard to beer—about which this is not the time for me to state an opinion—no one would urge total abstinence in regard to books, on the ground that there are a great many adulterated books in circulation, or that a great many people read very intemperately. On the other hand, it is better to read well comparatively few books, and those of the healthier kind, and to avoid all bad ones. Books are not to be swallowed indiscriminately and at a gulp merely because they are books, but to be sipped at cautiously until there is good reason for believing that they are wholesome and not deleterious; and then to be so taken into the mental and moral economy of our nature as to be easily digested and assimilated, and thus made to contribute to our mental and moral growth and strength.

Perhaps you may ask, "How am I to know whether it is desirable that I should read a certain book which comes in my way or not? How am I to judge of the character and tendency of a book without reading it? And if I am not to read it until I have reason to be sure that it contains nothing but what is good—not a particle of poison—what chance have I of ever reading it at all?" The question has its force and its propriety. There are various tests of the wholesomeness of a book—the reputation its author has amongst that portion of society which is most healthy in its tone—his popularity, or want of it, with those who are loose and corrupt—glimpses taken at random into the book itself—the casual impression which a slight acquaintance with it may make upon your mind. These latter tests, however, can

only be safely applied by those who have gained some fair degree of mental and moral culture. There are readers here and there whose intellectual and moral discipline has endowed them with so much of vitality and strength that they can not only bear what would be fatal to others, but can even turn evil itself into good, and can compel that which is false in doctrine or in sentiment to reach them in a form which shall endow them with a still richer intelligence and a still nobler moral life. These, however, are the few and not the many; and it would be well for the many to be guided by the few in their choice of the books to be read with a free and unsuspecting confidence. A very wise man says:—

“ For my own part, I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections. For this point, too, should be taken into account. We are wont to think slightly of that which it costs us a slight effort to win. When a maiden is too forward, her admirer deems it time to draw back. Whereas, whatever has associated itself with the arousal and activity of our better nature, with the important and memorable epochs of our lives, whether moral or intellectual, is—to cull a sprig from the beautiful passage in which Wordsworth describes the growth of Michael’s love for his native hills:—

‘ Our living being, even more
Than our own blood, and—could it less?—retains
Strong hold on our affections, is to us
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.’

“ If you would fertilise the mind, the plough must be drawn over and through it. The gliding of wheels is easier and rapider, but only makes it harder and more barren. Above all, in the present age of light reading—that is, of reading hastily, indiscriminately, unfruitfully, when most books are forgotten as soon as they are finished, and very many sooner, it is well if something heavier is cast now and then into the midst of the literary reading public. This may scare and repel the weak; it will arouse and attract the stronger, and increase their strength by making them exert it. In the sweat of the brow is the mind as well the body to eat its bread. *Nil sine magno Musa labore dedit mortalibus.*”

(To be continued.)

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. VIII.



EARLY thirty years have passed away since I first visited Stirling, when my engagements kept me there the better part of a week. I had heard much of the beauty of its position and surroundings; of the town nestling at the feet of those lofty crags on which the castle stands; of the events which had happened in the place itself and the extensive plains which lie around—events which have materially affected the political and social destiny of Scotland. The prospect of this visit excited expectations of the keenest interest, and I hoped for much enjoyment. Alas! how bitterly were these expectations disappointed. A dense mist enveloped the town and country all the time. Day by day I mounted the Castle Hill, hoping the fog would lift and reveal the beauties which it concealed. But in vain. Occasionally a small rift in the clouds permitted the head of some far-off mountain to show itself, which barely helped the imagination to picture the scene of which it formed a part. I left Stirling knowing scarcely more of it than when I entered it.

Subsequent visits were more happy. I have been there when not a cloud was to be seen. At other times masses of clouds of every hue and shape coursed across the sky, in which, without much effort, one could fancy there were among them snowy peaks, frowning castles, stormy seas, calm lakes dotted with islets, broad flowing streams emptying themselves into the wide ocean, presenting, when lit up by the rays of the setting sun, a scene of extraordinary beauty, and forming a magnificent theatre for his reception as he sank to rest. To an observant eye clouds are objects of extreme interest. They vary so much in form, colour, and substance, and are so different in character in different districts, that one hardly knows which to admire most—the scenery of the clouds or of the land. To see Stirling, and all its splendid surroundings, under such conditions as these is a privilege not often enjoyed by those who live south of the Tweed.

Its position is very remarkable. It lies in the heart of Scotland, within easy reach of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, and Callander. Loch Venacher, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, and the Trossachs are close at hand. Some of the finest of the Grampian Hills come down to its feet. The Ochils, so singularly striking in form and colour, seem to embrace it. The beautiful Carse, rich and well cultivated, is watered by the Forth, which winds its way through it to the sea; and, as far as the eye can reach, Edinburgh Castle, whose position is so like that of Stirling, may, on a clear day, be seen, terminating a landscape which, for beauty, variety, interest, and grandeur, is not surpassed even in "Bonnie Scotland."

Stirling is marvellously changed and improved since I first saw it. Many of the old, quaint, and unsightly houses, reminding one of days when home comfort was comparatively but little known, have disappeared, and new substantial ones have been built in their stead. The streets are now well paved, and kept in good order; and there is a plentiful supply of excellent water, brought from the neighbouring hills, without which no town can be healthy or clean.

Extensive suburbs have recently sprung up, containing large and handsome villas, replete with every appliance to secure the health of the residents. Domestic architecture, both as to external appearance and internal convenience, has made rapid advances since I first knew Scotland. I am glad, however, to have seen Stirling when its appearance was more antiquated, so forcibly reminding one of past times, though to some less attractive than the one it has lately put on.

The first object which arrests the eye of a stranger is, of course, the Castle, interesting for its great antiquity, its historical associations, and its singularly picturesque situation. It is much older than the town itself. The old Parliament House stands in the centre; on the left is the palace of James V., and for those times a very magnificent structure. The building to the west is of much more ancient date, and contains the well-known "Douglas Room," in which William Earl of Douglas was killed by James II.; and though it was burnt down in 1857, care has been taken to restore it in its original form. Most of these buildings have been converted into barracks. Lady's Hill and Valley, where in remote times tournaments were held, are now enclosed in the new cemetery, but without destroying any of their distinctive features. Here a chaste and beautiful group of statuary was erected by Mr. Drummond, of Rockdale Lodge, to the

memory of the martyred Margaret Wilson and her sister Agnes, who suffered death in one of its most painful forms. They were chained to stakes driven into the sand, and slowly drowned by the rising tide. No one can look on this object without feelings of the deepest indignation at the diabolical cruelty of those who compassed their death, or without admiration of their heroic courage and unflinching faith. How much we owe, in these modern days, to those who died so nobly in defence of the truth! In the quiet enjoyment of our present liberty, we are too apt to forget the sufferings of our godly ancestors, who have handed this freedom down to us at the cost of their worldly living and their precious blood. One rejoices that, as far as history and sculptured marble can perpetuate their glorious memory, it will never perish. But we, who live in these days of liberty and ease, need often to go back to the times in which they lived, and to contemplate the cruel mocking and agonies they endured, in order to renew and strengthen our love for the principles for which they so nobly suffered.

The public buildings in Stirling, both ecclesiastical and secular, are among some of the finest in Scotland. Its manufactories are, for a town of its size, both numerous and important. And not the least among them is the Tract Enterprise of Mr. Peter Drummond, which is said to have increased the revenue of the Post-office by £2,000 a-year! Stirling Bridge is the most noted structure of its kind in Scotland, both for its antiquity and the historical events connected with it. Some idea of the vast improvements which have been effected in this district may be gathered from the fact that it was, till within fifty years ago, the only means of access for wheeled carriages into the North of Scotland. Though originally very strong, one regrets to see that it is beginning to show signs of weakness and decay.

One of the principal objects of interest to a visitor, on entering the Castle, is the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. It is a beautiful picture of a beautiful woman; but it does not come up to one's ideal of her. If the many descriptions we have of her person and manners—notably that by Walter Scott in his tale of "The Abbot"—are at all correct, she must have been far more lovely, graceful, and dignified than the picture indicates. It has no indications of the intellectual superiority she undoubtedly possessed, or of the exquisite sweetness which rendered her so captivating. Whilst some writers have done their utmost to blacken her memory, and others have vainly tried to

exhibit her as faultless, the more candid and just maintain that large allowances must be made for her. Her education in France was not calculated to fit her for the perilous position she was called to fill. The nobles who surrounded her were fierce, cruel, and unscrupulous. The kingdom was rent asunder by the contentions of desperate factions. Morality, both private and public, was at an extremely low ebb. There were very few wise and honourable counsellors to whom she could have recourse. She was often deceived and betrayed; and when she cast herself on the protection of Elizabeth, whose conduct towards her was false and cruel in the extreme, she was treated more as a criminal than as an unfortunate queen. Her death was compassed by the most dishonourable means, and, though effected under the forms of law, was little better than a legalised murder.

Whence arises the strange fascination which attaches to her memory? How strangely blame and pity mingle together when we think of her! Why is it so at this distance of time? Is it because a strange mystery still surrounds her life, which no investigation, however searching, has yet been able to solve? The incidents of that life were extraordinary. Many of them were most painful; others full of danger. The men of her day were most remarkable—some for great ability, a few for virtue, but most for ferocity and vice. A far stronger hand than hers was needed to control and direct these turbulent elements. One cannot but lament her faults and deplore her crimes; and, while we see much both to censure and admire, there is more to awaken our pity.

There are two statues in Stirling to two most extraordinary men. At the head of King Street is a monument to the heroic William Wallace, by Mr. Ritchie of Edinburgh; and, in front of the first United Presbyterian Church, one to Ebenezer Erskine, the founder of the Secession body, and the first minister of that congregation. They represent men widely different in character and aim. One, a warrior and a patriot, sought to deliver his country from oppression; the other to deliver the Church from the power of the State. They mark two important epochs in the history of Scotland, both pervaded by influences which are felt to the present day.

I do not know what may be the general opinion as to the monument to Wallace which has been erected on the Abbey Craig, adjacent to Stirling. To my mind it is neither suitable nor pleasing. The site is splendid. That alone ought to have fired the genius of any

competent architect, to say nothing of the hero to whose memory it was designed to do honour. It is neither castle, nor tower, nor column. I have been told (for I never had the opportunity of closely inspecting it) that when you come up to it the appearance is very striking. But viewed from a distance, it is too ornate for the surrounding scenery, where there is so much rugged grandeur; and it is wanting in harmony with the simple and heroic character of Scotland's greatest patriot. Time may impair the structure; storms may lay it low; only the ruins of it may one day be seen. But the feelings which prompted its erection will continue to flourish as long as Scottish history is read, and the memory of the illustrious man to whose honour it was reared will gather new lustre from each succeeding age. Mere warriors, however great their deeds, are soon forgotten. True patriots live on in the hearts of a grateful posterity, who never weary of recounting their grand exploits.

No marvel, then, that the recollection of the deeds of this extraordinary man fired the genius of Burns, and led him to enshrine it in immortal verse! Even an Englishman is stirred by the thrilling notes of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." His life was made up of terrible suffering, bitter disappointment; occasionally, however, lighted up with gleams of victory and glory. He inured his followers to privation and fatigue, and taught them, by his own noble example, the advantage of discipline and obedience. Twice he defeated the armies of Edward; and when Bruce and other nobles, with their vassals, joined him, he cleared Scotland of her foes. The neighbourhood of Stirling was the theatre of one of his greatest victories. As Governor of Scotland, he regulated her affairs so wisely and so well that the higher nobility and lesser barons submitted to his authority; and, but for the treachery of the Earls of Dunbar and Angus, he would have defeated the vast army of the English monarch which he engaged at Torwood, near Falkirk. He subsequently resigned his office and retired to France, where he was thrown into prison at Amiens, and Philip offered to send him to London. He was, however, secretly released, and returned to Scotland, when he again commenced active operations for the deliverance of his country. Betrayed by a faithless servant into the hands of Sir John Monteith, he was first sent to Dumbarton and thence to England. On the day after his arrival he was tried in Westminster Hall with all the ceremony of law, but without the least

regard to justice; was condemned to death, and executed the same day! Thus ended the career of this illustrious patriot, at the early age of thirty-five, leaving, however, a name which will ever be revered. May we never forget that it is to such men—to their courage, to their hatred of tyranny, to their unquenchable love of liberty—that we owe the heritage of Freedom we now enjoy. Centuries have passed away since Wallace died, but his memory is fresh and fragrant now, and his name will never die!

To these visits to Stirling I owe my first acquaintance with, and now for many years the precious privilege of the esteem and friendship of, Dr. Culross, of whose high character and distinguished abilities I have already spoken in a former paper. The church to which he then ministered was small, and met in an upper room, to which there was access by a flight of steps. On the occasion when I first met with him the place was crowded, and, ere the service concluded, “the lights burnt blue.” Since then the church have moved into a handsome kirk; and it was very pleasant to see, in after-years, decided proofs of advance and improvement. A most touching incident occurred after this service which I can never forget. But, as the space allotted to me has been, I fear, exceeded, I must leave an account of it to the next issue.

The Hop-Pickers' Mission.

BY JOHN BURNHAM, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELIST.



MONG the many agencies in operation to-day for “reaching the masses,” not the least noteworthy is the “Hop-pickers' Mission.” Its title would seem to imply that it is purely *local*, and hence *limited* in its influence; but a perusal of the following programme of work undertaken by this Mission will at once dispel any such erroneous ideas. Its immediate operations are, of course, confined to the hop-growing districts, and hence *primarily* of local interest. But when we consider that it was started, and is carried on, mainly with the object of benefiting the *thousands* that gather from all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom for the hop-picking, it will be seen at a glance that its influence must be as wide-spread as that of any home mission in existence.

Thousands of the very poorest from the lanes, courts, and back-slums of our great centres (especially from London) gather into Kent and Sussex in September to earn a trifle and recruit their strength; and a few warm Christian hearts are seeking, each returning season, to embrace this golden opportunity for reaching

these masses that are, for the main part, unreached in their home-haunts and hovels.

There are several centres of operation among the hop-pickers, where brethren have settled to work in right earnest; and heartily do we wish them "God-speed," and pray for them the like blessings that we crave on our own work.

But we wish now to plead specially and briefly the cause of the above-named—*"The Original Hop-pickers' Mission."*

Unostentatiously it came into existence seventeen years ago, and has quietly plodded on, doing a noble work, steadily growing both in usefulness and in the confidence of the Christian public, upon whose liberality it is entirely dependent for the means of its support.

Several brethren are engaged in this Mission each September, and their work is as various as it is interesting. They visit the gardens, distribute tracts and fly-leaves, talk to the pickers at the bins, visit them at their tents and encampments on Sundays, holding brief services in their midst; gather them to free teas in a meadow on Sundays, in order to sing and talk to them about the Saviour; distribute shoes and clothing to the shoeless and thinly clad, give medicine to the sick, visit the sick and dying at the "hopper houses" when informed of such cases; and hold open-air services each evening in the villages whither the "hoppers" resort to the shop or the ale-house. These village services deserve *special note* from the fact that they gather about us large numbers of the villagers, who are not usually accustomed to attend any place of worship—that part of the population unreached by the ordinary church and chapel agencies. The services are largely attended by *men*, who, with few exceptions, are very orderly, and listen with considerable interest to the addresses.

That all this expenditure of money and labour has not been in vain we have had many encouraging proofs.* We are very anxious to add another valuable feature to our work, one that, for worth, may outweigh all the rest, and for this reason will surely commend itself to the practical sympathy of all God's stewards.

We wish to open a "Bible carriage" for the cheap sale of Bibles and Testaments before and after our village services, believing this to be one of the very best methods of extending a knowledge of the Saviour's Name.

No argument is needed to prove that all this work cannot be carried on without considerable expense; and it is for help in this direction we now earnestly plead. The "Bible-carriage" enterprise will cost an *additional* £12 beyond the ordinary outlay of former years.

Who will send an offering to help in this good work?

Parcels of clothing, or grants of tracts, should be sent, *carriage paid*, to Rev. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R.

Contributions to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, London; to the president of the Mission, Rev. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent; or to J. Burnham, 24, Keston Road, East Dulwich Road, London, S.E.

* If our readers would like a detailed description of this work, we refer them to Articles on the Mission in the *Sword and Trowel*, December, 1878, October, 1879, December, 1880, and January, 1882. Or Mr. Burnham will gladly forward reprints of these Articles to any applicant on receipt of a stamp for postage.

“He Ever Liveth to Make Intercession.”

[HEB. VII. 25.]

BY HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.



WILL arise and go unto my Father,
And say—what shall I say ?
O to abase myself in silence, rather,
And weep my guilt away !

What can I plead, who have no plea to offer
In presence of His grace ?
There was no help for me He did not proffer ;
How shall I seek His face ?

So often He has heard my poor confession,
And sent me on my way
Rejoicing in the sweet assured possession
Of pardon one brief day.

My sins ! my sins ! they seem to mount to heaven !
I can look up no more.
Not new sins, but the old, so oft forgiven ;
The old sins o'er and o'er.

Yet must I rise and go unto my Father.
The heavier grows my load
The more I need deliverance. O to gather
Some strength upon the road !

I said I had no plea. Alas ! excuses
Would but increase my sin.
They are of pride, and He to pride refuses
What penitence may win.

Already on my heart this sore oppression
Seems less as I draw near ;
And out of heaven a Voice of Intercession,
Compassionate, I hear.

I cannot understand the wondrous pleading,
Redemption's mystery ;
But know it is for me, this interceding,
So humble, yet so high.

O Jesus ! ever-loving, ever-living,
Who makest Thine my plea,
Would that the world were mine, and worth the giving,
To sacrifice to Thee !

But I remember that the troubled spirit,
The broken, contrite heart,
Are all Love asks or sinners need inherit,
That Thou should'st take their part.

Receive me then, O Jesus, and enfold me
In mercy's sweet embrace ;
Through Thee I know the Father now beholds me,
In Thine I see His face.

From the "New York Independent."

Alexandria in Ruins.



THE great trouble in Egypt which has been long anticipated has at last burst like a fierce thunderstorm, and the havoc already created makes a chapter of horrors such as history has seldom had to record. It is impossible, on this page, to recount, and much more so to explain, the many influences which have been working—some for a longer and some for a shorter period—towards the terrific crisis which has now occurred ; the complicated system of Egyptian government ; the shameless extravagance of those in power ; the flagrant social immoralities in which they have lived ; tyrannical taxation ; the revolutionary spirit concentrated in, and abused by, a military chief whose patriotism has all along been subordinated to selfish greed ; the rapacity of money-lenders ; the ambiguous relations of the Khedive to the Sultan ; Arab jealousy of European residents ; the conflicting interests to which the Suez Canal has given rise ; and, last, but not least, the religious fanaticism which seems to be bent on the endeavour to drive back, by any and every form of force that can be commanded, Christian civilisation from all Mohammedan territories. We wish that some competent author would address himself to the development and exposition of these and other elements of the difficulty which has plunged Alexandria into ruin, Egypt into trouble, and half the civilised world into danger. The crisis was precipitated by the massacre of Europeans some little while ago—an atrocity which led to the hasty flight of thousands of others, who had to leave all their earthly possessions behind them, and which, in the estimation of the English Government, called for some effective interference. A powerful fleet was despatched to Alexandria, the presence of which in the Alexandrian waters provoked the erection of forts with mounted guns on the sea sides of the city. These forts had to be reduced, a feat which

was accomplished in a few hours in spite of Arab energy, bravery, and skill, but which roused Arab vengeance to such a pitch of fury that nothing would pacify it but the destruction of the city by fire, accompanied by the most unrestrained pillage and murder. And now—what next? So far there is no serious disagreement amongst the European Powers as to what has already taken place, or as to the measures which are requisite for the restoration of order and of public and private safety. But Arabi Bey is still at large, with an army which may be gaining strength every day, and with a spirit of recklessness which may extend indefinitely the desolation into which Alexandria has fallen. Finding himself confronted by a formidable English force on Egyptian soil, he may fall back on Cairo, only to repeat the mischief he has already perpetrated. We hope and pray that our Government may be graciously preserved from any and every policy of evil, that the European Concert may be maintained in the interests of righteousness and of peace, and that, out of this terrible baptism of fire, Egypt, the land of a weird and wonderful history, may emerge seven times purified. We fear, however, that the last half of 1882 will witness some terribly momentous events in many parts of the Mohammedan world.

Reviews.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY. Exodus.

Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

In our last number we announced the publication of this volume. Since then we have looked somewhat carefully into its contents, and the examination has convinced us that to the preachers of the Gospel it will be a priceless treasure. The labour bestowed upon it must have been immense, and the results are correspondingly rich. In our judgment it is by far the best of all the volumes which have as yet been included in the important series to which it belongs. The portion of the Pentateuch upon which it treats is opulent in romantic incident, and is capable of yielding an almost boundless variety of the highest order of spiritual instruction; and we know of no work which has brought out its wealth of fact and of truth with such unstinted fulness and such living

power as the volume before us. Canon Rawlinson has supplied the exposition and the leading homiletics; whilst we have a great variety of homiletic treatment from the Revs. J. Orr, M.A., B.D.; D. Young, B.A.; C. A. Goodhart, M.A.; J. Urquhart, and H. T. Robjohns, B.A. The homilies of Mr. Orr and Mr. Young are unusually elaborate, and most of them are remarkably able. The exposition is thoroughly well done. The parts relating to the Call of Moses, the Plagues, the Passover, the Exodus, and the Giving of the Law are full of thrilling interest. We have been amused, however, by the singular use which Canon Rawlinson makes of the passage in chapter xii. and verses 31-36. He takes "Israel's going forth from Egypt," there described, as "a pattern to oppressed churches." "Churches," he says, "are sometimes enslaved and

oppressed by the civil power. In unsuspecting confidence they have accepted the State's protection, and entered into certain relations with it, supposed to be mutually advantageous to both. But, as times have gone on, the terms of the original arrangement have been disregarded; the civil power has made encroachments, has narrowed the church's liberties, has behaved oppressively towards it, has reduced it to actual slavery. A time comes at last when the bondage is felt to be intolerable; and the church demands its liberty—claims to go out from under the yoke of the oppressor." This is the exordium of a sermon in which the following analogies are worked out:—"I. The oppressed church, long refused the liberty which it has been driven to claim, is apt at last to be 'thrust out' by its oppressor. II. The emancipated church finds itself, on emancipation, surrounded by difficulties and perplexities. III. The emancipated church has a right to take away with it all its own property, and is entitled, if occasion arise, to spoil the Egyptians." These points are managed with considerable ingenuity, and they are, we suppose, intended to be significant in view of the present disturbed relations of Church and State in this country, the probably near approach of separation, and the claims which the Church may be expected to put forth in regard to property when the day of "emancipation" shall come. We may say that, to our minds, this putting of the matter is much more amusing than conclusive. There is but little, however, in this great work as a whole to which we have found it necessary to take any exception. Almost every page is replete with suggestive, healthy, Evangelical thought, drawn not surreptitiously but directly from the

narrative, as read by the help of modern scholarship and in the light of the Gospel.

THE FAITHS OF THE WORLD: a Concise History of the Great Religious Systems of the World. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son s.

WE have in this beautifully printed and strongly bound volume the lectures which were delivered in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on Sundays during the winter of 1881-82. They are correctly described in the prefatory note as "studies in comparative theology"—a phrase to which modern research has given an important significance. For popular use we know of no more instructive work than the one under the above title, to which we have the pleasure of calling the attention of our readers; a pleasure which is increased by the assurance that the book will not have the effect of unsettling the minds of those who have an intelligent trust in Christianity, but may contribute to the restoration of faith in the minds of many who have begun to doubt. Whatever of a divine element there may be, or may have been, in any of the old heathen religions is carefully sought out, frankly recognised, and viewed in its resemblances to the same kind of truth in the Christian Scriptures; whilst the errors are skilfully detected and unsparingly exposed. We are enabled to follow with intense interest the gropings of the greater and better minds of heathen antiquity, in the darkness which enveloped them, with more or less of success towards the light, and to observe with sadness the degrees in which they respectively failed to reach the light they sought. The religions of India—Brah-

manism and Buddhism—rightly occupy the foremost place in the volume; and these are developed and discussed with singular ability by Dr. Caird. Following these we have the Religion of China (Confucianism), by Dr. Matheson; the Religion of Persia (Zoroaster and the Zend Avesta), by the Rev. John Milne, M.A., of Edinburgh; the Religion of Ancient Egypt, by Dr. James Dodds; the Religion of Ancient Greece, by Dr. W. Milligan; the Religion of Ancient Rome, by Dr. MacGregor; Teutonic and Scandinavian Religion, by Dr. G. S. Burns; the Ancient Religions of Central America, by Dr. J. M. Lang; Judaism, by Dr. M. C. Taylor; Mohammedanism, by Dr. J. C. Lees. The volume would have been incomplete without a final lecture on Christianity in relation to other Religions. That subject—by no means the simplest and easiest of the series—has been most admirably handled by Dr. Robert Flint, who reviews, sums up, and throws (if we might so say) an electric light upon the teaching to be deduced from the entire work, and who rightly says at the close:—

“The study [of Comparative Theology] is a magnificent demonstration, not only that man was made for religion, but of what religion he was made for. The more accurately the nature of religion is determined, the more thoroughly its various forms are studied, and the more closely they are compared, the more conclusively will it appear that Christianity alone is the ideal of all religion, and alone satisfies the spiritual wants of humanity; that Christ is the desire of all nations, and the appointed Saviour of the world, in whom all perplexities of the soul are reconciled, and in whom alone the restless hearts of men can find peace. If it be true, on the one hand, that the

ethnic religions can only be understood when viewed in relation to Christianity, it is also true, on the other hand, that Christianity cannot be fully understood unless viewed in relation to these religions. We must know what questions the human soul has been putting to itself in various ages, lands, and circumstances, and what are the answers which it has been giving to them, before we can appreciate aright the comprehensiveness and aptness of the response contained in the Gospel. Not one of the features or doctrines of Christianity will fail to appear in a brighter light and with a diviner beauty after they have been compared and contrasted with the correlative features and doctrines of other religions.”

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF SOLOMON.

By the Rev. Rayner Winterbotham, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

THIS little work belongs to the series entitled “Bible-class Primers,” under the editorship of Professor Salmond, D.D., of Aberdeen. We have favourably noticed preceding issues. The present one is constructed upon the same plan as its predecessors, and is not behind them in the skill with which it has been compiled. It is at once comprehensive and compact, not too dull for continuous reading, nor too bulky for an ordinary memory.

DR ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.

Parts 14 and 15. Ward, Lock, & Co.

THESE two parts bring forward the publication of Dr. Clarke's great work to the end of the 105th Psalm. We need not repeat our commendation of the work, or the expression of our hope

that the admirable edition which Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. are now publishing secures a large number of purchasers.

inquiring minds, and such as the devout must delight contemplatively and prayerfully to linger upon.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN MAN. Discourses by G. Tophel, Pastor of the Evangelical Church, Geneva. Translated from the French (Third Edition), by permission of the Author, by the Rev. Thos. J. Després. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

No better book on this most momentous subject has, so far as we know, issued from the modern press than the one which we here introduce to our readers. The discourses are only five in number, and none of them are long; but they may be said to cover the whole ground, and to discuss all the more important questions which are included within its limits in the clear light of Scripture, of human needs, and of a deep Christian experience. In the first chapter the preacher luminously sets forth the work of the Holy Spirit in man's spiritual renewal; in the second, the gift of the Holy Spirit as the gift of the Father in answer to prayer, with a statement of the relation of the work of the Spirit to that of Christ; in the third, our duties towards the Holy Spirit—docility, especially towards the teaching of the Bible, habitual prayerfulness, implicit obedience, the constant realisation of the Spirit's presence; in the fourth, the crowning of the work of the Holy Spirit, in the complete and final redemption of the whole man; in the fifth, the Sin against the Holy Spirit which places those who are guilty of it beyond the reach of forgiveness. These 118 pages are replete with clear, mellow, tender, beautiful, elevating thoughts, eminently instructive to

POWER FROM ON HIGH; or, the Secret of Success in Christian Life and Christian Work. By D. L. Moody. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THE characteristics of Mr. Moody's style and method of teaching and enforcing Christian truths are well known, and they are fully illustrated in the present little work. He is direct, plain, simple, and forcible. His use of Scripture passages is sometimes open to objection; a better exegesis would save him from occasional mistakes in their interpretation and application. But he has noble aims; he yields himself, with a veritable luxury of delight, to a holy enthusiasm; he is in constant contact with the Fountain of Life; he labours to the full extent of his time and strength for the increase of spiritual vitality amongst Christians, and for the conversion and salvation of the multitudes around him who are ready to perish; and to his ministry God is pleased to vouchsafe many a seal. This little book accounts for his remarkable success. He finds the primary source of power in the Holy Spirit—a Divine Person, not merely a Divine influence, the "Reservoir of Love," the Inspirer of Hope, the Donor of Liberty—"in" the believer for life, "upon" him for service. It is in these relations to the Holy Spirit that Mr. Moody discovers the qualifications for "Witnessing in Power"—that order of power which is essentially and comprehensively Christian, and the operation of which can never be in vain. The book closes with a short, but telling, chapter on certain hindrances to the realisation of

this power, as seen in the ways in which Christians and churches may "grieve the Spirit." There is in these pages, as might be expected, much pungent illustration, and a good deal of suggestive anecdote; but their value consists in their fitness to quicken languid Christians to a sense of the high spiritual privileges which are within their reach, and, by consequence, of the solemn responsibilities which lie upon them.

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PRESENT DAY TRACTS. *The Existence and Character of God.* By the Rev. Prebendary Row, M.A. *Christianity and the Life that now is.* By the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

THE Religious Tract Society is doing an invaluable service to our common Christianity by the publication of this series of tracts, adapted to the conflicts and tendencies of current thought on the many questions pertaining to religion. The series is projected on a very considerable scale, and, if carried forward and completed with the ability with which it has been commenced, will form an addition to our Christian apologetics which ought to command a very widespread and earnest attention, and to be greatly promotive among all classes of readers of an intelligent and vigorous Christian faith. The tracts are presented in the best style of printing, are uniform in size, and will bind up together in convenient and goodly volumes. We noticed the first three issues in our last number, since which the two others above named have come to hand. Prebendary Row has already acquired a high reputation as a defender of the truths comprised in our holy

religion; and this last effort of his pen is worthy of his fame. He has addressed himself to the atheistic tendencies of the day, and has shown them to be at once unphilosophical and dangerous. He has presented the design argument in a form which renders totally untenable the modern objections to it which are propounded by men of natural and metaphysical science. His reasoning deals (1) with the principle of causation; (2) with the order of the universe; (3) with its innumerable correlations and adaptations; and (4) with conscience and the moral nature of man. He is a keen debater and an accomplished scribe.

Dr. Blaikie has taken in hand a theme which is equally called for by the times, and which needs much careful consideration. He has brought to it great accuracy of judgment and great lucidity of exposition. His object is to refute "one of the most common charges brought, at the present day, against Christianity"—viz., that, by "laying stress on the life to come," it "hinders material progress," and "discourages all attempts to remedy temporal wrongs, and to advance the temporal welfare of mankind." This representation is shown to be a gross misrepresentation, in proof of which the author sets forth—(1) "the sense in which the world is to be renounced and overcome;" and (2) "the sense in which it is to be possessed and enjoyed." These propositions are developed with all necessary delicacy and exactness of discrimination, and the character and claims of Christianity are thereby amply vindicated from the unfounded charge. The published list of future issues in this series is a long one, and is also of such a character as to excite gratifying anticipations.

“YET NOT I;” or, *More Years of My Ministry.* By Rev. W. Haslam, M.A.
London: Morgan & Scott.

MR. HASLAM has long been known as one of our most effective and useful evangelists. A clergyman of the strictly evangelical type, he has been labouring for many years in different parts of the country, in season and out of season, for the salvation of souls. He has no difficulty in gathering large congregations wherever he goes, and the Word of the Lord which he proclaims does “not return unto Him void.” The work before us may be taken as the second part of an elaborate and deeply interesting autobiography, the first having been already published under the title, “From Death into Life.” We have ample, and often thrilling, details of his work in Bath, Freshford, Cornwall, Norfolk, Kent, and London, which show how servants of the Lord of the higher cast are directed from place to place, from congregation to congregation, from soul to soul, as they are most wanted and can be most useful, and how the Divine Spirit gives power to the truth they preach in the quickening of indifferent believers, and in the rescue of the perishing. Our sceptical scientists would probably laugh at many of the incidents contained in Mr. Haslam’s story; but to account for them on such principles of natural science as they recognise is another matter. Probably, they would not take the trouble to do it if they thought they could; and certainly they could not do it if they would. Mr. Haslam has not carried on his work without opposition. The opposition, however, has proceeded more from his brethren in the ministry than from the outside world. He has often had to enter parishes for

the preaching of the Gospel without the consent of the legally appointed clergyman; and bishops have not always regarded his mission with favour. But he has taken care to conduct it in ways to which no legal exception could be taken, and often hostility at the beginning has been converted into sympathy and co-operation before the close. He is a shrewd observer of human nature, is endowed with the gift of common-sense in an unusual degree, has a courage which never degenerates into bravado, subordinates his whole life to the one aim of glorifying the Saviour, tells his story with charming frankness, shows no sign of self-complacency, but gives the glory of all the good results of his work to God.

A MEMORIAL OF THE REV. EDWARD STEANE, D.D., in an Account of the Service at Norwood, May 13th, 1882, and a Discourse at Camberwell, May 21st. By Charles Stanford, D.D., his Colleague and Successor. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

WE knew something of the contents of this lovely little volume before its appearance. The “Service at Norwood” and the “Discourse at Camberwell” were reported in the religious newspapers of the time. But we have read the accounts in their collected, revised, and completed form with augmented delight. Our beloved brother Dr. Stanford seems to be even a better preacher in his affliction than he ever was in his strength. There is so much of holy serenity in his heart that we could fancy him lifting his almost sightless eyes to heaven, and saying:—

“I have naught to fear.
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred. Here
Can come no evil thing.”

The outward light is dimmed ; the inward light is all the brighter. The pen has had to be laid aside ; but memory, thought, faith, prayer, and speech have been quickened, and our brother is spared, inspired, and sustained, not only for manifold, but also for ennobled Christian service. Every page of this "Memorial" shows how happy he must have been in the preparation of it. Its subject entranced him, and he has given to it an entrancing power for his readers. We have gem after gem on page after page, sparkling with thought, and truth, and sentiment, and poetic beauty, every gem exquisitely set. Dr. Steane was worthy of such a "Memorial;" the "Memorial" is worthy of Dr. Steane. What more could we say to tempt our readers to make the "Memorial" their own?

MOTTOES AND MESSAGES: Words of Help by the Way. By Eva Travers Poole. London: Morgan & Scott.

AN excellent packet of little leaflets, in prose and poetry, which devout people will gladly read, and which are well adapted to keep alive the influences of faith and hope and holy aspiration.

THE THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, CHRISTIAN NEOPLATONIST. Translated from the Original Greek, with Prefaces, Notes, and Indices. By John David Chambers, M.A., F.S.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

THE issue of the writings of the "thrice great" Hermes, or Mercurius of legendary fame, gives a completeness to the Ante-Nicene Library, and on this ground

alone will be welcomed by students of ecclesiastical history. Hermes was regarded as the impersonation of the religion, art, learning, and sacerdotal discipline of the Egyptian priesthood, and was supposed to have existed before the times of Moses. There are numerous references to him in the writings of the Christian Fathers, and the current opinion of him is thus stated by Lachantius: "Hermes, although he was a man, was of great antiquity, and most fully imbued with every kind of learning, so that the knowledge of many subjects and many arts acquired for him the name of Trismegistus. He wrote books, and those in great numbers, relating to the knowledge of Divine things, in which he asserts the majesty of the supreme and only God, and makes mention of Him by the same names which we use—God and Father." He is further asserted to have built Hermopolis, and to have been worshipped as a god. Tertullian says: "In ancient times most authors were supposed to be, I will not say god-like, but actually gods, as, e.g., the Egyptian Hermes, to whom Plato paid very great deference." The anticipations of the teaching of Christ, the foregleams of the perfect light, are at least remarkable, and the study is one of great interest. The translator has done his work effectively, and supplied in his Preface and notes all requisite information with regard to the discussion of the question, which it would be useless here to raise.

THE TABERNACLE AND THE TEMPLE, with their Teachings. By Arabella E. Webb. London: Morgan & Scott.

THE authoress of this little work has undertaken to set forth a subject of

great importance and interest—viz., the “Divine foreshadowing of the great doctrine of redemption in the types and sacrifices of the Jewish economy.” Elaborate treatment was impossible in the narrow limits which she assigned herself. The book is, as she describes it, “simple and elementary;” but it is useful withal. Done in the form of question and answer, the information it contains is condensed, definite, and readily appropriated by the memory.

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A NEW, EASY, AND COMPLETE HEBREW COURSE: Containing a Hebrew Grammar, with Copious Hebrew and English Exercises, strictly Graduated; also a Hebrew-English and an English-Hebrew Lexicon. Designed for the Purpose of Self-Instruction, as well as for Use in Schools and Colleges. By the late Rev. T. Bowman, M.A., Clifton, Bristol. In Two Parts. Part II.—Irregular Verbs. Pp. 423. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THE first part of Mr. Bowman's Hebrew Course was published some three or four years ago, and has been found of great service by students of this venerable language in various schools and colleges, and still more, perhaps, by those who do not enjoy the advantages of collegiate instruction. The second part—published since the author's death—deals mainly with the accidence, the declension of the nouns, the particles, and the verbs, special attention being devoted to the irregular verbs. The plan of the work is simple, natural, and effective. The illustrative exercises, both in Hebrew and English, are throughout on a strictly graduated scale, and lead the student on in his course by short and easy steps. The work

is marked by careful, conscientious, and painstaking scholarship, and is well adapted for the class to whom it is specially addressed. It should facilitate a more general mastery of Hebrew.

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AN ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND CONGREGATION AT SABDEN, ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE FOSTER, ESQ. By J. P. Griffiths. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook, & Chrystal, 11, Market Street.

MR. FOSTER, who died a few months ago at the advanced age of eighty-seven, was for many years one of the “leading men” of East Lancashire. At one time he was a partner in business with Richard Cobden, and was in his own way not less useful and influential. A genuine Liberal, a firm and conscientious Nonconformist, a devout Christian, he has left a name which will be long and reverently cherished. Mr. Griffiths gives a true and beautiful delineation of his character, and we should be glad to know of its extensive circulation.

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THE PLEDGED ELEVEN; OR, Valentine's Broken Vows. By Maggie Fearn.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS: The Claims of Temperance viewed in the Light of the Christian Redemption. By Rev. J. R. Wood, of Upper Holloway.

HOW WORKING MEN MAY HELP THEMSELVES. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., &c. London: National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, W.C.

“THE PLEDGED ELEVEN” were very young men in the village of Sea Cliff Hill who constituted a little club,

which met for the indulgence of habits of dissipation at the village hotel. They were all lamentably intemperate. Val Vavasour was the leader, and Sidney Dorrington was "his chief supporter, and in Valentine's absence his undisputed *locum tenens*." A temperance lecturer, Mr. Heywood, came to the village in the prosecution of his calling, and "the Pledged Eleven" concerted a plan for breaking up his meeting, with the intent to carry it out in such a way that none of them should be detected. The facts, however, oozed out, and respectable families in the village felt themselves to be disgraced. Sidney was banished from his home by his father, and went to London to pursue a wild and shameful career. Ruby, his sister, incurred the father's displeasure by marrying Val, though she had exacted from him a promise of sobriety. His widowed mother had married a money speculator in London, with whom Val became associated in business. The business was a bubble which soon burst, and Ruby had to support herself as best she could by taking pupils. Meanwhile, Val was sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of intemperance, and Ruby's heart was slowly yielding to hopelessness. After a time, Mr. Heywood descries Sidney at the head of a party of disturbers at a temperance meeting in London, and succeeds in rescuing him from impending ruin. Sidney returns, like the prodigal, to his reconciled father. Ruby, after a short illness, dies about the same time, her husband, whose fondness for her never waned even in his worst slavery to his besetting sin, cursing himself for having broken the vow which induced her to consent to be his wife. He also returned to Sea Cliff Hill, and, having given up for ever the

intoxicating cup, set himself to the task of inducing the other members of the club to follow his example. His effort succeeded, and at a subsequent visit from Mr. Heywood the whole eleven took the pledge of abstinence, kept it, and wrought much good in their after-life. The story is devoid of all extravagance, and is well fitted to answer its purpose. "Under the Shadow of the Cross" is an exceedingly powerful sermon preached by Mr. Wood at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and presents the claims of temperance in a light in which they are not often viewed, but in which they are invested with great force. Canon Farrar's Address was delivered in connection with the "Help Myself Society," bristles with facts, teems with cogent argument, and displays the energetic eloquence for which he is so justly celebrated.

SKETCH-LESSONS ON THE GOSPEL OF MARK ; specially prepared as a Handbook and Help for Sunday-School Teachers. By Henry Thorne. With a beautiful Map of Palestine. London : Morgan & Scott.

MR. THORNE is the travelling secretary for the English National Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. These "sketch-lessons" are skilfully prepared. The author has made good use of a large mass of literature bearing upon his subject, and has consulted most of the best authors who have written on the Second Gospel as a whole, or upon any part of it. We observe that he includes the disputed verses of the last chapter, and makes no allusion to the doubts which have been thrown upon their genuineness. The book is suggestive and instructive, and the map is what it professes to be—"beautiful."

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

*Confucianism: the Secret of its Power.**

BY THE REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D.



PREVERTING to the general characteristic of Confucianism—its attempt to substitute a morality for a theology—we have to ask the question proposed at the beginning of this lecture, What has been the cause of its success? We may first inquire negatively, What has not been the cause? For one thing, it is plain that the system of Confucius derived no aid from the sympathy of contemporaneous history. The spirit of China in the days of Confucius was not the spirit of the world in general. Side by side with him on the canvas of religious history there stand out two other prominent figures, both leaders of the thoughts of men: the one contemporaneous in time—the other nearly so; the one representing the dawning West—the other symbolising the fading East; the one Pythagoras—the other Buddha. Yet neither of these figures has any affinity with Confucius. Pythagoras has certain speculations which present analogies to the older books of China; but to the Chinese sage himself he presents a contrast. Pythagoras was a philosopher: Confucius was a moralist.

* Extracted, by kind permission of the publishers, from a lecture in the volume entitled "The Faiths of the World" (Blackwood & Sons), and reviewed in our last number.

Pythagoras was a mystic : Confucius was a realist. Pythagoras was an ascetic : Confucius was a man of the world. Pythagoras would have admitted women to the higher education : Confucius made no effort to lift woman from her Eastern abasement.

Between Confucius and Buddha the outward features of dissimilarity are less marked ; there are external points in which they agree. Both were of high origin, yet both in their actual circumstances were poor. Both were born into the Eastern world at a time when the Eastern world was in a process of decay. Both attempted the salvation of their age by the promulgation of a code of morals ; but here the similarity ended. Their ideas of human salvation were not only different, but opposite. Buddha held this earthly existence to be so bad that the only happiness for man was the hope of death, and he therefore taught a morality that would prepare for death.* Confucius held the present world, as represented in the Chinese empire, to be the best possible world—the very kingdom of heaven—and therefore he taught a morality which might tend to strengthen and perpetuate the things that are seen and temporal. It will thus appear that Confucius was not indebted for his success to the spirit of contemporaneous history ; his great religious contemporaries moved on different lines from him, and in the elaboration of his plan of Divine government he had to work out the problem alone.

Nor yet can it be said that the mind of China was attracted to the moral system of Confucius by any marvellous power exerted by his own personality. Most religions have taken their rise in the breast of some individual man ; very few religions have had an individual man for their object. Of these few, Confucianism is not one. We have already seen that the life of the founder, in so far, at least, as it has come down to us, is dry and uninteresting ; and we know, as a matter of fact, that within its own limits it was a failure. Confucius achieved little while he lived ; his hand seemed to be against every man, and every man's hand against him. It was when he had passed away, and when he lay at rest by the banks of the Soo River, that his countrymen began to awake to the perception that there was something in his teaching worth cultivating and worth perpetuating. Even then, however, it was the teaching, and not the teacher, that was their goal. Christianity is the worship of Christ, but Confu-

* It consisted in the crucifixion of individual or sensual desires.

cianism is not the worship of Confucius. The Chinese sage is revered on account of the message which he brought ; it was the message alone that gave value to the messenger. The personal greatness of the teacher cannot explain the reception of his teaching, for it is only by reason of his teaching that he is reckoned personally great.

If, then, neither the spirit of contemporaneous history nor the private character of Confucius himself can explain the wonderful success of his mission, there is only one remaining direction to which we can look for such an explanation ; it must lie in some truth of the doctrine. No form of faith could exist for half an hour except by reason of the truth which is in it ; much less, in the absence of such conditions, could it persist for upwards of two thousand years. The wide and long prevalence of the system of Confucius is alone a guarantee for the fact that to the world which it addressed it bore some healing balm. We have said that the system of Confucius was not in harmony with the spirit of contemporaneous history. We shall find, it seems to us, that the points in which it was a reaction were precisely the points in which it brought healing ; and in the discovery of these we shall put our hand upon the causes which have made this prosaic creed so permanent and so powerful.

The points of reaction, we think, were two. Let us first consider the fact that when Confucius appeared in the Eastern world he addressed a world which had abandoned itself to speculative dreams. Not only the Brahmin, the Buddhist, and the Parsee, but even the Chinese mind itself had become immersed in speculation ; men were forgetting the light of common day in the search for that transcendental light which never shone on sea or land. On such a world the message of Confucius fell like a thunderbolt fraught with sanitary influences. To an age immersed in transcendentalism there was health in the message, "Do the will, and ye shall know of the doctrine." There was health in the recall to the practical duties of life of men who had forgotten that life had any duties, or that practice had any sphere. With singular felicity is this illustrated by the answer which Confucius himself gave to those desirous to hear his testimony on the subject of immortality. When he was asked whether he thought there was any efficacy in the practice of offering up sacrifices to the spirits of the ancestral dead, his reply was to this effect : If you have not yet recognised your relationship to the souls

of the living, how can you discover your relationship to the spirits of the departed? One almost seems to hear an anticipative echo of the Christian sentiment, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?" We cannot doubt that to men whose studies on the subject of immortality had been limited to speculations on the abstract nature of the soul the words of Confucius must have come with a message of power. For is it not true that, whether he meant it or not, he really pointed out to his day and generation the only road for reaching a rational conviction of immortality? The mind which speculates on the character of its own essence will inevitably wander in the mazes of uncertainty, but in the world of moral action it will probably regain its trust. The best evidence of the soul's immortality is a perception of the soul's beauty, and the highest perception of the soul's beauty is that which arises from the experience of a noble life. The man who lives for his brother man, who recognises that he has a relationship to every other soul whose duties he must fulfil, is finding himself in the very act of losing himself, and is reaching the evidence of his immortality through the very process of sacrificial death. That Confucius saw the full force of this principle we do not believe, but his teaching was on the lines of a morality which was bound to issue in its revelation. He pointed his countrymen to a moral instead of an intellectual pathway for reaching the knowledge of transcendental things. Viewed in this aspect, he was to his own age very much what Mr. Carlyle was to the generation [which first beheld him; indeed, we have always been impressed with a strong parallel between them. Both had a reverence for the manifestation of force or power. Both sought to recognise that power in union with virtue and moral aspiration. Both proclaimed the highest province of man—nay, the only available province for man—to be the pursuit of that virtue and the exhibition of that moral aspiration. Both, in some sense, were impelled to utter their call to duty by the contrary spirit of the times in which they lived. Carlyle appeared in an age in which speculation had taken the place of practice—in which the search for the absolute and the transcendental had obscured the vision of life and its moral claims. Confucius appeared in an age when men were impressed with the nothingness of finite things, and were struggling to fix their gaze upon that which resembled nothing in the heavens or the earth, or the waters under the earth. Both, therefore, in some

measure, derived their force from their reactionary character. Their call to duty was a fresh sound to a world that had been listening only to monotonous strains of speculation which had issued in no end. They reminded man that there was a side of his nature which he was neglecting, and precisely that side of his nature which was likely to lead him to the highest goal. They told him that if ever he should attain to any sense of the infinite and absolute, it would not be through the limitations of the human intellect, but through the practice of that eternal and immutable morality which gives to the soul the highest image of its own eternity and its own immutability.

But there was a second point in which the system of Confucius was a reaction against the spirit of his age, and in which, therefore, it brought health to his age. The world in which Confucius lived was not only a world of speculation, it was a scene of pessimism—that is to say, of despair. As a general rule, the men of his day believed that in this present system of things everything was as bad as it could be. The Brahmin looked upon life as an illusion; the Buddhist viewed it as a curse; the Parsee contemplated it as a bitter and painful struggle. If men cherished hopes of a hereafter, it was a hereafter from which were to be eliminated all those elements which constituted the here. The effect of such a creed was manifest: it could only result in the neglect of the present hour; it led to the same disregard of practice which we have seen produced by the tendency to speculation. If the present world and the institutions to which it had given birth were in their nature evil; if the system of earthly things was incapable of being remedied by time and culture; if the only hope for humanity was the prospect of entering at death into a different order of being, from which would be excluded every thought of time and every vestige of human culture, the inference suggested to the mind was the hopelessness of all action. It became the paramount duty of man to insist on doing nothing. Everything done for this world was but a link in the propagation of evil; the true attitude of an earnest soul was to fold the hands in prayer and wait for death, the great emancipator, to dissolve the old fabric and reconstruct the new.

Into this world of pessimism the creed of Confucius fell with crushing power. It proclaimed a doctrine comparatively new to Eastern minds. It told them that the chief end of man was not merely, or even mainly, to prepare for a future world; that the immediate task allotted to him was the beautifying and the glorifying of the

life which now is. It told them that the life which now is admits of being beautified and glorified; that the present system of things, so far from being radically bad, contains in its root the germs of all perfection and the sources of infinite development. And let it be remembered that in proclaiming this doctrine, China has made a real contribution to the science of religious thought. It has often appeared as if she had no place in the science of religion; her name is generally associated with the profession of atheism. That she has rarely raised her eyes to a God above the world—that she has seldom striven to contemplate the essential nature of the Divine life—that she has studiously refrained from considering the possibility of any order of being beyond the range of human experience and human faculties—all this is true. But we must not forget that there is an order *in* the world as well as beyond it, and that the tracing of this order is itself a mode of tracing the life of God. This was precisely the point which the religions of the East *did* forget. No man would apply to Brahminism the epithet atheistic; we should more naturally attach to it the term God-intoxicated. Yet it cannot be denied that, with all its richness of religious life, Brahminism is weak in the very point in which Confucianism is strong. Brahminism sees an order in the nature of the Divine life, but her eye is riveted on the Divine life above the world; she has no real sympathy with its manifestations in time—for time, and space, and matter are to her but illusions of a dream. Buddhism sees a kingdom of rest; but it is a kingdom outside the world, and is only reached by destruction of the human powers in death. Parsism worships a kingdom of light; and therefore recognises in the Divine life a source both of order and of joy; but even here the order and the joy are things above the world. The kingdom of light exists in the heavens; but it is not yet established on the earth, for its reign on earth is disputed by another empire—the kingdom of disorder and of darkness. Thus all along the line of Eastern faiths we are confronted by the tendency to look for Divine harmony in things beyond the world, and to see the life of God in regions which transcend the seen and the temporal. But China comes forward with a fresh and reactionary contribution; it proclaims the thought that there is a moral order *in* the world. It declares that it is needless to look so far away for an exhibition of Divine harmony—that this earth is itself a harmony. It tells the

Indian that in all his search for Divine order he has failed to seek it in the one spot where it must be found—the commonplace morality of daily life. It says that, by pursuing the plain and practical duties of the hour, man can actually make this world itself the Kingdom of God; that the harmony of the universe is to be found, not in some transcendental, timeless sphere, but in the completed result of those seemingly trivial acts which make up the moral history of the individual human soul. In uttering that voice, China called men out of despair and pointed them to action. It told them that there was hope in action; that the world which they deemed an illusion was in truth a great reality, and that it was capable of being perfected by the efforts of that very finite life which seemed to them the enemy of all perfection. Can it surprise that in proclaiming this creed of hope for the present world the doctrine of Confucius should have been acceptable to the world—should have been welcomed even by the faiths of pessimism? Men who take a gloomy view of life would at any time rather be found wrong than right in their calculations. Their wish invariably points in an opposite direction to their thought, and they are ready to accept any system that promises to reveal what they despairingly desire to see. Accordingly, the doctrine of Confucius has been powerful beyond its natural boundaries; it has influenced not only China, but India. It has come in contact with Buddhism, and it has affected Buddhism with its own spirit—has induced it to exchange its timeless Paradise of Nirvana for the hope of a material heaven, beautified with earthly forms and glorified with earthly prospects. The Buddhist of the soil of China is willing to see life perpetuated in eternity, because he has received from his contact with Confucianism the hope which has made life an object of desire.

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There is, however, one thought which must forcibly impress the modern mind, looking back upon the creed of Confucius through the vista of two millenniums. It is the fact that the Chinese empire herself has not realised her own vision of optimism. That empire, which professed to be the very source of human development, has been left far behind by the stream of human civilisation. Is there any hope that part of her vision may yet be realised—that she herself may become sharer in the culture of the West? . . . That she has

remained stagnant for centuries is true ; but it is also true that the stagnancy has, in large measure, been the result of an external cause. For long centuries she shut her gates against the ingress of Western civilisation, lest the influx of modern views should corrupt her ancient institutions. The question is, Was her fear well founded? . . . We have seen that this nation, with all her conservatism, has been surprisingly assimilative. We have seen how, in ancient times, she appropriated to herself every foreign influence that touched her shores ; and we can point in comparatively modern times to a manifestation of the same plastic power. . . . If modern Europe would influence this ancient empire, it must seek to do so through its own distinctive sphere—the sphere of morality. . . . It cannot be denied that there is a strong possibility of contact between the morality of Confucius and the morality of the Christian religion. The relation of the Christian code to the Chinese morality is the relation of the picture to the frame. China has the frame of morals, but it has no picture to place within it ; it wants an ideal to give beauty to its own conceptions. Christianity can supply that ideal. It reveals the precepts of all virtue concentrated in a single life. It unveils the vision of a kingdom of heaven, having all the order and discipline contemplated by the Chinese Utopia ; but, unlike that Utopia, capable of being realised, not merely in the life of the collective race, but within the limits of each individual soul. In union with such a principle, the empire of China would assuredly revive. The units would emerge from the mass, and become the centres of new power. The sacrificial virtues of life would take the place of purely utilitarian motives. Woman would rise into her position of rightful dignity, and with her would arise the elements of a true social system, which would fill with the arts of peace the places now held by the forms of lethargy.

PEACE AT HOME.

If peace is not to be found at home, is it not natural to expect that we should look for it abroad? The parents, and husbands, who know not this, may be brought to repent of their ignorance.

ZIMMERMAN.

A Japanese Sermon.

BY A CONFUCIAN PRIEST.

[We print this Sermon from the *New York Independent*, partly as what we may term a pulpit curiosity, and partly because it is well that Christians who support missions to the heathen in the Eastern parts of the world should have as clear an idea as they can obtain of the teaching which the people to whom those missions are sent have been accustomed to receive on the subject of morality and religion. Many parts of this Confucian Sermon will deeply interest our readers.]

PART I.—INTRODUCTORY.



HE "Shin-gaku Michi" is a system of morality based upon the writings of the Chinese philosophers. Concerning God and the future life it is strictly agnostic. The Buddhist and Shinto doctrines, it holds, are pious frauds, designed to lead ignorant men to virtue by exciting their fears, as mothers invent goblins for their children's good. The fittest emblem of immortality is the transformation of matter—constant change, but no destruction ; but man knows nothing of conscious immortality. The Buddhist doctrine of three worlds, resting on no better foundation than the facts that there was a time before the individual man was born, and will come a time when he shall cease to be, the wise man troubles himself about none of these things. Whether nominally Buddhist, Shintoist, or Confucian, his faith at bottom is—conduct is *all* of life. However, there is power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness ; and, hence, it may be assumed as an axiom that right conduct brings peace, and wrong conduct brings misery. Be virtuous and you will be happy. Seeming exceptions no more invalidate the general law than does the phenomenon of the hot springs of Hakone invalidate the general law that water is cold. The original heart is pure, and its voice the sufficient rule of faith and life. Man, however, corrupted by the example and influence of those about him, neglects the teaching of his original heart, plunges into sin, and becomes miserable. The path that leads back to happiness is obedience to the teaching of the sages and imitation of their virtues. These teachings and virtues are, however, in no sense the invention or the exclusive possession of the sages, but equally belong to every man who will consult the source of all good—the original heart.*

* A few phrases need explanation. "*Tento Sama*" is the sun deified ; yet it is not God in our sense, but rather fate. "*Ten*," Heaven, is used with the same meaning. "God" represents the deities of the Shinto faith. "*Hotoke*," the beings worshipped by the Buddhists, deified men, the various Buddhas. The Japanese year consists of twelve lunar months, three hundred and fifty-four days, with an inter-calary month once in two or three years. Niorai Sama is one of the popular *Hotoke*.

Text: The Master says,

“Is it not a pleasure to practise what we learn?”—CONFUCIUS.

This text, as you all know, is from the beginning of the first volume of the Analects. It is the teaching of Confucius, the great sage. Of course, an unlearned man like myself cannot expound the Analects, and so I will simply talk about the “way” to these ladies and children, who cannot read about it for themselves.

“The Master says” means Confucius says. What, then, does Confucius mean when he says “learn”? What are we to learn? It is man’s “way” we are to learn—the way that belongs to all mankind. Every one who has the form of man, even the Mikado on the throne and the Shogun Sama—I say it with all respect; we common people, too, yes, the very beggars and outcasts, are naturally endowed with the “way.” Every one by nature has the five cardinal virtues—humanity, uprightness, propriety, wisdom, and sincerity; and from these virtues come our duties in the five human relations—obedience to parents, loyalty to masters, conjugal harmony, brotherly affection, and kindness in intercourse with others. The text, then, refers to learning these things, for these constitute man’s natural “way.”

In all the universe there is not a being left unendowed with its own particular “way,” and each follows straight in his proper path. Thus the cock every morning crows and tells the hour, the dog guards the gate, the cat catches the rat, the horse and ox bear burdens for man, all carefully doing their duty. Did you ever hear of a horse or an ox being ashamed to meet its companions, or of one running away to hide, or of a cat or a dog sentenced to capital punishment by its peers? Why, consider even inanimate things; the willow has always been green and the flower, pink, the pine crooked and the cedar straight, the radish long and the turnip short—never a mistake or change at all. Alas! alas! Only that sad being, man! Man is born the “head of all things”; and yet, because he does not understand what it is that constitutes him head, there are many men who are not men. As a modern comic poet says:—

“Should ye become beasts, it would not soil your face,
O guild of Nature’s lords.”

It is because man is gifted with the splendid power of free choice that he leaves his own way and quickly wanders into forbidden paths.

How dangerous it is! With all our strength, we must learn man’s way. You know the ancient verse:

“Many men. Amid the men no man.
Man be a man. Man makes men.”

This natural endowment of man with the five cardinal virtues and the duties in the five human relations is like the arrangement of the five fingers on the hand. Look at your fingers, ladies and children, and you will understand me. The index finger represents humanity and filial obedience; the third finger, uprightness and loyalty to masters; the middle finger, propriety and conjugal harmony; the little finger, wisdom and brotherly affection; the thumb, sincerity and fidelity to companions. With these five fingers you can grasp what you please. Is it [not a wonderful machine? “Flowers, bright-coloured

leaves, silver and gold in the world are given. Put forth your strength and take." How necessary that we put forth our strength. Mencius says: "If self-examination shows me truth within, all the world endows me. No pleasure exceeds this." All the world is mine, a precious treasure; but if I am a little selfish, if the heart seeks its own happiness, it is like breaking the fingers off. Disobedience to parents breaks the first, disloyalty to masters the third, conjugal discord the second, strife between brethren the fourth, falseness toward family relatives and friends the thumb; and so this hand, by Nature formed with five fingers, is useless. It is become a club. It cannot take or hold a thing. My young hearers, are your fingers broken off? Take counsel from this living teacher always with you.

In worshipping the gods and Hotoke, do you not join the fingers of both hands? The left hand represents the male principle and the right the female. In Shinto it is the sign of the primeval oneness of heaven and earth in unity, of harmony between self and others; but, surely, if only the hands are joined, we cannot expect an answer from the god or Hotoke. The feelings and the actions too, must be in harmony; but, if the hands alone are clasped, while feelings and actions are pushed out like a club before God or Hotoke though as often as the enchanters repeat their charms you mutter with your lips, "Grant, I beseech, peace to my family, a long, happy life to me, long-continued prosperity to my house," the god or Hotoki looks the other way. "No answer to thy prayer? Silence an answer is. Thy praying heart lacks truth."

Here is a funny story just in point.

Out in the country, among the farmers, once lived an old woman, who very much wanted to go to heaven. Every day she made an offering of rice to Niorai Sama, which she prepared by itself, and called sacred rice. The utensils used in its preparation were used for no other purpose, and were all called the property of Niorai Sama. To all of these she gave the title sacred, calling the pot sacred pot, the ladle sacred ladle, and the cloth sacred cloth. All of the family, after the same fashion, used the prefix "most sacred" whenever they mentioned anything belonging to Niorai Sama, saying most sacred flowers, most sacred censer, most sacred implements of worship, giving the same title even to the coarse dish-cloth.

Now, the true reason for it all was simply that the old woman wanted to go to heaven when she died; for she hoped in heaven to feast forever upon a hundred varieties of fruit, and never to labour any more. Plainly, she was wholly selfish; and yet the blame did not belong to the religion, for the Hotoke and sect-founder hoped to induce men to live justly in this life, through the hope of future happiness. But this old woman had never thought of that. She had heard the Buddhist saying, "This world is a transient, borrowed lodging," and she interpreted the saying by her selfish heart, and so decided to please herself, even though she be disobedient, disloyal, and unjust. Is she not a fool? "A borrowed world it is, yet use it not vainly. This borrowed world alone is thine." The seed of the eternal future, heaven and hell, is all sown in this present life. Hence, this "borrowed" world is, surely, of the last importance to us. But this woman is so selfish that she thinks the saying

means : The world is so transient, it does not matter what I do. And, hence in her balance-sheet, first and last, are many things that do not agree. She won't pay her taxes until the officers send her many warnings, and she has plenty of bad excuses ready ; but her temple dues and contributions—she would pull off her very skin to pay them. On the anniversary of the death of her father or her husband she can't fast—it would ruin her health ; but on the anniversary of the death of the founder of her sect she fasts, calling it the sacred tenth day or the sacred twentieth day. All the family make the same selfish mistake. When anything displeases the son or the step-daughter, they scold father or elder brother with loud, shrill voices, and then at once, perhaps, they turn to Niorai Sama and pray gently with the softest words. How selfishness would make a fool of the Hotoke ! It is just like thrusting out the club, and the Hotoke and sect founder only grieve. They never expected the hope of heaven would lead to such badness, nor that a prayer to Niorai Sama should be the pretext for disobedience and disloyalty. Such miserable misconduct causes tears of blood to fall. Are not such people wholly astray ?

This old woman never washed the rice with her hands, but put it in a bowl and washed it with a club. A man, seeing her do this, asked : "Why do you wash your rice in that awkward fashion ?" She replied : "This rice is for Niorai Sama. I can't wash it with my hands, for, no matter how much care I take in cleaning my hands, some dirt may remain under the nails. No, hands would never do, and so I use this club." He asked again : "How do you pray ?" "Why, with my two hands joined," she said. "That likewise is highly improper," he returned. "You should pray with two clubs joined together." Then the old woman stormed : "You outrageous-speaking man ! That's blasphemy, abominable !" Indeed, if we know that Niorai Sama must be worshipped with the two hands joined, all of the fingers touching, and yet, on self-examination, find thoughts and actions like the joined clubs, is it not really blasphemous and abominable ?

In ancient times the Hotoke and the founders of sects, pitying men, by coaxing and wheedling hoped to lead them to do their duty, so they invented all sorts of artifices, just as the *ame* seller blows a flute and sings a song to aid in making his sale, and the tooth-powder peddler spins a top for the sake of selling his powder. "Swallowing the device of the priest well satisfied, they dance their prayers."

When we use the Shinto prayers—"Cleanse me, make me holy"—we do not offer cleansing to the gods. We pray that we may be rid of self-seeking and wilfulness. And when we pray "Save, eternal Buddha," we do not aid the Hotoke, for the pure and holy Hotoke do not need our help, but we ourselves are changed into the Hotoki's likeness. When we use the prayers of any of the sects, if we think we benefit the Hotoke, and do not examine ourselves, it is like the club. The important lesson is all crumpled together. Man must learn man's way by this "middle" path of the sages, and hence it is that Confucius says *learn*.

(To be continued.)

Baptism.

BY THE LATE REV. W. ROBINSON, OF CAMBRIDGE.



IN the beginning of the 9th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles the conversion of Saul is described; and afterward, the recovery of his sight by the ministry of Ananias. Three days before he had been a conscientious and most resolute and terrible persecutor. He saw his error, repented, became a Christian; *and he arose and was baptized*. One of the very earliest acts of his Christian life was his baptism. He had entered Damascus confounded, distressed, and blind. The third day found him without sight, and neither eating nor drinking. Ananias spake to him words of consolation and hope; and his sight was restored. He was still debilitated by the intense excitement and the fasting to which he had been subjected; but his first act, when he could see, was an act of self-consecration. He was baptized before he ate. *He received sight forthwith, and arose and was baptized*. His example, presented under the guidance of a teacher sent to him with special instructions by our Lord Himself, certainly shows that in his case baptism was an act of pressing obligation and great importance; and may prompt us to seek for the true answers to the four following questions:—Is baptism obligatory now? If it be, who are its proper subjects? How is it to be performed? What is its use?

I.

Is baptism obligatory now? Our Saviour gave to His apostles, just before His ascension, this commission: "Go teach all nations, baptizing them . . . Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The closing phrase in this commission, "even unto the end of the world," is almost peculiar to Matthew, and by him is used as follows:—"The harvest is the end of the world. . . . As the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of the world." It cannot be restricted to the lifetime of the apostles, but comprises the entire duration of the Christian dispensation; and if so, the question as to the permanence of the rite is settled.

It may, however, be well to add that a law, being enacted, remains in force unless it be repealed ; and that there is no hint in the New Testament that baptism was designed to be a temporary rite. The apostles always speak of it as a standing institution ; and we are, therefore, no more at liberty to set it aside than to affirm that repentance and faith are no longer required.

And these considerations derive additional force from the almost universal agreement among Christians as to the point in hand ; so that, if any one call in question the present obligation of baptism, on him rests the very grave responsibility of showing that he is right, and that nearly all believers in all times have been wrong. On every view of the subject, the burden of proof rests with him who turns aside from these plain words : “ Go, teach all nations, baptizing them ; lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” Vain is it to plead that under the full revelation of Christianity we need only what is spiritual, not what is ritual. That is a point to be decided, not by the Christian, but by Christ.

II.

Who are the proper subjects of baptism ? Those only who have put on Christ ; for an apostle says, “ As many of you as have been baptized unto Christ have put on Christ.” Infants cannot put on Christ. Therefore, infants are not to be baptized. Who then ? Those who have been taught : “ Go, teach all nations, baptizing them.” Baptism is for disciples. A disciple who is not taught is an absurdity.

Who are the proper subjects of baptism ? Believers. “ Many of the Corinthians, hearing, believed and were baptized.” Episcopalians teach that faith is required in baptism, and therefore ask infants whether they believe (!), and take the answers from sponsors : a practice having no more warrant from Scripture than has Mariolatry, and which is ludicrously absurd. That good and intelligent men can adopt this practice, and dare to dishonour Christ by connecting it with His sacred name, is, of all the mysteries of delusion, one of the greatest.

Who are to be baptized ? They that gladly receive the Word, as did thousands on the day of Pentecost ; they that rejoice, believing in God, as did the jailor’s household ; they that hear the Word with joy, as did the household of Cornelius ; they in whom faith produces good

works, as it did in the members of the household of Stephanas, who addicted themselves to the service of the saints.

There is no instance of infant baptism in the Bible; no precept enjoining it. Some parents took their infant children to Jesus. Then, if ever, might we expect to read of infant baptism, if such a practice were to be observed. The silence of Scripture is an expressive proof that infant baptism is not of Christ; or, as Jeremy Taylor has shaped the argument for us, "Christ blessed children and so dismissed them, but baptized them not; therefore, infants are not to be baptized."

The advocates of infant baptism will stoutly maintain that there were infants in the baptized households of Scripture, though in every instance but one language is employed which proves either that there were not, or—again to quote Taylor—that "by whole families in Scripture is meant all persons of reason and age within the family; for it is said of the ruler of Capernaum that *he believed with all his house*. Now you may also suppose that in his house were babes: that is likely enough: and you may also suppose they did believe, too, before they did understand; but that is not so likely."

There is, however, one case in which the argument for the existence of babes is irresistible. He who thinks that infants were to be found in the household of Lydia cannot doubt that they existed in the city of Samaria. Thither went Philip and preached, and the people with one accord gave heed. There was great joy in that city, and they were baptized *both men and women*. That some of these had young children may be esteemed certain. Were they baptized? Why, then, do we not read that men and women and infants were baptized? But if—as I presume we must infer—the infants were not baptized, it follows that infant baptism is not apostolical.

Pædobaptists plead that "Abraham's offspring were received into covenant with God by the rite of circumcision." Certainly. And, as circumcision, so baptism is designed for the seed of Abraham, and none other. Who are the seed of Abraham? Not the children of believers, but believers. "Know ye, therefore, that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham."

Roman Catholics avow that there is no Scriptural authority for infant baptism, and plead in its defence ecclesiastical authority, which they miscall "the Church." Those Protestants who defend the practice appeal to "the Fathers." What is the testimony of "the Fathers"? There is no mention of infant baptism in the first

century, nor in the second century. As nearly as can be ascertained, it had its origin in Africa about the middle of the third century, by which time gross superstitions and corrupt practice disfigured the Christian name.

We distinguish between infants, children, youths, and adults. The Greeks and Romans, of course, did the same. The Greek word which covers both childhood and youth is *Paides* (*Παιδες*); whence our word *Pædobaptism*, which means, not infant baptism, but the baptism of young people. Infants are children, but children are not necessarily infants. With this distinction borne in mind, we may rightly judge of the testimony of "the Fathers," which is as follows:—

Justin Martyr, A.D. 140—I follow Lardner's dates—says: "Many, both men and women, of sixty and seventy years of age, who have been the disciples of Christ from their youth (*εκ Παιδων*), remain uncorrupted." There is not a syllable about baptism; not a syllable about infants. Yet the passage has been adduced as indicating the early existence of infant baptism, though it really tends to disprove it. Had Justin believed, as some now vainly affirm, that infants are "made Christians" in baptism, he would have said that they had been disciples *εκ βρεφους* or *εκ βρεφων*—*i.e.*, from infancy. The fact that he has not gone back to infancy, is best explained by supposing that he had never heard or thought of infant baptism.

Irenæus, A.D. 178, is cited as another witness. His works have been lost; but a Latin version of them has been preserved, which, in the part we are concerned with, has been pronounced by competent authority "execrable." He asserts that our Saviour "came to save by Himself all who through Him are born again to God—infants, little ones, and children, and youths, and elder persons." He does not mention baptism.

Tertullian, A.D. 200, wrote a treatise on baptism. In his day we discern the elements out of which infant baptism grew—namely, exorbitant notions of the efficacy of the rite. In chapters 8 and 15, he seems to teach that sin after baptism is fatal, and, in chapter 17, that its administration should be hastened in case of the sick, from which latter notion the transition was easy to hastening baptism in the case of the young lest they should die without it. This was done. Tertullian shows plainly that young children had been baptized, *but not infants*. He calls them *parvulos*, not *infantes*, and strongly censures the practice. He writes (see chapters 6, 13, 16) of

believers' baptism; he condemns the baptism of young children. He says not a syllable about infant baptism, which, had he ever heard of it, his principles would have led him more strongly to condemn. The obvious and, I think, certain inference is that in his day infant baptism was unknown.

A few extracts from the learned Chevalier Bunsen will corroborate these statements:—

“Baptism of new-born infants, with the vicarious promises of parents or their sponsors, was utterly unknown to the early Church; not only down to the end of the second, but indeed to the middle of the third century.”—*Hip.* III., p. 181.

“The difference between the Ante-Nicene and the later Church was essentially this. The later Church, with the exception of converts, baptized only new-born infants, and she did so on principle. The ancient Church, as a general rule, baptized adults, and only after they had gone through the course of instruction; and, as the exception only, Christian children who had not arrived at years of maturity; but never infants.”—*Ibid.*, p. 194.

“Cyprian, and some other African bishops, his contemporaries, at the close of the third century, were the first who viewed baptism in the light of a washing away of the universal sinfulness of human nature, and connected this idea with that ordinance of the Old Testament, circumcision.”*—*Ibid.*, p. 195.

From the whole we may perceive that infant baptism has no claim to be regarded as apostolical or Christian, but is a human invention, dating from the latter part of the third century: and that the proper subjects of baptism are those only who have “put on Christ.”

(To be continued.)

* The usually candid Dr. J. P. Smith endeavours—*First Lines of Christian Theology*, p. 666—to break the force of Bunsen's argument by showing that the word *parvuli* is applied to infants, seeming to overlook the fact that, though all children are not infants, all infants are children. Compare *Luke* ii. 43, and xviii. 15-17.

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. IX.



AT the close of the service which I mentioned in the previous paper, Dr. Culross pointed out to me a person who had been hovering about, and intimated that he wished to see me. Whereupon he beckoned to him, and, on his coming up, said, "This is our friend William Baxter." After we had greeted each other, I asked him why he wanted to see me.

"I want to gie ye some siller, and I would like to see ye the morn."

"Then don't come too early, for the frost is very severe, and the snow is deep."

"Well, I have a mile and a bittock to come, and I dinna think I will be airlier than eleven."

"That time will suit me excellently well, and I shall be glad to see you."

So the next morning, true to time, friend Baxter made his appearance. After inquiry as to his health, and the object of his visit, he said, taking a somewhat large roll of notes from his pocket,—

"I have a wee bittie of siller to gie ye; and ye will just tak a bit of paper and pit it a' doon as I tell ye."

Having taken a sheet of paper, and with my pen in hand, I looked at him in silence, waiting to hear what he had to say.

"Well, then, ye will just pit doon five pund for the Mission, and five pund for the Translation Society; for we maun hae baith the Preacher and the Word—the one to publish the good tidings, and the other to show where he got them frae."

"That is indeed most true. I have heard a good deal about what is called the philosophy of missions, but never heard it more clearly or simply stated. You have got, my friend, the right end of the stick, and no mistake."

"Vera glad you think sae. So now I am just thinking you will like a little siller for the Irish Mission. Then pit doon five pund for that, and the same for the Home Mission."

He then mentioned two or three minor objects, among which another five pounds were to be divided.

“Noo have ye pit it a’ doon as I said?”

“I think I have, and there’s the paper that you may see.”

“Vera correct. And ye maun mak a copy o’t, and gie one to me with your name, for I would like to hae that.”

“Why, my friend, wherever did you get all this money from, and what has induced you to give it in this way?”

“Well, I cam by it honestly, and I am just giving it back to the Lord, who first gave it to me.”

“That you got it honestly I have no doubt; but I am sure there is a history about it which I should like to hear. So, kindly tell me.”

“Well, then, you see I am an auld pensioner. I was in the army under the great Dook, and was in almost every battle in Portugal and Spain.”

“Were you never hit? And which was the sharpest fight you were in?”

“No, I was never wounded. But that tussle we had at Fuentes d’Onore *was* sharp, though short, and my Colonel, the brave Cameron, was shot in the neck, and fell into my arms, for I was his colour-sergeant. So after the war was over we were sent out to Canada; and when Bony gat awa frae Elba, several fast frigates cam oot to bring us hame again. On our arrival we were hurried aff to Brussels, and my regiment was in the battle of Quatre Bras, and there I was severely wounded by a musket shot in my leg. Of course I was carried to the rear, and as they couldna extract the bullet, I was sent hame. But, sir, I suffered awful pain. The doctors of the hospital could manage better than those on the field of battle, and they soon got the bullet oot, and there it is. It is nae sae roond, ye see, as when it went in. It got flattened between the twa banes; but I never look at it without thanking the gude Lord that I wasna killed.”

“My good friend, surely you were not able to save all this money out of your pay?”

“You see, after the war was over, they got up what they ca’d the Patriotic Fund, and they tauld me that if I drew up a supplication I should have a share o’t; only they said, dinna ye mak it owre lang, for the great folk dinna like lang supplications. So when I had drawn up mine I e’en took it to a minister, and he wouldna sign it, for he

said we soldiers were a drunken, worthless lot. He didna ken, puir body, that I was a soldier of Christ's army. So I went aff to a magistrate who kenned me vera weel, who pit his name to it, and I sent it aff, and after a while, doon there cam to me thretty pund."

"Why, that must have been more than thirty-five years ago; and have you kept this money all this time? What made you do that?"

"When I gat the siller I said to my wife—she was a gude woman—'Noo then, Janet, we'll just lay oot five punds in plenishing twa rooms, and pit the rest by. You can airn a wee bittie by washing, and I by gardening, or shoemaking, and sic like jobs; and there's my pension. So when we have nae mair sair need o't, we'll just e'en gie it back to the Lord.'"

"But have you no relatives or friends to whom this money would be useful? for some of them may be needy."

"I hae mony freens, but they are no just in want. They are no that wealthy, ye understand, but they dinna need this. So, as it pleased the Lord to tak my wife hame the other day, I thocht it was time to finish this wee bittie business; and if they know anything ayont there of what is dune doon here, my wife will be vera weel pleased that I hav'na forgotten the promise we made anent this siller. I have laid by enough to put me under the grund when I dee, and I am just waiting for the Lord to call me hame too, and that winna be lang."

I was deeply moved by this touching story, and could not but admire the simple piety of these good people, and their scrupulous fidelity to the purpose they had formed as to the ultimate disposal of this, to them, large sum. I took leave of him, with the feeling that he had done me real good that morning, and with the hope that he would enjoy the presence of his Lord to life's last hour.

"Gude-bye to ye, sir. May the blessed Master whom we serve keep ye and bless ye; and when our work on earth is dune, may He take us hame to Himsel'."

The following statement, supplied by my friend Dr. Culross, will impart additional interest to this narrative:—"William Baxter was one of a small band of Christian people, thirty or forty in number, associated as a Baptist church in the ancient town of Stirling a generation ago. Their place of meeting was then an upper room over a poor shop and a lodging-house, in an obscure street. Without exaggeration, it would have been difficult to find a church of the same

size with a larger number of notable men in it; and he was one of the band, a man of blameless character, very child-like, not merely respected but greatly beloved by his brethren. In early life he had come under the powerful influence of the late Mr. Shirreff, of St. Ninians. When quite a young man he enlisted in a Highland regiment about the beginning of the century. On his discharge with a small pension after Waterloo, he settled down in St. Ninians, which, I think, was his native village, where he worked with steady industry. Like William Carey, he was a cobbler. He had no gift of speech, and never ventured a remark even at a cottage meeting; but he could pray with a wonderful compass of thought, and with a simple and grand solemnity that awed one. He died in 1854. I saw him a few hours before the end. His face wore the pallor of death, and his voice was feeble and broken; but he put out his hand for a parting clasp, turned the old gray head slowly on the pillow till our eyes met, and then said, 'Weel, gude-bye, and God bless you and a' the brethren! I've ta'en mony a journey in my day: I'm now takin' the happiest journey I ever took in my life—I'm gaun hame to my Faither's House.'

I spent two or three days with Mr. John Pullar, jun., at Keir, near the Bridge-of-Allan, who was then managing an extensive bleaching and finishing calico works, and which still exists. The processes carried on in these works were very varied and interesting. It was curious to see how a fine smooth polish was put on the cloth by the strokes of large wooden hammers, rising and falling with great rapidity, their noise being heard afar. The weather was unusually fine, and my work and social intercourse with some highly intelligent young friends afforded me great enjoyment.

What a lovely spot is Bridge-of-Allan! Few places of the kind have more attractions. The scenery all around is so varied and so fine. The neighbourhood is rich in remains of antiquity, and the historic associations are of the deepest interest. Its situation is, moreover, so commanding and picturesque. The eye can light on no object, in a scene of unusual extent, but what is either striking or beautiful. I have seen it both in summer and in winter—when the skies have been cloudy and when they have been clear; and one is at a loss which season to prefer—the summer, with its luxuriance and brightness, or the winter, when the landscape is bare and the mountains round about are capped with spotless snow.

I once spent a delightful morning in roaming over the demense of the late Mr. Robert Haldane, now, I think, the property of Lord Dunfermline. It is beautiful exceedingly. The park is finely laid out, plenty of wood without being crowded, richly ornamented with extensive shrubberies, and a fine piece of water in the heart of it. Mr. Haldane was unquestionably a landscape gardener of exquisite taste and accurate judgment; and the results of this exercise must have afforded him intense delight. To a devout mind there is no pursuit so innocent as gardening; and the emotions it calls into play, especially when carried on extensively, are alike elevated and pure. Moreover, the pleasure derived from it is so unselfish; for, whoever engages in it in a right spirit, thinks more of the delight it will afford to others than to himself; and the enjoyment he has in it largely consists in the gratification afforded by it to relations and friends.

Shortly after reading the memoirs of the Messrs. Haldane, I was standing, one fine evening, on the ramparts of Stirling Castle, and looking over the fine scene which lay all round about. I could not see the demense of Mr. Haldane, which I had traversed not long before, as it was hidden by the beautiful hills on which the monument to the memory of Wallace is built. But I thought of the man who, from motives of the highest order, parted with this fine property to form a fund to be devoted to the evangelisation of India. His plans were nearly completed, and Benares, in the heart of India, was selected as the centre of future operations. He had secured the co-operation of the late Drs. Ewing and Innes, and shortly expected to leave Scotland for ever. It was a noble act of self-sacrifice. Only a Christian man of unusual piety could have done it. The aim was lofty—the purpose most disinterested. How deep must have been his disappointment when this noble scheme, so nearly effected, was frustrated by the act of the East India Company. Had he and his honoured colleagues gone forth, who can tell what effect their mission would have produced? It is vain now to attempt to conjecture. But one cannot, even at this distance of time, think of it without cherishing the profoundest respect for the man who could do such a thing, or without being stirred by emotions of deepest sympathy with him in his bitter disappointment, when his grand project was suddenly and rudely frustrated. It is well for us, who live in an age too luxurious to produce many examples of noble self-sacrifice, to recall the memory of men who were capable of such heroic deeds.

Happily for a fallen world, the interest taken in missionary enterprise is widening and deepening. Recent events have greatly strengthened it. But there is some danger of our support of it becoming an ordinary customary thing, and sinking into mere routine. To prevent this, and to keep the true spirit alive and in full play, we need the infusion of a strong dash of enthusiasm. To secure this end we must study again and again not only the records of the acts of the first heralds of the cross, striving to drink in the exalted spirit which prompted their courage and zeal, but also the character and doings of their modern followers. Some of these have reached a similar altitude of Christian heroism and self-denial. Let us try to realise the meeting of the few men who met at Kettering in 1792, and then and there founded our mission. A looker-on, who had not fathomed the depths of their purpose, nor knew anything of the simplicity of their faith, would smile at the act of folly which, in his judgment, they were committing. He might exclaim, "What an utopian idea! A mere handful of enthusiasts propounding a scheme for the conversion of the world!" Truly the end was vast, but how ridiculous the means. No such thoughts disturbed the deliberations of these godly men. They heard their Lord's command, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and they resolved to obey.

Nor is it possible to contemplate with indifference, even at this distance of time, the heroic devotion of the immortal Serampore trio. They knew little or nothing of the country selected as the scene of their future toil, or of its people, their moral condition, their social customs, or of the perils awaiting them by land and by sea. How faithfully they did their work amidst the severest disappointments, toiling for nine long years without a single proof of success. We surely can, in some measure, enter into the feelings which prompted Mr. Ward to exclaim on the baptism of the first convert, "The chain of caste is broken, never to be mended any more." And other missions have been equally prolific of men and women of this highest form of consecration to this noble cause. China, Burmah, Ceylon, Madagascar, the West Indies, Demerara, Patagonia, and the islands which are scattered over the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean, and last, though not least, Africa, with its teeming hordes of degraded and oppressed peoples, have all had their Christian heroes. Their sufferings and labours in preaching the Gospel, and their amazing success in the

difficult, but necessary, work of translating the Scriptures into so many languages, reducing a multitude of barbarous ones to a written form, open to the thoughtful mind a scene of benevolent, unselfish, perilous toil which has no parallel in any age. The deeds of the mightiest warriors fade into insignificance when compared with those of missionaries whose labours, in many instances, were cut short by a cruel death. Let us, therefore, recall their memory and their deeds again and again that we, by the blessing of God, may carry to yet more glorious issues the enterprise they have so nobly bequeathed to us.

Christian Endurance.



MORTAL, that standest on a point of time
 With an eternity on either hand,
 Thou hast one duty above all sublime ;
 Where thou art placed, serenely there to stand.

To stand, undaunted by the threatening death,
 Or harder circumstance of living doom ;
 Nor less untempted by the odorous breath
 Of hope that issues even from the tomb.

For hope will never dull the present pain,
 Nor fear will ever keep thee safe from fall,
 Unless thou hast in thee the mind to reign
 Over thyself, as God is over all.

'Tis well in deeds of good, though small, to thrive ;
 'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to cure ;
 'Tis well with onward, upward hope to strive ;
 Yet better and diviner to endure.

What but this virtue's solitary power
 Through all the lusts and dreams of Greece and Rome
 Bore the selected spirits of the hour
 Safe to a distant, immaterial home ?

But in that patience was the seed of scorn—
 Scorn of the world and brotherhood of man ;
 Not patience such as, in the manger born,
 Up to the cross endured its earthly span.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while ;
Above, yet never separate, from thy kind :
Meet every frailty with a tender smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.

This is the riddle thou hast life to solve ;
And in the task thou shalt not work alone ;
For while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's heart and mind are ever with His own.*

Addressed by Lord HOUGHTON to HARRIET MARTINEAU in her last illness.

Katharine von Bora,

THE WIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

PART II.



KATHARINE was a diligent housewife and a home-loving woman. Some of the ladies of Wittenberg complained of her that she was of a lofty spirit, wilful and proud, because she could not cultivate very frequent intercourse with them. They thought she accounted herself above them, because of the fame of her husband. In this they misapprehended her. She had a dignified air and carriage ; she was, no doubt, innocently proud of her husband, whom she as greatly admired as she tenderly loved ; and she very properly sought relaxation from her heavy cares and duties in his company and with her children, and therefore had little time and less taste for the gossip of the town. Her husband was the greatest man of his age—the father of a new era—and yet one whose masculine good sense, teeming imagination, and innocent humour were the charm of the family and of the social circle. With such piety, such love, and such happiness as brightened and sanctified her home, she had little to wish for outside of it. Moreover, the genius and learning of her husband, his many connections and ever-widening popularity, made his house the resort of the

* Strange words as addressed to a dying atheist, but intrinsically beautiful withal.—ED.

gifted and learned and godly, not of Wittenberg only, but of Germany and other parts of Europe. Providing for these, for the students, and for others who found a ready welcome at Luther's table, imposed upon Katharine ceaseless diligence and untiring activity.

A year after their marriage, Katharine became a mother, and "little John" engrossed her thoughts. The next year an alarming illness befell her husband. She attended him night and day with all proper care and tender anxiety. It was thought the end was near. Bugenhagen received his confession of faith, and Katharine and her child his parting blessing.

"Oh my dear child!" exclaimed the apparently dying man, the tears standing in his eyes, "I commend you to God, you and your dear mother—my dear Katy. You have nothing, but God will take care of you; He is the father of orphans and widows. Preserve Thou them, O God! as Thou hast preserved and instructed me to this day."

Katharine assured him of her confidence in God, and of her desire to surrender all things to His will, and tried to cheer him with passages of Holy Scripture, acting more like a venerable matron than a young wife of twenty-eight. "My dearest doctor," said she, "if it is God's will, then I would rather you should be with our beloved Lord God than with me. It is not so much I and my child that need you as many pious Christians. Afflict not yourself about me; I commend you to His Divine will; but I trust in God that He will mercifully preserve you." Her hope was not disappointed. He lived for more than eighteen years.

In course of time the Reformer's circumstances became more easy. He purchased for Katharine the small estate of Zolsdorf, two miles from Borna, and the Elector engaged to supply gratuitously timber for building and repairs. She set herself to work in good earnest, building, planting, gardening, and otherwise improving the place, until she got the farm into a good state of cultivation. Situate in a beautiful and sequestered spot, it became a favourite resort. The management was entirely in her hands, and affairs thrived under her judicious care. Luther sometimes jested with her about these avocations, but, far from blaming her, he commended her diligence, and shared her joy and satisfaction as the produce of the farm and the garden appeared on the table. She looked well "to the ways of her household," and "the heart of her husband did safely trust in her."

— But they were not without heavy trials and afflictions. Of the six

children God gave them, Elizabeth died in her first year, and Magdalene at the age of fourteen. Katharine attached importance to dreams; and the night before the death of Magdalene she dreamed that two beautiful youths appeared to her and asked her daughter in marriage. The next day Melanthon visited them, and she told him the dream. As, no doubt, the circumstances of the child suggested the dream, they would also suggest an interpretation.

"The two youths," said Melanthon, "are sacred angels, who have come to lead the virgin to the true wedlock of the celestial Kingdom." The words opened the fountain of the mother's tears, but they also soothed her sorrow.

The scene in Magdalene's dying chamber was affecting to the last degree. There was the man of giant mind and brilliant intellect, the man of iron will and determination, whose courage was invincible, the hero of a hundred ecclesiastical battles, whose religious teaching had convulsed Europe and revolutionised half the continent, weeping like a child, yet submitting as became a Christian. There was Katharine, whose wifely virtues and matronly goodness made her an example to her sex, overwhelmed with her sorrow, yet struggling for stillness and patience. And there was Magdalene sinking rapidly into the arms of death. Falling on his knees at her bedside, the father earnestly commended her to God, if it were His will to take her to Himself. Then, bending over her, he said with touching sweetness, "Magdalene, my dear daughter, you would be glad to remain here with your father; are you willing to depart and go to that other Father?"

"Yes, dear father," she replied, with a faint but calm voice, "just as God pleases."

Luther turned aside to weep; then, looking upwards, he exclaimed, "If the flesh is so strong, how will it be with the spirit? Well, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." Magdalene died in his arms. Katharine was in the room, but had turned aside from the too harrowing sight. She wept bitterly, but she struggled for resignation.

"Dear Katharine," said Luther, "think where she is gone. She has certainly made a happy journey. With children everything is simple. They die without anguish, without disputes, without the temptations of death, and without bodily grief, as if they were falling asleep." Looking at the pallid countenance of his daughter as she lay in her coffin, beautiful in death, the father sought to cheer the mother with his own strong faith. As if addressing the child, he said,

"You, dear Lene, you will rise again and shine like a star—yea, as the Sun. I am joyful in spirit, but I am sorrowful in the flesh. And we, dear Katharine," he added, as he turned to the mother, "we should not lament as those who have no hope. We have dismissed a saint, yea, a living saint, for heaven. Oh, that we could so die. Such a death I would willingly accept this very hour."

Such a scene reveals the inner heart of the man, in whom the joys and sorrows of domestic life, the culture and training of heaven-born love, developed the softer and more tender side of his nature, as his work as a reformer and theologian brought out its sterner and more heroic features.

But if Katharine grieved over the loss of her daughter, a greater loss, a deeper and more enduring grief, soon befell her. Luther's health, which had been many times severely shaken, now seemed to be finally failing. Katharine's herbs and decoctions and careful nursing no longer availed. He was prematurely weak and old. He was like a "broken vessel." The wickedness of Wittenberg vexed his righteous soul, and he sought retirement at Zolsdorf. He returned something better, but his vigour was gone.

A dispute had arisen between the Counts of Mansfield in reference to the mines of Eisleben, and Luther was chosen by both parties as arbiter. He repaired to his native town to try to bring about a reconciliation. He was not successful, and he paid a second visit, in January of the next year, for the same purpose. His sons, John, Martin, and Paul, and Dr. Jonas, accompanied him. At Halle they were detained three days by the inundation of the Salle. They reached Eisleben on the 29th. The humid atmosphere and the cold told upon him. Katharine was anxious about him, and sent him letters, with cordials and restoratives, but they had lost their power. On the 7th February he sent her the following characteristic letter—his last :—

"To the gracious dame, Katharine Luther, my dear spouse, who is tormenting herself quite unnecessarily.

"Grace and mercy in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Dear Katharine,—You should read St. John, and what the catechism says respecting the confidence we ought to have in God. You afflict yourself just as if God were not all-powerful, and able to raise up new Dr. Martins by dozens, should the old Dr. Martin be drowned in the Salle or perish in any other way. There is One who takes care of me in His own manner, better than you and all the angels

in heaven could ever do. He sits beside of the Almighty Father. Tranquillise yourself, then. Amen."

He was never to see his Katharine nor his Wittenberg again. The town of his birth was to be the scene of his death, which took place eleven days after the date of the above letter. Denied the satisfaction and spared the agony of witnessing his departure, she had abundant consolation in the proofs of God's all-supporting grace, and His unspeakable comfort. His last hours were marked by earnest prayer, adoration, and simple trust. Christ was his all.

As with his dying breath he had commended Katharine and the children to God, so in his will he had committed all his property to her for the use of herself and children. From several of the German princes she received letters of condolence, especially from the Elector of Saxony, who, with the King of Denmark and the Counts of Mansfield, promised considerable pecuniary aid for the education and setting up in life of the children. These promises they were, however, unable to perform after the first year. The terrible war which broke out the same year as Luther's death, between Charles V. and the German Protestants, was in no slight degree disastrous for Katharine. Her little farm and other property were within the seat of war, and not only was the property burdened with taxes, but the land was so laid waste that little, if any, rent could be obtained. The King of Denmark failed in his promise, the Counts of Mansfield delayed to perform theirs. As for the Elector, he was first greatly impoverished, and finally became a prisoner of war. Less than twelve months after Luther's death, Wittenberg surrendered to the Emperor, and Katharine had to seek safety in flight. The conqueror visited the grave of the Reformer, and sharply replied to the request of one of his officers to burn the body, to the effect that he had come to fight, not with the dead, but with the living, and that the grave should be respected.

From Madgeburg, where Katharine had the second time taken refuge, she proceeded towards Denmark to lay her case before the King, when, in response to a proclamation of the Emperor, she returned to Wittenberg. But her circumstances were little improved. People were too busy with their own affairs, and, in most cases, with their own troubles and losses, to heed her appeals. Melancthon, Bugenhagen, and others wrote letters which, like her own letters, met with little response. She seemed, even in this short time, to be almost

forgotten. She was reduced to great straits, and was not a little pained by the neglect of some and the ingratitude of others.

Other means of livelihood failing, she received a number of students as boarders into her house. In 1552 the plague broke out in Wittenberg, and she intended to follow the University to Torgau. She was actually on her way thither when a serious accident befell her. She was riding in a wagon with her children when the horse took fright. The road skirted a lake, and Katharine, in her alarm, leaped out of the vehicle. She fell into the water and was severely bruised. She was conveyed to Torgau, but she had taken a severe cold, and a serious illness followed. This happened in September, and she lingered until 20th December, when she departed in peace.

During her whole sickness she was supported and comforted by the Word of God; she likewise experienced a full assurance of hope, so that she earnestly desired to depart and to be with Christ. Her whole dependence was on Him who had offered Himself to God a sacrifice for sins, and who had bought her with His blood. "I will cleave to my Lord Jesus," said she, "as the bur to the cloth." She prayed earnestly that the Evangelical doctrine might be preserved and transmitted to posterity unadulterated. And thus, commending the Church and her children to God's care and providence, she closed her eyes on the scenes of mortal conflict, and passed to join the hosts triumphant before the throne. She was fifty-three years of age, and was buried in the parish church at Torgau, where is still to be seen her tombstone, painted and gilded, with her effigy at full length, and holding in her hands an open Bible. The margin bears a simple inscription in German, to the effect that "On 20th December, 1552, here in Torgau, fell asleep, blessed in God, Katharine von Bora, the blessed widow of Dr. Martin Luther."

SOLITUDE.

AN hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with, and conquest over, some "subtle bosom sin," will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit, of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Novels and Novel Reading.

A FAMILIAR ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 366.)



ET it not be inferred from the remarks already made that I am opposed to novel-reading *in toto*. I must make the same observation about novels in particular as the one already made about books in general. I do not plead for total abstinence. It does not follow that, because many novels are corrupt and corrupting, therefore all novels should be discarded. Some of them may be wholesome in their character, and beneficial in their influence; and if they be so, the mere fact that they are works of fiction is not sufficient to prove that they ought not to be read.

For, in the first place, fiction gives scope for the exercise of the imaginative faculty, which is certainly one of the God-given faculties of our nature. Our Creator has endowed man with the power of imagining things which do not exist in the realms of actual fact, and of portraying them with so much vividness that they shall seem to be as though they actually were. The human imagination is capable of marvellous achievements. It works mightily in the painter, the musician, and the poet. Nor is it confined to those who possess what we call genius. Even the most ordinary minds are not entirely destitute of it. Now it is by this great faculty that the novelist pursues his art and weaves his spell. It is the imagination in him that calls to his aid all the powers of his intellect, all the resources of his knowledge and education, all the sympathies and antipathies of his emotional nature, and all the judicial *dicta* of his moral sense. It is his imagination that invents the plot, arranges its situations and incidents, and shapes and gives life to its various characters. The mere fact that these characters, together with the experiences through which they are made to pass, exist only in the mind of the inventor, and in the minds of his readers, in so far as he is able to place them there

—*i.e.*, the mere fact that the story is imaginary only, is surely no reason why it should not be written, and, consequently, is no reason why it should not be read. To condemn it on that ground would be equivalent to saying that man has no business to have an imagination at all, or that, though his Creator has endowed him with that faculty, he has no business to use it. Is the human mind never to think or to feel apart from things which exist as tangible or apprehensible realities? Is a writer to be regarded as stating that which is false, and therefore base and injurious, when he describes things which are not as though they were?—when, for instance, he conceives of a certain person who never had an “objective” existence, gives to that person a name, ascribes to him certain peculiarities of character, says that he came into the world at such-and-such a period and amid such-and-such surroundings, conducts him through a certain succession of events and experiences, brings into association with him certain other imaginary persons with such-and-such varieties of life, shows how he acts upon them, how they act upon him, and how they thus affect each other’s dispositions, principles, and destiny? Can thought and feeling and purpose be true and wholesome only when they spring out of, and are wholly dependent upon, what are technically called facts, and the relations which facts bear to each other? Is virtue never to be painted except as the recognisable portrait of a person who has actually lived, and actually been tempted, and actually suffered being tempted, and actually conquered temptation, and been actually rewarded for well-doing? Is vice never to be delineated except as embodied in some actual living or dead

“ Monster of such hateful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ”?

Or, if the description be otherwise than historical or biographical, is it to be simply a description of virtue and of vice in the abstract, and apart from all imaginary personal embodiments? Such a canon is felt to be impracticable the moment it is stated. It would starve the imagination to death—would shut it out of the mind as one of the faculties by the instrumentality of which the intellect is to be fed and the character trained. And yet this is precisely what ought to happen to every one of us, if it be true that nothing ought ever to be written or read to which the term “fiction” may be applied.

There is often a great deal of fiction in the professed description of

facts. In many instances such fiction cannot be avoided. Suppose that you were to behold the stars to-night for the first time, and were to attempt to give a matter-of-fact account of the spectacle to-morrow. To what extent would you succeed? Would you be able to describe the stars as they really are? Would you say that they are so many globes, some of them so much larger in bulk than the earth, and some of them so much less; that they are so many millions of miles from the earth, and so many millions of miles from each other; that they are composed of such-and-such materials; that they are so many parts of one great astral system; that some of them are separate and independent sources of light, and that others of them are so many recipients and reflectors of light; that though they appear to be fixed, yet, in fact, they are all in motion; that they all have their revolutions and their cycles of revolution around some common centre? Would all these facts strike you at once on the first opening up of the magnificent spectacle of the starry heavens to your view? Assuredly they would not. Astronomical science took a good many centuries to develop these facts out of the phenomena upon which it had to work; and if you were to endeavour to describe the phenomena upon a first view of them, your description, probably, would not be very much nearer the truth than that of the little child who supposed that the stars were "gimlet-holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through." You might suppose yourself to be describing facts, but you would be unconsciously describing fancies. Is that any reason why you should say nothing about the starry sky until you are quite sure that you have something to say which shall be true to the hard, demonstrated facts of astronomical science? There is a feast for the imagination in that gorgeous scene. Enjoy the feast. Say, with a youthful poet-friend of mine:—

"With thee it is, and with thy stars, that now,
O many-twinkling sky, I have to do.
Thou art the highway of the moon, and thou
Shalt be the highway of my spirit too.
Clouds climb, and cannot touch thee; winds blow high,
And cannot reach thee; but my thought can reach,
And ride, as all thy starry navies ride,
On thy broad breast, O sky!
With every floating brilliance there hold speech,
And sail far off on thy slow western tide."

There is a considerable quantity of fiction in such lines as these, and

there is much more in the rest of the very admirable poem from which I have quoted them ; but it is not false fiction. It is the true and healthy up-soaring of the imagination, and I do not believe there is a single soul in the world which would not be stimulated and ennobled by an appreciative reading of it ; and yet there are many very good, sensible, matter-of-fact people who, when they see you reading a novel, look upon you with pity, if not with horror, saying, "How can you be so foolish as to waste your thoughts, your feelings, and your time upon a mere fiction ?" And when you ask them why they think you are guilty of such waste, the only answer they can return is that the book is a mere fiction, and that that is enough to condemn it. Yes, it is a mere fiction ; but for all that it may be more worthy of the time you spend upon it than the thousand and one petty, contemptible facts which censors of this order do not always think it beneath them to gossip about !

Besides, what will you say to the fact that fiction has not been excluded even from the Word of God ? Undoubtedly, Job was a real, historical person, originally a man of wealth, eminently upright in character, but sorely tried by accumulated calamities ; irritated by the false accusations of ill-judging friends, but, on the whole, marvellously patient withal ; brought by-and-by into the deepest humiliation by the manifestation to his mind of the majesty of God's power and holiness, and at last emerging from the deep darkness of his adversity and his grief into renewed prosperity and joy. All this may, and, I think must, be regarded as historically true ; but I suppose it is pretty well understood that the historical facts are dramatically presented. What gorgeous allegories we have in the book of Ezekiel—such, for instance, as those of the Valley of Dry Bones and the Ever-deepening Waters of the Sanctuary. Jesus Himself was pleased frequently to employ Parable, which is a form of fiction, as a mode of conveying His Divine and holy teaching to the minds of His hearers. He who spake as never man spake taught His disciples largely through the medium of the imagination.

Moreover, some of the most influential literature of the world has taken this form, and it would be impossible to measure the beneficial results which a large part of it has effected. Even Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" belong to the category of fictitious writing, as do also his "Comus" and "Samson Agonistes." Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Holy War," "Mr. Badman," and other

productions of his magic pen, are of the same character. Are these glorious books to be swept away with the besom of destruction merely because they are *unhistorical* ?

There is another consideration pointing in the same direction which should not be overlooked. Whatever may be the explanation of the fact, it is patent and undeniable that the imagination has its instinctive cravings—cravings which only fiction, properly so called, can meet and satisfy. In a discourse on the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the eccentric Sterne says : “ I know not whether the remark be to our honour or otherwise, that lessons of wisdom have never so much power over us as when they are wrought into the heart through the medium of a story which engages the passions. Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we are wrought upon ? Or is the heart so in love with deceit that when a true report will not reach it we must cheat it with a fable in order to come at truth ? ” I lay no claim to the acumen which is requisite to solve this psychological problem. It is not, however, to be denied that a fiction which vividly pictures scenes of varied life and experience has incomparably more power over people generally than the bare recital of literal occurrences, even though those occurrences be invested with acknowledged importance. Whatever plausibility there may be in the dictum that the reverence for truth inculcated by our holy religion demands that fiction of all kinds should be discarded, it is clear that the dictum is one which cannot be completely and consistently carried out. Our Divine Master Himself did not go to that extreme ; and I suspect that the explanation is suggested in a remark by Archdeacon Hare, that “ the imagination and the feelings have each their truths, as well as the reason ; and the absorption of the three so as to concentrate them upon the same point is one of the universalities requisite in a true religion.”

Perhaps my youthful readers may say that I am something like Balaam, who went forth to “ curse,” but found himself constrained to “ bless ”—that novel-reading finds in me an advocate rather than an opponent. Let them wait for further remarks on this subject, and they will see.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Short Holiday in Switzerland.

IV.



WHEN not engaged in performing "courses," our life at the Forest Hill *pension* was the quietest, most uneventful possible, except that existence was such a full rich thing that every heart-beat seemed an "event." On waking, my first action was to open the window and drink a long, full draught of mountain air. About an hour afterwards, I rose and dressed and went down to breakfast. Mine always consisted of rich boiling milk and dry toast, with a spoonful of transparent amber honey as a *bonne bouche* to finish with. If the hens were in a complaisant mood, and no thunderstorm had arisen during the night to disturb their delicate sensibilities, an egg warm from the fowl-house was added to my bill of fare, greatly to my content. After breakfast Paul went to his room with his Greek Testament and the Revised Version; Blackbird and I generally took our knitting out into the arbour till it became too hot, when we retreated either into Paul's little salon or into the dining-room, and I vibrated between him and the down-stairs party. At half-past eleven the *diligence* passed, and we all went out to see it and exchange greetings with Gottlick. That generally brought us letters to answer or newspapers to read, and at noon came the dinner of soup, meat, and sweets. After dinner we used to occupy ourselves in work, reading or writing, and soon after four o'clock we would go for a little walk, generally along an exquisitely lovely road, through shady woodland and across a wonderful bridge, to pay the cows a visit in their romantic pasture, and listen to the chiming of their bells, or amuse ourselves with their obstinacy when the time came for them to go down to the river to drink, or to go into the shade to get out of the way of the flies, or to go up the field towards home. Sometimes we had an errand to Aigle for shopping or making a call, but that was a rather fatiguing expedition, and we used to evade it if possible. At six we had *gouter*, a meal that tried Paul's feelings, for he always wanted his tea without any solid accompaniment, whereas the

custom of the country demands that you should eat meat and sweets before the tea and coffee are brought into the room at all. After this refection was over we used to go out and sit in the front of the house, on the doorsteps or on the garden chairs, watching Chamoissaire grow rosy under the sun's farewell kisses; then hats and shawls were forthcoming, and Paul, Blackbird, the Professor, and I would set off, ostensibly to see the Dent du Midi in the sunset glow, or in the moonlight, or under any other aspect, but really to admire it afresh and love it more. We had to walk half a mile before the nearer heights would allow us to catch sight of it; and none of us ever found staleness in the delight of seeing first one of the peaks, and then another and another, lift itself up, pearly gray in the twilight, into the pale blue of the evening skies. Then, perhaps, we would return, pass Forest Hill, and walk on towards Sepey, and linger on, walking to and fro, till the stars came out and night settled down over the landscape. Sometimes when the lamps were lighted we devoted ourselves to a critical polyglot Bible-reading, under Paul's leadership; and at other times, when the night was warm and still, a long dreamy chat out of doors would bring us to ten o'clock, the exchange of good-nights, and peaceful slumbers.

One evening, while sitting alone, my attention was repeatedly arrested by a single note of music, pitched sometimes higher, sometimes lower, but always sweet, clear, and resonant. It came from the direction of the barn, and thither I went to investigate. I found our host superintending the brightening of some heavy black leather collars, such as our horses might wear, while his satellite the cow-boy was polishing to a dazzling brilliancy four handsome bells of elegant shape, ornamented with a raised garland of leaves, within which were inscribed the words, "Qui Dieu garde est bien gardé," and under this the initials of the owners in monogram; while on the opposite side of the bell was the smaller inscription, "Dieu voit tout." These bells are an important part of the marriage furnishing of a Swiss agriculturist, and are ordered from the foundry in company with the bride-elect. The second crop of hay having now been safely gathered in, the home cows were to be sent on the morrow to a neighbouring pasture for the rest of the summer, and the bells for their protection and adornment were being polished up in readiness for their departure. But there was a young inhabitant of the cow-house, a little bull-calf, who had never in all his short life been sent out to pasture, and who,

being a supernumerary, had no part or lot in the four bells appropriated to his elders. So a smaller one had been bought for him. The others had been chosen of tones to make a complete carillon, and this one, though not so deep-toned, made a very pretty fifth note. Then it suddenly appeared that there was no fifth collar, and the town was at a considerable distance. So M^dme. — went to search for a substitute. Nothing could be found that was worthy of such an attractive little animal; and I was delighted to come to the rescue with a black leather waistband which answered its new purpose admirably. The calf's master graciously accepted my offering, and told me to be awake early the next morning if I wanted to see some fun.

Soon after dawn the first chime aroused me, and I threw wide my window shutters. Then a wild rush of music, and the calf flew by, mad with the joy of having a bell. Of course he was flying in the wrong direction; but he was too wild to notice the cow-boy's whip, and it was not till three people joined hands and made a barrier across the road that he condescended to join his fellows, who, though old enough to be wiser, were also intoxicated with the sweets of music, and frisked up and down the road, with every movement ringing out such a delirious crash of harmony as though all the bells had become tipsy together. M^dme. —, holding her sides, gasped out at intervals, "Ah, c'est une vraie comédie!" I, up at my window, was helpless with laughter, and it was quite a relief when the animals could be brought to understand what they were expected to do. Even when they were fairly in marching order, that excited calf would make a sudden dive down a steep bank, or jump over a low wall; to give the cow-boy the trouble of running after him, that he might have an excuse for shaking his mischievous little head and ringing his bell. For a long time after they had gone out of sight I heard the merry chime of the bells and the cracking of the frenzied herdsman's whip echoing down the valley.

Two days after this we rose early again, for we had before us the most formidable "course" we had yet undertaken, involving a walk of twenty-five miles. We had breakfast soon after six, and started, a party of three, to visit the Diablerets, a group of mountains having on their summit a glacier in which Paul and I felt particularly interested; it being the source of the Grande Eau, which had lulled us by its music night and day for three weeks past.

The legend giving to the place its exceedingly dubious name relates that every night for one week in each year imps of darkness, with Bernese proclivities, and other imps of darkness who have the prestige of Vaud at heart, climb these mountains on opposite sides, have a free fight at the top, and emulate each other in throwing boulders, many and huge, into the enemy's canton. For proof of the truth of this tale there are the boulders to be seen lying at the mountain foot on both sides.

We began our expedition with a five-mile walk up hill, which caused us no fatigue, the air was so fresh and strong and the scenery so engrossing. The grouping of mountain, precipice, and valley changed continually on our right; while on our left rose sometimes perpendicular walls of rock, and sometimes pretty little hedgerows, from which I gathered quite a large bouquet of Swiss flowers. As we entered Le Sepey I noticed a new style of mowing grass for hay. The mower stood in the centre of his little field, and cut the grass in a circle round him; then began another circle about eight feet larger in diameter than the inner one, and so on until the whole field was mown, reminding one of a pool into which a stone has been thrown covered with rings from the centre. We passed on straight through Le Sepey, and just outside the little town Paul declined to go farther until he had smoked a pipe. So we sat on a log outside a stable, quite near a nice manure heap, and in the midst of plenty of wasps, and there the pipe was smoked.

Then we started on the second stage of our walk, and our dear old friends Mont Chaussy and Mont d'Or, with the beautiful Tour d'Ay, came to the fore again. Soon all these fell into position on our left, and the valley of Ormont Dessus lay at our right. The valley was formed by the precipitous mountain side on which we walked, and a more gently sloping range on the other side, dotted almost as high as heaven with the sweet little chalets, and made musical with the soft distant chime of the cow-bell. The great snow-covered Diablerets came into sight; my old friend the Oldenhorn, and a more magnificent peak called the Scex Rouge, all beckoned us alluringly forward; and the Grande Eau murmured loudly from invisible depths.

Presently, awful in its devastation, rose before us the Mont Aigremont, with the castle walls lying in massive ruins above us and below us. Fragments of masonry, black and gloomy, some as large

as a good-sized house, scattered the country far and near. The following legend fully accounts for all:—

Count Aigremont was a very rich and detestably wicked man. Everybody hated and feared him. Everything wicked that a man could do he did. He would not have any servant living in the castle, except one very old and very ugly harridan, who would never speak to anybody, so that no one could find out for certain the awful things that went on in that house. People sometimes thought they saw a beautiful woman's face at a window, and sometimes dreadful screams were heard faintly echoing down the valley. One night these screams were more pitiful than ever, and God sent quite suddenly a fearful thunderstorm, the like of which had never been known in those parts. Then, in a moment's lull, there was an awful flash of lightning, followed the next instant by such an uproar that even the little children turned round in their beds and said a prayer. Heaven and earth seemed to be trying to deafen each other. Then the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the stars came out again. When the peasants went to their work early the next morning, Castle Aigremont was lying scattered over all the country, broken into a million pieces; and the Count was never seen any more, nor his old servant, nor the beautiful lady. Without doubt the "diablotins" were abroad that night and took them away.

The horror of the tale was so accentuated by the sight of these magnificent relics of the past that it was with difficulty we could tear ourselves away from the fascination of the spot; but we had no choice left us, as the sun was near the meridian, and we had still far to go.

After about two more hours of walking we gave in, and confessed that we were too tired to go farther; so, in a lovely, shady, moss-carpeted wood, we sat down, another wood immediately in front of us, the rushing torrent at the bottom of a misty distance far below our feet, and a solemn fir-clad mountain rising up sheer and black against the opposite horizon. I pulled up a five-year-old fir-tree by the roots, and fastened it in my neck-ribbon, and Blackbird pulled up a one-year-old baby of a thing which found a home in my tiny specimen book. Dinner eaten and another pipe smoked, we started again and at last reached the object of our walk—the snowy Diablerets. For awhile we stood spell-bound under its shadow, and gazed mutely upward. Looked at with the eyes of Peter Bell, what we saw would probably seem a simple thing enough. The glacier crowning th

majestic height ; a cascade falling from it in three distinct streams ; and a perpendicular descent of I cannot dream what depth, the topmost peak of the mountains being more than 10,000 feet high. That was all ; but the mighty rock hollowed out in a bay-like form, and frowning down darkly and sullenly upon us, seemed to tell of ages spent in brave, but unsuccessful, resistance to the steady, unrelenting action of the water, with the certainty of defeat at last.

The scene was awfully grand, but it pigmified us to a depressing degree, and it was not without a certain sense of relief that we turned into the inn garden and demanded tea. We took this English refec-tion in a pleasant arbour, through the trellis-work of which we could see His Eminence, stately and inaccessible, and hear the soft murmur of a distant water-fall, and the Grande Eau as it rushed by over its stony bed on its journey towards the Rhone. We had requested a few slices of bread and butter with our tea, and I think none of us will ever forget the response to our modest appeal. A pile of slices of thick bread and butter, enough to appease the appetite of a dozen English schoolboys, was placed on the table and flanked by a large cheese. We did our best, but without effecting a sensible diminution of the mighty heap ; and I may here say that the payment demanded was as moderate as the supply was liberal. For about an hour we rested in this pleasant retreat, amusing ourselves at intervals with the antics of a deplorably flippant kitten and her mother (but little better), and about half-past three we started for home—not very fresh even then.

The return walk was not a thorough success. Perhaps it is a humiliating confession to make, but by the time we had completed our twentieth mile we were all very tired ; and for the last five miles we were in conflict with blistered feet and stiffened limbs, as well as with the sensation of mere fatigue. On arriving indoors Paul collapsed completely, would not eat any supper, but insisted on having some very strong tea to drink. Naturally, he felt ill afterwards, and for some hours I was very anxious about him. At last I went to my bed-room, hoping for a little repose myself, but, unfortunately, just before putting out the candle, I looked for my Good-night text, and read, “ And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.” Meditations on these words, over-fatigue, and the strong tea I had imbibed with my supper, made the first six hours of that night a very lively season indeed. L. M. D.

The Egyptian War.



AT the time of our going to press, the Egyptian campaign, in the more strict sense of the term, can only be said to have commenced. The first battle has not yet been fought. We would fain hope that the first may be the last. Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Military Commander-in-Chief, has arranged his initial plans with a view to turn Arabi's position at Kafr Dowar, and to prevent his retreat upon Cairo. This device will avoid the necessity of a tedious and hazardous attack upon the earthworks which have been thrown up at Kafr Dowar, excepting as this may be made subsidiary to the main scheme; and, if successful, it may have the effect of saving the great inland city from fire, and sack, and pillage. Thus the advance upon the enemy will proceed from Ismailia, and not from Alexandria, as was at first anticipated. The troops from India have not as yet arrived, but we presume they will be ready for action when they are wanted. Where they will be placed is not yet known. Before these pages reach their readers, a blow will have been inflicted upon the usurper, and we hope that it may prove to be sufficiently severe and decisive to reduce him to conscious helplessness. Happily, the Sultan is still endeavouring to wriggle out of the terms of co-operation imposed upon him by the English Government, and is thus daily putting himself further and further away from all opportunity for the treachery which, so far as he is concerned, we have had so much cause to fear. His championship of Islamism grows less and less feasible. We hate the whole business, as we hate all war; but the conflict has become a moral necessity from which there is no honourable escape, and we are thankful that our part in it is under the guidance of statesmen who will have nothing to do with a policy of English aggression, who want nothing but common justice, and who will strive to the utmost to keep the questions at issue within the narrowest possible limits, and to settle it with the least possible sacrifice of life. We have confidence in our Government at home, and in our military and naval authorities abroad. Our fighting men, we are sure, will exhibit the courage which has for so many centuries been characteristic of the nation to which they belong. May God, in His mercy, grant that complications may not arise, and that the war may soon be over! We are not without hope that it may be possible for us to record this happy result in our next number. The only serious element of doubt in relation to the matter is that which springs from the agitation against Christianity which seems now to be spreading amongst the Moslem races. It may be that a great conflict is impending. "The Lord reigneth: let the people tremble." "The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice."

Reviews.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN; THE NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTARY; THE BIBLE EDUCATOR; THE LEOPOLD SHAKESPERE. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

THE re-issue in monthly parts of the *Family Physician* is now complete, and we are thus in possession of a new and enlarged edition of one of the most valuable domestic manuals which has issued from the English press. It is a perfect treasury of information, embodying the latest results of scientific research, and full of wisé practical hints for the management of the health of our homes. The writers are, for the most part, physicians and surgeons of the principal London hospitals, qualified alike, by training, ability, and experience, to deal with the subjects they discuss in a competent and effective style. The work is free from all quackery, and it is not its least merit that it aims at the prevention of disease fully as much as at its cure. Self-doctoring is sometimes a dangerous process, and has frequently led to serious results. The directions of this *Family Physician* suggest its proper limits, and lead to the avoidance of all risks. Its descriptions of the various ills our flesh is heir to are helpful to an accurate diagnosis, and, with this work in our hands, it is scarcely possible to suffer from any ailment whose nature we cannot at once discover. The subjects of disease, and the treatment of disease, in all their branches are minutely discussed. The hints on nursing are specially wise and practical, and ought to be strongly emphasized. The "Materia Medica" gives, in 150

pages, a comprehensive idea of the preparation and properties of drugs, and the effects which follow their administration; and in a similar section on Hygiene we have invaluable hints on food, water, air, exercise, drainage, &c., &c. Altogether, the *Family Physician* must be ranked with the foremost works of this class, and it will doubtless attain an exceptional and permanent popularity. No home should be without it. *The New Testament Commentary* has now reached its twentieth part, and is carried as far as 1 Cor. vii. *The Bible Educator* commends itself increasingly to our taste and judgment, and we find it, as all Biblical students must find it, of great service in our study of Scripture. *The Leopold Shakespere* is being issued in ten monthly parts at sixpence. The plays are arranged in chronological order from the text of Professor Delius. "Edward III." and "The Two Noble Kinsmen" are included. The Introduction by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, the foremost Shakesperian critic of our day, is, however, the special feature of this edition, and puts the reader in possession of almost everything that can be known of this greatest of English poets. For purposes of Shakesperian study the Leopold edition is practically complete, and, in view of its excellences, by far the cheapest with which we are acquainted.

THE RELIGIOUS FEELING: a Study for Faith. By Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

WE confess ourselves to be considerably puzzled by the hostility which has

arisen in certain quarters in America to the teaching on religious questions by Dr. Newman Smyth, and which has found its gratification for the present in the adverse vote of the authorities of the Congregational Theological Seminary of Andover, Massachusetts, on his nomination to a Professorship in that institution. It may, indeed, be doubtful whether Dr. Smyth should be regarded as a safe teacher on distinctively theological questions. His methods of thought, of investigation, and of exposition are too exclusively and ostentatiously *philosophical* to entitle him to that measure of confidence. But this does not appear to have been the original and special consideration which led to his rejection. His orthodoxy was fiercely attacked by the *Congregationalist* after he had been unanimously nominated to the professorship by the professors, and had been elected by the trustees without a dissenting vote. This opposition was taken up by others, and was followed by a careful examination of the candidate at Andover. That examination resulted in a complete vindication of Dr. Smyth's "harmony with the creed of the Seminary;" and it was then that the secondary objection was urged—viz., that "his style of thought was less exact and analytic than was desirable in a professor of dogmatic theology," and that "his poetic and imaginative qualities so much dominated his thought that they might lead to his views being misunderstood." This objection ultimately prevailed; but it would probably never have arisen but for the preceding agitation of the charge that Dr. Smyth's appointment to the professorship would seriously compromise the Christian faith. It is this fact, in relation to the controversy, that

perplexes us. We do not pretend to a very familiar acquaintance with the writings of this author as a whole, but some of the more recent ones have come under our notice, and from these we judge that he may be fairly reckoned to be up to the average of the orthodox teachers of the day. At any rate, it seems to us that, if modern orthodoxy is to proscribe him, there are many others, both in America and in England, bearing trusted reputations and honoured names, who ought, in consistency, to share a similar fate. We do not condemn his rejection at Andover, for he does not seem to us to be cut out for a theological professorship. His order of mind fits him for other and very different work—work, too, which, in its way, may not be less important. His great aim is to commend Christianity to the philosophical and scientific spirit of the age, not by concessions fatal to its integrity, but by expositions of the nature, constitution, experience, and needs of man, to which the great central facts and principles of Christianity are specifically adapted. This aim should be carefully kept in mind by his readers. It explains and justifies much of the peculiar language he uses, and will satisfactorily account for many of the positions he takes, which are likely enough to appear objectionable to those whose reading and tastes have not allowed them to become familiar with the modes of scientific and philosophical thought which are in vogue in our time. We do not assent to all his conclusions. His style of reasoning seems to us to be sometimes defective. In some instances he propounds doctrines, or forms of doctrine, which we are unable to harmonise with the teaching of Scripture, both in its texts and its general spirit. But such

statements might be made respecting almost any religious teacher that could be named.

In a recent number of this Magazine we drew attention to Dr. Smyth's work under the title: "The Orthodox Theology of To-day." That work abundantly sets forth the author's views upon the main religious questions which are now agitating the public mind, and illustrates his manner of propounding and vindicating them. The same may be said of the work before us: "The Religious Feeling: a Study for Faith." The book is by no means a bulky one; but even an epitome of its contents would occupy a good many pages of our space, and it would be fairer not to indicate any part of these than to fail to indicate the whole. In his preface the author observes:—

"In the struggle for existence which is ever going on in literature, a new book should show some variation, however slight, from others of its kind, by means of which it may be better fitted to the surrounding conditions of thought, and hope to survive for a season.

"The reason this little book has for its appearance is a slight departure from the usual forms in which the evidences of faith are presented, by which it is sought to adapt them more perfectly to the sceptical surroundings of thought in our day. The variation by which this new venture, among the great multitude of books, hopes to live and to be useful may be said to be the result of a process of natural selection, in an American mind, from the German idealism and the English positivism. The substance of it first formed itself in the author's mind during a season of quiet study of modern German thought, and he has since found the reasoning, which then enabled his own faith to survive, useful in conversation with friends whose scientific studies had both brought them into un-

willing doubts concerning those spiritual truths which give to life its real value and, at the same time, thrown the prevalent proofs of religion out of all relation to their habits of mind."

The task to which the author has addressed himself is fully presented in the following quotations from the commencement of the first chapter:—

"The problem of problems upon which the thought of our times labours may be reduced, in the last analysis, to the simple alternative: Is man, through whatever intermediate forms he may have descended, the Son of God, or is he the unintended product of molecular forces? If the former prove to be the true descent of man, then we are capable of religion, and we live in some personal relationship to a Being higher than ourselves, from whom we came. If the latter be the exclusive genealogy of man, we only deceive ourselves by cherishing sentiments religiously coloured. Our spiritual emotions, the bright and evanescent forms which come and go in the higher zones of thought and aspiration, are to be looked upon only as emanations from our lower and altogether earthly selves—the unsubstantial clouds of our mental firmament. Our chief end of life, then, would be to adapt ourselves, as well as we may, to our surroundings, and to survive as best we can. . . . The very attempts made by some writers at half-way solutions, or compromises, between these two antagonistic beliefs serve to reveal more clearly the matter at issue, and the inevitable line of conflict. Thus Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma' is a proposed armistice between religion and scepticism, with which neither party could long be contented. The 'stream of tendency which makes for righteousness,' in the course of the Hebrew literature becomes too well defined, is determined by too many metes and bounds in the descriptions of the Prophets, and called by names too familiar in the language of Hebrew Shep-

herds, to satisfy those minds to whom the Deity must be, if God is at all, an unknown and unknowable Power. And as Mr. Arnold's 'God of the Bible' is too well known for the worshipper upon the Mars' hill of modern nescience, so, on the other hand, is this 'not ourselves which makes for righteousness' too vague and metaphysical an abstraction for the believer in the temple of Jehovah, and the Shekinah of its holy place. Mr. Arnold, after his own dexterous manner, has performed the feat of the very metaphysics which he ridicules as a jugglery of phrases; for he has thrown another bridge of words between the two spheres of human experience, the world within us—our subjective knowledge, and the eternal order without us and above us, in which, as it were, our self-consciousness lies ensphered—the outward reality of God. . . . The main religious question of our times concerns, first of all, the reality of our spiritual perceptions. Are we capable of coming to a knowledge of God, even if there is a God? Can He *touch* us, and we *feel* Him? Do we, by any valid experience, become aware of His presence, of the presence of real spiritual being and goodness without and above ourselves? . . . Our knowledge of the external world is given in and through sensation. Our consciousness is affected so and so; these affections, or sense-perceptions, are grouped in our several conceptions of things; are combined, corrected, and held fast in various judgments and beliefs with regard to an external world. . . . Is there, then, any corresponding basis for religion? Are there any religious ideas equally valid, worth all that they appear to be?"

Such is the question, and the author observes that it can only be rationally answered "by a close scrutiny of the religious feeling, and by observing whether, under examination, it conducts itself similarly to the feeling of existence or the feeling of an external world; whether in it, as in those affec-

tions of our consciousness, perceptions are involved; whether, in fact, the religious feeling yields, under all available tests, the evidence of immediate contact with moral and spiritual reality; whether it is the inward *sensation*, and its accompanying *intuition* of the Divine Being and presence; as, on the lower and outward side of human consciousness, sensation and its involved perception come directly from contact with the external world." The question has its difficulties, and Dr. Smyth makes no attempt to conceal them. But, in our judgment, he grapples with them in a masterly style, and overcomes them. He traces his reply through the various phases which the Religious Feeling assumes, and the method adopted is the scientific. We must leave our readers to follow the author for themselves, promising them, which we can unhesitatingly do, a rich intellectual treat as they advance, step by step, in the luminously stated argument, and a considerable confirmation of their faith by the time they reach its close.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. July, 1882.

Nisbet & Co.

SINCE we last noticed this excellent periodical, the Rev. F. Hastings has become its permanent editor, and its publication has been transferred from Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. to Nisbet & Co. Its features and character, however, remain unchanged. We observe virtually the same staff of writers, and the same superiority in the homiletic and expository treatment of Scripture. The number before us is quite up to the high mark of its predecessors. It opens with an elaborate and brilliant discourse by Dr. Bersier, of Paris, on the Royalty of Christ (John xviii. 37). Among the outlines

we notice, with special pleasure, "An Ever-Present Religion" (Deut. vi. 6—9), by the Rev. W. F. Adeney, M.A., and the sixth in the series on "The Prayers of Christ" (Luke ix. 28—29), by the Rev. B. Wilkinson, F.G.S. To the "Clerical Symposium" on "the Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement," Canon Farrar contributes a vigorous paper, in which, after an argument intended to show the impossibility of constructing a scripturally exhaustive and unobjectionable theory of the Atonement, he finally says :—

"Is it not enough to say that Christ's death is the means of our life; that it is a reconciling sacrifice; that it is but one act of that sacrifice which marked the submission of His whole will to that of His Father; that it has redeemed us from the power of sin and Satan; that it was the appointed means of our regeneration, of our new life, of our ransom from the bondage of Satan, of our satisfaction for the debt of sin, of our being reconciled to God, of our hope of glory? 'If we believe all this, and if we live in the spirit of our belief—if we hold fast to the truths that Christ died for all, and that His work was the expression of God's love to the whole world, we may rest in the words alike of the Tridentine catechism and of the English Prayer-book; and need enter no further into the transcendent and incognisable aspect of the Atonement than to say that it was 'after a certain admirable manner,' but *how* we know not—a 'full, perfect, and sufficient redemption, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual, and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone.'"

As usual, the Expository section of this number of the magazine is rich in material for pulpit use.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT
BAPTIST MINISTERS.

IN 1876 Mr. E. Marshall issued this

"gallery" at a guinea. Mr. Elliot Stock has provided a new and reduced edition of it for half-a-crown, with which he gives a copy of the *Biographical Key*, edited by Mr. G. Holden Pike, and containing a short account of the life of the 246 pastors whose portraits are given in the picture. A few copies of the original picture are still to be had from Mr. Stock at a considerably reduced price; and the smaller copy is good, and, with the explanatory volume, is well worth the cost of its purchase.

MEMOIR OF DANIEL MACMILLAN. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C., &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

"THE following memoir," says Mr. Hughes, in the opening words of his preface, "tells the story of a young Scotchman born in a peasant home, who, with no schooling but what he could get in a small provincial town before he was twelve, and in spite of want of means and wretched health, won his way to the front rank in a difficult business, and died, at forty-four, the founder and head of a well-known firm of publishers." Such a memoir, written by so facile and sympathetic a pen, cannot fail to be attractive. The services rendered by Messrs. Macmillan to the higher branches of our theological literature cannot easily be estimated. The position they have acquired is due, in the first instance, to the high ideal, the admirable tact and perseverance, of Daniel, the founder of the house. There is scarcely a library of any pretensions in the kingdom which does not contain entire rows of their books. A publisher's relation to a work is, of course, different from an author's, and the responsibility of the latter is necessarily more direct and immediate. But Messrs. Macmillan's name is a guarantee—if not of the orthodoxy of a publication, at any

rate of its intellectual quality, and its claims on the attention of thoughtful men. Daniel Macmillan pursued his work with the conviction that he was fulfilling a vocation. Even as an apprentice lad he had a conception of the vast possibilities of the bookseller's business, and later on he felt the dignity of his craft and its value to humanity. His struggles with his early difficulties in Glasgow, Cambridge, and London were manfully surmounted, and when, in 1843, he purchased Mr. Newby's business at Cambridge, he gained possession of a vantage-ground which few men could more effectually have occupied. He did more, by his judicious recommendation of good books and other forms of help, to mould the intellectual and moral character of the religious teachers of England than did most of their professors. In his book-shop, Daniel Macmillan was thoroughly in his element, and reigned as a king. It was the natural consummation of his endeavours that he should become a publisher, as also that he should rise to eminence. Mr. Hughes has told the story of this brave and noble life in a simple, graphic, and pleasing style, and not even "Tom Brown's Schooldays" ought to be a more popular book. Mr. Macmillan, as many of our readers are aware, was, in his early life, a Baptist. His parents left the Established Church of Scotland, under the influence of the Haldanes; one of his brothers was pastor of the Baptist church at Stirling, and another died while a student at Horton College, Bradford. He himself was baptized at Cambridge. We are sorry that so able and devout a man should have felt it necessary to break away from his early associations. But, though he left us, it was with no

unkindly feeling, and in many ways he continued to prove his interest in our denominational progress, as indeed Mr. Alexander Maxmillan, the present head of the firm, has also done. Young men will find in this memoir a stimulus to manly perseverance, and will be charmed by the intellectual force and keen discrimination of the letters which form so great a part of it, as well as by the glimpses it affords into the life of some of the foremost writers of our own day.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE READER.

Recitations, Readings, Dialogues, &c.
Original and Selected. National
Temperance Publication Depôt, 337,
Strand.

THE Temperance Reform is moving forward with rapid strides, as well it may with so numerous, intelligent, and enthusiastic an army of advocates. The advance during the last quarter of a century is immense, and at the present rate of progress we may hope that the time is not distant when a drunkard will seldom, if ever, be seen in any part of the land. The National Temperance Publication Depôt is a prolific source of influence in the right direction, and those who wish to help the movement amongst the masses of the people can do so through the medium of such capital collections of prose and poetry as we have in the volume before us. It contains a considerable mass of wit and wisdom, which may secure for it access to social parties of almost any and every kind. If recommendation were needful, it would be enough to say that the book has all the elements and features needful to render it at once popular and useful.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1882.

Gladness at the Call to Divine Worship.*

BY THE REV. ISAAC LORD.

“I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.”
PSALM cxxii. 1.



HERE has never been a nation or tribe of men in any land, or in any period of human history, which has not rendered some kind of worship to some Being or Beings above them. The instinct of worship is as truly native to the human soul as the sense of hunger or thirst to the human body. It may be suspended or kept in abeyance for a time by the sweep of other powers or passions; but, when danger threatens or calamity impends, it will reveal its presence and assert its power. The use which may be made of this fact belongs rather to the chair of the theologian than to the pulpit of the preacher. But kings, rulers, and legislators have recognised its existence and turned it to account; whilst priesthoods have, in many instances, abused it, and have founded upon it the most crushing tyrannies. What is thus seen to be an instinct of our nature is also the note and feature of all the best orders of men from the beginning of the world. However they may have differed in country, in age, in outward circumstances, in civilisation, in the degree in which they have been favoured with

* The substance of a sermon preached at the re-opening of London Road Chapel, Ipswich, on Sunday evening, August 6th, 1882.

Divine revelation, in culture, in forms and ceremonies, they have been men of worship—men of prayer. Patriarchs, kings, prophets, apostles, and teachers, men of the Old and men of the New Covenant, have grasped hands on this question, and each one has been ready to exclaim, "I was *glad* when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

"Gladness at the call to Divine worship," then, is the subject upon which I shall address you this evening.

I. It is not every one who is glad at this call. Look around you upon the community. What do you find? Vast numbers who are thoughtlessly indifferent to any worship; a fewer number who are thoughtfully alienated; a still fewer who are from conviction antagonistic. How is this? Conferences of various kinds have been held to take into consideration these facts. Many things have been well said on the subject; and no doubt everything should be removed which can be fairly regarded as a hindrance. But suppose this to be done; what then? The true source of the indifference or hostility which is lamented will still remain. What is it? It is exactly that which the Bible affirms—the state of the heart of man towards God. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." To be glad at this call, the soul must be *in friendship with God*. Between God and *sinful* worshippers the Cross must be uplifted and seen. A glance at the throne might give terror; a glance at the Cross gives confidence and hope. It is such a demonstration of the love of God to the race—such an illustration of the fact that, in freely pardoning the greatest sinner, He has taken care of the moral interests of His universe, the majesty of His law, the dignity of His character, and the stability of His throne—that no room is left for doubt that God can be just and at the same time justify the ungodly. This awakens contrition, melts into penitence, and the soul, simply trusting, has peace with God. "Be it known unto you that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

But more than this. There must be in the soul of the worshipper elements answering to the elements which are in the spiritual nature of the Being who is worshipped. This "gladness" is like answering to like; love answering to love. It is like the child rushing with delight into the arms of the loving mother. Worship gratifies the

filial instinct. Everything is glad when it finds its appropriate object: the eye, when it opens on the morning light; the ear, when enchanting strains of music fall upon it; the bird, when it escapes from bondage and soars away into the breezy spaces of immensity; the spiritual nature of man, when it meets and communes with God. You may have gigantic powers of intellect and imagination without a spark of gladness at this call. Why? Because of the absence of the spiritual life; because you have no participation of the Divine nature. But let there be holy love, truth, goodness, purity, and there must be gladness. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

More than this. Divine worship must be felt to be the loftiest privilege which the soul can enjoy; something more than duty. For the creature to worship the Creator, the offender to confess to the Offended, the receiver to give thanks to the Giver, is, of course, a duty. But the word "duty" is a hard, dry, and sapless word; and no man is ever truly "glad" who does not find more in the call than duty. It is a sublime privilege. To be called into the presence of the great in this world would be felt to be a privilege; to be called into the presence of the higher orders of being in the celestial world would be a greater. But when you have reached the summit of creation, there is a gulf between you and God which the thought of the creature cannot bridge over. What must it be, then, to be called into His presence? But this is the fact! God looks down past all the orders of heaven, past all the ranks of earth, and fixes His regard upon the poorest, and says, "With that man will I dwell who is of a humble and contrite heart, and who trembleth at My Word." The great God, inhabiting the praises of eternity, tells us so Himself; and in the eyes of angels this communing of God with the human soul lends a dignity to the poorest child of earth which could never be conferred by ducal coronets or imperial crowns.

Give us, then, men and women who are in friendship with God, who are partakers of His nature, and who regard worship as the noblest privilege, and they are the people who will be glad when the call comes to them, "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

II. But we pass on to notice that there are circumstances connected with Divine worship itself which must occasion the gladness of which we speak. Think of the *company*. The fellow-worshippers are not drawn together by ordinary acquaintance, or friendship, or natural

affection, but by a principle deeper, stronger, and more durable than any of these. They are children of the same household, soldiers of the same army, following the same Leader, loving the same Father, brethren of the same Elder Brother, moved by the energy of the same blessed Spirit. They are fighting the same foes, looking for the same victory, and hoping to dwell in the same eternal home. Think of these things. There gleams in the eye, and is expressed in the tones of the voice and in the grasp of the hand, a love and a life which are immortal. No wonder there is joy in the very thought of meeting a whole assembly of people like these.

Think of the *employments*. There is prayer—public prayer, which brightens the intelligence and expands and deepens the sympathies of our spiritual nature. At its best, the thoughts take in all the world, and the emotions rise and swell like the swell of the ocean. We think of our country, from the palace to the cottage; of Europe, with its manifold forms of scepticism, fanaticism, wealth, luxury, and degradation; of our colonies, with their rising interests and inspiring prospects; of our Eastern Empire, with its vast responsibilities and awful perils; of heathen lands, with their darkness and deep necessities; of all the islands of all the seas, with their possible future. Thinking of all lands and of all peoples, and standing before the God and Father of all, to intercede and supplicate for all—surely this is an employment fitted to gratify the best impulses of the new nature of the Christian; and to be called to it must awaken gladness. Then *meditation* takes up the work, and conducts us through the wonderful regions of Divine Revelation. We are able to stand beside the first gushing, bubbling spring as it gleams in the sunlight of God's love, to go on with it as it deepens and broadens through the ages, and to gaze upon it as it spreads itself out in the ocean of eternity. Promises and predictions, types and shadows, Divine songs and saintly experiences, pass before us. The Incarnation of the Eternal Word; the Divine Biography; the sayings of Him who spake as never man spake, turning the beauties of Nature and the incidents of common human life into emblems of immortal truth; His stainless life and awful death; His triumphant resurrection, ascension, and enthronement; the marvels of Pentecost; the doctrines and precepts drawn from solid facts; the New Jerusalem, "Jerusalem the Golden," with the myriads redeemed from the earth, resplendent with the light of God's glory, and vocal with His praise—all these things invite the attention

of the devout spirit, and must fill the saint with gladness at the call to worship. Then there is the *singing*. The issues of all God's works are praises, and He is said to dwell in them as in a temple, so that, when we perform this part of our service, we are contributing our share to the dwelling-place of God. What an idea! If we take in the whole meaning of the fact, there is something wonderful in an assembly truly singing the praises of God; men and women, just emerged from a region of desolation and ruin, carrying within them the remnants and vestiges of their former miserable condition, *and yet singing*; the sorrows, the trials, the disappointments, the temptations, the struggles of life pressing upon them and threatening to overwhelm and crush them, *and yet singing*; the future all unknown as to its dangers and liabilities, and at the end of the avenue the grim monster, *known* to be there, who will smite into the dust and the grave every one of these singers, *and yet they sing!* Oh! to sing up yonder is no wonder. *They* have done with this body of humiliation, of sin, and of shame; *they* have done with temptations, doubts, and fears; death is behind and not in front of *them*; *they* see the King in His beauty, and are gathered at the fountain. No wonder *they* sing! But to sing *now* is a spectacle of moral heroism; and whoever offers true praise glorifies the faithfulness, the power, and the love of God.

Then, finally, to crown and consummate the whole, in the worship of God there is the vision of the Divine glory. We "behold the beauty of the Lord," and "inquire in His temple." The degree of purity determines the clearness of the vision. The pure in heart see God. The feeble Christian has a thin perception. The very imperfect have but a glimmer of His glory. Still, when the eye of the body is closed, when everything external is forgotten, when the soul in stillness and in silence turns itself Godward, and opens the eye of faith, and sends out the longings, and desires, and aspirations of intense love and fervent hope, the Divine Father *does* reveal Himself to His child, and the emptiness, the dependence, and the cravings of the one answer to the fulness, the power, and the love of the Other. There *is* a consciousness of God. He is felt, known, seen by the soul; and there is a satisfaction, a joy answering to the degree of the vision, and prophetic of the perfect satisfaction which shall be realised when the vision is perfect.

Think, then, of these things; of the society we meet and mingle

with ; of public prayer, meditation, and song ; and of the vision of God in the soul. Must not the soul be *glad* at the opportunity of such associations and employments as these ?

III. If we look for a moment at the practical results of worship, we shall see a final cause for this gladness.

1. Not only are the worshippers benefited, but vast multitudes who never worship share the benefit. The forces of every-day morality are wound up afresh Sunday by Sunday ; and without the Sunday worship they would lose their elasticity and spring. Influences stream forth from every devout assembly, and enter the palace, the senate, the halls of justice, the exchange, the shop, the manufactory, the fields, the family—everywhere, through all the week ; conserving the good, restraining the bad, working like leaven, seasoning like salt, and making society tolerable and decent. If you remind me of the evils that exist, the luxuries of the great and the wealthy, the passions of politics, the greed of avarice, the unwarranted speculations, the tyranny of masters, the unfaithfulness of servants, the false weights and measures of trade, the scamping of work, the waste of time, the shameful indulgence of intemperance and uncleanness, I admit them all. But, bad as society may be, let me ask you what it *would* be if the influences that go out upon it from the sanctuaries of the land were withdrawn ? If, *with* all these, it be like the twilight, *without* them it would be like “a darkness that might be felt.”

2. Then think of the personal benefits to individuals. The burdens of Christians are lightened by sympathy ; their joys are doubled when others share them. The influence of numbers brings an elevation, a depth, a fulness, an intensity of feeling which is impossible to the soul when alone. There is an atmosphere created, in which common truths stand out with unexpected clearness, and common prayers and praises are filled with a mightier volume of meaning. Doubts are scattered, and fears flee away. Waverers are confirmed. Strength is laid up for the resistance of temptation. Good resolves are fortified. Convictions of sin are aroused. The Cross is seen ; salvation comes ; and there is joy on earth and joy in heaven.

3. More or less of the Divine glory is reflected on the character of the worshippers. Coming down from the height of communion, and mingling with their fellows on the common level of earthly things, there is a calmness, a tranquillity, a sweetness, a freedom from care, a

rectitude of spirit, a firmness of will, a moral excellence, a spiritual beauty, which multitudes can see and feel, though unaware of the region from whence such attributes have been derived.

4. The hopes of immortality are confirmed. In worship—

“The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope do grow.”

The worship of earth is related to the worship of heaven, as the letters of the alphabet are related to speech, as the school to the university, as the vestibule to the temple. If we are not to worship yonder, our worship here is an empty babblement, an unmeaning parade. Many a servant of God has said at the close of a day's worship, “I know what heaven is! *This* is heaven which I have felt to-day, only there will be so much more of the same thing by-and-by.”

Test yourselves. Are you glad at the call to Divine worship? If so, happy are ye! If not, what are you? Not glad to meet God in Christ in these grim regions? What will you do with yourselves before the blaze of His glory in eternity? Shirking Him now, where will you put yourselves when His glory is manifested hereafter? But you who are glad, be comforted. Such gladness is a priceless blessing. As the acorn contains the mighty oak, as the dawn contains the noontide splendour, so that little spark of pure gladness contains the whole of heaven! Let it cheer you on your way. Let it rob death of its terrible-ness and the grave of its gloom. Soon earth will recede, and friends will vanish, and you will be dying all alone. But *then* the angels will gather around you, and will say, “Come, let us go into the house of the Lord.” Oh, how glad you will be then, as you go from the footstool to stand before the throne, to be robed in garments of light, to serve in a service that shall never tire, with a company that shall never be broken up, and with a fulness of gladness that will never be diminished! God grant us gladness at the call to the worship of earth, that we may have the deeper gladness at the call to the worship of heaven. Amen.

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

X.



IT is very many years since I first crossed the Firth of Forth. At that time one could not get to Dunfermline and Stirling, and on to the towns on the shores of the "kingdom of Fife," as now. But the trip from Leith to "the lang toon of Kirkcaldy" was very enjoyable. The fine expanse of water, the loftier buildings of Edinburgh, the beautiful hills beyond, and the coast line down to Berwick Law, with the islets reposing on the waters, presented a scene of singular beauty, which became more beautiful as some of its more marked and prominent parts gradually receded in the distance. And the shores of Fife were not destitute of attractiveness. The sail up to Stirling by the Forth I have never enjoyed ; but, judging from those parts of it which I have seen, it must be very charming.

My visits to KIRKCALDY were too brief, and too much taken up with the special object I had to promote, to admit of any inspection of its numerous factories, or important educational institutions, which derive large support from the munificent bequest of Mr. Robert Philip, who died in 1829, and left a sum of money, which had accumulated in 1857 to £74,500, and has, doubtless, been augmented since that date. Great improvements have been effected in late years in the general state of the town and harbour, and many more are now projected to meet the requirements of an extending commerce. It was united to the Abbey of Dunfermline by David II. ; and in 1644 it received a charter, as a royal burgh, from Charles II. ; and the Corporation has the disposal of a considerable income, which, since 1811, when an Act of Parliament was obtained for the improvement of the town, seems to have been wisely used.

My intercourse was almost confined to the friends connected with the church meeting in Whyte's Causeway, and with Mr. Haig, at that time its highly esteemed pastor. Our meetings were presided over by Provost Swan, whose honourable name is known, I should think,

wherever Kirkcaldy is known. He was Provost then, and has been ever since, and will be as long as he is able to discharge the duties of the office. Kirkcaldy will always retain a high reputation, not only for its commercial enterprise and philanthropic and religious institutions, but as the birthplace of Adam Smith, the illustrious author of the "Wealth of Nations."

How many pleasant and profitable hours I have spent with Christian friends at ANSTRUTHER, and especially with the family of Mr. Fowler, residing at Cellar Dyke, and Mr. Forbes, a merchant in West-Anster. Nearly all these friends have since passed to the better land. That is one of the drawbacks in visiting places after the lapse of some years. I have never met with a more hospitable, generous, and devout people than those whom I knew, years ago, in this bustling, active, quaint old town, which will always be famous as the birthplace of Dr. Chalmers. If I recollect aright, the majority of the presbytery were for rejecting his application for a licence to preach. But one venerable member of that body, who had a keener perception of the character and abilities of the youthful candidate than his colleagues, secured his acceptance by pronouncing him to be a "a laddie o' pregnant parts;" a prediction amply fulfilled in the subsequent career of one of Scotland's noblest sons—a career rendered most illustrious by great scientific attainment, extraordinary industry, unflinching courage, impassioned eloquence, untiring zeal, fervent piety, and a deep sympathy, not only with the cultivated and high-born, but more especially with the toiling masses and the neglected and suffering poor—a career unsurpassed in usefulness and honour by any one of this generation.

How pleasant is a ride over a comparatively open moor-like country! It gives one such a sense of perfect freedom. That from Kirkcaldy to St. Andrews is a capital example. The keen breezes from the opposite continent meet with nothing to modify their character. They come upon you direct, as it were, from Norway, and fill you with animation and vigour.

The view of ST. ANDREWS, with its many towers and turrets, either from south or west, is highly beautiful and picturesque. Its situation is almost unique. On one side are its links, famous for golf contests; on the other the ocean, which sometimes reposes in perfect peace at its feet. But, when a tempest rages, its wild waves become terrific, and leap with awful force on the rock-bound coast, which stretches

away on every side. Then the ruins are so numerous and striking, and call up historic recollections of events—some tragic and dreadful, others peaceful and in harmony with a distinguished seat of learning—that a mere glimpse of them excites mingled emotions of sorrow, pity, and admiration. Even supposing a reader to be unacquainted with Scottish history, the description of some of the events which have happened in and about St. Andrews, portrayed with so much force and beauty by Scott in several of his romances, not only justifies the above remark, but renders any further remark on these topics wholly unnecessary.

To my mind St. Andrews is the *beau idéal* of a university town. It is so quiet and clean, with ample streets, well-built houses, and inhabited by people many of whom are highly cultured; others, with an extensive knowledge of the world, have retired from active public life, possessed of means adequate to secure independence and comfort—all these, together with the society and influence of the professors in the colleges, combine to render St. Andrews most attractive and pleasant.

Dr. Bell, the founder of Madras College, and the inventor of the monitorial system which bears his name, was a native of this city. Besides the munificent gift of £50,000 to establish the college, he also left a fund, which yields an annual revenue of upwards of £300, to be expended on permanent improvements in the city, and also for educational and religious purposes.

On one of my visits here on behalf of the Mission, it was thought desirable to hold a meeting in a public hall rather than in the Baptist church. There were many retired officers and civilians, formerly connected with India, present; and it was to that country, mainly, that I directed their attention. A more attentive or appreciative audience I have never had. The following morning a gentleman, once, if I remember rightly, a major in the army, called upon me, and, after expressing, in most cordial terms, the pleasure which he had felt during the meeting of the previous evening, intimated that he had come to ask a favour, which he hoped I would kindly grant.

“May I ask what it is; for I shall only be too happy to comply with your request, if it be in my power?”

“The loan of the MS. of your lecture of last evening, which I wish to copy; and, as I hear you do not leave St. Andrews till to-morrow, I shall have plenty of time to do it.”

I handed him a sheet of note-paper, on which were simply the *notes* of the address, for I had no other MS. He was both surprised and disappointed, and could scarcely credit my assurance that no more than these notes had been written.

"Pray, sir, may I ask how long you were in India, and when you left it?"

"I have never been in India, nor, in fact, out of Europe."

"How, then, have you acquired so familiar an acquaintance with its geography, its towns and cities, its architecture, the manners, customs, and varied languages and forms of religion of the people, if you have never been there? Most of the places you spoke of I have seen, and my recollections of them were vividly renewed by your descriptions."

"Well, dear sir, I have seen plenty of most accurate maps, have read many books, and have been, for many years, in constant intercourse with missionaries in India, and all these topics have become more or less familiar."

"I thank you for your courtesy, and for the pleasure and profit which your lecture afforded me. But do, dear sir, write it all out; for I should have been thankful for the MS., and good use of the copy would have been made. Good-bye; and may your labours be largely blessed, especially in regard to India, in which I feel the deepest interest."

The next day I went over to CUPAR. The weather had been, for some days, bright, but intensely cold. Having been kindly received by the then manager of the Clydesdale Bank, I went to call on the subscribers, and first on Mr. Sharpe, an active member and deacon of the Baptist church. In reply to my inquiry, I was told, "Gone to the ice." And so I had the same answer everywhere else. I went back to my host to ascertain the meaning of this. He was surprised that I did not know what it meant.

"They are all gone out curling."

"Curling? I have seen pictures of that pastime, and have been much amused at the apparent eagerness and activity of the players, and had often wondered what they had little brooms for. Where are they gone?"

"I will go with you. The pond is behind that large house you see on the side of the brae yonder."

"That will be convenient indeed, for I have subscribers whom I have to call on."

Having seen the ladies, who were members of the Free Church, received their subscriptions, and given the information they desired respecting the Society, I went down to the pond, which presented a very lively spectacle. Here I found Mr. Sharpe taking a leading part in the game, for I understood he was *facile princeps* among curlers. After watching the play long enough to understand it, which greatly resembles our English pastime of bowls, except that it is played with large round granite stones, furnished with handles, and on ice, my host proposed to form a rink, and enlisted a venerable looking person, who was, if I remember rightly, a deacon of the Baptist church in Cupar. The proper distance was measured, the circles and lines drawn, and the "tee"—the mark to which the stones are to be directed—placed. A stone was put into my hands, and, my feet placed on the pierced brandish, to prevent slipping, I was told to throw it so as to get as near the tee as possible. Being, I thought, very heavy, I threw all my force into it, and away it went flying all over the pond, dashing in among the stones of the party whom I had first seen playing, and scattering their stones right and left. This unintentional act raised a great shout. "Who did that?" "Where did that stone come from?" My companions burst into laughter, and I had to go over and apologise. They most good humouredly received my apology, and said to my friend, "Jist gie him a rougher pair." After this amusing escapade the game went on right well. It is a fine exercise, and I enjoyed it immensely. I don't wonder at its being so popular. It brings together all classes of persons, from the noble to the mechanic, in friendly association; and he takes the first place, whatever may be his social position, who is the most skilful player.

Shortly after this I went to IRVINE, and enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Dr. Robertson—one of the most able, cultivated, liberal minded, courteous, and genial Christian gentlemen I ever met. Having mentioned this Cupar incident, he told me many things about curling, and how ministers, as well as laymen, engaged in it. I was greatly amused by his anecdotes; one in particular now recurs to my recollection. A minister in a certain parish was a celebrated curler, and, during a season of fine frost, he was out the first three days of the week, but declined to go on the Thursday. But his friends came to the manse, and assured him the ice was better than ever; and, yielding to their solicitations, he accompanied them, but said they must not disturb him on the morrow. The morrow came, and the

ice was still finer. He declined. But they told him the Kirk Session had agreed, if he would come, that he might preach "two auld sermons on the Sabbath, for the auld ones would nae doubt be as good as the new." This overcame his scruples, and he went, much to their satisfaction, and very likely to his own advantage, as a week's relief, and exercise in such fine bracing air, would strengthen and invigorate all his powers.

At Cupar I first saw Dr. Landels, then in the prime of youthful manhood; ardent, impulsive, and of rare energy, both mental and physical. He and Mr. Sharpe had some keen encounters; for, though the latter was not equal to his opponent in grasp of thought or in culture, he possessed a vigorous intellect, and was a man of very decided convictions. Dr. Landels' subsequent career in Birmingham and London is too well known to require a single remark respecting it. He has won his way to the front rank. Indefatigable in the pulpit, in committees, and with his pen; of rare courage, manly frankness, and devoted zeal, he has done noble service, which has won for him a position of the highest honour and influence. While thus referring to Dr. Landels, his untiring labour in reference to the Annuity and Augmentation Funds cannot be passed over in silence. My brethren in the ministry owe him a deep debt of obligation, which they can repay only with their gratitude and esteem. His labours have been as unselfish and generous as they have been persistent and gratuitous. I should say much more if not restrained by an apprehension that I might give him pain. A truer friend I never had. Our acquaintance, which began at Cupar, has ripened into a lasting, intimate friendship, which I have valued and enjoyed for more than thirty years!

Grief and Duty.

God will never let a grief be lawfully the whole breadth of our lives. Our duties remain duties even while they are almost unbearable as distractions. This is God's time with you, and therefore should be a time of more prayer and more generosity. When He visits us He intends that the season of the visitation should be the very season of our fulfilling our past resolutions, of aiming higher, and of getting nearer to Him; but, unfortunately it is just the time when our nature suggests to us cowardly things, smooth reasons for delaying, and a hundred little dispensations of an unspiritual prudence. Sorrow does not sanctify us of itself, or by a passive process, but solely in proportion to our efforts. Crosses want well looking into, lest we should miss God's meanings, and not decipher His messages.—From "*Pearls of Great Price.*"

Baptism.

BY THE LATE REV. W. ROBINSON, OF CAMBRIDGE.

(Continued from page 401.)

II.



OW is the rite about which we inquire to be administered? This inquiry branches into two—What is the meaning of the word “baptize”? And have we the right to alter the mode of administration? For some say “baptize” does not mean “immerse;” and others, admitting that it does, contend that we are at liberty to alter the mode.

Should any one be overwhelmed by the abundance of water poured on him, in my opinion he would be baptized. If any prefer submersion to immersion, let them practise it; but to raise this question in connection with the present controversy is mere quibbling. Two modes of administering the rite are now adopted—one is immersion, the other sprinkling—and the only practical points at issue are, which of these two modes is right, or whether both are admissible. In this part of the controversy the Baptist enjoys an advantage not often falling to the lot of disputants; for all parties admit that immersion is baptism. We have to inquire whether sprinkling is baptism.

In addition to the examples of the word “baptize” by inspired men, there are 151 examples in other Greek writers. They have been collected and published;* and the word in question is found to mean “to immerse, immerge, submerge, to dip, to plunge, to imbathe, to whelm;” either literally or figuratively, in affliction, debt, &c., as when we say a man is over head and ears in debt. In no one instance does the word mean to sprinkle.

When we are in doubt about the meaning of a word, we consult dictionaries. No lexicographer would dare to forfeit the character of his book, or expose himself to the derision of scholars, by saying that

* See the meaning and use of *Baptizein*, by T. J. Conant, D.D., New York. The same collection of passages may also be found in *The Gospel by Matthew, &c.*, by Dr. Conant. London: Trübner & Co.

baptizein means to sprinkle. All Greek dictionaries tell us that the word means to immerse; not one that it means to sprinkle.

Is it likely, say some, that the three thousand of whom we read that they were added to the Christians on the Day of Pentecost were immersed? We reply, Luke says they were. He could have said that they were sprinkled. WHY DID HE NOT SAY SO? In the Epistle to the Hebrews we are told of the sprinkling of the unclean, the sprinkling of the book, &c. The word there is *rantize*, which denotes sprinkling; not *baptize*, which denotes immersion. If the multitude converted on the Day of Pentecost were sprinkled, or if part were sprinkled and part immersed, WHY DID NOT LUKE SAY SO? It is strange that any who stand against Colenso's scepticism should hesitate to give credence to the immersion of three thousand people. To say, "It is not likely that these persons were immersed," is, in effect, to say, "It is not likely that Luke told the truth."

Although it may be superfluous to pursue this part of the subject further, the reader may not be uninterested in a few other relevant facts.

As early as the second century, learned men began to translate the Greek Testament into other tongues; and the early versions show that in some places the Greek word "baptize" was naturalised, as it is in England; but they give not the slightest sanction to aspersion or affusion in the place of baptism. Before the end of the fifth century nine such translations had been produced. In four of these the words in question are transferred, and in the remaining five translated "immerse;" but never "sprinkle." Wonderful as are the prejudice and perversion connected with the word "baptize," I am not aware that any translator, in any age, has rendered it to sprinkle. How comes it to pass, if sprinkling be baptism, that this does not appear in any Bible of any age? *

* For an account of versions ancient and modern in relation to the present inquiry see *A Critical Examination, &c.*, by Dr. Gotch, reprinted in Vol. XII. of *The Bunyan Library*.

If a missionary were to go to an island tenanted by savages, reduce their language to writing, and translate for them the Scriptures, and translate the word "baptize" as it is translated in five out of nine of the earliest versions and in all dictionaries, the British and Foreign Bible Society would not give a shilling to aid him in his work. That society demands that, in all new versions receiving its sanction, "baptize" and its cognate words shall be left in Greek. There are

Hours might be spent in giving citations from learned Pædobaptists in confirmation of what has been said, but a few will suffice.

LUTHER.—“The Greek word ‘baptism’ may in Latin be translated *mersio*, as when we plunge anything into water so that it is wholly covered by the water. . . . And although the custom may have been set aside—for they do not wholly immerse children, but only pour a very little water on them—they ought to be immersed, for so the meaning of the word requires. . . . And truly if you consider the design of baptism, you will perceive that immersion is requisite; for it signifies that the old man and our nature, full of sin, is cleansed [*demergatur*] by Divine grace; therefore the mode of baptism ought to correspond with its signification, that the sign may be clear and complete.”—*Luth. de Bap.*

CALVIN.—“The word ‘baptize’ signifies to immerse, and the rite of immersion was observed by the ancient Church.”—*Cal. Ins.*, lib. 4, c. 15, s. 19.

Dr. WALL is the author of the ablest defence of infant baptism we possess. For his work on the subject, published in 1705, he received the thanks of Convocation. He says: “The general and ordinary way was to baptize by immersion. . . . This is so plain and clear by an infinite number of passages that one cannot but pity the weak endeavours of such Pædobaptists as would maintain the negative of it.”—*Wall's Hist. of In. Bap.*, p. 462.

JOHN WESLEY.—“Mary Welsh, aged eleven days, was baptized

about ninety passages in which these words occur. The society, loudly condemning the Pope for endeavouring to keep the Bible in Latin, has decreed that, so far as its influence extends, those ninety passages shall not be given to the people in their own tongues. Must not that be a bad cause which forbids the translation of the words denoting one of the two sacraments of the New Covenant? Baptists could not have a more complete proof of the unfortunate position of their opponents than is supplied by the fact that Pædobaptists cannot translate the Scriptural instructions relating to baptism themselves, and will not suffer others to do it for them. Before me lies a copy of the Scriptures in the Dualla or Cameroons language. No other version in that language exists. It is said to be intelligible across the whole continent of Africa. Not because it is translated incorrectly, but for no other reason than that the words relating to baptism are translated, does the Bible Society, which freely, and perhaps wisely, aids in circulating very objectionable Popish versions, decline to aid in the circulation of this version. I grieve to add that no Pædobaptists are heard lifting up their voice against this pitiable bigotry.

according to the custom of the first church and the rule of the Church of England, by immersion."—*See his journal.*

CONYBEARE AND HOWSON.—“Baptism was, unless in exceptional cases, administered by immersion, the convert being plunged beneath the surface of the water to represent his resurrection to the life of righteousness. It must be a subject of regret that the general discontinuance of this original form of baptism—though, perhaps, necessary in our Northern climates—has rendered obscure to popular apprehension some very important passages of Scripture.”—*Life and Epis. of Paul*, vol. i., p. 471.

JOWETT.—“The meaning of the former part of this verse—*buried with Him by baptism*—will be more clearly brought out if we recall the picture of baptism in the Apostolic age, when the rite was performed by immersion, and the passing of the Israelites through the cloud and the sea, and even the deluge itself, seemed no inappropriate types of its waters. Imagine, not infants, but crowds of grown-up persons, already changed in heart and feelings, their life seeming to themselves hidden with Christ and God, losing their very personal consciousness in the laver of regeneration; rising again from its depths into the light of heaven, in communion with God and nature; met, as they rose from the bath, with white raiment, and ever after looking back on that moment as the instant of their new birth.”—*The Epistles, &c.*, by Benj. Jowett, M.A., vol. ii., p. 171.

STANLEY.—“There can be no question that the original form of baptism—the very meaning of the word—was complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters; and that for at least four centuries any other form was either unknown, or regarded as an exceptional, almost a monstrous, case.”—*Eastern Churches*, p. 34.

“No common spring or tank would meet the necessities of the multitudes who came to John confessing their sins. The Jordan now seemed to have met with its fit purpose. . . . There began that sacred rite, which has since spread throughout the world—through the vast baptisteries of the Southern and Oriental Churches, gradually dwindling to the little fonts of the North and West; the plunges beneath the water diminishing to the few drops which, by a wise exercise of Christian freedom, are now in most Churches the sole representative of the full stream of the descending river.”—Stanley’s *Sinai and Palestine*, pp. 312 and 314.

The popular opinion is that the practice of sprinkling, as a common

mode of administering the Christian rite, is of very high antiquity. How far that opinion is justified, let the reader of the following lines judge:—

In the eighth century some of the clergy in France had adopted that mode in cases of urgency. The Pope, having been compelled to take refuge in that country, was consulted on the subject, and he replied that if, in cases of necessity, baptism were performed by pouring water from the hand or a cup it should be valid; * and that is probably the earliest *public* authority for the practice that can be adduced. As it was found convenient, there arose danger of its too frequent adoption. Hence Council after Council passed decrees forbidding it, unless under the pressure of necessity. Thus a Council held in England in the year 816 said :

“ Let the presbyters also know, when they administer baptism, that they may not pour the holy water over the infant’s head ; but let them always be immersed in the font, as the Son of God furnished by Himself an example to every believer when He was thrice immersed in the waves of the Jordan.”

Proofs that immersion continued to be the authorised rite may be found down to the fifteenth or sixteenth century by consulting Wilkins’s *Concilia*.† In this country, sprinkling was not authorised in common practice till after the Reformation. The first Prayer-book of Edward VI. required immersion. He himself and Queen Elizabeth were immersed. The Presbyterians were the great advocates of sprinkling ; and so late as the year 1705 Dr. Wall denounced it in terms so strong that, had they been written by a Baptist, I would not have cited them :

“ As for sprinkling, I say let them defend it who use it. They are hardly prevailed on to leave off the scandalous custom of having their children, though never so well, baptized out of a basin or porringer in a bed-chamber ; hardly persuaded to bring them to church, much further from having them dipped, though never so well able to bear it.”

The first warrant for sprinkling on ordinary occasions was, I believe, given during the reign of Cromwell, when the Presbyterians carried the point by a majority of twenty-five to twenty-four.

The conclusion from the whole inquiry is clear—*Sprinkling is not baptism.*

* Robinson’s *History of Baptism*, p. 429.

† *E.g.*, vol. i., pp. 505, 606 ; vol. ii., pp. 131, 293.

It is, however, still open to us to ask whether it be not lawful to alter the mode, a question of great urgency wherever baptism is held to be necessary to salvation; for, as many cases occur in which immersion might be death to a new-born infant whose life hangs in doubt, it is manifest that sprinkling has, if lawful, very strong recommendations. Thus it was, as we have seen, that the practice originated; and very curious and altogether disgusting are the ecclesiastical rules given for the administration of the rite under circumstances to which decency forbids further allusion.*

In the present day, without the pretence which once existed, the plea is still maintained that a change in the mode is lawful. To this the Baptist demurs. He does not think it wise or modest to alter, even under pretext of improving, an institution of Christ. Undoubtedly his own practice involves some inconvenience. He does not deem himself at liberty to shrink from that inconvenience. Nor do the reasons assigned by Pædobaptists for altering a Divine ordinance satisfy his judgment. Water, it is said, is symbolical of spiritual purity, whether much or little be used. We grant, of course, that baptism is a sign. Divine wisdom has manifested itself in the appointment of a most significant sign of thorough spiritual cleansing—namely, a washing with water. The sprinkling a few drops of water is a much less significant sign. Why should we set aside Christ's sign, and prefer one of far less force? After all, the main consideration is, what our Saviour has enjoined. Our wisdom lies in obeying His commands, not in discussing them. He has said, "Be baptized;" and *sprinkling is not baptism.*

(To be continued.)

The Prayer-Answering God.



STAND in a world where there's nothing my own,
 Where the lightest event is beyond my control;
 But to Him that is Ruler Supreme and alone
 I gladly resign, for I know Him, the whole.
 How pleasant, 'mid changes and chances unthought,
 On His wisdom and love to disburthen our care;
 And to know that the God who disposes our lot
 Is a God that will hear and will answer our prayer!

* See the instructions to priests *de baptizandis parvulis* in the Preface to the *Rituale Romanum*.

There are those that I love far away from me now,
 And roaming through danger by shore and by sea ;
 And what were my feelings, my Father, if Thou
 Wert less than Almighty for them and for me ?
 I cannot command the wild winds to be still ;
 I cannot compel the dark waves to forbear ;
 But one is above them who can, and who will :
 In Him I am strong, for He answereth prayer.

Ah me ! I gaze round me,—and what are the smiles
 And the looks that give life all its zest and its soul ?
 Mortality claims them, and sternly reviles
 Affection's vain struggle against her control.
 I own it, I feel it ; yet, humbled and awed,
 I still dare to love them, all frail as they are ;
 For I know we are both in the hands of our God,
 The Father of Jesus, the Hearer of prayer.

Then here be my resting-place ! here will I sit,
 Secure 'mid the shiftings of time and event ;
 For fate has no power but what He may permit,
 And the Hand that must take is the same that hath lent.
 On His wisdom and goodness I calmly rely ;
 Whate'er He assigns He can aid me to bear :
 He knows what is good for me better than I,
 And will give it, I hope, in despite of my prayer.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

Novels and Novel Reading.

A FAMILIAR ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 419.)



N passing on from the remarks on this subject in our last month's number, which were intended to show that fiction has its legitimate place and function, and that therefore novel-reading is not to be condemned *in toto*, I have now to deal with the question as to whether novel-reading is practised to a serious and hurtful excess in our time. I do not hesitate to say that it is so. The fact is proved by the immense mass

of fresh novels continually issuing from the press. I am informed that from eight to nine hundred novels are published in this country every year. In this estimate the almost countless tales which appear in our newspapers and magazines are not included. The supply implies the demand. I, for one, should be less anxious about this fact if it were not necessary to couple with it another—viz., that a large proportion of these productions must be stigmatised as deleterious. I freely admit that most of them contrast favourably with the fictitious works of a century or more ago. It would be easy to name popular authors of that period who would not be tolerated in England to-day. The smut by which their pages were blackened, the filth by which they were so plentifully besmeared, would create for them in our more prudish—perhaps I ought to say our more decent—age such a fierce disgust that no author could thrive upon them. They do not appear because they would not pay. This, of course, is matter for congratulation, though I am afraid that there are just now some signs of a backward tendency. One or two accomplished and fascinating writers have turned up of late who shall here be nameless, but of whose productions it must be said that they are a gross outrage upon all purity of moral taste. Our sons and daughters know what they are, and do not like to be seen with them in their hands; but they eagerly read them in secret, and talk about them freely to one another. Such a fact gives rise to painful apprehensions of a return of the evil tide. Still we may rejoice that, for the present at least, the corrupting literature of a hundred years ago has almost no counterpart to-day, and is for the most part gone out of vogue. It is simply appalling, however, to realise the waste of time, of strength, and of money which the novel-reading habit of our time involves. Go into our circulating libraries, and look at the books which are thumbed and worn almost to shreds. You will find that nearly all of them are novels, and that they comprise by far the larger number of the books which those libraries supply. It is stated of two free libraries in one of our most populous provincial towns that as many as 327,813 volumes of fiction were taken out in one year. That number was irrespective of the prodigious mass of works of a similar kind taken out during the same period from the private circulating libraries of the same town. I am afraid that a similar fact might be safely asserted of all our other towns in proportion to their population. Even many of the villages are suffering from the same terrible infec-

tion. On examining these books we find that vast numbers of them are more or less immoral in their teaching and tendency; whilst the majority of those which are not positively immoral are namby-pamby, sentimental, and only fitted to weaken the intellectual and moral forces of their multitudinous readers, and to make their life jejune, poor, and well-nigh worthless. Much of the novel-literature of our age reminds me of the table delicacy called "trifle"—a delicacy pleasant to the taste, but no more substantial than froth. No sooner has it touched the palate, and gratified it, than it is gone! Alas, "trifle" in the form of fiction is pretty nearly the only article of mental food that myriads of novel-readers in our time ever think of tasting! No wonder if they be destitute of moral muscle and intellectual solidity.

We have already begun to realise the injurious effects of this inordinate fondness for novel-reading. Leaving aside the comparative few who make science, or art, or politics their special profession, how little of deep and earnest thought, how little of sound character, there is in our time! People are giving themselves up to imaginations, fancies, experiments, instead of relying on well-known and well-tryed principles and methods. Experience is the last thing they are willing to trust to or to learn by. I look with no disfavour on what is called "progress," if the progress be real—an advance into higher and wider knowledge and nobler and purer living. But I am afraid that much of our modern progress is not to be so described, but is rather an advance towards a dangerous looseness of thought and of opinion respecting many things of prime importance—religion, the Bible, worship, prayer, marriage, social intercourse, politics, trade. If I had sufficient space I think I could show up the pernicious influence of our indiscriminate and excessive novel-reading in relation to each of these momentous subjects. But how, for a single example, are we to account for the prodigious influence of the late Lord Beaconsfield? I do not refer to him now in the spirit of Liberal partisanship. Party politics altogether aside, I know of nothing noble either in his genius or his character to account for the extraordinary position to which he attained. It is not to be explained by anything in his parentage, or his education, or his social status, or his personal bearing, or his political services. He had but little more of heart or soul than an oyster. He was saturnine, secretive, cynical. I never discovered in him even the thinnest dash of humour. To those below him he was

haughty; to his rivals he was abusive; to those above him he was obsequious. He made much of outward show; for solid worth he exhibited but little respect. He fought, patronised, attitudinised before men, used them—all at the impulses of an insatiable ambition. The only admirable quality in him was his cleverness, and that was too generally prostituted either to unworthy aims or to unworthy methods of attaining them, and often to both! Yet he was twice the Prime Minister of England, and, in the second instance, held the large parliamentary majority which placed him in power till within a month or two of the full period of seven years which the law of the English Constitution allows. He held this power in spite of the fact that he committed the nation to two utterly needless and therefore wicked wars, squandered the national resources, lowered our national prestige in every part of the civilised world, immensely augmented the power of Russia while pretending to checkmate her, and half-ruined Turkey whilst professing towards her the part of a friend. His Government is largely responsible for the present contest in Egypt. His career appears to be the more extraordinary when we remember that he was not an Englishman by blood, and was very little of a true Englishman by sympathy. How is such a career to be explained? I do not hesitate to say that Lord Beaconsfield could not have risen to the height he occupied if he had come into the world fifty years earlier than he did. And why? A more *unreal* man has not lived in our time; and it is because English society is becoming so *unreal* that he was able to gain the triumphs which history will associate with his name. Given the unreality of the man combined with his unquestionable tact and cunning, and the unreality of the spirit of modern society which he had to manipulate, and the problem of his prodigious success ceases to be so very inexplicable. But what has brought society into this state of unreality? Its inordinate love of fictions as contrasted with facts. Lord Beaconsfield began his public life chiefly as a writer of fiction, and he has projected his fictions into the public mind. How has he done so? The explanation is that he found the public mind open to the reception of them. He wanted to educate the English people to the worship of the False, the Showy, the Glittering; and he selected the art of the novelist as the instrument by which he would do the nefarious work. Hear what an intelligent critic said of his novels years ago:—

“ We cannot despise Mr. Disraeli as a literary man ; but we cannot follow in the ranks of his worshippers. Perhaps, with the exception of ‘Henrietta Temple,’ every work he has produced must be pronounced a decided failure. If the morality is not reprehensible, the art is most impotent and false. The first part of ‘Vivian Grey,’ whilst loaded with that blatant bombast which its author even now has not overcome, is destitute of all consistency of plan, and its morality is execrable. It has no good characters, and its bad characters are badly drawn. The second part is a mere prolongation of fashionable gossip and heartless flirtation. It has no conclusion. It fails to awaken any pure or honourable sympathy ; it inspires no excited curiosity ; it has a certain fascination of brilliance, or rather of glare ; but when you have finished you have the very unhappy feeling that, whether regarded as an exercise of intellect or an indulgence of heart, its perusal has been a waste of time. ‘Contarini Fleming’ was a ridiculous failure. It professed to be ‘a psychological romance.’ It has not a strain of psychology or of poetry from beginning to end. Less artistic than ‘Alroy,’ it is equal in its extravagant swell of rhetoric ; its nonsense is as prolific and as ‘sublime.’ His political novels have the merit of loftier characters, and of occasional interesting situations ; but they abound in inexplicable paradoxes, loose and wrangled theories, and, what is worse, personal caricatures that render them burdensome as books, and worse than useless as attempts at political instruction. ‘The Revolutionary Epic’ we need not pause to characterise. It died when a child, and is buried in contempt, with no prospect of a resurrection. ‘Venetia’ had another object. To explain the wild impulsiveness of Byron’s character, and to vindicate Shelley’s refinement and purity of nature, were, to say the least, difficult undertakings. Neither was accomplished. What of criticism there is in this tale was stolen, word for word, without acknowledgment, from the *Edinburgh Review*. Its heroes are necessarily great, and its records interesting. The heroine, supposed to be Shelley’s daughter, is the best lady Mr. Disraeli has ever drawn, but, even in this case, we do not get a ready and clear conception of any individuality of character. She is sweet, and reverent, and devoted, as a thousand other girls in the same circumstances would be ; but she inherits none of her father’s genius—or, at least, she displays none—and her alliance with Byron is remarkable for no evident propriety, either from contrast or from sympathy. ‘Henrietta Temple’ is more perfect in construction, and has a more satisfactory completeness of design, than any other of Mr. Disraeli’s works. It is a love story. But its sentimentalism is most commonplace in its nature, and supremely tiresome in its development. The courtship is a series of revelations of mere human softness. The parties have no new luxuries of eloquence with which to amuse one another. They invent no original compliments. Their devotions are like worship from memory. ‘Darling’ is the best name the hero can invent for his bride ; and the highest ecstasy into which fellowship with her elevates him is a vigorous repetition of this and still smaller apostrophes. His soliloquies of passion have the extravagance without the splendour or the pathos of insanity. They are furious, empty, and merely magniloquent. So that, upon the whole, our applause is very qualified. We meet with occasional flashes of real genius ; vituperation is always able ; sometimes contempt is great ; the conception of theme and the

arrangement of design are generally excellent ; but the realisation of the latter is always lost, and the grandeur of the former seems never to be extended beyond the mere conception itself. Mr. Disraeli has no humour ; his smartness arises from the prevalence of paradox ; his brilliance is forced and gaudy ; his pathos is cold and artificial ; his personalities are coarse and ungentlemanly ; and his morality is often of the very worst kind, and, at the best, can only claim a neutral or passive excellence. He has created nothing great, beautiful, or good ; his representations are superficial even when interesting, and hollow even when they dazzle with their deepest glitter ; his characters are in no sense inventions, but are depictions from life, in which, moreover, only the most obvious features are appreciated, and these are extravagantly drawn, so that the general picture is either a caricature or a misrepresentation."

Now such an unreal man could never have risen from the ranks of the common people to a position of commanding influence, not only in England, but throughout the civilised world, such as that which Lord Beaconsfield held, if he had not fallen upon an age which had already largely imbibed the spirit of unreality, and was ready to be intoxicated therewith by anybody who could apply it in its most stimulating form. How much the habit of novel-reading—in conjunction, of course, with other circumstances—has had to do with the development of this state of things is beyond our power to calculate.

A commonplace but conclusive objection to an uncontrolled fondness for novel-reading is found in the fact that it creates a distaste for the enjoyment of literature of the more substantial and instructive kind—such, for instance, as History, which, in so far as it is comprehensive and truthful, is the record of God's providence in the world ; Books of Travel, which reveal the natural characteristics of the globe and of the various races and peoples that dwell upon it ; Poetry, which gives an insight into the deeper spirit of things ; Theology ; Science ; the Biography of the Great and the Good. Here we have a vast body of literature, all of which must be healthy in its influence, building up the mind in thought and knowledge, and forming the character to virtue and goodness. But how useless is the great bulk of it to those who give themselves up to the habit of novel-reading. To them it is devoid of interest—insufferably tame. It has no power to excite the imagination, or to stir the feelings ; and they turn away from it in disgust, as they would from mouldy bread or from fish with an offensive odour !

Nor is this to be wondered at when you consider the stuff that a large number of our novels are made of. They seem intended to

explode all the common probabilities of life. They conduct the imagination and the emotions into a fanciful world a thousand times more unlike the real world than chalk is unlike cheese; only a flavour is put into the chalk with which the flavour of the cheese is unable to compete, and which, though it does not make the chalk a jot or tittle more digestible and nutritious, does, nevertheless, render it remarkably attractive to the palate. John Foster shows up the cheat with his usual skill in his essay on "The Application of the Epithet Romantic." He says:—

"That class of fictitious works called *novels*, though much more like real life than the romances which preceded, is yet full of these lucky incidents and adventures which are introduced as the chief means toward the ultimate success. A young man, without fortune, for instance, is precluded from making his addresses to a young female in a superior situation, whom he believes not indifferent to him, until he can approach her with such worldly advantages as it might not be imprudent or degrading for her to cast a look upon. Now how is this to be accomplished? Why, I suppose, by the exertion of his talents in some practicable and respectable department; and perhaps the lady, besides, will generously and spontaneously condescend to abdicate, from partiality to him, some of the trappings and luxuries of rank. You really suppose this is the plan? I am sorry you have so much less genius than a novel-writer. This young man has an uncle who has been absent many years—nobody knew where except the young man's lucky stars. During his absence the old uncle has made a large fortune, with which he returns to his native land at a time most opportune for every one but a highwayman, who, attacking him in a road through a wood, is frightened away by the young hero, who happens to come there at the instant to rescue and recognise his uncle, and to be in turn recognised and made the heir to as many thousands as the lady or her family could wish. Now what is the intended impression of all this on the reader's mind? What if he certainly *have* no uncle in any foreign fortune-making country? But there are rich old gentlemen who are uncles to nobody. Is our novel-reader to reckon on it as a *likely* and *desirable* chance that one of these, just after returning from the Indies with a ship-load of wealth, shall be set upon by a highwayman, and to take it for certain that in that case he, the novel-reader, shall have the luck to come to the very spot in the nick of time, to send the dastard robber galloping off, to make an instant and entire seizure of the old gentleman's affections, find himself constrained to go and take a present share of the opulence and the heirship of the whole, and have his patron to join his pleading that Amelia, or Alicia, or Cecilia (as the case may be) may now be willing and be permitted to favour his addresses? One's indignation is excited at the immoral tendency of such lessons to young readers, who are thus taught to undervalue and reject all sober and regular plans for compassing an object, and to muse on improbabilities till they become foolish enough to expect them; thus betrayed, as an inevitable consequence, into one folly more—that of being melancholy when they find they may expect them in

vain. It is unpardonable that these pretended instructors by example should thus explode the calculations and exertions of manly resolution, destroy the connection between ends and means, and make the rewards of virtue so dependent on chance that if the reader does not either regard the whole fable with contempt, or promise himself he shall receive the favours of fortune in some similar way, he must close the book with the conviction that he may hang or drown himself as soon as he pleases; that is to say, unless he has learnt from some other source a better morality and religion than these books will ever teach him."

(To be Continued.)

Notes of a Short Holiday in Switzerland.

V.



OUR holiday in Switzerland was now rapidly nearing its close, and Paul, an appreciative admirer of John Calvin, was anxious to see Geneva before we left the country. Accordingly, on a bright September morning we started at seven o'clock to take the early train from Aigle.

We should have preferred making the trip in one of the lake steamers, but after the end of August the early boat, which alone would have suited our purpose, was discontinued for the winter. However, the scenery even by rail was most lovely. A light belt of cloud lay across the perpendicular height of the violet mountains, but the lake itself was as blue as ever, and as tranquil, and the rail lay close by its side. After we had passed Lausanne the scene changed somewhat, and resembled what might be seen in an exceptionally pretty English landscape—smiling plains, excellent roads, tracts of woodland, and hills in the distance. But, as we neared our destination, the mountains on the southern side of the lake graciously made way for the appearance of their king—Mont Blanc—clothed from head to foot in his own royal white, and behind him, vanishing away into the distance, were seen the snowy peaks or Aiguilles of the Savoy Alps.

We reached Geneva at noon, and, leaving the station, found ourselves in the Rue Mont Blanc, a splendid street with the summit of Mont Blanc appearing above the distant horizon. We spent the first hour after our arrival in looking for a dinner. After a long search, in

which we rejected some restaurants because they were too splendid for such a modest pair of travellers, and others because they were too sordid, we entered into a moderate-looking house on the Quai, and Paul, advancing, uttered his monosyllabic "Carte!" The proprietress, evidently a woman of dense perception, looked puzzled, and Paul, in pity, condescended to form a complete sentence—"Avez-vous carte?" More mystification on the part of the hostess. I was plunging to the rescue with a heightened complexion when she proposed to send us some one who should speak "our tongue." "Our tongue" ran after this wise: "Ve haf no carte, but," pointing to the ceiling, "ve can dine you up there quand même." We declined being dined "up there quand même," and retreated, finally halting at the *Café Européan*, where we had a most satisfactory repast. That business concluded, we went out to see the sights, and the prettiest sight in the prettiest town I ever saw is, to my mind, the River Rhone. It is blue and clear as sapphire, and seems in as great a hurry to get out of the lake as it ever was to get into it; so that, to stand on the low wooden bridge and see the beautiful blue mass swirling round the stakes on which the bridge is built, and then, as though infuriated at the moment's delay caused by this slight resistance, impetuously dashing headlong towards the Mediterranean, was a sensation unforgettable indeed; and, as Geneva has many very handsome bridges, it is a delight that can be repeated at frequent intervals.

Our next visit was to the cathedral, made famous by Calvin's eloquent teaching. The present generation of inhabitants seem very apathetic on the subject, and it was not until we learned that the church was dedicated to St. Pierre that we found it easy to get directed to its whereabouts. A tram ride and a climb up a steep old street brought us to it at last, and we found at the entrance some other tourists just arrived on the same errand. One of these, a genial Irishman and enthusiastic Calvinist, felt such a gush of joy at finding in Paul some one who could understand English that even the Cathedral was, for the time, of secondary interest. He had travelled from Vichy to Geneva without comprehending a word he heard, and without uttering a word that was comprehended. The cathedral is lofty, and the fluted columns supporting the roof elegant, but its general appearance is cold and gloomy. In front of the exterior is a façade of Corinthian pillars, beautiful in themselves, but terribly out of harmony with the quaint-

looking towers of the original building. We all took our turn in sitting down in John Calvin's study-chair, which stands under the pulpit, a relic of priceless value. I found it rather hard and uneasy, but Paul said he never sat in a more comfortable and easy-fitting chair in his life, in making which remark I credited him with a *double entendre*. We did not all venture into the pulpit, but it was easy to imagine the solemn face of the great Reformer looking out over its sides on the assembled listening multitudes beneath. On coming out, we were shown his private house, a building of dignified respectability, and then we returned to the more modern parts of the city.

We first crossed a splendid bridge and examined the magnificent piece of sculpture commemorating the admission of Geneva into the Swiss Confederation. The Confederation is represented as a beautiful woman in the prime of life, with a shield on her arm bearing the inscription, "Un pour tous, et tous pour un." With her other arm she embraces the younger and lovely sister Geneva, who also bears a shield, emblazoned with the motto of the Canton—"Post tenebras lux." After impressing this thoroughly on our minds, we lingered about the Quais, unwilling to turn our backs on the blue water and snowy mountain-tops, and I, individually, being greatly fascinated by the wonderful show in the jewellers' shops of fairy watches and clocks, with everything to tempt the feminine appetite for pretty things.

Passing over one bridge we came very near to the Ile Rousseau, containing a monument to the philosopher; but we had not time to go and inspect it. Neither, very much to our regret, had we time to visit the monument erected by Geneva to the memory of the Duke of Brunswick, her would-be benefactor. This nobleman bequeathed all his property to the city of Geneva; but his disappointed relatives naturally disputed the validity of his will on every possible ground, and, in the litigation that followed, so much money was spent that the whole of the Duke's magnificent bequest had to be divided among the lawyers. Geneva, however, accepted the will for the deed, and raised this splendid memorial to his generous intentions.

Our return journey was something of a disappointment. We had set our hearts on seeing Lake Lemán by moonlight, as the moon was just then in a favourable stage of her monthly career; but, as we left Geneva, the rain began to fall, and the heavens were covered with

clouds. During the first two hours of our journey we had some very amusing fellow-passengers, one cosmopolitan individual and two German ladies, who all understood enough English to make them very rash in using it, but not enough to secure them against the perpetration of the most wonderful mistakes, over which we all made ourselves merry in the most harmonious spirit possible. At Lausanne they left us, and the moon for one moment looked out from between her curtains, just to show us the almanacs were right, and that it was her own royal will and pleasure to remain in seclusion; then, having satisfied us upon that point, she withdrew again, and the lake, instead of lying a silver sea on our right hand, became a blank, and the lovely mountains, erst so distant and inaccessible, closed in upon us in the darkness like a dead wall. Aigle Station was reached at last, the rain ceased, and we found our faithful Blackbird waiting to accompany us on our long up-hill climb to Forest Hill.

The next day Paul found himself somewhat indisposed after his exertions, and required our careful attentions; but the day following he seemed almost himself again, and, the weather being particularly lovely, Blackbird and I ventured to leave him on the sofa in the sal6n before a splendid wood fire, and go off on a little excursion on our own private account.

We left Aigle at noon, and on reaching Villeneuve found we had more than an hour to wait for the boat, so we went to the lake-side and sat down under the trees. There we found abundant food both for the humorous and the sentimental side of our nature. To tickle the former there was a group of laundresses close to us washing all kinds of garments with curd soap on a rough washing-board in the cold lake water, which is said to possess powerful cleansing qualities. They soaped the things vigorously, and then threw them back into the water to float about till wanted. Two tiny mites of children were washing their dolls' clothes in the same primitive style, when a contention arose for the possession of the washing-board—apparently the cover of a small soap-box. The elder girl got it, and the little one went wailing to her mother, "*Je voulais tant blanchir mes choses.*" The hard-hearted mother turned upon her with a cruel retort, "*Je veux tant te blanchir, toi!*" Suiting the action to the word, she took a wet towel from the lake, and, seizing her little daughter with the other hand, she administered such a scrubbing as I never saw, up and down the little snub face, and all over the curly

pate, finally dumping her down on the stony beach with dark hints as to the probability of another attack if there was any more quarrelling.

Then, as to the sentimental side of affairs. Well, before us lay the tranquil water of a glorious blue-green colour, smiling back to the sunny heavens as though they had a glad secret of their own to keep between them. The little Ile de Paix was a graceful speck in its centre, recalling Byron's description :—

“And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor.
And on it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.”

The mountains, crested with the newly donned snow-crowns, bent lovingly over the waters, casting long shimmering white reflections on its surface. The white steamer crept up, we went on board, and the whole lake shore became a series of the loveliest dissolving views. No special picture remained long before us—a jutting headland had to be rounded, and all the past was gone, and a new and beautiful future lay before us ; or a landing-stage had to be touched, and a little bay surrounded us on three sides with its border of vine-clad hills and smiling townlets. Anon we turned the boat's head outwards, and suddenly found the Savoy range of Alps mistress of our eyes and hearts, until we fell under the subtle enchantments of the magic Lady of the Lake,* ever sweeping on majestically with hair flowing and head erect towards the goal she never reaches.

We landed first at Vevey, a charming town, full of gay hotels and tempting shops, and washed all along its edge by the blue waters. These same blue waters are bordered by a low stone wall, beyond which is a pleasant promenade, abundantly supplied with seats and shaded by a thick overhanging roof of plane-trees, carefully trained and clipped. The pretty houses festooned with flowering and trailing

* A majestic female figure seen in the bare gray rock at the water's edge, and accurately defined by the absence of herbage.

plants, the brilliant foliage of the trees, the soft stone-gray of the wall, throwing into strong relief the intense blue of the lake, and, beyond, the mysterious violet of the mountains, combine to make a festival picture, a poem in colours. We ate our frugal lunch on a landing-stage, far out in the blue, with two fine plane-trees for shade, and a large company of swans for society.

By-and-by we steamed back to Clarens, this time facing the glories of the western horizon ; the Dent du Midi first, then Mont Catogne, then, far above and beyond the rest, Mont Velan and the St. Bernard ; then the Dent de Morcles, and, nearest of all, the Agites. At Clarens we enjoyed a cup of tea at the house of an hospitable friend, and spent a few francs on Swiss trifles. It was such a bright, pretty little town, it seemed a pity not to be able to give more time to it ; and we had also very much wished to walk up to the world-famed terrace round the church at Montreux, but the Castle of Chillon was on the day's programme, and the afternoon was waning.

We next landed at Chillon-Terret, and walked to the château, which was formerly the possession of the Dukes of Savoy, but now belongs to the Pays de Vaud. It is a quaint-looking building, part of it bearing date as early as the time of Charlemagne, and, with its foundation planted firmly on a hidden rock, it rises sheer out of the lake, which is there 1,000 feet deep. The sun had already set, so that it was rather late for exploration ; but we went upstairs into the banqueting and reception rooms of the ancient Dukes, their chapel, and everything else of the non-tragic cast. But we wanted, and obtained, masculine support in descending into the bowels of the lake. The warder of the castle showed us faithfully the whole round of awful sights by the light of one small dimly burning candle. The first on the list was an "oubliette," the entrance to which was a trap-door in the floor. On looking into its depths we could see three ladder-like steps which prisoners were forced to descend ; then, while they were feeling with their feet for the fourth, which did not exist, the trap-door was shut on them, and they fell into a kind of bottomless abyss, and naturally stayed there. Then we were taken into Bonnard's dungeon, and saw the rings in the pillars to which the prisoners were chained. In the scarcely relieved darkness I stumbled, as my feet unwittingly stepped into the hollow worn in the stone by the continued walk of various unhappy captives to the length of their chain—only half-way round the pillar. We were shown Lord Byron's

autograph on one of these pillars, also a slightly-inclined rock on which condemned prisoners might sleep if they could, on the last night of their lives, when they were allowed the luxury of a candle and bread and water, which were placed in a high niche by their side. Then, satiated as we were with horrors, the warder insisted on showing us the beam on which the condemned were hanged, and the pulleys which were used to pull the Jews in pieces.

It was a blessed thing to come out of this mediæval atmosphere into the light of a nineteenth-century evening. We were too late for the steamer, so we walked to Villeneuve, and, while waiting there for our train, were received with friendly hospitality into the house of one who was introduced to me as a "typical Swiss peasant." He and his wife made us heartily welcome, and we partook in homely fashion of "Zweiback," the national cake of Vaud, and of the white wine of the country. This is drunk from tiny tumblers, and every time we sipped it we clinked glasses with every one all round, and either said, "A votre santé," or else *looked* unutterable things, as though our wishes were too big to speak. We finally reached home about ten o'clock, and found Paul quite recovered, and very glad to be able to communicate again with his fellow-creatures.

On the following morning we persuaded him to join us in doing the same excursion, but the day was a failure. We had scarcely gone on board the steamer when it began to rain; at Vevey we walked about under umbrellas; the lake became very rough, and the waves dashed over the sea-wall. The mountains were veiled, the boats unspeakably wet, draughty, and uncomfortable, and every one looked cold and dispirited. This was our last excursion in Switzerland; our holiday was over, and our faces were now to be turned steadily homewards.

The next day with keen regret we bade farewell to our kind friends and the lovely home, and then travelled as quickly as possible, by way of Paris and Dieppe, till we reached Victoria Station. We were both wonderfully invigorated by our five weeks' residence among the mountains; and though we had made no perilous ascents, had encountered no danger to life or limb, and could boast of no hair-breadth escapes, yet our hearts could not fail of being deeply stirred with gratitude to Him who had given us so many pleasant things richly to enjoy, and had brought us again to our homes in health, safety, and peace.

L. M. D.

A Japanese Sermon.

BY A CONFUCIAN PRIEST.

(Concluded from p. 396.)

Text—"Is it not a pleasure to practise what we learn?"—CONFUCIUS.



HE word "practice" means imitate. When we hear and see the illustrious words and deeds of the sages, we are to imitate them with all our might, even though we cannot equal our model. This word "practice" means that. Or, if the example of the sages is too difficult for such stupid folks as we, we must find models nearer at hand. When we see obedient and loyal men, we are to imitate them. Confucius said: "If I see a wise man I desire to be like him. If a foolish one, I examine myself." And again: "In the actions of every three men there is a teacher for me. Seeing the right, I will follow it, and, knowing evil will mend it." That is, seeing the conduct of other men, I will mend my own.

But now some of these young men and women will hear this word imitate, but will not regard what I say of its meaning. And the boy thinks imitate means to imitate the jester, and the wife and daughter thinks it means imitate the harlot or the dancing-girl, and the clerk thinks he is to imitate the arrangement of the actor's hair. They think these good models, and carelessly imitate evil. And then, too, the true model is so difficult of imitation. To correct this error, I teach this "moral way." I beg you stop and consider it.

All the time there is a splendid and most honoured teacher close at hand. Don't go peering about seeking him elsewhere. You still must study this moral way; but seek the teacher called original heart—a teacher without eyes, ears, nose, or mouth, and yet never impeded by anything; a clear, far-sighted being, much praised in China and India from the earliest times. To this teacher we must go at once. I will lead you by the hand. Now, if we listen simply, as to idle gossip, we shall not understand. As we learn the saltness of water by tasting, so with this way. What is the "way" of the sparrow? it is *chū chū*; of the crow? *ka ka*; of the willow? greenness; of the flower? pinkness; of man? obedience, loyalty, fidelity, as any one can easily repeat who has the cant words by heart; but it is a great mistake to suppose that this way is the sort of thing that is simply to be heard by the ears. To repeat the words obedience, fidelity, loyalty, love, righteousness, decorum, wisdom, illustrious virtue, exceeding goodness, right purpose, righteous heart as volubly as the old-clothes man talks, and yet not to know the way, is to be like the club. Lao-tsze says: "Destroying great religions, love and righteousness spring up." To speak correctly, "*chū chū*" is the sparrow; "*ka ka*," the crow; greenness, the willow; pinkness, the flower;

the five virtues, man. That is the correct way. And Mencius says: "Shin, explaining clearly all things, said: 'Man does all things by love and righteousness, and does not do love and righteousness.'" Before heaven and earth were formed the chick sang in the egg. The great teacher then had no beginning, even in the greatest antiquity. It was with us before heaven and earth were formed. All day long it accompanies us and teaches us: Do this; do that; that is bad; don't do so. With all our strength we must imitate the model. It is the living learning. My hearers, I beseech you to follow it.

Again, in learning anything, we do not master it by copying it once or twice. We never grow skilful so. To learn a thing is to go like it. Why, the very children, learning to write carefully, imitate the copy innumerable times, until, becoming skilful, they write beautifully, like the copy itself. It is just so with man's way. As each one, then, obeys the voice of the original heart—the great teacher—being obedient to parents, loyal to master, kind in the conjugal, brotherly, and friendly relations—in short, doing all our duties hour by hour, minute by minute—the actions acquire the likeness of the teacher. This is what Confucius means by "practice." "Imitate to master, loyalty; to parents, obedience. If you imitate you will become the truth." Even in trifles, as in learning to play the *samisen*, when at first we wish to sound *chin tsun ten*, it sounds *chin chin ten*, and *to tei ten* comes out to *tsun chin*; but as we become skilful, at our pleasure we can make *chin tsun ten* and to *ten tsun*, or whatever we please, so that at last we gain a skill that causes us to forget our food for very joy. Still more must it be true when I follow the way of man, the essential element of his manhood. This brings the highest happiness and joy. Hence our text says: "Is it not a pleasure to practise what we learn?" But this is the saying of a sage, and we common folks can make no such attainment; and yet, if we but enter this gate and learn even the outer edge of the original heart, what hitherto has seemed apart from us—Shinto, Buddhism, and the Confucian system—we know at once are all our own. We know that God, Hotoki, and sage are not wholly separate from us. In all things we lose our selfishness. Gradually we become ashamed of our former thoughts and words. Just now we thought ourselves wise and prudent; but the horns of the selfish demon draw slowly in, and the skin, a thousand thick, thins down to one. And so, in like degree, we enter heaven itself with joy and thankfulness—unspeakable, unconscious how our hands move and our feet dance. As the poet sings: "As long as my Hotoki lives, whatever I see or hear is source of thankfulness."

Now, for a little, stop, proudly stretching out your elbows, and consider the outer shell of this body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. What a wonderful being it is! We wear nothing on the head, and just there is the soft cushion of hair protecting from injury if anything chances to fall upon it.

The eye is a wonder. It takes in light for the whole body. It is withdrawn a little and protected from dust by the eyelid, a contrivance that opens and shuts itself, and if a speck of dust chances to get in it the eyelash brushes it out. Above the eyes, like the eaves of a warehouse, are the eyebrows, made to carry

away the drops of perspiration. The holes of the nose cannot open or shut, so they open downward, that no wind can enter. Above is a roof that protects them when the north wind blows, the roof itself merely smarting a little. Were the roof wanting, how miserable we should be. We should have to walk backward when the wind blows hard, and perhaps fall into a puddle or strike a cart or a stone and hurt ourselves. By the grace of this roof, then, we walk at ease. In a whole lifetime it needs no repair ; but sometimes men go to bad places and ruin the roof prematurely. How miserable they are !

The mouth takes in food for the whole body. How wisely it is made ! This honourable gate can expand and contract, opening just in proportion to the size of the article that is to enter. Inside are officials, the teeth, who roughly handle the carrot, dock, turnip, radish, and other things, and that other official, the tongue, examines the article—is it sweet or bitter—and sends it to the stomach. And so rigid is the examination that nothing counterfeit can pass. If even a tiny stone is hidden in the rice, out it comes. In old age Heaven pulls out the teeth, for the weak stomach's sake, lest they should be proud and heedless and eat hard food.

The ears spread wide from right to left, like a porch or a wine-seller's funnel, to receive the five sounds. At the joints of our hands and feet, our instruments for work, the skin and sinews are just a little loose, and, to save the fingers from hurt, their ends are tipped with nails, like pieces of hardware. You must ask the doctor to tell you more about the body, with its clock-like mechanism and its five and six viscera. All this body is formed from the five elements. Is not Tonto Sama a skilful workman ? The eye distinguishes colour and form ; the ear, voice and sound ; the nose, odour ; the tongue, taste ; we grasp with our hands and walk with our feet. We sleep, we wake, we walk, we speak, we think, just as we please. Could anything be more wonderful ? We never can understand it, reason, consider, and calculate as we may.

See, then, how we go astray. We think : This body is my own. I can do as I please. From this error comes the notion : I am wise and smart. " If he goes there, I move here ; if he comes here, I go there." From morning to evening he pushes out his elbows, and scowls like a chess-player considering what to do, and his will is like a wrestler. If he does not succeed, he is angry. A guilty being, a pitiable being. He hates heaven and scolds men. It is because Tonto Sama is dumb that selfishness grows so great. Worthless man enjoys his tenement free of rent, and so comes to think it his own. The kindness is too great. At last he goes to the owner to collect rent. No possible happiness can come from that. I will tell you a funny story in illustration of my meaning.

In a certain place there was an extraordinarily foolish servant named Chokichi. There are many foolish men in the world ; but this one was exceptionally, almost purposely, foolish, with a remarkable talent for forgetting things. One day his mistress said to him : " Here, Chokichi, to-day is the anniversary of our ancestor's death. The priest will soon be here, and we must have an offering for the household deities. So hurry to Nihom Bashi and buy five things for me—carrot, dock, mountain potato, dried mushroom, and lotus root. She gave him five cents, and he answered " Hai ! " tucked up the skirt of

his coat, took the five cents in his hand, and ran fast as he could toward Nihom Bashi. On the way his neighbour, Kichimatsu, met him. "Chokichi, where are you going in such a hurry, and what are you going for?" "I am going to Nihom Bashi, to buy some things." "What are you going to buy?" "Why, I don't know." He had forgotten his mistress's important commissions, and only remembered to run fast. Was he not a fool?

Yet, possibly, we should not laugh too much at Chokichi. In this assembly, of course, there is nothing of the sort; but way back in the country are many things like this story of Chokichi—many men who forget the most important and pressing duties. They have a habit of knowing very well all that others should do—but, well each one should examine himself.

Here is Mr. Hachibei, who says that every being born into the world has a special commission from heaven. Indeed! "What were the ox and horse born for?" Hachibei replies: "Oh! I know that. To help man by bearing burdens." "And what was the cock born for?" "To tell the time." "What was the dog born for?" "To guard the gate." "And the cat?" "To catch the rat." "What is the plum-tree for?" "To bear plums." "And the kaki-tree?" "To bear kaki." "Again, what is this cup for?" "To dip hot water and tea." "And this fan?" "To make a wind." Whatever I asked, if it is only something yonder, he knows its use very well. "Now, Mr. Hachibei, what were you born for?" On that he scratches his head. "Why was I born? I don't know. To eat rice and grumble!" That is the sort of reply he makes. Truly, he belongs to Chokichi's guild. It cannot be that man alone comes into the world to grow old in eating rice. Man is called the "head of all things." He is different from dog and cat; but that is not a reason why he should be aimless.

When Chokichi reached Nihom Bashi, having forgotten his errands, he wandered aimlessly about, with his money in his hand. He saw cookies in a baker's, and, going in, ate some ten. Then he drank some small beer, and finally spent all the money he had left in a low eating-house. But still he was not satisfied. He wanted some cooked eel and dressed duck, and, because he could not buy them, he went home grumbling. Meanwhile, master and mistress were hot as fire. "Chokichi, what are you about? Where are the things we sent you for?" Chokichi, surprised: "Why, I haven't bought anything." The master asks, angrily: "What did you do with my money?" "Oh! I used that to buy things to eat, and I want some more." The master and mistress, amazed: "You're talking in your sleep. We did not tell you to buy things to eat. We told you to buy carrot and dock—those five things. You did not buy them, but spent the money for things to eat. You are crazy, man." They scold and pound the mats. No doubt of his being a fool. Then this Chokichi put on a surprised face and said: "Do you need carrot and dock? I've just been to Nihom Bashi, and that would have been such a good time to buy them." A monstrous fool. In all the wide world no one would support such a man for an hour. Hit his head with the fist two or three times and drive him out. There is no help for it. But this story is not merely to be laughed at. It is a parable. If we hear of folly we are to examine ourselves. So, to-day, if any of you think, I, surely, am not like this Chokichi, you must examine yourself. We each received at birth from Tenta

Sama, our master, a fine body, with five members—no mere trifle of five cents. We are also endowed with five senses for five kinds of work—the eye for seeing, the ear for hearing, the nose for smelling, the mouth for tasting, and the body for feeling. Moreover, in the heart is the natural endowment of the five virtues—humanity, uprightness, propriety, wisdom, sincerity; and from these come the five duties—filial obedience, loyalty to master, conjugal harmony, brotherly respect, kindness in intercourse with others. These are the five articles—the carrot and dock—we are told to buy. But when we forget these five duties and five virtues, and, rising up and lying down, complain, “I want this. I want that. This won’t do. That’s not enough,” wasting months and years in buying and eating, is it not like Chokichi himself? Surely, man was not born thus aimlessly. And even now, living in this grateful time of peace, when, if one will only follow his business diligently, he need not want anything, even now, those who do not know the truth do not imagine even in their dreams that gratitude is due. “That’s not enough. This won’t do.” In all the three hundred and fifty-four days in the year there is a war in the breast. Is it not blasphemy?

When we cast out the “original heart,” the selfish demon appears. It cuts the family into fractions. Father and son, brother and friend, husband and wife, are enemies. The daughter-in-law glares at the faults of the mother-in-law, the mother-in-law delights to ill-use the daughter-in-law. The lord treats his retainers harshly, and the retainers watch the errors of their lord. It is a living hell. When there is a pause in this mutual ill-treatment, with knitted brows they consider questions of no profit: Are the times good or bad? Is the world wide or narrow? Is it the world’s beginning or end? It is the merest folly. It is just like Chokichi when he grumbled because the money his mistress gave him was too little and he could not eat cooked eel and dressed duck. Such grumblers dun Tento Sama for rent, and in return are ordered to quit the premises. So they run away bankrupt, men and women drowning themselves together or having their heads cut off. Thus they receive two or three blows from Tento Sama’s fist, and their names are erased from the list of the dwellers in heaven, the wretches! It is written: “As all things are cultivated in a series, they must not hurt each other;” but we know the original heart and wish to forsake our selfish buying and eating, and follow the true way. We desire to do the important pressing errands of Tento Sama, being obedient to parents, loyal to master, kind to family, children, and friends. Thus we shall live joyfully. Although I say this, some of my young hearers may think this moral way of obedience and loyalty is old-fashioned, and not for these times. And others may say: “No. What he says is good and true, and I want to follow the way. But just now I am so very busy I really have no time. At a convenient season I intend to obey.” These all belong to Chokichi’s guild. If they are so heedless, Tento Sama’s fist will soon be on their heads, and then what sorrows, misfortunes, and unspeakable woes will be theirs—a fearful doom! Let us learn over and over again this way.

In the ancient times Buddha, Confucius, and the founders of other sects forsook rank and home, denied themselves pleasant food and clothes, and, with wasting flesh, helped others. We too greatly desire to make it the business of our life to

live and die true men. That is our *Tento Sama*, to gods and *Hotoke*, and that is the true prayer for a bountiful harvest of the five kinds of grain and for peace in heaven and earth.

My sermon has been so long, from beginning to end, that now we'll take a pipe.

Arabi's Discomfiture.



THE Egyptian War is at an end, and it has ended in a military triumph as brilliant as any which our annals record. Sir Garnet Wolseley was subjected to fierce and sometimes even malevolent criticism for delays in dealing with the rebel forces in Egypt, which were alleged to be not only unnecessary but dangerous—certain, at least, to involve an indefinite prolongation of the contest. These criticisms have been proved by the event to have been worse than gratuitous; they must now be stigmatised as shamefully impertinent. Our General knew what he was about, arranged his plans with consummate skill, and when the crucial moment came executed them with crushing power. At the first faint dawn of the 13th of September he had silently moved his force through the silent night close to the vast and formidable defences of *Tel-el-Kebir*, and his battalions rushed upon them before their occupants were fully aware of his approach. For a moment they resisted, only to be swept down by English bayonets, and then fled away in wild panic, leaving fifteen hundred corpses and a vast multitude of wounded behind them. This is not the place for details of the great exploit, but it was quickly followed by the capitulation of *Kafr Dowar* and the march to *Cairo*, where Sir Garnet was cordially welcomed, and where *Arabi* had been arrested a few hours before the General's arrival. There can be no doubt that the war was conducted at the least possible cost of life and limb on the English side. The marvel is, indeed, that our loss should be so small. Attempts are being made to lessen the military splendour of the victory by the plea that the Arabs were poor fighters—at once unskilful and cowardly. Of course they cannot compare with the European soldier, but *Arabi* was no bungling strategist. He knew that his strength lay in defence, and that his strength in defence lay in providing shelter for his men from the fire of their opponents. The fact that Sir Garnet Wolseley outwitted him in the one scheme upon which he relied by getting at his entrenchments unobserved, and storming them before his fire could be brought to bear, is the amply sufficient evidence of that mingled astuteness and energy by which his assailants utterly defeated and ruined him at a single blow. We have no liking for the kind of enthusiasm which is evoked by military prowess. War, even at the best, is diabolical work, and statesmanship ought, in these advanced ages, to be able to prevent it. But we cherish the hope that this Egyptian contest may clear the great Eastern Question of some of the difficulties by which it has been

oppressed. It will be strange if the Sultan, after his ignominious vacillation and double-dealing, should be allowed to retain any hold upon the Egyptian people, and if the Egyptian people themselves do not get a vastly improved system of government, of which they are sorely in need. We are mistaken, too, if this collapse of Arabi's power does not put a check upon the great Islamite rising of which we have heard so much of late. Mohammedans in India will hear of English achievements in Egypt, and will think twice before they venture to measure swords with a Power which has once more given unmistakable demonstration of what it can do. The Egyptian Question has now to be settled by diplomacy. Probably our Tory Jingoës will raise a cry for annexation or for a protectorate; but Mr. Gladstone may be trusted to fulfil his pledges, and, in doing so, is not likely to incur any jealousy on the part of the Continental States. We hate the war; but we nevertheless hope and pray that, by God's infinite mercy and wisdom, some real and permanent good may come out of it.

Correspondence.

"THE HOP-PICKERS' MISSION."

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Recently you favoured me with space for an appeal in your pages on behalf of "The Hop-Pickers' Mission." May I therefore ask you kindly to acknowledge, in your next issue, the receipt of the following amounts?—

	£	s.	d.
Received by Rev. J. J. Kendon (and personally acknowledged) ...	29	1	0
Do. (unacknowledged, being anonymous)	5	2	0
Do., by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (see September <i>Sword and Trowel</i>) ...	10	17	6
Do., by W. L. Mayo	2	2	0
Do., by J. Burnham (and personally acknowledged)	4	12	0
Do., do. (unacknowledged)—E. G., 3s.; J. B. R., 5s.; A. Cape, 5s.; J. G. S., 5s.; Y. M. C. A., 1s.	0	19	0
Do., at close of Tabernacle prayer-meeting, 28th	3	5	6
Do., collection at Rye Lane prayer-meeting	1	8	6
Made up to date, September 12th	£57	7	6

With many thanks, dear Sir, for your insertion of "The Appeal," and to the above-named for their hearty response.—Cordially yours, JOHN BURNHAM.

24, Keston Road, East Dulwich.

Death of the Rev. T. C. Page.



ANOTHER of our worthies has gone to his rest. The church at Caversham has lost its beloved and respected pastor, after a short indisposition, which appeared to be so comparatively slight as not to awaken any serious apprehension, but which suddenly terminated in death on the morning of Wednesday, the 30th of August, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was a Stepney student, and, after his college course, became the pastor of an English-speaking congregation in Madras. After labouring there for ten or eleven years, the state of his wife's health compelled him to return to England, when he accepted the pastoral oversight of the church at George Street Chapel, Plymouth, where his deeply impressive and richly cultured ministry was highly appreciated and extensively useful for some ten years more. At Plymouth, however, his health became so much impaired that he was compelled to relinquish his important charge. Our venerable brother, Mr. Aldis, succeeded him at Plymouth, and, after a while, Mr. Page succeeded Mr. Aldis at Reading. This engagement, however, was only a temporary one, and was followed by the pastorate of the newly formed church at Caversham, which he retained till his death. Mr. Page was an exemplary Christian, an eminently instructive preacher, a sound theologian, a firm and enlightened Nonconformist, and a warm friend to the cause of missions and of temperance. Widely known, he was also widely beloved; and his removal is mourned by none more than by the youthful students at Amersham Hall, in whose welfare he took an affectionate interest, and to not a few of whom he was of the highest spiritual service.

Reviews.

THE SECRET OF POWER, and other Sermons. By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

DR. MACLAREN has wisely collected into a volume a number of sermons which have already appeared in less permanent forms. Several of them were preached on occasions of public interest before the London, the Wesleyan, and the Baptist Missionary Societies, the Congregational Union, the National

Bible Society of Scotland, &c., and are among the most powerful discourses of our age. In none of Dr. Maclaren's previous volumes is there a finer expression of the best and highest characteristics of his genius. From the first page to the last we are in the hands of a strong and subtle thinker who speaks with the glow of a poetic imagination and the inspiration of prophetic fervour. Every sentence.

reveals the intensity of a seer-like vision and the absorbing earnestness which is bent on the faithful delivery of a message from God. While the literary qualities of these sermons will commend them to readers of the ripest culture, they have at the same time a simplicity and force which the most unlettered minds can appreciate. To understand the unique power of Dr. Maclaren's ministry we must, of course, hear him. The man himself is greater than his sermons, and even his highest utterances gain much from his personality. He throws himself so entirely into his preaching that it is impossible not to miss in his printed words something of that subtle force which arouses the most languid attention and that rapt earnestness which is so suggestive of a higher and holier presence before which preacher and hearer must alike bow. But in view of this inevitable drawback, we know of no other discourses which rank as of equal value with these. Without the slightest straining after originality they give us fresh and unconventional views of Divine truth, and discover on the most familiar ground mines of unsuspected wealth. Dr. Maclaren is a ripe Biblical scholar and a skilled exegete, but he possesses the rarer power of spiritual insight, and makes the Scripture with which he deals flash upon the mind a new light. No feature of his discourses is more valuable than this. As expositions they place vividly before us the very heart of the sacred narratives, and make every word luminous. In one of the sermons, on the grave of the dead John, &c., the writer proves how effectively he can deal with the apologetics of Christianity and meet the difficulties raised by modern thought. But, happily for us,

he does not linger over these questions which hold the approaches to the subject, or act as if all the deeper problems were outside the essence of Christianity. He does not fail to make good his defences, but, having done so, he enters the city and contemplates its varied glories. As a specimen of the manner in which old and threadbare themes can be invested with freshness and made to bear on the most momentous questions of our spiritual life, we may mention the sermon on the exhortation of Barnabas—a sermon which is also remarkable as showing the manner in which, from simple and even commonplace divisions, the noblest and most inspiring truths may be educed. The sermon which gives its name to the volume can never be forgotten by those who, like ourselves, had the privilege to hear it. We thought it at the time the most impressive and powerful discourse to which we had ever listened,—as near an approach to prophet-like inspiration as we could imagine. Subtlety of thought, beauty of structure, forcible and incisive words, splendour of imagination, all charged with intense spiritual power, held one of the finest audiences which any preacher has ever addressed spell-bound. Nor has our estimate of the sermon changed. Other discourses are of scarcely inferior worth. Those on "The Obscure Apostles," "A Prisoner's Dying Thoughts," and "Citizens of Heaven" are especially notable. It is, perhaps, superfluous to do it, but, for the pleasure it affords us, we heartily commend this new volume to the notice of our readers. Its profound unveilings of Christian truth, its wealth of intellectual suggestion, its marvellous fund of illustration, its blended simplicity and grace, give to it a quite exceptional power.

THE COMING DEMOCRACY. By G. Harwood, Author of "Disestablishment." London: Macmillan & Co.

WIDELY as we differ from Mr. Harwood's politico-ecclesiastical theories, we are glad once more to meet him as an author. His essay on "Disestablishment," though by no means a conclusive vindication of the principle of a "National Church," is, at least, a candid and powerful argument in its favour, and has won for him the respect of opponents as well as the gratitude of friends. The "Coming Democracy" is a study in politics, and attempts to anticipate the probable course of our social and religious life as it will be determined by the more thorough democratic rule which must inevitably result from the recent Reform Bill. The position of the writer is, in the main, decidedly Conservative, and he is in much closer sympathy with the imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield than with the less ambitious, but wiser and more useful, statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone. In fact, his work is an endeavour to state in sober and philosophic forms the theories which the late Conservative leader propounded in a more fantastic and romantic shape. Mr. Harwood evidently anticipates a closer alliance between the Crown and the people, and believes that the democracy of the coming period will be largely on the lines laid down by liberal-conservatism. Changes he distinctly sees to be inevitable. His position on the land-laws is, in the main, exceedingly sensible. He does not go quite so far as we should, but we should be thankful to see the adoption even of such plans as he here recommends; and as to the preservation of the Crown and the House of Lords, we are largely at one with him. We should, of course, like to see the

composition of the Upper House somewhat altered, and its relations to the Lower House modified, but we do not advocate its abolition. We agree with Mr. Harwood in thinking that the lower classes are not likely to be further alienated from religion, but rather the contrary. Christianity will become more and more the supreme power in our social life, and it can have no rival. But we demur to the idea that it can be most effectively presented to the people and made influential in their lives by the organisation of a State Church. The Church and State are not, and cannot be, identical. Many men are citizens in the one who have no sympathy with the spirit and aims of the other, and it is absurd to regard them as its members. With Sectarianism we have no sympathy, but to insist on compliance with the New Testament conditions of church membership and to aim at the realisation of Christ's ideal is not Sectarianism. We ought, indeed, to be as "broad as the charity of the Almighty Father," but we must at the same time be "as narrow as His righteousness," and we do not see how a State Church, as such, can be so. The point, however, is one for an essay rather than a brief notice. Mr. Harwood has produced a clear-sighted, ably reasoned volume, generous in tone, and often strikingly suggestive; and, though we cannot endorse his conclusions, we gladly welcome so vigorous and manly a contribution to the great political discussions of our day.

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ALTAVONA: Fact and Fiction from my Life in the Highlands. By John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E., &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1882.

THE fine old "Grecian Gaul," whose lectures and essays have so often in-

structed, and whose poetry has so often charmed us, has rendered us additional service in the publication of his *Altavona*. The book is thrown into the form of "ambulatory dialogue," and by the aid of several representative or typical characters, discusses thoroughly and impartially all subjects and questions relating to the Scottish Highlands—their scenery, their geological structure, their national and ecclesiastical traditions, their population in its social and religious aspects, education, the claims of the Gaelic language, the land laws, sheep farming, and many other points of primary interest. Fulness of knowledge, breadth of sympathy, chivalry and courage, reverence for all that is great and good, high poetic insight and expression, lend to this book a singular fascination, and make it as entertaining as it is instructive. After reading it no one can complain that the Highlands are, in any sense, an unknown country.

A POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By English and American Scholars of Various Evangelical Churches. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D. Vol. III. The Epistles of Paul. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

THE third volume of Messrs. Clark's Popular Commentary fully sustains the high character of the preceding volumes. It is exactly what it professes to be—a Popular Commentary, intended to bring the results of the latest Biblical research within the reach of ordinary and non-professional readers. The writers are men, in several instances, of the foremost rank, and, in all cases, of evident competence for their task. The names of Dr. Schaff, Dr. David Brown, Mr. J. Rawson Lumley, Dean Plumtre, Dr. Marcus Dods, and Dr. Dykes are well

known as expositors of Scripture, who have given us some of our ablest works in this department of study. Where the authors are so numerous, the merit cannot, of course, be uniform; but the Commentary, as a whole, maintains a more than ordinary level of excellence. Dean Plumtre's work stands out with marked prominence, and, excellent as are all his "studies," we know none of them which surpass this. If his notes on the Epistles to Timothy have not the charm of his recent work on Ecclesiastes, it is because the subject is more familiar, and affords less scope for ingenious conjecture. He displays a full mastery of the various *questiones vexatae* connected with the pastoral Epistles, their authorship, design, &c., and states his own position with clearness, precision and force. His ecclesiastical views are not, of course, uniformly identical with our own, but he is far removed from the belief in "the divine right" of Episcopacy, and writes in the same strain as Bishop Lightfoot, Dr. Jacob, and other liberal Churchmen. His dissertations on doctrinal and ecclesiastical subjects are of special value. Dr. Brown's notes on the Romans are as liberal as they are Evangelical, full of thought as well as simple and compact in form. We are not sure that Dr. Oswald Dykes is so fully adapted for the commentator's task as some other of his *collaborateurs*, nor is he here at his best. His notes are, if anything, too brief and compressed. But, taken as a whole, the volume is admirable, and will prove of the highest service to the readers for whom it is specially designed. Its spirit throughout is candid and reverent, its criticism honest and intelligent, its historical and antiquarian illustrations are apposite, and we can commend it to general approval.

with the heartiest confidence and pleasure. We ought to add that the pictorial illustrations — of Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, &c.—taken from photographs by Dr. W. M. Thomson, add considerably to the value of the work. The style of the letterpress and the general “get up” are admirable. If the members of our congregations would read such books as this, the work of their ministers would be at once pleasanter and more practically efficient. Sound Scriptural knowledge is one of the most urgent needs of our day, and Messrs. Clark’s Popular Commentary does much to supply it in a pleasing and effective form.

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THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY AND FAMILY TREASURY. Nelson & Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. A Monthly Journal in Defence of Christian Truth. Partridge & Co.

GOLDEN HOURS. Edited by the Rev. Jackson Wray. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

THE SWORD AND TROWEL. Edited by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster.

THE POSTMAN. July and August. E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

We give our unqualified commendation of all these periodicals. The August and September number of *The Sword and Trowel* contain Mr. Spurgeon’s Inaugural Address at the Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors’ College Association, April 18th, 1882, which is crammed with wise suggestions and pithy sayings, and pervaded throughout by the spirit of a true consecration to the highest service. But will our brother forgive us if we ask him to reconsider the extremely disparaging estimate inserted on pages 426—428 of Dr. Bruce’s work, entitled,

“The Chief End of Revelation”? It seems to us that the writer has unaccountably misunderstood the purpose, tone, and drift of that masterly work. Instead of being a surrender to the Rationalists, we take it to be one of the most telling assaults on their main positions, in regard to the Bible, which our recent Apologetic literature has effected. *The Christian Monthly* maintains both its strength and its refinement. *The Postman* is equally good, though in a different way, and is cheap at a penny. *Golden Hours* is well furnished with Fiction, Poetry, Biography, Reflections on Scripture Themes, &c., with here and there some excellent pictorial illustrations. *The Christian Church* defends the Faith in a truly vigorous style. We have been specially interested in its criticisms of the Hibbert Lectures, recently delivered in Oxford and in London by Professor Kuenen.

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BAPTISM AND THE BAPTISTS. By the Rev. George Duncan, Pastor of Oakes Baptist Chapel, Lindley, near Huddersfield; with a Prefatory Note by the President of Rawdon College. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

MR. ROOKE expresses the “pleasure” with which he has “read the sheets of this little work as they have passed through the press,” and “congratulates” the author “on the taste and talent for historical research to which his book bears ample witness.” We are glad to have an opportunity of chiming in with this note of praise. Mr. Duncan has produced a capital little treatise, which will confirm the Baptists in their denominational standing, and will stimulate them in their endeavour to spread their distinctive principles. There is not only a good deal of history in the

book bearing on the subject of "Baptism and the Baptists," which is tersely and effectively narrated, but also much smart argument which, smart as it is, is not rashly and inconsiderately conducted. The author has had to deal with an old subject, but he has taken it up in a style which is for the most part new, and which is throughout vigorous. The work consists of sermons and lectures, and is published under the conviction that "a *brief* history of the Baptists is much required as a class-book for our senior scholars." He rightly thinks that "in most of our Sunday-schools it is to be feared that we allow our young men and women to remain in great ignorance of the principles and history of their own denomination, whereas, if they were taken through a course of teaching, based on such a work as is here submitted to the public, they would be able to state readily the testimony which Baptists have borne in word and deed." About one half of the volume is devoted to the setting forth of historical facts in which the Baptists are specially interested, and these are arranged in distinctively chronological form that they may the more readily strike the mind and be the more easily retained by the memory.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS A SLAVE. By Rev. Thomas L. Johnson, a returned missionary from Africa. Yates Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

MR. JOHNSON is pretty well known to many of our Baptist churches and congregations from the effective deputation work he did for our Foreign Mission while studying at Mr. Spurgeon's College; and the simple, artless, but deeply interesting, story of his life will be sure to secure many readers in this

country. His heart was set on work for Christ in Africa, and he went there for that purpose under the auspices of our Society. But ere long his health was so completely broken by the influences of the climate that his cherished ambition had to be disappointed, and he returned to his native America. This narrative of his singular life has been written in the interests of the work dearest to his heart. He wishes, by means of it, "to help to create a fund to send freed men to Africa as missionaries." The project is every way a worthy one, and we trust it will prove largely successful.

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THE PAPERS OF THE ECLECTIC DISCUSSION SOCIETY. Edited by Henry Walduck. Elliot-Stock.

"THE Eclectic Discussion Society" is an affair of the author's imagination, and the speakers who figure in it are simply the creations of his brain. The idea is not a bad one, and Mr. Walduck has worked it out with fair success. As is usual in debating societies, a considerable number of the "debaters" show but slender debating power, and make poor contributions to the elucidation and settlement of the subject which may happen to be in hand. A single sentence is usually sufficient to enable the reader to identify these useless talkers, and their addresses are easily skipped. But the book is not destitute of interesting and instructive disquisitions on a variety of topics which are more or less important—scientific, historical, and religious. The papers "In the Beginning," "On the Deluge in the Days of Noah," "On the Jews," and "On Ants," with the discussions upon them, take up the major part of the volume. We have also a "General Discussion on Various Subjects," such

as Witchcraft, Mesmerism, Demonology, Spiritualism, &c., and a "Miscellaneous Discussion" on The Modern Theory of Light," Photography, the Photophone, Sound, the Phonograph, the Microphone, How Water is sustained in the Air, Vegetation, Trees, and The Economy of Nature. These items will give our readers some idea of the aim and character of the volume, which may be helpful in starting many minds on a course of varied and useful study.

PLAIN WORDS TO YOUNG MEN AND BOYS. By Rev. James Baillie. Elliot Stock.

A LECTURE by our brother, the pastor of the Baptist church at Manvers Street Chapel, Bath. It deals with the various forms of sensuality to which young men and boys are too commonly prone, and into which, unhappily, vast numbers of them fall. The subjects discussed cannot be particularised in a periodical like this, which is intended for general reading; but they are delicately and wisely handled, and yet are treated in a spirit of unflinching fidelity to the physical, social, moral, and religious interests of the class to whom the arguments and admonitions of the lecture are addressed.

THE PREACHER'S ANALYST. A Monthly Homiletical Magazine. Conducted by the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A. July. Elliot Stock.

WE regularly receive and read this periodical with pleasure. It has a manner of its own which must render it acceptable and useful to many preachers, who would hardly know what to do with some other publications of a similar kind. The editor is himself a capital sermon-maker, and he gathers together from many quarters a considerable mass of varied pulpit material,

presented in forms which readily catch the eye and stimulate the mind. The general teaching, too, is soundly evangelical. The number before us contains a slashing sermon on "The Salvation Army," by the Rev. J. Griffiths, Rector of Merthyr Tydfil.

INFANT BAPTISM DEMONSTRATED TO BE REASONABLE, HISTORICAL, AND SCRIPTURAL. By James Malcolm, Missionary. Author of "The Cross and the Crown," &c. Houlston & Sons, 7, Paternoster Buildings.

THAT infant baptism is "historical" needs no "demonstration," for nobody doubts that it has a history. That it is "reasonable" and "Scriptural" is another matter, about which, however, Mr. Malcolm has no manner of doubt. He writes about it in a strain which shows that he is not only satisfied, but even delighted with his argument. We have examined many defences of infant baptism in our time, but we are compelled, in all honesty, to pronounce the present one by far the weakest and most worthless of them all. It is not only inconclusive at every point, but ludicrously so. The author does not succeed even in a single instance in being plausible. We will not waste either our own space or the time and patience of our readers by any attempt at refutation. He uses over again, but in a very bungling style, the argument from the Abrahamic covenant, the relation of which to the Christian dispensation he totally misunderstands. To this argument he recurs again and again. The references to it, indeed, are so frequent, that, were they omitted (as they might be with great advantage), the book would dwindle down into a mere tract of a few pages, with nothing in them that would be worth reading. Of course

this judgment of the work will be attributed to denominational prejudice ; but that is a penalty which we can very well afford to pay. If Mr. Malcolm does not like the summary way in which we deal with him, let him read the notice of his book which appears in *The Christian* of the 17th of August. *The Christian* does not profess to be a Baptist periodical.

THE CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Parts XX. and XXI. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

THE latter of these two parts closes with the trial of our Lord, and with some judicious remarks respecting Pilate and Judas. Two parts more, we understand, will complete the work, which has been most admirably written throughout, and is perfectly fitted to answer its particular purpose—that of making the Great Biography clear and attractive to the minds of comparatively young children.

EARTH'S DIAMONDS ; or, Coal, its Formation and Value. With a Plea for the Miner. By Henry H. Bourn. London : Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

MR. BOURN is not new to authorship. One of the several works which he has published greatly interested us—"Gleanings from the Life and Teachings of Christ." Of other works from his pen we have heard, but we have not seen them. The one before us will prove useful in many ways. It gives an account of the formation of coal, of the history of coal-mining, of colliers as to their general character, of the work they have to do, of coal-dust as an element of danger in coal-mines, of the various other dangers to which colliers are exposed, of their claims upon public sympathy in relation both to their

secular and their spiritual interests, and of the noble specimens of Christian faith, courage, and endurance which are to be found amongst them. The book contains some telling anecdotes and effective pictorial illustrations, and is altogether of a kind to secure an honourable and useful popularity.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY. Deuteronomy. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. THE publication of this invaluable Commentary is advancing at a rapid pace. Ten noble volumes have already appeared, and the one before us is by no means the least noble of them all. When we say that the Exposition has been written by Dr. W. L. Alexander, our readers will know what to expect ; for Dr. Alexander is a Biblical scholar and theologian of the first rank. His work here, laborious as it must have been, has been executed with the advantage of opulent resources in the strength of his own mind, in the ardour with which his task inspired him, in the conscientiousness which he has brought to bear even upon its minutest parts, and in the materials for judging with which wide reading and research had furnished him. His "Introduction"—ranging over forty-three close pages—is a masterpiece of Analysis, Comparison, and Apologetics, before which our Rationalistic critics must "pale their ineffectual fires." The principal homiletic has been, on the whole, well done by Dr. Clemance, of Camberwell ; and supplementary homilies, many of them truly excellent, have been contributed by Revs. J. Orr, M.A., B.D. ; R. M. Edgar, M.A. ; D. Davies, M.A. Many passages in this great book of Scripture are of such a nature as to require extremely delicate handling ; but the good taste of the homilists has not failed them.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

Paul at Athens.

BY THE LATE REV. C. BAILHACHE.



THE narrative of Paul's visit to Athens, which we have in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, is one of the most remarkable in the history of the early Church. We here find that Church first introducing itself into the very heart of pagan civilisation, and commencing its conflict with polytheism in its most powerful and brilliant forms. We can only at present sketch the scene; but we do so in the hope of learning from it some important lessons.

In this initial conflict, everything strikes us as great, new, extraordinary, and rich in contrasts. On the one side, paganism is represented by the city of Athens, great, opulent, learned, polished, illustrious; Athens, the metropolis of science, literature, and art; Athens, with its philosophers, orators, poets, paintings, sculptures, temples, and palaces, its marble and its gold. On the other side, Christianity is represented by Paul, with his insignificant appearance, his humble calling, and his manifold infirmities. To the outward eye, the conflict is unequal; but, to the eye of faith, all the real power is with Paul, inasmuch as he has God and truth on his side. To have been listened to at all in such a place was already a victory; but besides this, though he reaped no large harvest, he gathered its first-fruits, earnest of the rich harvest gathered afterwards by the Church in the great heathen world.

We are struck with the state of the Apostle's mind at the outset. "His spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." For the first time, Christianity, in the person of Paul, comes into contact with the perfection of ancient art, and passes upon it a sentence of condemnation. The earliest instance of Puritanism, say some. No. Christianity and Art are not mutually repellent. The God of Holiness is the God of Beauty. But observe, the Art condemned was condemned in its religious aspect—as put to pagan, idolatrous uses—the creation of a heathen spirit, and a sin against the only true God. Here is the crowning defence of that order of religious thought and sentiment which is so often sneered at as "Puritanism." Puritanism has sometimes pushed itself to extremes, no doubt; but God forbid that the true Puritan spirit should ever die out! Beauty in the pure service of God is a consecrated thing—holy and lovely; but, in forgetfulness of Him, it only adds glitter to sin. How the earnestness of the Apostle comes out here! "His spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." There is abundant scope for the same horror of idolatry still; how far do we sympathise with the Apostle? It concerned him, however, not so much to cast the Athenian idols from their altars, as to expel them from Athenian hearts.

How does he proceed? He begins, after his usual manner, by holding intercourse with the Jews and proselytes in the synagogue, and with devout persons in the market-place. He thus attracts the attention of the philosophers, who forthwith encounter him. This, therefore, is the first contact between Christianity and pagan philosophy in its two principal forms—sensuality and pride of intellect. These are two ancient enemies of the Cross. The scene at Athens is repeated to-day in England—repeated, indeed, everywhere where Christianity has to do its work in the arena of the conflicts of the time. It is perpetually fighting old foes, whatever new faces they may assume—worldliness and love of pleasure, on the one hand; pride of reason and self-righteousness, on the other. The greater arena on which the battle is fought is the world; the smaller one is the individual heart.

Paul was met by a flippant company, just as one might have expected him to be. The Athenians spent their time in telling and hearing some new thing. Theirs was a spirit of idle curiosity—very fruitless, but very imperious. There is a curiosity which seeks the

new, because it wants excitement and pleasure. There is also a curiosity which seeks the *new*, if perchance it may better and more fully discover the *true*. The former dissipates the heart among the thousand things it only cares to touch; the latter finds peace only in the one truth it is anxious to hold with a firm grasp. Here, again, we seem to be landed in the times in which we ourselves are living. A feverish, unhealthy craving for the *new* is one of the characteristics of our day. It affects to despise old truth, and to make wonderful discoveries. But the old truth lives, and will live, because it *is* truth; and the "discoveries" are worthy as they hit upon truth, which they seldom do in such hands. As to that distinctive truth which we call "Christianity," it survives, and will survive—not, indeed, as "a new thing," but as an older thing than human wisdom, applying itself to all the new phases of human want. Old and yet new; and to-day, as in ages past, "the power of God unto salvation." Say what men will, do what they will, they cannot supersede the old Cross and the old Gospel. We can cherish the most kindly sympathy for honestly thoughtful and inquiring minds; but doubt for doubting's sake is at once a disease and a danger.

We are not surprised to find these Athenians, given up as they were to a spirit of idle curiosity, speaking disparagingly of Paul. They call him "a base fellow," "a babbler," and they think he is setting forth strange gods and a new religion. Such contempt is very easy and very cheap; such disparagement is an old tale, and constantly repeated. Men who come to hear in such a spirit always miss the truth; for the truth is revealed only to the earnest and sincere, and to these the revelation is indeed precious—salvation through Christ. The world's scorn is as misplaced as it is arrogant. Apart from moral earnestness and devoutness, the Gospel does not profess to reveal its truthfulness and its power to any man.

Paul is now in the Areopagus, and it is scarcely possible to conceive of anything more sublime than his discourse there, whether considered in regard to its matter and form, or in regard to the surrounding circumstances. He is a bold and honest Christian. The presence of the philosophers does not intimidate him, and the curiosity of the people does not tempt him in the least to deviate from the special message he has to deliver with a view to gratify their fancies. How strong the inducement would be, under such circumstances, to yield to one or other of these two evils, many a

Christian preacher could tell. Moreover, Paul knows well enough that he is running the risk of being accused of a capital offence by setting forth in this city of Athens an unauthorised religion ; but he is nothing daunted. He thus presents to us a fine example of civil courage—a much harder thing than military valour. The courage in his case is accompanied with a self-restraint and a moderation not a little surprising in a Jew. He declares his mission ; but he shows that he can be perfectly just to the position of the men with whom he has to deal. How instructive should all this be to those who risk the dishonour of Christianity by accommodating it more or less, in the way of compromise, to the prevailing philosophical tone of the age ; to those who try to make it acceptable to the depraved tastes of men by surrounding it more or less with merely sensational attractions ; to those who consult their convenience more than their duty, and who are willing to preach the Gospel only so long as they can do it with safety ; and to those who put a spirit of unnecessary harshness into their ministry.

Paul is asked to explain the so-called “ new doctrine ” of which he has been speaking. Observe, this request is not prompted by the love of truth. Men engaged in the flippant treatment of thought, as these men are, can hardly be earnest enough for that. They put their request rather in a spirit of philosophical self-sufficiency, and probably also with somewhat of irony in their tone. The Apostle might, in self-respect, refuse to comply ; but he does not. He proceeds at once to preach the Gospel to what may be regarded as, in all likelihood, the most cultured audience to be found in the world. He is not haunted by the too common suspicion that the simple Gospel is not adapted to the philosophic mind. On the contrary, he takes his stand on the conviction that the wisdom of the world is foolishness before God, and that the world by wisdom knows not God. With the calm confidence and intrepidity of faith, therefore, he assumes his position on Mars’ Hill, and delivers his discourse. He has before him the famous Acropolis, with its renowned works of art ; beneath him, the magnificent city of Theseus ; and around him, a multitude of temples, altars, statues, and shrines of the deities. The place is awe-inspiring, and the audience formidable. All on which his eye can rest is arrayed against him, and he stands there alone, with only his faith and his God.

The Apostle’s method in this discourse is worthy of our deepest

and minutest attention. With a kindness and a generosity well adapted to conciliate his hearers, he shows at the outset that he is both able and ready to recognise the good that may be found (though slumbering) in them. He starts his address from the point of the fact that they are exceedingly careful—devoted—in the matter of religion. “I recognise you as being in extreme awe of invisible beings.” What does Paul mean by this? The word he uses is sometimes to be understood in the sense which implies blameworthiness—the sense in which it appears in our version. “I perceive that in all things ye are *too superstitious*.” Such a rendering, however, is too strong. Paul uses a form of the word which implies that there was in the religious feeling of the Athenians an element of superstition indeed, but also an element of hopeful piety. Moreover, he selects a comparative to show that, in this matter of religiousness, the Athenians are superior to the other Greeks. This is not flattery, but simple justice. The fact thus made clear to the Apostle’s mind is of the utmost importance to us. Without the recollection of a latent religiousness in man, we have no ground on which to found our Christian appeals.

Paul justifies his opinion of his hearers by mentioning the circumstance that amongst their many temples he has noticed *one altar reared to an Unknown God*. What historical meaning is to be attached to this fact is not quite obvious. The common explanation is that “the altar to the Unknown God” was erected in honour of any deity not comprised or named in the Greek Pantheon. But there is probably more in this matter than meets the eye at first sight. The Athenians, notwithstanding the multitude of altars which they had reared to the gods they professed to know, had the feeling of some other god unknown to them—a god who, perhaps, after all, might be the true one. In spite of crowds of idols, their religious wants were not satisfied. They felt, instinctively, that these divinities—reproductions, more or less, of their own ignorance, weaknesses, and passions—were not sufficient for them. There must be some unknown god, higher and better than any of the gods they knew. They shared the universal wants of holiness and forgiveness with all men, and their deities did not meet those wants. Hence their vague aspiration, and the altar that expressed it. It is to this that Paul makes his appeal. He goes to the root of things, and accepts this blind, groping worship both as a confession of ignorance and also as

a proof that the soul must feel out for something diviner than Nature can teach. That vague feeling is itself a revelation. We meet with it everywhere, and it is the truth which underlies all the superstitions of the heathen. The Bible, with the God whom it discloses, meets this feeling, and satisfies it. Man's dim longings are a preparation for the light; and we have the light in the Word of God. "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

Notice, incidentally, how Paul, at the outset of his discourse, avoids the charge, capital as it was, of preaching a new divinity. The Athenians themselves had reared an altar to an "Unknown God," and he takes them on their own ground, and proposes to make the unknown the known. This beginning, however, as we shall subsequently see, enables him frankly and faithfully to combat, one after another, the errors of the philosophers and the superstitions of the multitude.

"To the Unknown God." The scene before us is suggestive of much that we cannot stop to express. We can only hint at two or three of the leading ideas. It is a scene representative of what has been perpetually re-acted on the broad stage of the world. A vast Pantheon is this world, filled with very unworthy gods. Lust of power, pride, love of gold, sensuality, self-indulgence in manifold forms—these are the world's gods; and to its gods the world builds its altars still. All the fairest art-creations, with few exceptions, have been devoted to these. Yet the world's heart is not satisfied; and hence, both under heathen and Christian forms, it has reared its altars to an unknown god. What is true of the world is true of each individual heart. It is full of its idols; and only in some out-of-the-way place—in occasional convictions and aspirations—does its secret unrest appear, and the altar to the unknown god is built. The truth, however, will be told. One of the most important lessons to be learnt by multitudes of professing Christians in these days is that, even in spite of their shows, their temples, and their pretended knowledge, they are only worshipping "an unknown god." He *is* unknown to the self-sufficient, the worldly, the formal—to all who refuse to know Him as He has revealed Himself in Christ. Yet the longing, the dissatisfaction, is there. Let us thank God for this; for, without it, the world would have been ruined by its idolatries long ere now.

Paul pursues the theme he has thus opened, and announces "the Unknown God" to be a personal God—self-sufficient, Creator, Lord

of heaven and earth, immeasurably exalted above all His creatures. All this he affirms without controversy. He takes these great truths for granted. They are elementary truths, to be accepted by all men, and not to be seriously denied by any. The Apostle's method here was pre-eminently wise. There can be small hope in argument with men who deliberately profess to disbelieve in one God, Supreme, and Creator of all that is. But with this one comprehensive truth he shatters the Athenian gods. The gods of the heathen must be seen to be "vanity," when once the One Living and True God is revealed. With heaven for His throne, the earth for His footstool, and all creation for His handiwork, what room can there be for idols made with hands? Whence is their authority? In what sphere do they rule? What power have they at their command? With the truth of the One Divine Creator, they must all vanish. His temple is commensurate with His works. No temple "made with hands" can contain Him. He is to be worshipped everywhere. He is to be worshipped in heaven, by the pure and sinless spirits around His throne; in Nature, every part of which testifies to His power, His wisdom, and His goodness; in the Church, to which and by which He has revealed Himself in the Person of His Son; in the heart, regenerated and sanctified by His Holy Spirit. He is not, however, to be worshipped "as though He needed anything." Being such as He is, He is manifestly independent of His creatures. On the other hand, they are absolutely dependent upon Him. "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Out of this dependence arises the necessity of our being acquainted with Him—so acquainted, that we shall have no reason to dread Him. The hearts of believers in Christ are altars to a *well-known God*. His Word and Spirit have converted all their vague longings into certainty. Beholding God, recognising Him, realising Him, as He is in Christ, all their dread of Him has been changed into a holy peace. In the progress of the new life which He has imparted to them, the inclination to sin is overcome by a love of holiness. These are the hearts in which He delights to dwell, and their moral beauties please Him more than all the splendours of the material creation.

(To be continued.)

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

XI.



FROM Cupar, in going north, one passes over to DUNDEE, a town of growing importance, and of whose enterprise—manufactures, ship-building, and commerce—much might be said, if it were necessary. Its situation on the banks of the Tay—a rapid river which here expands in a broad estuary—is striking and beautiful. It is only second in importance and prosperity of all the towns of Scotland. In crossing one bank of the river to the other only recently, one looked with mournful interest on the ruins of its celebrated bridge, whose sudden fall, one dark and stormy night, precipitated a whole train and its passengers into the depths below, and sent a thrill of horror through the land. No survivor was left to tell how it happened, whether simply through the violence of the tempest, or the giving way of the structure itself, or from the weight of the train overturned by the force of the storm.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Lang and Mr. Patrick Watson, I always received a cordial welcome from the pastors of the Free and Congregational churches. In one of the former I once saw what I have never seen since, the rite of infant baptism. Prior to the commencement of the service, the clergyman courteously informed me that he would have postponed the service had it been possible; that I could leave the church before he commenced it; and, if I omitted the benediction after the last prayer, the congregation would know that they were to remain. I assured him that no apology was needed, thanked him for his courtesy, and expressed a wish to remain. I was really curious *to see and hear* how this thing was done.

At the close of the service I sat down. A small plated metal basin, on a handsome bracket, was placed near the pulpit. Two men came forward, each holding a child. Certain doctrines were then stated, and they were asked if they believed these doctrines. Having expressed their belief in them, they were exhorted to bring up their children in accordance thereto; the children were sprinkled, and

commended to Almighty care and love. The service was seriously performed, and the congregation seemed interested, and sat in perfect silence while it was going on. It was very interesting to observe the mothers, who sat not far off, who could easily enough be discovered by the anxiety expressed in their countenances, and who seemed glad when their bairns were restored to their arms. I could not but feel, however, that this was a miserable substitute for the baptism of believers.

Mr. Blair, pastor of one of the Dundee churches, took me over to Kilmaney, Dr. Chalmers's first charge; one of the most beautiful, rural, quiet places I ever saw. I tried to pick up some legendary lore of the early life of the illustrious orator and divine. But all I could obtain was from an old blacksmith, who seemed to have very little idea of the fame of the minister of Kilmaney, of which I had spoken in glowing terms. "I dinna ken muckle about Mr. Chaumers, who was no that popular here; for when he preached at Loggie, the people cam' to Kilmaney, and when he preached at Kilmaney, they aye went to Loggie."

We called on Mr. Cook, whose father was Dr. Chalmers's predecessor, and asked if there were any mementoes in the manse of its former occupant. He showed us a pipe in the ceiling of the room by which the doctor, even at that remote time, intended to introduce gas, and a staircase where there were some remnants of papering and staining done by his own hands. "And now, gentlemen, come in to dinner. I dinna ken vera weel what we hae gotten, but my guid wife will manage somehow." She did so, and received us with great grace, and expressed her regret that, "having no notice of guests, she could only give us a few trout and some cold meat." We were exceedingly hungry, but the blended courtesy and kindness of our reception made the repast delicious.

An engagement was made for me to attend a service at Meadow-side, one of our Scotch Baptist churches of the olden type. I came at the appointed time, and found three brethren occupying a platform, and was directed to a seat below. The service went on according to their accustomed order, and in which I was not asked to take any part; but after it was concluded I was invited to the platform, and I proceeded to advocate the claims of our Irish Mission, of which I was then secretary, and was listened to with evident attention and interest. At the conclusion, I inquired of

these brethren why they had not paid me the courtesy or asking me to take my seat along with them. They replied it was not in accordance with their order. I remonstrated strongly, and intimated that, if I came again, I should take my place with them, whether invited to do so or not. The friends who gathered around us during the discussion, did not hesitate to express their concurrence. Scotch Baptist churches of this sort are fast disappearing, and those that remain are happily drawing nearer in sympathy and action to their brethren.

No one can see the city of PERTH for the first time without being struck with its appearance. Its surroundings are very fine. The view from the highest of the many hills which surround it, or from the top of the brae through which the old coach-road passed, is exquisitely beautiful. The two "Inches," large open spaces, north and south of it, the scene of the savage conflict between two hostile Highland tribes, described with graphic power in Sir Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth," afford to the citizens ample space for every kind of recreation. Besides many manufactories, its dye-works are famed throughout the kingdom, and have their agents in almost every town, who send off, and receive back, the varied articles confided to them with remarkable speed and punctuality. The chemistry carried on in these celebrated works must be worth knowing and seeing. Perth is one of the royal burghs of Scotland, and its chief magistrate bears the honourable title of Lord Provost.

Here it was that I first met with a manifestation of the strong dislike of Scottish folk to the use of instrumental music on the Lord's-day. I was the guest of my friend, the late Mr. John Pullar, in whose dining-room there was a fine organ. I suggested that we should have the help of it at family worship. Mrs. Pullar, an English lady, smiled; Mr. Pullar looked grave and shook his head. He afterwards said to me that, while he himself had no objection to its use, yet, if it had been heard, his neighbours would not have hesitated to express, in a very decided manner, and, perhaps, by a somewhat noisy demonstration, their strong disapproval. How great a change has come over public feeling in Scotland since then! There are, however, a great many who still retain the old feeling, and speak of an organ in a kirk as nothing but "a kist of whistles." In most places the old slow drawl has been supplanted by good and animated singing, imparting vivacity and life to their worship of God.

Without question, ELGIN is one of the most interesting and pictur-

esque towns in Scotland. It is situated on the small, but pretty river Lossie, and in the heart of Morayshire, whose climate is so salubrious that medical men recommend it as a resort for persons of tender lungs. The public buildings of this pretty town are numerous and handsome. The High Street is broad and long, filled with first-class shops, broken in the centre by the Established Kirk—a fine structure—in a most commanding position. On the top of Lady Hill there rises a column, eighty feet high, surmounted by a statue of the last Duke of Gordon in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen. Like most other considerable towns of Scotland, Elgin is well supplied with benevolent institutions, grammar and other schools. Its admirers say that it is Edinburgh in miniature; and William Hay describes it thus:—

“ Elgin was a toon,
A toon to live an’ dee in.”

Every visitor repairs at once to the far-famed ruins of the cathedral, founded in 1224 by Bishop Moray, and declared by Billings to be the most stately and beautifully decorated of all the ecclesiastical buildings in the country. Wolfe of Badenoch, a natural son of Robert III., destroyed it by fire; and after the Reformation the lead was stripped from the roof, shipped to Holland, and sold there to meet some State debts. The building, being thus exposed, gradually yielded to the weather, and, in 1711, the central tower fell to the ground. In 1820 the Commissioners of Woods and Forests took possession in the name of the Crown, and every care is taken to prevent further decay. A double row of columns stood on each side of the nave, which is more than one hundred feet long, with chapels at intervals. The transepts, with the tower rising from their midst, divide the building into nearly two equal parts, reminding one of Salisbury Cathedral. Then come the choir, presbytery, and procession path, which has an entrance into the chapter-house outside, the whole terminating in a handsome Lady Chapel. The tower at the western entrance, which has a fine porch, must have been massive and imposing, as the remains clearly indicate.

If the tourist is coming south, I would strongly advise his not going round by way of Inverness, unless he has a very particular reason for seeing that town; but to go to Grantown by the Speyside

Railway, through Rothes, a very pretty little place, beautifully situated and with beautiful surroundings, to Gorschattan Junction. The Spey is the most rapid river in Scotland, and, for its size, discharges a larger volume of water than any other. In passing along you are now at one side, then on the other—now on its banks, and then up among fine woods. Sometimes the river foams in rapids over rocks and stones, anon spreads out into tranquil lochs, the sunlight dancing upon them, and the shadows of trees and buildings reflected in the water with so much distinctness that one hardly knows which is the shadow and which the reality. It would be difficult to mention an excursion more picturesque or varied—for it is a panorama of changing scenes—of extraordinary interest and beauty.

The River Lossie, which flows by Elgin, falls into the sea at Lossiemouth, near which has grown up a large fishing hamlet named Brandersburgh. Here I found a capital kirk and a minister's manse, erected and paid for mostly by the industrious fishermen, who, when at home, attend with the usual congregation, and crowd the place at worship. They are active and devoted as a church. A recent visit to them was made more interesting to me by the recollection of a striking incident. Some years ago, at a missionary meeting, one of these hardy sons of the sea was so moved by what he heard, that he resolved to give to the cause the whole proceeds of the first night of good fishing. For several nights the weather was bad. But one fine night he had a great success, and sold the catch for £21. He kept to his resolve, and divided the money between three different missionary societies, thus showing an intelligent and catholic spirit; and I had a most intense pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of one-third. For a man in such a condition of life, with numerous family claims, the gift was a noble one, and I am glad to have this opportunity of again recording it, in the hope that, in the present state of our Mission, its growing success, and consequently its augmenting claims, and with the stirring calls of our Congo enterprise—for Central Africa is really open to God's people, and the attention of the Christian Church is fixed upon it now—many more may "go and do likewise."

Complaint.*

RIVER, sparkling river, I have fault to find with thee :
 River, thou dost never give a word of peace to me !
 Dimpling to each touch of sunshine, whimpering to each air that blow
 Thou dost make no sweet replying to my sighing for repose.

Flowers of mount and meadow, I have fault to find with you ;
 So the breezes cross and toss you, so your cups are filled with dew.
 Matters not though sighs give motion to the ocean of your breath ;
 Matters not though you are filling with the chilling drops of death.

Birds of song and beauty, lo ! I charge you all with blame—
 Though all hapless passions thrill and fill me, you are still the same.
 I can borrow for my sorrow nothing that avails
 From your lonely note that only speaks of joy that never fails.

O ! indifference of Nature to the fact of human pain !
 Every grief that seeks relief entreats it at her hand in vain ;
 Not a bird speaks forth its passion, not a river seeks the sea,
 Nor a flower from wreaths of Summer breathes in sympathy with me.

O ! the rigid rock is frigid, though its bed be summer mould,
 And the diamond glitters ever in the grasp of changeless gold ;
 And the laws that bring the seasons swing their cycles as they must,
 Though the ample road they trample blinds their eyes with human dust.

Moons will wax in argent glory, though man wane to hopeless gloom ;
 Stars will sparkle in their splendour, though he darkle to his doom ;
 Winds of heaven he calls to fan him ban him with an icy chill,
 And the shifting crowds of clouds go drifting o'er him as they will.

Yet within my inmost spirit I can hear an undertone,
 That by law of prime relation holds these voices as its own,—
 The full tonic whose harmonic grandeurs rise through Nature's words,
 From the ocean's thundrous rolling to the trolling of the birds.

Spirit, O ! my spirit ! Is it thou art out of tune ?
 Art thou clinging to December while the earth is in its June ?
 Hast thou dropped thy part in nature ? Hast thou touched another key ?
 Art thou angry that the anthem will not, cannot, wait for thee ?

Spirit, thou art left alone—alone on waters wild ;
 For God is gone, and Love is dead, and Nature spurns her child.
 Thou art drifting in a deluge, waves below and clouds above,
 And, with weary wings, come back to thee thy raven and thy dove.

* From "Kathrina, Her Life and Mine, in a Poem," by J. G. HOLLAND.

The Sadness of Death.



OW is it that Death is so sad and startling to all mankind? You cannot account for the fact by the moral and social mischiefs wrought in the world by priestcraft. You cannot suppose that those who thrive on the superstitions of the people have invented the dreadfulness and gloom which attach to death. They have taken advantage of that dreadfulness and gloom; they have aggravated and distorted it; they have traded upon it; they have vexed, betrayed, enslaved, robbed, crushed the hearts stricken down by it. They have chosen the moment of real dread and real gloom for imposing their own fictitious and costly horrors upon the soul; but, depend upon it, the dread and gloom of death *are* real. In moments of insane dissatisfaction we may court death as a relief, singing, with poor Beatrice:—

“Come, obscure Death: like a fond mother
Wind me in thine all-embracing arms,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.”

In moments of insane ideality we may have sought death as the only heroism—the grave as the only glory. In moments of sweet, passive, sublimated righteousness we may have thought it beautiful, singing:—

“Oh, ’tis a placid rest;
Who should deplore it?
Trance of the pure and blest,
Angels watch o’er it:—
Sleep of a mortal night,
Sorrow can’t break it:
Heaven’s own morning light
Alone shall wake it.”

But when we come face to face with death, we feel it to be truly dreadful and truly sad. Our grand faith in God may master the terror, and may soothe the grief; but the terror is there, though eternally vanquished—the grief is there, though Divinely consoled. Is not this somewhat surprising? For death is very ancient; glaringly universal. How is it that men do not grow accustomed to

it? How is it that we do not learn coldly and carelessly to regard it as an inevitable event—like winter—like sunrise—like the melting of snow when the weather warms—like the freezing of water when the air is cold—like the report of thunder when gases explode—like the falling of fruit when it is ripe—like the withering of grass when its day is gone—like the fading of flowers when plucked from the stem? How is it that we cannot wait for it without anxiety—that we cannot watch it without shrinking revulsion—that we cannot yield to it without trembling curiosity and blushing shame? Strange to say, death is to humanity what it ever was—a wonder and a woe. Eve did not gaze upon the mangled corpse of Abel with an acuter grief than that which every womanly mother has expressed over her departed child. Rachel, who “wept for her children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not,” was but a type of her species, faithfully representing those deep and tender sorrows to which no familiarity of custom can render it indifferent, and the force of which no conviction of stern necessity can subdue.

The fact is, however, that man is impregnable in his individuality. What to him are the lives and deaths of all past generations? He may examine them as so many historical phenomena; he may even revere them as the data of science. But life is nothing to him till he lives; death is nothing till he suffers by it. He was born; he dies. He has learned to love; and those whom he has learned to love *die*. It is nothing to me that Eve died; it would be everything that my own mother or my own wife should die. When a friend dies, my heart-strings are touched to a doleful strain; when I die myself, my heart-strings snap asunder. True, I have sympathies even with strangers, and by the keenness of my own experiences am enabled to look upon their griefs with something like appreciation. But even there my heart is my only instructor; and by all the tenderness of that heart I must weep over death—death, that divider of the loving, that layer-low of all the proud, that ever-working mystery, to the dread charms of which the soul is pledged in everlasting curiosity and everlasting awe.

Alas! most of us have been to the graves of the loved and the dear. But few of us have utterly escaped the universal desolation. We have brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, sacred to memory, gone from sight—laid low in earth, reigning high in heaven. And have we not wept? We may

have talked in our uncertain way about immortality. We may have drawn our fine metaphysical distinctions between body and soul. We may have spoken to one another half-choked and half-silly words of commonplace comfort; but the heart is cast down; the friend is taken away, to be heard, to be seen, no more, and the tears will start in spite of your philosophy—ay, in spite of your faith, they start and flow. Why, here is Jesus, with a heart as wide as heaven, with a faith as firm as the hills, with but middling reasons for loving any human creature; here He is talking at the grave-side in His own grand and truthful way about the Resurrection and the Life, about the immortalising power of faith in God. And yet Mary weeps on, as though He said nothing. Even Martha, who, though “cumbered about many things,” had yet a true womanly heart, stands, believing all, but weeping still. And, yet more strange, or, rather, more sublimely simple, here, too, stands this very Jesus, Himself the Prophet of Immortality, weeping tears as tender as those of Mary, as true as those of Martha, until surrounding people exclaim, “Behold how He loved him!” Ah, there it is. Love weeps over the dead. The child weeps when leaving home from school. The mother weeps when dismissing her daughter to a life of fellowship with the bridegroom of her heart. The father weeps as he parts from his emigrant son. And may not all weep when one near and dear goes into that deep darkness into which curiosity itself cannot pry; starts on that long journey from which there can be no return; settles down in that new bridal home which is cut off from all correspondence with the dear familiar earthly circle; yields to that solemn study in which the one great lesson of our being is to be learned, and the learning of which cuts off the soul that has mastered it for ever from those who wonder what it is? Alas, we must weep! Well, Jesus wept, and we may accept His tears as the grandest, because a human, solace—the holiest, because a divine, sanction of our own. H.

Paradise Regained.*



HENCE hath come this gush of gladness,
 Welling upwards in my soul,
 Like a forest-fountain bursting
 From the winter's fierce control ?
 Wherefore leaps my heart so lightly,
 Like an unimprisoned bird
 Singing of its new-won freedom
 Till the woodland's heart is stirred ?

Is it that the earth is lovely
 In her summer-bright attire ?
 Doth the heavens' unclouded azure
 This excess of joy inspire ?
 Such of old was wont to charm me,
 But no earthly beauty now
 Wakes the music in my bosom,
 Or flings sunshine on my brow.

It is that in my helplessness
 I mighty help have found—
 That to me a voice hath spoken
 From the infinite profound,
 Welcome words of sweet solacing,
 Utterings of kindest cheer,
 Sweeter than the sweet love-music,
 Which in dreams we sometimes hear.

I was lonely, oh ! so lonely,
 Ere I heard the voice divine ;
 But it spake of kindred numberless,
 And bade me hail them mine ;
 It bade me hail sweet fellowships,
 And weave immortal ties
 With all the fair beatitudes
 Of heaven, and earth, and skies.

I was wayward, but it wooed me
 With such sweet, subduing tone,
 That I yielded, all enchanted,
 And found bliss before unknown.

* From "Lays of Lowly Life," by RUTH WILLS.

Peace, the dove-winged, o'er me brooded,
 Till within my soul uprose
 A measureless contentedness,
 An unassailed repose.

Love and hope, the twin immortals,
 O'er me clasped their glowing hands ;
 Joy, the smiler, came and brought me
 Blossoms from the shining lands.
 Faith gave glimpse, through starry vista,
 Of a future so sublime
 That I envied not the angel
 His resplendence or his clime.

Thus, at one with God and Nature ;
 All the sinful past forgiven ;
 All the present richly radiant
 As with golden light of heaven ;
 'Tis but meet that I should gladden,
 That my joy should henceforth be
 Like the flow of sunny waters
 To the all-receiving sea ;
 Gushing now in merry ripple,
 Now with bursts of louder song,
 Ever widening, ever deepening,
 Free and fresh and bright and strong.

Novels and Novel Reading.

A FAMILIAR ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Concluded from p. 459.)



NY indictment against excessive novel-reading may be summed up thus. It engages one faculty—that of the imagination—to the neglect, if not the repression, of all the rest ; a faculty which requires, as a rule, to be kept in check ; a splendid faculty when under wise control, but a very dangerous one when allowed to take the reins ; a faculty of which we may say that, like fire, it is an admirable servant, but a bad

master. Novel-reading, moreover, when allowed to develop into a passion, creates a distaste for more solid and useful literature, and, worse still, for the sober realities of life.

Let me put to the habitual novel-reader a very simple question. You always have a novel on hand; do you not feel chagrined and irritated when your reading of it is interrupted, even though you are fully aware that some important duty is awaiting your attention? You could put down any other kind of book at such a moment without a hundredth part of the regret and ill-humour. Does that look like a healthy state of things? Can you descend from the imaginary world into which your precious novel has lifted you, and in which your whole nature, except your reason and your conscience, has been so highly excited, into any occupation so prosaic, so dull, so tedious, as that of reading some plain historical narrative, some philosophical discussion, some book like Butler's *Analogy*, or Foster's *Essays*, or the *Epistles of Paul*? You know perfectly well that all this sort of literature has become utterly insipid to you, and that it is your darling novels that have made it so. I do not wonder at it, but you must excuse me if I say that I am sorry for it. The consequence, naturally enough, follows from the cause, but it is a bad consequence nevertheless. The imagination contrives to present its visions so vividly as to make a deeper impression than it seems possible for sober facts to make; and there lies the peril.

Let me illustrate my position by a case. Have patience with me while I relate a circumstance which has no element of fiction in it, but which actually occurred exactly as I shall present it to you. The story will not occupy many lines. Some years ago a girl of about twenty years of age was spiritually impressed by a sermon of mine. The next day she sought an interview with me. I found that her conscience was thoroughly awake, and that it was difficult to present the Gospel to her in such a way as to afford her any comfort. I told her of the love of Christ, as shown in His death on the Cross for our sins. The allusion to the Saviour's sufferings seemed to have no interest for her. "That old, old story of Jesus and His love," so touching to all unsophisticated souls, seemed to have no more power to move her heart than the multiplication table! I could not understand it. There she sat before me, a conscience-stricken sinner, trembling at the thought of God, of death, and of judgment; and for her the Gospel of the Cross seemed to have no message of hope and

of peace. I asked her whether she knew the story of the Cross, and its meaning. She said that she knew it well enough, but that it did not lay hold of her mind. She was a stranger to me, but the thought suddenly occurred to me (I know not how or why) that probably she had been a great novel-reader, and that, in that fact, the secret of her inability to appreciate the story of the Cross might be detected. I said to her: "Suppose that no such person as Jesus Christ had ever existed, but that a writer like Sir Walter Scott or Wilkie Collins had invented the character and the details of the history, and had done them up in the ordinary style of romance, and had published them as a novel in three attractive-looking volumes; how do you think the story would have affected you then?" She gazed at me with a strange curiosity, as if wondering why I had put my question in that form; and then, with great frankness and earnestness, she replied: "Oh, sir, if I had read the story of Christ in a novel, I think it would have broken my heart." I said to her: "My friend, have you been a novel reader?" "Yes," she answered, with a look of alarm; "yes, indeed I have! For the last ten years I have read every novel I could lay my hands on. I belong to three Circulating Libraries." I said: "My friend, you now see what your novel-reading has done for you. It has come to this, that a story, in proportion as you know it to be true and sheer matter-of-fact, has no power to interest you; whilst the very same story, if only you can regard it as fictitious, can stir your whole nature to its depths. What will you be good for in life, or in death, or in eternity, if you persist in the indulgence of this pernicious habit? It has disabled you. It has falsified your very being. It has disqualified you for perceiving how fitted the Gospel is to give peace to a troubled conscience. I cannot offer to you a fictitious Saviour. I cannot entrance you by the portrayal of a romantic salvation. I have no fancies wherewith to charm away your remorse for sin. I can direct your attention to facts, and to facts alone. If these fail, I must leave you to the chance of a wizardry to which I cannot pretend." This view of the matter increased her alarm, and she moaned bitterly when she saw how the habit of novel-reading had become an apparently insuperable difficulty in the way of her salvation. Happily, the habit was broken off, and she became a simple-hearted and exemplary Christian.

Such a case illustrates what I was saying—namely, that the imagination sometimes contrives to disqualify the mind for the appre-

ciation of sober facts, though these facts take the highest rank in importance. Under its spell you seem to be making your own circumstances and shaping your own course. You are living what you fondly regard as an ideal life. Verily, it *is* ideal, but only in the sense of being as far as possible from real. There is a fascination about your delusion. You enjoy it. Of course you do. But what pleasure is there to you when you have to sit simply passive to the reception of facts which are independent of your own mind, and which will continue to be facts whether you are interested in them or not? Is this a healthy condition? Will it fit you for the tug and strain, the wear and tear of life, as we have it in this world? Can life ever be worth much practically to those who thus dream it away? Is that young man qualified for the duties of a husband and a father—that young woman for those of a wife and a mother—who is never happy except when a novel is under the eye, and its romances of incident and experience are working upon the imagination and the heart? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of the works of fiction which are current, life is painted, not as it really is, but as the novelist prefers to conceive of it; and he conceives of it as he does, not in the spirit of a conscientious artist, but for the sake of the sensationalism which he can crowd into it both for himself and his readers—a sensationalism which he knows will liberally pay him in hard cash. He writes about society, trade, friendship, love, marriage, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, right and wrong, life and death, not in the light of sober and substantial fact, not even in that of artistic truth, but rather in the fierce glare of romance. The reader is captivated, spell-bound, entranced, reads on and on, page after page, with eager impetuosity, “oft wondering how and where at last the mystic scene will end.” And then, when the last page is devoured, the heart is as hungry as ever, and sets to work as voraciously as ever upon the first chapter of another novel, if possible, more romantic—let me say, more *unreal*—than the last. What is the consequence? These hungry souls, always rolling sugar-plums and other confections under their tongues as the sweetest of morsels, have no taste for the true bread of life. Descending from the heights of fiction into the vales of reality, the unhappy dupe of a disordered and perverted imagination is disappointed and chagrined. Life, as it is, is poor, tame, and contemptible. Back to the heights of romance again, and a malediction for whatever stops you on the way!

Of course, I know nothing of the habit of the younger readers of this Magazine in regard to the matter which has been discussed in this series of familiar papers. Possibly, my young friends, some of you may need the warning to which I have endeavoured to give no uncertain sound. There are persons for whom novels have a spell similar to that which intoxicating drinks have for the poor drunkard. If there be one such among you, that person ought to have a concluding word. I know you do not like to be classed with the drunkard, and God forbid that I should place you side by side with him in any unnecessarily offensive, or illegitimate way; but there is one respect in which you too sadly resemble him. Like him, you are enslaved to a predominant and degrading passion. Your passion is not the same as his; in many respects it is not so bad a passion as his; but any slavery is to be deprecated and deplored. Fiction is your stimulant. Go on in the same line, and with the same ratio of rapidity, as heretofore, and you will in time have your *delirium tremens* as surely as he. No other result is possible. Be warned; and, if you cannot take your favourite stimulant in moderation, then, for your soul's sake, and for the sake of all who have to live with you and to act with you in the business of life, take the pledge of total abstinence, and say, "I have done with it for ever."

Some of you are, perhaps, in the earlier stages of this indulgence. Take care! Don't allow yourself to be carried beyond all wise and salutary self-control. Don't go out of your depth, especially when the tide is receding, and has power to bear you out so far sea-ward that you shall be unable to return. Keep within easy reach of the shore of truth, and of wisdom, and of healthy thought and feeling. Let the novel rank among the amusements of life, all of which should be occasional, not constant—brief, not prolonged—well selected, not indiscriminate—bracing, not relaxing—wholesome, not hurtful. I do not beckon you away from such writers as Scott, and Maria Edgeworth, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Charles Kingsley, and Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot, and Jane Austen, and George MacDonald, and Mrs. Oliphant, and Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Stowe, and the author of "John Halifax," and even Anthony Trollope. There are elements in the works of nearly all these writers which I could wish to be absent, or at all events developed in a greatly modified form. But these are the best fiction-writers we have, so far as my knowledge goes; and, if

we are to read novels at all, the novels they have produced are unquestionably to be preferred.

And now I close. There is one book which our great novel-readers lamentably neglect, and for the study of which inordinate novel-reading becomes an insuperable disqualification, but which is worth ten thousand times more than all the rest of the books in the world, even though they could be collected into one vast library. The Bible is the Book of books. I will not discourse to you now of its literary attractions. I will only remind you that God, in His mercy, has given it to us that it may be "a light unto our feet, and a lamp unto our path." David might well say, even of that portion of it which was extant in his time: "More to be desired is it than gold; yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, or the honeycomb." James Martineau truly said of it: "The Bible is an intensely human book"—so intensely human, because so emphatically Divine. Neglect it not for the trash which our printing-presses laboriously pour forth every week, and even every day. Turn not away from it, even for the luxury which the best merely human literature can afford you. As one remarks: "If Alexander slept with Homer under his pillow; if Scipio Africanus usually had the works of Xenophon in his hand; if the King of Sparta read the 'Iliad' every night and morning; if Professor Porson could repeat Horace, Homer, Virgil, and extracts from Cicero and Livy from memory; if the poems of Milton, had they been blotted out, could have been virtually restored from the memory of Macaulay;—how much more ought you and I to love the Bible!"

"The Bible! That's the Book—the Book indeed!

The Book of books,
On which who looks,

As he should do, aright—shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him in the night.

It is the Book of God. What if I should
Say; the God of books?
Let him that looks

Angry at that expression, as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother,
Till he find such another!"

Illustrations from a Preacher's Note-book.

(Continued from p. 318.)



30. *The Peril of Prosperity.*

NHEN we are receiving special tokens of the Divine favour, when our life is prospering and we are rejoicing in the fulfilment of our highest hopes and our most bounding anticipations, then we are in special danger of falling, as so many before us have fallen, through self-elation.

Like tall-growing plants which require stakes to support them, we want keeping upright and steady by the strong arms of Divine grace. More men, in all probability, have been ruined, morally and spiritually, by prosperity than by adversity. When men are low and weak they instinctively seek for some higher power that will raise and uphold them ; but, when they are exulting in prosperousness and plenty, they are apt to forget their dependence, and, in a moment of forgetfulness, to succumb to the touch of some withering temptation, and lose the virtue and piety of a lifetime.

31. *The Power of Unity.*

Walking by the waterside in the month of May one may often see a curious little craft floating on the current as steadily and serenely as any well-steered boat. That little craft consists of between two and three hundred minute eggs, laid by the common gnat, placed carefully together, and then pushed out from the bank to sail upon the surface of the stream until hatched by the warming sun. It is an interesting fact—and one that may teach us a useful lesson—that each one of these numerous eggs making up this tiny barque is itself of sufficient weight, if severed from the rest, to sink out of sight ; but, being held closely together by gluten secreted by the parent insect, they form a strong and graceful raft which not even the plashing rain nor the eddying wind can overturn or destroy. The course of human life in this world is frequently and fitly compared to a stream ; and that stream, though smooth at times, is often rough—too rough for us to breast its waves separately and alone. It is a merciful provision

that we go through life in company. God, who endowed the insect with the instinct to lay its eggs for safety side by side, has placed us here, not in so many isolated units, one by one to float over life's stormy main; He has set us in families, in churches, in communities; He has cemented us together in the strong bond of love, so that as we pass through life we shall each give strength and support to the rest, and thus be able to overcome together what, if we were left in singleness and aloofness, would overcome us. This teaches us the duty of endeavouring, as far as we can, to cultivate the spirit of brotherly love. If, by any coldness, or petulance, or pride, we stand aside from our fellows, caring only for our own individual good, we shall break a Divine ordinance and shall assuredly find ourselves, in our mere individuality, too weak to bear up against the billows of care and pain and trouble that come to roughen more or less the current of every human life. The more closely compacted, the more firmly welded together we are in life by the principle of a warm and earnest love, the more shall we be able to struggle effectually against the ills of life, and steer our course onward to our appointed haven.

32. *The Hurtful Influence of Little Sins.*

"Little sins cannot do much harm, and they are easily broken away from." So men often say; but, as often as they say so, they are mistaken. Little sins are like the serrasalmos of the tropics—fish which are by no means formidable to look at, and which the bather unaccustomed to their character thinks little of, but which, if he gets too far away from the shore, will surround him, and pierce him with innumerable wounds until he is too faint to swim to land, and dies.

33. *The Progressiveness of Evil.*

Men do not rush into glaring courses of wickedness at a single bound. There is a previous process of deterioration which renders such courses possible. Sin is compared in the Bible to a rope; and you know how ropes are made. First there is the formation of the separate threads, each of which a little child can snap with ease; then there is the blending of these single threads into separate strands, stout enough to require a man's strength to break them; and, finally, there is the twisting of these separate strands into a massive rope which not a hundred men can pull in two. It is just in this way that the power of evil grows in man. Its beginnings are small, so small that they can be easily checked and destroyed. Further

dallying with temptation, and yielding to it, tightens the hold which sin has got upon the soul. Successive acts of evil augment more and more the strength of the tendency to sin, until at last it becomes so powerful as to draw the soul helplessly into the lowest depths of servitude and misery, and thus to afford a striking commentary on the wise man's words: "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins."

34. *Directness in Christian Effort.*

"Now, my lads," said Sir Richard Napier to his men, when they were about to open fire on the Russians, "you have just heard what the Commodore has said to you, and all I have to say is—you must be cool and collected; don't throw your shot away. A shot fired in the air or the water is of no use. Make every one of them *tell*." More excellent advice was never given to men in the prospect of battle. What every soldier has to guard against in the heat of the strife is mere random, aimless firing. A small band of men intent on making every shot tell will be more than a match for a large company of soldiers who use their guns recklessly. The men who resolve to hit every time are the men who become masters of the field. In spiritual warfare it is of the highest importance that there be on the part of all who are engaged directness of aim and of effort. Much Christian endeavour is like shot which never strikes; it is aimed at nothing and it hits nothing. Everything we do with a view to overcome the evil of the world, and to establish the reign of righteousness, must be done with the determination to make it effective. If we pray, our prayers must have a specific object; they must not be so much mere talk to God; they must be the fervent, vehement expression of desires which are clearly defined to our own minds, and which are felt to be legitimate and noble. If we visit the sick, we must do so not in any mere perfunctory manner, just uttering in their ears a few stale religious platitudes; we must go to them feeling that life with them may be but short, and so ordering our speech as that it shall guide them and strengthen them in their conflict with the enemy of their souls. If we preach, whether in the pulpit or out of it, we must not be content with securing attention and winning admiration; we must aim at reaching the hearts, arousing the consciences, and moulding into beauty and good the lives of all who come within the range of our voice. As evil is strong, and life at the

longest is brief, we must "make every shot tell," we must waste not a single energy, we must seek by every exertion we put forth to overthrow the strongholds of wickedness and extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

35. *The Need of Fervency in Religious Experience.*

When hard substances such as alabaster or marble have to be coloured, the staining element must be poured on hot, otherwise the colours cannot be deeply or permanently fixed. The hearts of men, which ought to be as hearts of flesh, are, alas, too often as hearts of stone, and, in order to impress upon them the beauty of Christian goodness, we must touch them in no cold, half-hearted way; we must approach them with a religious experience that is fervent; the influences we seek to exert upon them must stream forth from a heart that is hot with the fire of Divine faith and love. It is just here that so many fail. They are in many respects excellent people; their aims and their endeavours are rightly set; they have about them many qualities that are calculated to win admiration and regard; but they fall short of doing the good they might do, and ought to do, from mere lack of intensity of Christian feeling. If they would only get the fire of the Divine Spirit more fully kindled in their hearts, and go to their fellow-men bright and warm with the glow of God, they would be sure to make upon all with whom they came in contact a much more deep and durable impression for good.

36. *The Penalty of Spiritual Neglect.*

Many a fine building has gone into decay, has crumbled into dust, through sheer neglect. A little timely attention to the roof and walls and windows would have saved the structure from ruin, and preserved it as a centre of busy, happy life for many a generation to come. You need not set yourself deliberately to damage your character, to destroy its fair proportions and lay low its divine beauty. That result will come about without any effort made on your part for the purpose. Simply be indifferent to your character; cease to keep a careful watch upon it; when it is assailed by the gusts and gales of temptation, do not trouble to defend it; when it has suffered some slight injuries, do not concern yourself about repairing the evil that has been wrought—and by and by you will become morally dilapidated; all in you that was sweet and pure and holy will pass away; and there will be in you no beauty that men will admire or God will delight in.

B. WILKINSON, F.G.S.

In Heavenly Places.



OUR Lord in conversation with Nicodemus said, "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you heavenly things?" He had been speaking of the wonders of conversion. These are the earthly things of the Kingdom of God. The heavenly things belong to a higher sphere of attainment, that of communion with Christ, who came down from heaven in His human nature, yet remained still "in heaven" as He told the inquirer. He never ceased to dwell "in heavenly places." The fullest teaching concerning these heavenly things or places, which Nicodemus could not comprehend, is found in the Epistle to the Ephesians. The expression *ἐπουράνια* occurs five times in that epistle, to which it may be considered peculiar, as, with the exception of its use in the conversation just referred to, it only elsewhere occurs in the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. It refers to a certain condition of spiritual life. Not to the full final blessedness of the redeemed, but to a measure of that blessedness to which they attain whilst on earth. The five passages should be studied together.

The expression occurs in Eph. i. 3: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in heavenly places in Christ." The blessings of the Gospel are not the reward of merit, or earned by a certain conduct. They are the flowers and fruits of a distinct spiritual region. A transgressor may be under condemnation, but, by escaping to another country, he finds a new condition of law amidst which he is free. The sick man in one climate finds health and vigour in changing for another. Conversion is passing into another region of spiritual existence and law. There is found redemption, forgiveness, and riches of grace. Attaining that, the soul is blessed with all spiritual blessings. Every one there finds a supply of every spiritual need.

In the heavenly places Christ sits at the right hand of God (Eph. i. 20). All the administrations of the Divine hand are guided by the loving Saviour. In other places "the right hand of the

Lord is glorious in might to subdue His enemies," "from His right hand goes forth the fiery law," "His right hand is full of righteousness and teacheth terrible things." But, in the heavenly places, He who died and rose again takes His place at the right hand of God. The fountain, formerly of vengeance, now flows with sympathy. A Man, one of our nature, who can feel for us, is at the centre of all authority and power. So that in this region of soul-existence the jubilant song arises: "Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is ever at the right hand of God."

To this position believers are raised by grace. The next reference is in chap. ii. 6: "Raised us up with Him, and made us to sit with Him in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." We may note the progress of the idea. First, all spiritual blessings are found there. Secondly, Christ is there on the throne; and now believers are said to be there resting with Him. A new position gives a new point of view. The aspect of a city is very different from the summit of a neighbouring hill from what it is from the roadway of one of its narrow streets. The believer looks at the joys and woes, the pursuits and history, of the world from the same point of view as that taken by Jesus Christ. Difference of opinion is often difference of perspective. Our view of any landscape depends upon the position we take when looking at it. Our spiritual outlook is equally dependent on our spiritual altitude. If we are sinking in some slough of despond, if we are straying in some gloomy mountain gorge, it is impossible to have the same joyous prospects as when standing on a sun-lit breezy hill summit. The believer's right position is on the mount of God. He does not regard the course of events, the trials of life, even his own business and character, as a man of the world; he does not estimate the doctrines of the Gospel as an ordinary reasoner; but he seeks to look at all things as Jesus Christ regards them from His lofty seat and expansive view "in heavenly places."

A familiar illustration may assist. A little child, accustomed to foul back streets, is taken by a school excursion to some neighbouring hill. There her soul is filled with delight at the wide prospect, the glorious sky undarkened by smoke, and the atmosphere unstained by foul exhalations and impure language. Somewhat wearied, she rests her head on her loved teacher's bosom and falls asleep. She dreams she is back again amidst the filthy courts to which she has been accustomed. But all the while she is on the hill top, and but needs

awakening to see the glory. So often with the believer. He is really in the heavenly places; the full free promises are his; the riches of Divine grace have been freely bestowed; he is with Christ. His soul's need is not some fresh blessing, but to awake by faith and recognise his lofty standing and abounding gifts.

The expression next occurs in the 3rd chapter. At the 10th verse we read: "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places might be made known through the Church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." In seeking for the exact meaning here, it is necessary to consider whether the expression is to be joined to the preceding or the succeeding clause. It should be taken with the one following. The heavenly places are the arena, the principalities and powers are the spectators. Hence these holy beings are not spoken of as angels. The word angel means a messenger. These are not the ministering, but the witnessing spirits. There are many ranks of angelic beings. Some seem engaged in watching the wondrous development of the manifold wisdom of God as displayed in the history of the Church.

Here we touch upon a sanctifying thought of the loftiest influence. Amongst the motives which actuate human conduct, that of the opinion of others has considerable weight. It is in vain to assert it ought not so to be; it is; and God has made us thus. The belief that the eyes of other beings are upon us makes us circumspect. Assuredly we should be the better for the recognition of the truth, which evidently had considerable influence with the Apostle: "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men;" "We are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Once again the expression is found. It occurs in connection with the description of the Christian panoply in the 6th chapter. Possibly Paul while writing this epistle was in a Roman barracks. Military sights and pursuits were present with him and suggested the imagery. "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." Here, then, is the sphere of the true Christian conflict. His wrestling is not the ordinary struggles of life, such as all men have to engage in, but some peculiar strife in the region of heavenly places.

For the severest temptation of the believer is not to drunkenness,

dishonesty, or the other ordinary sins of men. These he has mastered. He puts on the armour for other foes, for temptation to forgetfulness of God, to coldness of heart towards Jesus Christ, to rebellion against the gentle strivings of the Spirit, to want of realisation of divine things, to worldliness, to unbelief. It is the spiritual hosts of wickedness that he has to struggle with. For these, other weapons are needed. Thus his armament differs. For conflict with ordinary sins, ordinary armour and arms may avail. For grosser sins he might be exhorted to put on the breastplate of steadiness of career, and have his feet shod with resolute principle, and take up the shield of strong common-sense, and to take for a helmet the good opinion of friends and the sword of a determined will. "Stand fast in your integrity, and, having done all, stand." But for the warfare of the heavenly places this will not avail. The weapons of the spiritual hosts of wickedness would shiver all this at the first onset, and the self-reliant warrior would speedily have to bite the dust. Suitable and reliable as this panoply might be found to be in the ordinary conflict of flesh and blood, far different must be the armour of the soldier of the cross in the great wrestling against evil principalities and powers, whilst holy principalities and powers look on, in the wondrous arena of the heavenly places. There, not human strength, but the strength of the Lord alone can prevail. There, only the armour of God can serve our need and ensure the victory.

J. HUNT COOKE.

The Baptist Union at Liverpool.



ULL reports of the splendid series of meetings in connection with the Baptist Union at Liverpool in the early part of October have appeared in our denominational newspapers, and have, no doubt, been eagerly perused by the great majority of our readers. They would fill at least two numbers of this Magazine, and any adequate account of them would occupy ten times the space we have at our command. The denomination has abundant reason to thank God for the sanctified enthusiasm which prevailed, and for the new impulse which the Christian work we are doing, both at home and abroad, has thus received. The public reception on the Monday evening must have inspired the heart of every Baptist who was present with an exalted gladness and a noble pride. In the course of the week several sermons were preached, the three chief ones being those of Mr. Glover, Dr. Stanford, and Mr. Rose-

year. Mr. Glover, on behalf of missions, made a free but remarkably ingenious and effective use of the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman ; Dr. Stanford, for the same great cause, discoursed, with the beauty and impressiveness for which he is so justly celebrated, on "Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ ;" and Mr. Rosevear, with his usual individuality of thought and eloquence of language, administered salutary and much-needed cautions and counsels to young men from the suggestive and appropriate words, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The Tuesday may be described as a red-letter day in the history of our Foreign Mission, for, in addition to two of the sermons we have mentioned, there was a highly successful breakfast meeting in the morning, and in the evening an immense meeting in the Philharmonic Hall. At the former, the Congo Mission received the largest share of attention, and evoked a measure of sympathy which augurs well for its future success. One special feature of the morning meeting must not be overlooked. Mr. Baynes, the Secretary, read a long and most interesting letter from Mr. Comber, written from the neighbourhood of Stanley Pool, and mentioned an intimation from him that for the establishment of the mission at that important station £500 was required. Mr. Baynes suggested that the meeting should be signalled by raising the sum ; and, at the close, the chairman announced that the subscriptions of the morning amounted to over £1,100. Such an outburst of liberality is an encouraging proof that the missionary zeal of the denomination is not flagging, and justifies the hope that the income of the Society will be enriched by the £5,000 a-year which its increased operations require. The work of the Union was, as usual, very varied, but the brethren addressed themselves to it with zest and with a fair measure of unanimity. It dealt with our chief denominational interests in such a way as to promote them. "The practical aspects of church life" were ably, comprehensively, and courageously discussed by the Rev. J. J. Brown in his address from the chair ; whilst the papers read by the Rev. R. Lewis, of Rochdale, and the Rev. T. V. Tymms, of London, presented their respective and important themes in a masterly style. The Report on the July Conference concerning the spiritual requirements of our rural populations was carefully discussed, and the discussion closed with a few suggestive and encouraging words from Dr. Maclaren. The Union Committee needs an addition of £1,000 to its annual income even to make an effective start in the work which is thus falling into its hands ; and, as the work extends, a very much larger sum will be wanted. The various Funds of the Union also require considerable augmentation. The great meeting of the "Baptist Total Abstinence League" had Mr. Caine, M.P., for its chairman and Sir Wilfrid Lawson for its chief speaker, and an overflow meeting had to be held in Hope Hall. It is needless to say that the announcement that Mr. Spurgeon was to preach in Hengler's Circus on the Wednesday drew a vast congregation. We are thankful to record that our brother was in much better health than has been usual with him for several years. He delivered a characteristically faithful and telling sermon on "Lusting and Poverty," founded on James iv. 2, 3. The Union had the usual welcome from other religious denominations, and the hospitality of Liverpool was generously and genially extended to it. May God's blessing follow !

Correspondence.

THE ARCHAISMS OF THE "REVISED VERSION."

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.



EAR SIR,—Most persons who have compared the Revised Version of the New Testament with the Original and with the Authorised Version, agree that it has both excellences and faults, though they may differ as to what the excellences and the faults respectively are, or as to the proportion of the former to the latter. I wish to direct attention to a fault which is most manifest, as it is apparent to readers who are quite ignorant of Greek, but in which, nevertheless, reviewers appear silently to acquiesce. In former years, when the desirableness of a revision of the English Bible was spoken of, one of the most usual arguments in favour of it was that the English language had changed since the Authorised Version was made, and that it was desirable to have a version agreeing with our language in its present state. On examination, it will be found that this change for the better has been but very imperfectly effected. The revisers should have deemed it their duty to make the version as intelligible as was consistent with fidelity. Most of the archaisms may be intelligible to many readers; but many readers are illiterate, and many are children; and if expressions could have been used which would be better understood by these, and which would at the same time appear to the better educated to be more agreeable to propriety and good taste, surely such expressions should have been chosen. How much better would it be to speak of a "*dish*" or a "*trencher*" by its right name than to call it a "*charger*," which, if in modern English it means anything, means a "*horse of the cavalry*"; and how much better to call a "*thong of leather*" a "*strap*"* than to call it a "*latchet*." Would not ordinary readers, especially young ones, more readily understand "*which of the two*" than "*whether of the twain*"? And surely there can be no reason for expressing "*seventy-five*" by the obscure phrase "*three score and fifteen*," which requires the arithmetical processes of multiplication and addition to make it intelligible.

It is said that an air of antiquity gives the Bible a venerable aspect, which it would not have if translated into the language now in common use. The same arguments would apply for printing the Bible in the old "black letter." The retention of "*thou*" as the second person singular, of "*ye*" as the second person plural, and "*st*" and "*th*" as the termination of verbs in the second and third persons singular (as "*believest*" or "*believeth*"), would give the Bible quite as strong a flavour of antiquity as is desirable, without the retention of the more objectionable archaisms. Moreover, it should be remembered that the Revised Version is not made for the present age alone, but for future ages also; and in those future ages many terms now current will be growing antiquated; and therefore,

* Or as in Acts xxii. 26, where the Authorised Version calls it a "*bow*."

in order to give an antique air to the future English Bible, it is not necessary to retain expressions which are already antique.

A collection of all the archaisms of the Revised Version would be a very laborious work. I wish to mention those which are found in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistle to the Philippians. In the former case, they will be classified and summarized; in the latter, they will be taken as they occur. In both cases, the old pronouns, "thou" and "ye," and the old forms of the second and third persons of verbs, will be passed over as archaisms which it was excusable to retain.

The archaisms which we find in the Authorised Version may be classified thus:—
 1. The use of "which" instead of "who"—as "a judge *which* feareth not God." 2. The use of "of" instead of "by"—as "to be tempted *of* the devil." 3. Redundant words—as "I will ask *of* you one question." 4. Orthographical or grammatical differences from modern English—as "*spake*" instead of "*spoke*." 5. Obsolete words—as "thy speech *bewrayeth* thee." 6. Words that are antiquated though not decidedly obsolete, which may be called obsolescent—as "*all manner* of disease." 7. Words which, though still in use, are obsolete in the sense in which they were used by the former translators—as "he that now *letteth* will *let*," meaning, "he that now *hindereth* will *hinder*." 8. Old phrases and forms of construction—as "well stricken in years."

The modes in which the Revisers have dealt with archaisms are three. Some they have *amended*, by substituting modern terms for them. Some they have *evaded*—*i.e.*, they have altered the rendering, by which the archaism disappears. Some (most) they have retained. In a few cases they have substituted one archaism for another, and in a few others they have introduced an archaism where there was not one in the Authorised Version. These last-named cases, however, are very rare.

I will, with your permission, reserve details for another letter.—Yours, &c.,
 Hull, August 12th, 1882. J. H. HILL.

A Fragment.

THY love

Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
 After its own life-working. A child-kiss, anon
 Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
 A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong.
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.

E. B. BROWNING.

Reviews.

THE PERIODICALS.

WE continue to receive with pleasure and gratitude **THE SWORD AND TROWEL** (Passmore & Alabaster); **THE BAPTIST MESSENGER** (61, Paternoster Row); **GOLDEN HOURS** (Passmore & Alabaster); **THE JEWISH HERALD** (Snow & Co.); **THE SHIELD OF FAITH** (Wade & Co., 11, Ludgate Arcade); **THE POSTMAN** (Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey); **THE SENTINEL** (Dyer Brothers, Amen Corner); **THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH** (Partridge & Co.); **THE CHRISTIAN** (Morgan & Scott); **THE HERALD OF MERCY** (Morgan & Scott); **THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY AND FAMILY TREASURY** (Nelson & Sons). These publications have separate and distinct aims, for the attainment of which they are well adapted. Most of them are so well known and so popular, as to need no recommendation. Their characteristic excellences and wide acceptableness speak with sufficient emphasis on their behalf. The October number of the *Sword and Trowel* contains the delightful and soul-elevating address delivered by Mr. Spurgeon at the Communion Service held at the close of the last Pastors' College Conference. It is founded on the words in Rev. i. 17, 18, of which a highly ingenious but perfectly legitimate use is made for the hallowed occasion. The man who could speak such words as those which constitute this address, must have long been familiar with the sweetness of an intimate and habitual fellowship with

the Saviour. Mr. Spurgeon is great by reason of his genius, but greater still by reason of his piety; and no wonder that God should bless his work so richly. The *Baptist Messenger* publishes a sermon of his month by month, and this is quite sufficient to give to it a stamp of excellence, though it is not destitute of other attractions. *Golden Hours* is bright and cheery, varied in matter, popular in style, with, perhaps, a somewhat too large infusion of the fictitious element. The *Jewish Herald* is valuable as a record of Christian work among the Jews. The *Shield of Faith* is edited by Dr. George Sexton, with Dr. Frederic Rowland Young for his assistant, both of whom are eminently fitted for the task they have undertaken—viz., that of a defence of Christianity from the attacks of infidelity, especially those which proceed from what is popularly known as the "Secularist School." Its exposures of the coarser forms of infidelity are at once relentless and effective, and we hope it circulates largely amongst the working classes. The *Sentinel* has been already commended once or twice in our columns. This periodical also has a work of exposure to perform. It sets itself uncompromisingly against all forms of vice, the prevalence of which, to a degree much greater than many good people are aware of, it fearlessly reveals, with a view to its suppression by all legitimate means. We gladly

renew the expression of our hearty approval of the comparatively new monthly journal, the *Christian Church*, which is devoted to the exposition and vindication of Christian truth. It contains much interesting and instructive writing. We have been specially gratified by a paper in the October number, on "The Character of Christ as Evidence of Christianity," by the Rev. W. Burnet, M.A., Vicar of Stradsett. The theme is not a new one, but it is here discussed with useful brevity and attractive freshness. Several other papers in the same number are worthy of perusal, among which we may mention "Historical Science and the Bible," by the Rev. John Urquhart; "The Lord's Parable of Toleration" (The Tares and the Wheat), by the Rev. P. Richardson, M.A.; and "The Two Mothers and the Two Covenants" (Genesis xxi. 17-19), by the Rev. Canon Bell. The *Christian* is considerably enlarged, and is a wonderfully voluminous and cheap record of almost countless varieties of Christian work in process of accomplishment in our time, interspersed with short pieces intended to direct and to stimulate the Christian worker. The *Herald of Mercy*, originated by the late Duncan Matheson, is distinctively evangelistic. The *Christian Monthly and Family Treasury* is a periodical the literary character and style of which are superior, and the tone and tendency of which are unexceptionally good. The chief topics of the month are intelligently and discriminatively noticed. There are admirable Biblical papers, amongst which we must particularly mention the series by the Rev. James Stalker, M.A., on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Topics in Nature and Art are treated in a deeply Christian spirit. The young are not for-

gotten, whilst good poetry and taking and suggestive stories combine to perfect the attractiveness and to enhance the usefulness of the magazine.

THE PREACHER'S ANALYST. Conducted by the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A. October. Elliot Stock.

THIS monthly homiletical magazine, which is now drawing near to the close of the sixth year of its existence, retains all its original characteristics. It is evangelical, robust, free from cant, uncommonplace in its treatment of texts, with good expository articles; altogether helpful to preachers, who, from want either of faculty or time, may be unable to produce original discourses week by week, but who can, nevertheless, make good use of the thoughts of others.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. October. Nisbet & Co.

WE have here a noble sermon on "Man's Place in the Universe" (Ps. viii. 4) by Dr. Bersier; a full outline by the Editor (Rev. F. Hastings) on "Abijah; or, Early Piety and Evil Parentage" (1 Kings xiv. 13); a continuation of "The Parabolic Teaching of Christ" by Professor A. B. Bruce ("The Ten Virgins, or the Judgment of Foolish Citizens of the Kingdom"); "The Visions of St. Paul," by the Rev. W. Burnett, M.A.; "The Sceptre and Shiloh: an Interpretation of Gen. xlix. 10," by Rev. Stanley Leathes, D.D.; and a contribution to the "Clerical Symposium," on "The Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement,"

by the Rev. A. Cave, Principal of Hackney College. Some seventeen pages are occupied with a variety of good sermonic outlines—some of them very good; one by our brother Mr. Humphreys, of Wellington, entitled, "Blest—Becoming a Blessing" (Gen. xii. 2), and another on "Perfect Gifts" (James i. 17, 18) by Professor J. Radford Thomson. We do not perceive in this very superior magazine for preachers any diminution of the good qualities which have heretofore distinguished it.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.
Part XVIII. Ward, Lock, & Co.

OUR last notice of this great undertaking occurred in the August number of our Magazine. Three additional parts have since come to hand. Two more will take the enterprising publishers over the half-way line, for they inform us that the work is to be complete in thirty-nine parts. That such a mass of printed matter as these parts contain can be produced at a shilling is to us a marvel, especially as the paper and type are in every respect satisfactory. We trust that it is as remunerative to the publishers as it must be helpful to the student.

THE CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Parts
XXII.—XXIV. Cassell, Petter,
Galpin, & Co.

THIS superb work is now complete— with title-page, preface, table of contents, and list of illustrations. The body of the work comprises 747 pages, printed and illustrated in a style with which a child's eye is

sure to be charmed, and filled with sacred incidents presented in such a way that no child's mind able to read with some degree of fluency will feel them to be tedious. Our intention is to get these twenty-four parts appropriately bound straightway, and to keep them for the careful use of the "children" we may have "about us." We ourselves shall often turn to them with pleasure and profit.

IN CHRIST; or, The Believer's Union with his Lord. By A. J. Gordon, D.D., Author of "The Ministry of Healing," &c. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE recently noticed [Dr. Gordon's "Ministry of Healing," a deeply interesting work, but somewhat speculative in its character. We are much more at home with him in his treatment of the immeasurably important subject of "The Believer's Union with his Lord." These ten chapters shine with a mild and holy beauty from beginning to end. No devout mind can trace them without finding them to be replete with expositions and reflections eminently calculated to render more clear his relation to the Saviour, and to invest that relation with a preciousness with which no other privilege, either in time or eternity, can for a moment be compared. It is seen to mean, for the true Christian, light, life, purity, peace, strength, glory—all possible good and all possible blessedness. Dr. Gordon first develops the meaning of the phrase "In Christ," and then, in subsequent chapters, discourses on "Crucifixion in Christ," "Resurrection in Christ," "Baptism into Christ," "Life in Christ," "Standing in Christ," "Prayer in Christ," "Communion in Christ,"

“Sanctification in Christ,” and “Glorification in Christ.” We have found a peculiar gratification in perusing the two chapters, “Baptism into Christ” and “Sanctification in Christ,” inasmuch as, with much originality of thought, they place the two subjects in what seems to us to be the true Scriptural light, and thus avoid common and hurtful errors. The chapter on “Communion in Christ” treats of the Lord’s Supper, and is almost equal in value to those other parts of the book which we have specialised. We have here a consecutive series of thoughts which are worthy of being devoutly pondered, carefully treasured up in the memory, welcomed into the heart, and faithfully developed in the life; whilst the volume which contains them is presented in a style of simple beauty suited to their character and at a price within the reach of the great bulk of the Christian readers of our day.

FROM LOG-CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE :
the Story of President Garfield’s
Life. By William M. Thayer. Cheap
Edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. THAYER’S singularly graphic account of the renowned and lamented President Garfield is not new to English readers. Forty-five thousand copies of it have been sold at its former published price of five shillings, and now we have an unabridged edition, well printed, with a striking portrait (steel engraving) for the very low charge of eighteenpence. Whence the author obtained the innumerable details of incident, dialogue, &c., which he has here brought together, and woven into a continuous narrative, we are unable to say; but taking them as authentic, we are bound

to say that he has so arranged them as to present a bewitching story, and to set before us the character and career of one of the most remarkable men of his age—remarkable for his sagacity, his goodness, his courage, his perseverance in the face of most formidable disadvantages and obstacles, his deep-toned piety, his fidelity to conscience, his patriotism, his fine, lofty unselfishness. If the story of President Garfield, “From Log-cabin to White House,” could command its tens of thousands of readers in its more expensive form, we may be sure that it will not fail to command its hundreds of thousands now that it is issued at a price from which those who have but little money to spend on books need not shrink.

MEMORIALS OF JOHN CURWEN. Com-
piled by his Son, J. Spencer Curwen.
With a Chapter on his Home Life, by
his Daughter, Mrs. Banks. J. Cur-
wen & Sons, 8, Warwick Lane.

MR. CURWEN was in many ways a remarkable man, and the story of his life, which is here very fully and fittingly told, is a charming one. He had fine natural gifts, which were well trained and brought under the sanctifying and ennobling influence of the grace of God. A more amiable disposition it would be scarcely possible for a human being to possess; whilst his amiability was combined with great moral and spiritual strength. He was a diligent and successful student, and an interesting and instructive preacher, with a remarkable gift for addressing audiences of children, and for engaging the affections of the young. But the great work of his life was the

spread of musical knowledge and the development of a musical taste amongst the masses of the population, through the medium of the Tonic Sol-fa Notation, of which he was not the inventor, but which he heartily adopted as being based on true principles, and which he afterwards modified and made marvelously popular. "Old Notationists" have never taken to it very kindly, but its simplicity as a system has brought an immense mass of good music within the comprehension and the reach of countless thousands of persons who, in the absence of it, would have known nothing of music whatever. The history of this remarkable movement is contained in the fascinating pages before us, in connection with the narration of a great variety of incidents which marked his beautiful and noble life. The closing chapter, by Mrs. Banks, is a delightful bit of reminiscence. The book, as a whole, most pleasantly and instructively illustrates how a good man discovers the way in which the great Controller of his life would have him to go, and how he faithfully, and from the highest motives, pursues that way, even to the end. Many ardent "Tonic Sol-faists" are not yet consecrated to Christ. We pray and trust that these memorials, which they are sure to read, will fill them with the desire to have their minds attuned, as John Curwen's was, to the will and to the praise of God and of His Son Jesus Christ.

Republic" need not be told of the interest which attaches to the siege of Leyden, and of the manner in which it lends itself to the purpose of a skilful and consummate artist. There is no grander or more thrilling chapter in the annals of freedom—no event which more certainly created an epoch. Had the brave defenders of the town been overpowered, either by the arms of the Spaniards or by the ravages of the famine and the plague, the victorious career of the Prince of Orange would have been checked, and the whole subsequent history of modern Europe would have assumed a different complexion. Mr. Ebers is in full sympathy with this noble fragment of the history of Holland, and has made it the prop around which he has entwined the graceful wreaths of his story. He has a fine historical imagination, equally fine powers of interpreting and idealising character, and a style of singular flexibility and ease. More subtle and delicate portraiture than he has given us in the development of the noble Maria van der Werff we have rarely seen. Historical romances are frequently a failure, and tend to confuse fact and fiction. "The Burgomaster's Wife" is the reverse of this, and will, if we are not mistaken, occupy a place in the first half-dozen works of its class which the latter part of the eighteenth century has produced.

THE BURGOMASTER'S WIFE: a Tale of the Siege of Leyden. By Georg Ebers. Translated by Clara Bell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

FAITH: the Life-Root of Science, Philosophy, Ethics, and Religion. By H. Griffith, F.G.S., Barnet. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1882.

READERS of Mr. Motley's magnificent history of "The Rise of the Dutch

MR. GRIFFITH has, in the compass of

170 pages, worked out the thesis of his title with admirable ingenuity and force. He has read widely and thought profoundly on the great problems which lie on the border land of science, philosophy, and religion, and though his position is not novel, it is valid and impregnable, and indicates the only adequate method of meeting the intellectual and moral difficulties which are so ruthlessly thrust to the front by one-sided scientists, and regarded with tremor by timid believers. Faith is not, in one sense, a specifically Christian virtue. It is required for the commonest and most ordinary processes of social and commercial life; it even underlies, as our author conclusively shows, all progress in knowledge, and its absence would be the deathblow to discovery and invention. The Christian faith is, as a philosophy of life, more accurate, complete, and consistent than any other scheme, and is in harmony with the most rigid laws of science. Mr. Griffith has demonstrated with a thoroughness and decision which even Mr. Cook has not surpassed, that exact science is a witness to the truth of Biblical theism. Agnosticism and positivism are on their own ground egregious failures, while there are, outside of their domains, vast tracks of thought, emotion, and life of which they take no cognisance. Evolution, Mr. Griffiths is, under certain restrictions, fully prepared to accept. We are not sure that he does not even yield more than the *facts* of the case warrant. Darwinism is but an hypothesis, and needs further confirmation. Should such confirmation be forthcoming, the Christian apologist has nothing whatever to fear. The theory requires for its completeness

such elements as can only be supplied by our Christian faith. Our readers will find in Mr. Griffith's small volume a rich store of historical information, many choice quotations in the footnotes and elsewhere, containing the best that has been thought and said on the subjects in question; and vigorous thinking, aided by a bright and buoyant faith. The style of the work is graphic and pithy, though here and there it would admit of a little pruning. We are thankful to receive so timely an eirenicon.

CHINA. By Robert K. Douglas, of the British Museum, and Professor of Chinese at King's College, London. With Map. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1882.

THIS is one of those rare books which, in an easily understood, if somewhat extravagant, metaphor, are said to annihilate time and space. It places the past as vividly before us as the present, and by its bold portraiture makes the distant near. The Chinese empire has, until quite recently, been more completely hidden from Europeans than any other nation either in the East or the West. The character, the religion, the social and domestic customs, and the moral capabilities of its inhabitants, have all been very imperfectly known. But within the last few years there has been a remarkable change. One traveller after another has penetrated into the interior; missionary enterprise has overthrown barriers once deemed impregnable, and commerce has eagerly leaped to the vantage ground thus gained. The stolid conservatism of

this isolated and ancient land has received a shock from which it cannot recover, and the minds of the Chinese are becoming increasingly disposed to adopt Western ideas and to abandon many of their ancestral customs. The account which Mr. Douglas has given of their history and government, their agricultural pursuits, their arts, literature, and religion, is deeply interesting. His professional studies have, of course, familiarised him with his subject, and he has acquired a complete mastery of all its aspects. His information is, moreover, conveyed in a clear, crisp, and pleasing style; and we are not, as in many similar works, wearied by needless repetition or monotony. The chapters describing the houses of the Chinese, their marriage customs, the nurture of their children, their food and dress, and the worship of their ancestors, are among the ablest in the volume. On some of these points Englishmen may learn much from the Chinese. But let those who imagine that Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taouism are adequate sources of moral integrity and strength, consult the unimpeachable witness adduced in these pages. There is no nation in which the Christian missionary, the moral reformer, and the philanthropist (see especially what is said in relation to the administration of justice and the various forms of punishment), are more imperatively needed, nor any in which they will be more amply rewarded. Professor Douglas has increased our obligations to his patient and scholarly research, his sound and incisive judgment, and his noble Christian candour.

THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY
By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.
In Two Volumes. London: Cassell,
Petter, & Galpin. 1882.

CANON FARRAR completes in these volumes the task which was commenced in his "Life of Christ," and continued in the "Life of St. Paul." His object has been to furnish English readers with a companion, partly historic and partly expository, to the whole of the New Testament. Having already dealt with the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Pauline Epistles, he concludes with "an attempt to set forth, in their distinctive characteristics, the work and the writings of St. Peter, St. James, St. Jude, St. John, and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. If my effort has been in any degree successful, the reader should carry away from these pages some conception of the varieties of religious thought which prevailed in the schools of Jerusalem and of Alexandria, and also of those phases of theology which are represented by the writings of the two greatest of the twelve Apostles." The ground is extensive and fascinating. It has, in recent years especially, been the scene of many a keen and protracted controversy, and the champions on either side are still in the midst of the fray.

Of the genius, the reverence, and the literary skill with which Canon Farrar has fulfilled his task there can be but one opinion. If competent scholarship, minute acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said on every subject which he undertakes to discuss, a graphic and powerful style, wealth of imagery and transparent candour, can give to a work solid worth, "The Early Days of Christianity," will unquestionably stand pre-

eminent in the literature of our age, and attain a success which no contemporary writer has surpassed. We are well aware of the objections which will be urged against the work from different quarters. Critics of the advanced school will depreciate it for what they deem its conservatism, timid evangelicals may affirm that on several points it concedes too much to the demands of rationalistic critics, while literary purists will censure its gorgeous rhetoric. We do not for a moment say that the work is free from faults. From many of Canon Farrar's opinions, both doctrinal and critical, we strongly dissent, and have no doubt that his language would occasionally be improved by a little judicious pruning. But our own impression, derived from an intimate acquaintance with his writings, is that a man more sincere, conscientious, and courageous does not exist. We detect in all his utterances "the accent of conviction," and in view of the fact that he writes for English readers and not for scholars and specialists, we do not see that he should be censured for the cultivation of a style remarkable alike for its beauty, its brilliance, and its force. The two volumes now before us could not have been produced without a degree of laborious research and earnest thought of which comparatively few are capable. They embody, in a popular and pleasant form, the results of many years' critical study. The author has gone almost verse by verse through the seven catholic Epistles, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse. He views each book in connection with all that we can learn of its author and of the circumstances under which it was written, and thus enables us, as far as possible, to read, mark, and learn from

the standpoint of the original readers.

That the work fills a gap in our literature is undoubted. We have many treatises on the life of our Lord, and even on the life of the apostle of the Gentiles. But concerning Peter, James, and John, comparatively little has appeared. A popular and scholarly companion to their writings was imperatively required, and we need not, therefore, fear to predict for Canon Farrar's volumes a welcome as wide and as hearty as that which has been accorded to his former works. He takes us over ground not less interesting, even if it be less familiar than that over which he has previously conducted us, and at every step we are sensible of the old charm.

As the dark background to his picture of the early Church, Canon Farrar has placed in stern and faithful colours the social and moral conditions of the Roman world, with Nero (whom he regards as the Antichrist of the Apocalypse, the Wild Beast from the Sea) as the central figure—the consummated outcome of heathen power and heathen crime. Terrible as is the portraiture of corruption and decay, it is not overdrawn, and only a false sentiment would wish to soften down its harsh and forbidding features. We cannot here enter into the eschatological discussions suggested by the First Epistle of Peter, and can only express our regret that Dr. Farrar has not been able to accept, without reserve, the Petrine authorship of the Second Epistle. He allows its canonicity, and gladly acknowledges that its place in the New Testament is due to the "grace of superintendency." His conclusion is that it was written, if not by Peter yet by some one intimately associated with

him. If it does not give us the last words of the great Apostle of the Circumcision, "there is at least a reasonable probability that we hear the echo of some of his latest thoughts."

The Epistle to the Hebrews is ascribed to Apollos—a theory of its authorship which is now all but universally accepted by Biblical critics, and which seems to us to be as conclusively demonstrated as such a point can be. Calvin, as is well known, did not accept the Pauline authorship of the epistle; Luther attributed it to Apollos. Dean Plumptre's essays on the writings of Apollos are, in our view, decisive, and the latest orthodox commentator on the Epistle, Professor Davidson, of Edinburgh, is evidently inclined to the same opinion. The Apocalypse Dr. Farrar accepts unhesitatingly as the work of the Apostle John, the author of the Fourth Gospel, and its date he places as early as A.D. 68, a point in which we do not coincide with him. He is an earnest advocate of the *Praeterist* theory of interpretation, and holds that the book was meant to describe the contemporary state of things in the Church and the world, and the events which were to follow in immediate sequence. This, however, as he is careful to show, does not interfere with the spiritual interpretation of the prophecies of the book, or with their analogical application to events and conditions of a similar kind. The Apocalypse, we are beautifully told, "has ever been dearest to God's saints at the hour of their deepest trials. It ceases then to be a great silent sphinx, reading its eternal riddle at the gate of Scripture, and devouring those who fail to answer it; it becomes 'a series of glorious pictures, wherein are set forth the rise, the visible existence, and the

general features of Christ's Kingdom, in figures and similitudes of His first coming to terrify and to console.'" Among other matters treated with singular thoroughness and candour is the question of our Lord's brothers, which has been surrounded by Roman and Anglican writers with endless rubbish. This Dr. Farrar sweeps ruthlessly away, and contends that we have no right to put into the affirmations of the New Testament a meaning that they will not legitimately bear. Brother means brother, and not cousin. We mention this point specially because it furnishes an admirable specimen of the author's honesty and courage. His volumes are the product of a manly and healthy Protestantism, evincing throughout profound reverence for the authority of the Divine Word, scrupulous conscientiousness in its interpretation, and a fearless utterance of all that he believes to be true. Even learned readers may learn much from his brilliant and fascinating pages, and readers who cannot endorse the whole of his positions will admire his evident candour. To the bulk of men these volumes will be as a mine of hitherto unknown wealth, and will introduce to their notice new worlds of truth and beauty. Their fine artistic instinct, their rich colouring, their magnificent portraiture, allied with no small measure of analytical skill and power of introspection, give to "The Early Days of Christianity" a worth peculiarly their own. We have no English work covering the same ground which can for a moment be compared with them.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By James Martin, B.A., Translator of "Keil and Delitzsch on the Minor Prophets," "Ebrard's Gospel History," &c. With Preface and Critical Notes by Rev. David Brown, D.D., Principal of Free Church College, Aberdeen; Member of the New Testament Company of Revisers. Fourth Edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE heartily welcome a new edition of the admirable little work bearing the above title, and prepared some years ago by the late Mr. Martin, so well known in England and in Australia as a sound, highly cultured, and effective preacher of the Gospel in connection with our own denomination, and as a translator of great Biblical works from the German. He died in comparatively early life, and was greatly lamented, both in his native land and in the land of his adoption. His special tastes and studies completely fitted him for tracing the Origin and History of the New Testament; and he executed the task with rare fidelity and skill in a lecture delivered in Nottingham some fourteen or fifteen years ago, which was afterwards expanded into a volume, the fourth edition of which lies before us. A work on such a subject, compressed within convenient limits, from a writer of such research—a writer calm, bold, conscientious, painstaking, and discriminative—is really invaluable. That it is greatly needed the author shows clearly enough in his beautiful Preface. Speaking of the New Testament, he says:—

"How few of those to whom it is a perpetual companion, and who are incessantly occupied in seeking for the treasures it contains, know anything of the history of

this wonderful Book, which has done so much for them—so much for the world. They may go to it for doctrine, for consolation, to learn the way of salvation, or to find lessons for their classes, and even texts for their sermons; but the Book itself excites no curiosity, and awakens but little interest. How few there are to whom the thought ever occurs that the Book must have a history of its own, and an eventful history too. Whence did it come? How has it been handed down? Through what adventures has it passed? How do we know that it is the very same Book which the apostles wrote? These are questions which few stay to ask, and fewer still to answer. Yet they are simple questions, to which every intelligent reader of the New Testament should be ready at once with a reply. They are not unanswerable, and they are all things which should be known."

These perfectly just observations naturally lead on to the further remark:—

"However desirable all this may be, the information is not so accessible as it ought to be. It can be obtained; but it is scattered about in many books, and it would be a work of labour and expense to bring it all together. Much may be gleaned from commentaries; though, unfortunately, this portion of a commentary too often remains uncut, and is but rarely read. Introductions to the New Testament and Bible Handbooks are invaluable helps. But there are few, if any, books in existence which bring the whole together in so small a compass, or arrange it in such a form, that the Sunday-school teacher, the village preacher, or the inquiring and thoughtful reader, can learn without difficulty all that he wants to know about the external history of the New Testament by his side, and trace its romantic course from the days of the apostles down to our own time."

This important desideratum the little volume before us was intended to supply. Mr. Martin had all the information requisite for its production well under command, and gave it forth with a simplicity, an orderliness, a literary finish, and a spiritual earnestness by which the reader is pleasantly and instructively led along from the first page to the last. After tracing the various books of the New Testament to their authors, noting the circumstances in which they originated, explaining their design, and summarising their contents, the writer shows us how they were collected together, and how "the Canon was closed," and then narrates the history of the volume in the multiplication, preservation, and variation of manuscript copies down to the age of printing, the formation of the "Received Text," and the progress of Textual Criticism. Another deeply interesting chapter contains an account of the several English versions which preceded the Revision recently published—a Revision which Mr. Martin anticipated with intense interest, but which he did not live long enough to see. We have also an appendix of eleven compact pages which give a sufficiently full idea of the "Apocryphal Gospels and Acts." The trustworthiness of the work is enhanced by some forty critical notes at the end from the scholarly pen of Dr. David Brown, who, at the close of a highly laudatory preface, explains his share of the work by saying—

"As the work is stereotyped, and alterations cannot be made in the body of it, a few notes by the present writer, where he differs from the author, or is disposed to query his statements, or thinks a fuller statement desirable, are inserted at page 245."

We predict for Mr. Martin's excellent little book a continued sale and a constantly extending usefulness.

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS AND THE REBUILDING OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE. By Brother C. W. Meiter. Published by the Author, 87, Gracechurch Street, London.

THIS pamphlet is addressed by a Freemason to his brother Freemasons. Why it has been sent to us we do not know. The most pithy portions of it are, to us, unintelligible. Perhaps some of our readers belong to the brotherhood, and, if so, they may be induced to invest a shilling for the purpose of learning what bearing Freemasonry has upon the "Restoration of the Jews and the Rebuilding of King Solomon's Temple." Other readers had better save their shilling, for their expenditure of it would bring no gratification to their curiosity.

THE REMOTE ANTIQUITY OF MAN NOT PROVEN: PRIMEVAL MAN NOT A SAVAGE. By B. C. Y. Elliot Stock.

THE initials "B. C. Y." enable us to identify the author of this volume, especially when coupled with the fact that it dates from Birmingham; and those who know our friend will not be surprised that he should venture into so large a field of scientific research, or that he has traversed it with a tread at once wary and courageous. His work is "an argument based on scientific facts, and supported by scientific opinions, in which the writer, in condensed form and plain style, has endeavoured to

prove that the appearance of man on the earth was not at a remote age in the past, and that primeval man was not a savage." The undertaking was a bold one in the face of modern so-called scientific theories; but we do not think that our friend has failed in its accomplishment. He has evidently been a close student of the requisite literature, and he has no dread of established facts. His business is with the conclusions which have been deduced from those facts, and he has subjected them to a rigidly sifting process, and then to a keen, fearless, and thoroughly intelligible logic. We cannot follow him through his lengthened and often subtle reasoning, but we can assure our readers that it is well worth an attentive study, the more so as it materially helps to discredit the scepticism which not a few of our scientific men have done so much to generate. The book is valuable, moreover, as containing a large mass of clearly stated facts which do not come within the range of mere smatterers in science, but which are profoundly interesting, and which cannot be known and pondered without giving breadth and strength of vision to the mind, and inspiring it with sentiments of reverence for the Creator. We thank our friend for these results of his labour in an important field of inquiry, and wish for his book a wide circulation and a long and lustrous career of usefulness.

PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. Being the School Edition of Psalms and Hymns for Public, Social, and Private Worship, adapted and enlarged for that purpose. J. Haddon & Co., Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

MANY of these hymns, of course, are found in the larger collection now in

general use in our congregations; but their republication in this form, with many others not included in that collection, supplies what we imagine to have been a widely felt deficiency; and we do not doubt that so worthy a project on the part of the trustees will be fully appreciated. The hymns are arranged in four divisions:—1st, hymns of worship; 2nd, anniversaries; 3rd, for teachers, prayer and special meetings; 4th, junior classes; and the total number is 400. The selection is an excellent one, and can be purchased at ten different prices, ranging from a penny to three shillings. "Orders received direct are allowed a discount of 25 per cent. (except the penny edition), and other advantages are given to schools adopting the books." The penny edition can be obtained at seven shillings and sixpence per hundred. We gladly supply these details of information in the hope of facilitating the sale. "The profits will be annually added to the amount for distribution amongst the widows of Baptist ministers of all sections."

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES OF THE GOSPEL HISTORY. By Eustace R. Conder, D.D., Author of "Outlines of the Life of Christ," &c. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE do not like the 8vo pamphlet form in which this very useful work has been presented to the public. Whether it has been adopted for the sake of cheapness, we cannot say; but it would certainly have been pleasanter for the eye and hand, had it been put into double the number of pages of half the size. This, however, is but a trifling matter. Dr. Conder has here embodied the results of much careful research in a form most helpful to the student, and invaluable for reference.

HOW READEST THOU? of Christian Baptism as contained in the Word of God. By Frank H. White; Partridge and Co.

ALL OF BLUE; or The Body is of Christ. By Frank H. White; Partridge and Co.

MR. WHITE writes clearly, concisely, and cogently. His little treatise on Christian Baptism is one of the best we have seen. As a Christian pastor he has "often marked with painful concern how sadly young believers have been stumbled and perplexed by various and conflicting views on the subject of baptism," and he has, therefore, endeavoured to "disentangle the minds of such from the tangle of any unscriptural notions by which they may have become confused, and, at the same time, to discover, from the Word of God itself, *why* and for *whom* Baptism was instituted, and *what* it was intended to teach." We do not hesitate to say that the endeavour is a perfectly successful one. Of course, the author has not attempted to expose all the sophistries by which infant sprinkling has been defended, but the most popular of these are refuted in the few pages to which, for the purposes of a manual, he has wisely restricted himself. He has made good use of Dean Stanley's remarkable concessions, and has not failed to administer a well-deserved rebuke to the equally remarkable presumption by which the Dean set aside the authority of Christ and His apostles on the question. Mr. White's little work is well fitted for excellent service.

"All of Blue" is another work of similar dimensions from the same pen, but altogether different in tone and character. "How Reapest Thou?" is necessarily controversial;

"All of Blue" is expository and reflective. It strikes the "key-notes of some of the Types of the Mosaic Sanctuary." Such a work requires not only a devout mind, but also Scripture knowledge and a discriminating judgment; and these qualifications are apparent in every part of it. Mr. White discourses instructively and entertainingly on, "The Robe of the Ephod all of Blue," "A Golden Bell and a Pomegranate," "Fine Flour Unleavened," "Silver," "Oil for the Light," "The Anointing Oil," "Sweet Incense," "Fine Linen," "The Golden Pot that had Manna," "Aaron's Rod that Budded," "The Consecration of the Priests," and "The Eighth Day." Tenpence will purchase these two works, and it would be difficult to select a better investment for that small sum.

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A HANDBOOK OF TEMPERANCE HISTORY. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

THIS is not a new work, but a large selection from the two Temperance "Annuals" of 1880 and 1881, and it consists of a great variety of essays and papers relating to the history and workings of the Temperance movement. It is well to have these productions from many gifted and ardent pens in so compact and comely a form, and the book is sure to be both popular and useful.

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BAPTISM CRITICALLY CONSIDERED. By Quasitor. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THE writer of this pamphlet would do that, "the Christian Church would do wisely in relinquishing the ordinance" of Baptism, "and so suppressing the indecent schism and dissension which result from its practice;" and it is ap-

parently with the view of bringing about this momentous change that the pamphlet has been written. We have no fear that it will succeed. We have read it carefully, and are bound to say that it is sadly disfigured by daring assumptions, inconsequential reasoning, and bad exegesis. If our readers like to spend threepence in the purchase of it, and to waste upon it half an hour's study, we think they will endorse the opinion we have expressed.

FACTS ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION; showing how far the Lord's Day differs from the Sabbath, with some remarks on the Discussion on the Sabbath at the Methodist Ecumenical Conference. By J. E. Bathway, B.A. Elliot Stock.

THE purpose of Mr. Bathway's exceedingly able essay, is to show that there are radical differences between the Lord's Day and the Jewish Sabbath; that the former is not to be regarded as a continuation of the latter *on another day* of the week, but that it arose on an entirely different basis, and was intended to subserve other purposes. Though opposed to "Sabbatarianism" in the strict and proper sense of the word, he is careful to show that he does not in the least degree undervalue the appropriate observance of the Lord's Day. Without assenting to all the statements contained in the essay, which is published at the very moderate charge of eightpence, we can heartily commend it as a valuable contribution to the discussion of a very important question.

THE HEBREW PSALTER, or Book of Praises, commonly called the Psalms of David. A New Metrical Translation. By W. Digby Seymour, q.c., LL.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MANY attempts have been made to render the "Hebrew Psalter" into simple, terse, and graceful English, but in no case has complete success been attained. Even Keble's "Oxford Psalter," by far the ablest of recent endeavours, has not gained universal favour, nor has any subsequent writer reached a higher level. Mr. Digby Seymour has brought to his task Hebrew scholarship not less accurate and extensive than Keble's, and though his poetical gifts are not of an equally high order, he possesses a large share of imaginative insight and spiritual fervour. He has combined strict fidelity to the meaning and force of the Hebrew, with simplicity, grace, and ease of expression in English. There are many existing versions of various psalms which can never be supplanted, but Mr. Seymour has given us not a few which will worthily stand by their side. The style throughout is simple, chaste, and homely, but never loose and slovenly; plain but not prosaic. The pressure on our space forbids quotation, but we may mention the rendering of Psalms iv., viii., xv., xvi., xxxii., xxxvii., l., civ., cxii., cxxi., &c. These, and many others, might well find a place in our congregational psalmody, and will certainly be read and sung with profit in our homes. We have examined the work with some care, and find in it much to call forth our hearty appreciation.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1882.

The Late Mr. Henry Kingham, of Watford.



MR. HENRY KINGHAM was born in Watford, November 1st, 1817, and died at his house, The Limes, Clarendon Road, on the 29th September, 1882. The whole of his life was spent in his native town. By his intelligence, his industry, and conscientiousness he attained considerable success in his business, and exercised a wide and healthful influence. He took an active part in the social and religious life of the town, and cheerfully gave his aid to the various organisations which seek to promote both the material and moral welfare of men. As a member and deacon of the church at Beechen Grove; as a zealous Sunday-school teacher and superintendent; as the founder and, until his death, the President of the Watford and Bushey Temperance Society; as a generous benefactor and friend, he will be long and gratefully remembered. The following account of his funeral service, from the *Watford Observer* of October 7th, will show the estimate in which Mr. Kingham was held by his fellow-townsmen:—

“The announcement of the death of Mr. Henry Kingham, grocer, of this town, which took place on Friday, the 29th of September, was received with universal regret, and with especial feeling by those with whom he was more immediately connected in the different social and religious enterprises in which he was interested. Mr.

Kingham had been in extremely weak health for the last two years, so that his death was not unexpected. His life had been a very active one, and as—in addition to the cares of business, both in Watford and London, and other towns—he took great interest in organisations for the good of his fellow-men, he left himself little time for needful rest. The estimation in which he was held was shown in a very marked way on Wednesday, the day of the funeral. There was a general closing of shops along the route taken.

“The first part of the solemn service was conducted by the Rev. James Stuart, the pastor of Beechen Grove, who, after asking the congregation to unite in singing Hymn No. 604—

“ ‘Lowly and solemn be
Thy children’s cry to Thee,
Father Divine ;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine’—

read several appropriate selections of Scripture. The Rev. Thomas Peters, a former pastor of the church, then engaged in prayer. Hymn 617 was sung—

“ ‘He fell asleep in Christ, his Lord :
He gave to Him to keep
The soul His great love had redeemed,
Then calmly went to sleep ;
And as a tired bird folds its wings,
Sure of the morning light,
He laid him down in trusting faith,
And did not dread the night.’ ”

“The Rev. J. Stuart then addressed the congregation as follows:—
‘Although it will fall to my lot, as the pastor of the church with which our departed friend was so long and happily associated, to give expression, on some later occasion, to the feelings awakened in our minds by his removal, and to enforce the lessons which his life and death so impressively teach us, it would not be in harmony with the idea of the present service that nothing should be said in relation to the subject which has so deeply moved us. We are here to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of one whom many of us sincerely loved, and whose fine Christian character we all profoundly honoured. The extent of our assembly is a testimony to the esteem in which our

dear friend was held, not only by his fellow-workers in the Church of Christ, but by his fellow-townsmen at large. He has left behind him a memory which will be reverently and gratefully cherished. He was one of those of whom it may be emphatically said, "He being dead yet speaketh."

"Throughout the whole of his career of threescore and five years he exemplified the apostolic precept, "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." By his unwearied and persistent energy, by his high moral principle and his genial manners, he achieved for himself a measure of success which exceeded the brightest expectations of his early days. To many who are here this morning, and to others who are with us at least in heart, he proved himself a kind and generous master. For many years he was an earnest and self-denying advocate of those principles of temperance, or, rather, of total abstinence, which, whatever judgment some may pass upon them, have at least wrought a great and blessed revolution in the moral condition of our land. These principles he advocated when they were less fashionable and popular than they are to-day, and when they provoked scorn and derision from some who—unable conscientiously to adopt them—should at least have looked upon them with the sympathy which every lofty and benevolent aim should inspire. The Watford and Bushey Temperance Society owes its origin and no small measure of its success to the disinterested efforts of our departed friend; and I need not remind you with what unflinching zeal and hearty liberality he laboured for its progress. To the poor of our town he was, as I can testify from personal knowledge, a faithful benefactor. It was with him a matter of principle to remember the poor and to devote a fair proportion of his means to their relief. Many a widow's heart has been lightened, many an orphan child has been blessed, by his considerate kindness.

"As a member of this church for a period of something like forty years, as a deacon for twenty-five years, he zealously fulfilled the vows of his Christian profession. He lived among us with all humility, with all holiness and consistency, and cheerfully rendered services for which he was qualified alike by his keen mental power, his sterling integrity, and his evident spirituality of heart. Of few indeed can it be more truly said that he fought valiantly for his fair Captain, Christ. I shall not now speak of his labours in the Sunday-school, or of his work in connection with our village stations. In these, as in all other

respects, he sought to be true to his own conscience, true to the Christ whom he loved, true unto men his brothers.

“ I shall but interpret the feelings of all who are here when I offer to his bereaved family our sincere and respectful sympathy. To an extent their loss is our loss, and by their sorrow we too are cast down. There is indeed ground for congratulation when we think of the manifestation of God's grace afforded to them in the bright example of the husband, the father, and the brother whose removal they now mourn. The loving and tender memories awakened by the thought of his pure and consistent Christian life are a heritage of priceless worth ; and while in one view they make the loss which his family has sustained seem the keener, in another they assuage it and act as a balm of consolation. In many an hour of loneliness and grief their minds will be cheered and their hearts uplifted to holier things ; heaven itself will be made more real and near to them by thoughts of him who, though taken from them for a time, is not lost. In a sense they will still have with them his best and holiest presence. There will be in their hearts a silent, but oh ! how persuasive a power to warn and to guide them, to beckon them onwards and upwards, until they meet together in the mansions of our Father in heaven.

“ For two years our friend has lived in the valley of the shadow of death, and often have its cold chilling mists pierced his frail frame. The angel of death, which has so long hovered round his dwelling, has at last delivered his message, and our friend, not as an unwilling captive, but in glad submission to the call of his Master, has gone forth to a better and a nobler world ; and to-day we have to commit to the grave, not him, but simply that in which he lived—the tabernacle of his soul, that tabernacle which had become so worn and shattered, while its occupant was as pure, as Christlike, as full of buoyant hope and energy as ever.

“ It is but the body we commit to the earth, and for the body also we anticipate a joyous resurrection. We commit it to the earth with calm resignation to the will of God. “ We sorrow not as others who have no hope ; ” our sorrow is a loving memory—a memory which we shall ever delight to cherish, rather than a keen and poignant regret. Our grief, even in the time of its greatest intensity, is brightened with the hues of immortal hope. We thank God for what our brother was and for what he did ; and as we stand by the open grave we shall hear a voice which bids us to prepare to meet our God, to pursue the

path of Christian faith and service to which our friend so faithfully adhered ; and as we think of him and the comrades with whom he once fought so nobly on earth, and their re-union in that better world, as we realise that for him the morn has come " when those angel faces smile which he had loved long since and lost awhile," we hear still another voice which, like a strain of sweet and familiar music, reaches us from afar, " And will not you follow, and will not you follow ? " Surely, brethren, by the grace of the ever-living Christ and the help of the Almighty Spirit, we shall, here and now, remember the vows of our most sacred profession, pledge ourselves afresh to the work to which our Lord has called us, and seek to be " imitators of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Let us each

“ “So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Even so may it be with us, and then the farewells of earth shall be followed by the greetings of heaven, and the dark midnight through which we must pass shall be the dawn of an eternal day ! ’

“ As the congregation left the chapel, the Dead March in Saul was played by the organist, Mr. M. T. Chater. The funeral then proceeded to the cemetery, the *employés* walking in front of the hearse, which was followed by five mourning coaches with the relatives and friends. On arriving at the grave the Rev. J. Stuart offered prayer, and the service concluded. Several beautiful wreaths were placed upon the coffin from friends in Watford, Leavesden, and Hunton Bridge. On one of them we noticed a card attached, with the words, ‘ A tribute of love and affection for their late President from the Committee of the Temperance Society.’ ”

In an early number of our Magazine next year, we shall present to our readers the very impressive Funeral Sermon preached by the Rev. J. Stuart, at Beechen Grove Chapel, on Sunday morning, October 8th.

Paul at Athens.

BY THE LATE REV. C. BAILHACHE.

(Concluded from p. 487.)



HAVING stated some fundamental truths concerning God, Paul proceeds to develop the true idea of man. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." The Apostle here contradicts two opinions prevalent among those whom he is addressing. Some maintained that man, like the world, had eternally existed. The core of their creed was the eternity of matter. Others pretended that man had had different origins, and that the various races were, in a sense, the production of various conditions of soil, climate, and so forth. To meet all this, Paul has first affirmed the unity of God, and then His Creatorship; and now he affirms the unity of the human race—its derivation from one progenitor—as a reasonable consequence. The most rational and advanced science in these days admits this, but it is one of the many excellences of the Bible to have authoritatively declared it four thousand years before "modern science" existed. The truth thus stated is of capital importance. It is because men have descended from one parent that they ought to love one another as brethren; that they are subjected to the same moral and religious wants; that they have all shared in the same fall; and that they may all be restored by the same Salvation. "One blood"—this is the basis of a universal brotherhood and of a universal philanthropy.

A second fact is that the division of mankind into nations rests upon God's ordinance. He "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined all times beforehand, and the bounds of their habitation." The Epicureans held that the nations were left to the caprice of a blind fate; Paul declares that it is God who regulates their course and their history. He has appointed their dwelling-places, how long they shall remain therein, and when and whither they shall be removed. There is a

deep sense in which the world's history is not made by its human rulers; they are but the instruments for the accomplishing of a Divine Will which is above them all. As in creation, so in the government of human life, God's holy and mighty hand is seen. A Divine plan regulates the world, and all moderately conceived laws of nationalities, &c., are subordinate to the old and supreme law of God. By His will Israel had its day of glory, and by the same will it was scattered into all lands when the day of its obduracy had arrived. Athens, the rich and the beautiful, had no eternity, and there is no immortal Rome. The glories of all last and fade as God shall please. England, the enlightened, the wealthy, the highly privileged, depends upon that same supreme will also. It is in the light of this truth that we can see so clearly how "righteousness exalteth a nation," since it is righteousness that secures the friendship of Him who is the God of nations. The worldly eye looks only at "second causes;" the Christian looks up to the will of the Infinitely Righteous One. Shall we, as a nation, rise or fall? That question will be settled by our loyalty or disloyalty to God and His truth.

But in all God's ways with man there is a specific purpose—namely, to bring man to a knowledge of Himself, and so to a knowledge of salvation. "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." The world is, therefore, only a provisional place of men for a higher end—a Divine school; and the end is that men may be brought back to their God. This return to God ought not to be difficult, much less impossible; for "He is not far from every one of us;" yea, "in Him we live and move and have our being." In the sense of absolute dependence on God for life, this is easily understood; but the words have a higher meaning:—

God is near us, and we derive from Him, in virtue of His law in our conscience: the universal protest for the right and the true, made in every man's heart.

God is near us, and we derive from Him, in virtue of the longings after holiness in our souls.

God is near us, and He is willing to bring us back to Himself, in virtue of the deep need of peace with Him which we inwardly feel.

The "seeking" indicates a loss; but, thank God, it is also a proof that He will not easily let us go—that, in effect, our very longings after Him are His drawings, and that, therefore, if we seek Him with all our hearts, we shall surely find Him.

In support of what he advances, the Apostle lays bare a deep and significant truth drawn from heathen poetry, which shows how its half-unconscious utterances confirm important facts of Divine Revelation. One of their poets had said: "We are also his offspring." This was said by the poet concerning Jupiter, the supreme god of paganism, and Paul says it of the "Unknown," but only true, God. The course of his statements on the subject of our Divine origin has been sustained—first, by an appeal to revelation; secondly, by an appeal to the irrepressible instincts of the human heart; and, thirdly, by an appeal to history. We are God's offspring, primarily because He made us, but in a still higher sense because, though we have lost ourselves, He saves us. The truth thus presented, therefore, leads us to consider what sin makes us to lose, and what salvation restores to us. In both cases, it is *our Divine sonship*—the highest dignity which God can confer, or for which His intelligent creatures can hope.

Incidentally, yet as a deduction from what he has been saying, the Apostle urges those who are thus of Divine extraction not to dishonour themselves by bowing down in worship to any being inferior to Him who is the Lord of all. "Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." A child of God was surely meant for something better than the worship of a man-made idol. Idolatry is the debasement of a soul created in the Divine image.

And now the Apostle can bring his discourse to the great point at which he has been aiming. The way is open for the announcement of the Gospel—the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ. "And the times of this ignorance"—the times of idolatry and sensualism—"God winked at, but now commandeth all men every where to repent; because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." With what blended generosity and tact does Paul thus bring forward the side of "ignorance" in heathenism! He will not speak of its sensualisms and idolatries in harsh terms, if he can help it. Why should he gratuitously prejudice his hearers against himself and his message? "Times of ignorance." No stronger description is needed—especially as the "ignorance" is

presented under an aspect of blameworthiness—seen in the indulgent forbearance of God, in the call to repentance, and in the predicted judgment.

Paul now conceives his hearers to be prepared for his great theme, the burden of his teaching, and the mission of his life. He tells them that God, who has dealt leniently with men in their ignorance, has provided the means of their enlightenment and salvation. It is now time for them to come out of their darkness and their corruptions, and, by conversion and repentance, to prepare for the Divine judgment. That Divine judgment will be just, for God has confided it to Christ, the Perfect Man, who alone can deliver from sin and from condemnation, and who has attested His Divine mission, as Saviour and Judge, by the most striking of all miracles—His own resurrection from the dead.

“God has commanded all men everywhere to repent.” Every word of this is full of meaning. Paul, with all his charity, will not compromise the truth he has to preach. He will not suffer any ignorance, any philosophy, any dignity, to neutralise the common obligation to repentance—an obligation so much the more weighty because it is enforced by an expressly Divine “command.” The “narrow way” is the one, and only one, for all. The command has gone forth; let it be obeyed. It has been laid upon “all men”—upon “all men everywhere”—upon all men in their knowledge and in their ignorance, in their virtue and in their sin, in their heathenism and in their more or less partial Christian enlightenment. No monopoly of duty or of privilege in any nation. This, then, is the conclusion. There is One God, the Creator of the world. These are His offspring. But they have lapsed into ignorance of Him, and, in their ignorance, have given their worship to idols of “gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man’s device.” He has graciously overlooked the past to the extent of appointing a Saviour, who shall also be the Final Judge. That Saviour-Judge has authenticated His work by His resurrection from the dead. And now this is the will of God, not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance—the repentance by which they shall be restored to Himself in a new life, by which they shall be saved, and by which, being saved, they shall be prepared for “the day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained.”

What was the result of the Apostle’s discourse to these Athenians?

It is given in a single sentence, which can only be read with a feeling of sadness. "When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked, and others said, "We will hear thee again of this matter." These two classes mainly divide the world. The one pour contempt upon saving truth, and the other postpone the practical consideration of it. In the instance before us, it is probable that a spirit of scepticism, more or less contemptuous, prevailed with all. Judging from the character of the men, and from the style of their philosophy, I suspect that even those who said that they would hear the Apostle again were not inclined to open their minds to the truths he had proclaimed, and that they adopted this method of escaping from him. I have no blame for "honest doubt;" but there is much flippant, scornful scepticism abroad which must not be allowed to go by unprotected against and uncondemned. Its causes are not in Christianity, but in the men themselves—indecision of character, hostility to conscience, worldliness, false notions of manliness, and the like. Beware of it. Realise your personal responsibility; be sincere; be true to the deepest convictions of your mind; be humble; be prayerful. Remember that there are some truths which are beyond the reach of rational unbelief—the existence of God, human accountability, and the uncertainty of life. These unquestionable truths deeply felt, as they may well be, will be sufficient to make you in earnest as to your religious position, and, if rightly applied, will convince you of the reality of sin, and of the need of a Saviour such as Christianity reveals.

The great lesson for us all is that time has changed nothing in the old Gospel. As it was in the days of Peter and of Paul, so it is now: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." "Other foundation can no man lay than that already laid, which is Jesus Christ." Only let us remember that, while we are leisurely and languidly deliberating, our opportunities are passing away.

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. XII.



EITHER the Highlands of Scotland, nor the Highlander himself, are now what they seemed to be to Dr. Johnson—"a fierce savage depredator, speaking a barbarous language, inhabiting a barren, gloomy region, which fear and prudence forbear all strangers to enter." These remote regions, where the picturesque, the grand, and the gloomy are so richly blended, are now a "vast pleasure ground, visited by thousands of tourists from all parts of Europe and America every summer." It is said that an Italian gentleman did not know whether to give the palm for beauty to the Bay of Naples or to the Bay of Oban. Of course only those who have seen *both*, can decide. The present writer has seen the latter, but not the Bay of Naples, and, if the former be more beautiful, it must be beautiful exceedingly. The diversity and contrast of the Highlands are the main source of their charm. The bleak moorlands, and the barren mountain ranges, often stretching away for many miles, have their charm too; at least they help the spectator to enjoy more fully those scenes of exquisite beauty which lie around their borders.

Let a tourist embark at Glasgow in the *Columba*, one of the finest steamships in the world, often carrying three thousand passengers. He will find every accommodation he can desire on board—a splendid promenade deck; a fine saloon, with cushioned seats, divided by an aisle down the middle; a post-office, where money orders can be obtained and cashed; a bookseller's stall, amply furnished with the leading periodicals and newspapers. A splendid *cuisine* will abundantly minister to his bodily wants. In fairly fine weather, she glides along at a speed of over twenty miles an hour! Some description of the Clyde down to Rothesay has been attempted in a former paper; but no one can fail to be struck with the quiet beauty of this pretty town as it appears from the water. Language, however true and picturesque, can give no adequate idea of Tinabruich, of the Kyles of

Bute, the exit of the passengers at Ardrishaig, the passage by the Crinan Canal, which runs through a beautiful country, and the voyage from it along the coast and among the islands, up to Oban. It is one of those scenes which, when once beheld, remain indelibly impressed on the memory. The subsequent voyage up the Caledonian Canal, passing Fort Augustus and Fort William, where Ben Nevis lifts his lofty head—not often, however, without a cloud—and through the lochs, from whose surface rise high hills covered with trees, and adorned with numerous villas and handsome mansions, up to Inverness, is not less beautiful than the earlier portions of the voyage.

Few towns, even in Scotland, are more beautiful than INVERNESS. Its surroundings combine the wild grandeur of Scotland with the green fertility of England. From the grounds of the castle, which stands on an elevated spot, one looks around on a wide panorama of mountains, lochs, and river—and no town can be perfectly beautiful without *some*, at least, of these—in which also wooded ridges and grassy straths blend together. Inverness reposes in the midst of this extended scene of varied beauty and magnificence.

On one occasion, when coming down the canal, I made the acquaintance of a most intelligent gentleman, whose conversation and accurate knowledge of the district through which we passed greatly enhanced my enjoyment. As the steamer would be some hours getting through the lochs at Banavie, we walked into Fort William. I was introduced to a friend, who was coming to meet him, and he, being struck with my enthusiastic admiration of the scenery, asked me if I could ride on horseback. On my telling him that was an accomplishment acquired during my youth, he dismounted from his horse, and kindly offered it to me to go up to Glen Nevis, where I should see something more striking still.

“I thank you, sir, most heartily, but I am a perfect stranger, from the far South.”

“But you are in the company of a very intimate friend.”

“True, sir, but our acquaintance only began this morning.”

“Never mind that, go up the Glen, and when you come in sight of a large house, looking down it, it will be time to turn back.”

“How shall I manage to return your horse to you, and for whom must I inquire?”

“I will have one of my gillies looking out for you; but if you don't see one, ask for the Sheriff Depute.”

“Then I am in capital hands, certainly, and Law and Gospel are strangely thrown together.”

This gentleman, with true Highland hospitality, after my return, pressed me to stay a few days with him and his friend, my travelling companion, and I very much regretted that my engagements would not permit me to accept his invitation.

I can give no adequate description of this grand old glen, and will not attempt it. I saw scarcely a living thing, and met only one or two labouring men. But I shall never lose the impression of its solemn, lonely grandeur. It was lately strongly revived by seeing at Mrs. Huish's, Ventnor, a splendid picture of it by Richardson, the famous water-colour artist.

From OBAN there is a fine excursion round the isles of MULL calling at IONA, once so famed for godly and learned men, who first brought the Gospel to Scotland. The ruins are interesting if not striking, and the remains of the old tombs of the Scottish kings carry the mind back to very dim and distant times. The island is low and small, but a visit will amply repay the tourist for any time and labour he may expend upon it. STAFFA, though small also, is loftier and more imposing. The cave, with its basaltic columns, supporting a noble vaulted roof, fills one with a feeling of awe, and in fine weather is easily entered by a boat. The view from the top of the island is extensive and impressive, full of beauty and grandeur, embracing the Scottish coast, many isles reposing in the midst of the wide ocean. The return by the Sound of Mull, passing Tobermory, a most picturesque town, is quite as interesting as, nay more so than, the outward voyage. The steamboat company afford every facility for landing without charge, and for the trip one has to pay only twenty shillings. An excellent dinner is also provided at a very moderate charge. From Oban a trip to Skye, coming back by Ullapool, and down the canal or railway, costs, with a capital table included, only four pounds. In this way some of the finest parts of the Highlands, the coast, and the isles may be seen to great advantage. The tourist must, however, be a fair sailor, not easily put out by a few inconveniences, and able to meet rough things with spirit and heartiness. Even a distant view of the Cucullin Hills in Skye, which is all I have seen of it, helps one to form some idea of the imposing grandeur, mingled with the solemn gloom, of its peculiar and striking scenery.

None of my reminiscences of Scotland are more interesting than those connected with LONGSIDE, a small village in the far North. Having spent a few days most pleasantly with Christian friends in ABERDEEN—well named the “granite city,” and an extending, prosperous place, renowned especially for its fast-sailing, beautiful “clippers”—and enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Anderson, I started by coach for Turriff, and reached Longside in time for the evening service. Here I found an English friend, Mr. Thorne, whom I had met at Southampton during my residence in Newport in 1835-9. He was pastor of a small church, which had been gathered together by him. He was a surveyor of excise; and, finding the parish wholly given over to Moderatism, and that all expostulations with the parish minister were useless, he began to preach himself. The preaching of the Gospel was new to the people. A congregation was soon gathered and a church formed. Two cottages were thrown into one, and a plain, but little, kirk took their place. Before his retirement from his professional duties, Mr. Thorne has been exceedingly useful, having much to do with the formation of the church at Neath, this at Longside—now removed to Peterhead, where the people have built a pretty kirk—Brierly Hill—and since, in reviving the cause at Welshpool, affording material help to Newtown, and preaching still, as opportunities offer.

During the service, I noticed a person of striking appearance sitting below the pulpit, and evidently taking a lively interest in the proceedings. He was introduced to me at the close, and I found a tall, powerful man, with manners as gentle as a woman's, who was once the terror of the parish. His conversion, which exposed him to severe persecution, was very remarkable, and the subsequent change in his deportment and character not less so. His desire to be baptized and join the church was bitterly opposed, and the opposition in some cases was fierce and furious.

Strange to say, in another case of a similar kind, the opposition came from the wife, who was quite beside herself in her rage, threatening to destroy herself if her husband was baptized, or do something outrageous to him. She went again and again to the parish minister, but every text he gave her was easily put aside by her husband in the discussion which followed. She once asked the minister for a passage of Scripture to show he was wrong in going to be dipped; but, on being told there was none, nor any *directly*

enjoining infant baptism, she went home greatly perplexed, and exclaimed, "The very Bible is against me;" and, in her passion, threw the book across the room.

Shortly afterwards, two members, appointed by the church to see him, called; and, to her astonishment, they did not talk to him about being dipped, but about the state of his soul before God. Her interest was strongly excited, and her heart moved, and she broke out with these words: "If they are right, then I am wrong." Ultimately, she too applied for fellowship, and became a most active and devoted member of the church.

After our mission service several friends met in the pastor's house to supper, and, in a conversation with one who sat next to me, I was somewhat startled by the remark, "I see, sir, you don't quite agree with Coleridge." I did not expect to hear Coleridge referred to in this remote and retired place; but I soon found I had met with a person of high intelligence and culture. The surprise, however, vanished when I learnt that she was the sister of Dr. Legge. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and though some of these friends had to go several miles they were reluctant to part, even when the morning had begun to dawn. I was glad to snatch a few hours' repose, after a most exciting day, having to leave at six o'clock in order to reach Aberchirder for an evening service.

At PITSLIGO a gentleman entered the 'Bus; and on our arrival at BANFF, now become famous as the residence of Edwards, the distinguished naturalist, we had to wait, he for the Elgin coach, and I for a conveyance to Aberchirder. On entering the commercial room, a lassie, who was preparing the table, said to me, "Will ye tak any dinner?"

"That depends on what you have got."

"There is some vera nice Scotch broth, and roast turkey and sausages to follow; and that's no bad."

"Certainly not; bring it up at once."

When the tureen was placed on the table, I said to my companion, "The rule of the road is that when two gentlemen enter a commercial room together, the elder takes the head."

"Ye dinna think I am older than ye?"

"Yes, indeed I do; for, if not, without meaning to be at all personal, you are somewhat old-fashioned."

"Well, then, I ain't."

"Now there is no use contradicting more than once, for it is the same thing over again, and no progress."

"Well, then, just leave it to the lassie."

To this proposal I agreed; so, calling to the lassie, I said, "This gentleman says I am older than he is; and I say that he is older than I am. What do you say?"

With great quietness and decorum she walked to him, and, having coolly inspected him, she applied the same process to me, and in a half-confidential manner and tone observed, "You are the oldest, sir, but you are *a deal* the best looking."

We burst out into a ringing peal of laughter, and, when we could venture on the broth, we found that I was the elder, and the rest of the lassie's verdict was left undisturbed.

The cordial reception I enjoyed at Aberchirder I can never forget. I was exceedingly tired and very cold; and the anxious solicitude of Mrs. Alexander to ward off any evil consequences was alike tender and skilful. I found in Mr. Alexander, sen., a patriarch in character and intelligence, cherishing very advanced opinions, and supporting them with solid argument; while son and daughter did all they could to make my visit pleasant, and in this they certainly perfectly succeeded. One of the almost unnumbered delights arising out of the meetings at Glasgow was the sight of many friends from all sides of Scotland with whom I had, on many previous visits, enjoyed much pleasant intercourse, and from whom I had received kindness in days long since gone by. Among these was Mr. Alexander, from whom I learned that the wee boy I had dandled on my knee, twenty-eight years before, was now occupying an important position in the medical profession. During this long interval, the feeling of Christian affection which took its rise at this visit had not died out; and our meeting was one of great pleasure to us both.

Here I saw MARNOCK, in the celebrated Presbytery of Strathbogie, where the struggle began which ended in the Disruption of the Scottish Church. I never think of this great event, pregnant with consequences so momentous in the religious condition of Scotland, without an ardent wish to have seen the noble band of ministers and elders, headed by Drs. Welsh and Chalmers, coming out, and separating themselves from the Established Church. To most of them it must have been a bitter trial. To leave their manses, give up their stipends, separate themselves from their flocks, not knowing what would befall them

in the future, nor how they and their families were to live, was a noble act, not surpassed in heroism by any event in the history of Christianity. I have read somewhere that Jeffery, who could have but little sympathy with the principles or feelings of these men, saw them going in solemn procession to the temporary building provided for their reception, and burst into tears! His tears were creditable alike to his head and heart, and were a fine act of homage to lofty principle and heroic courage.

What a power the Free Church has become in Scotland! It is more than co-equal with the Established, sometimes, with severe irony, called "The Residuary Church." It has a kirk in every parish, and comfortable manses for her ministers. Her friends, and they are many, are prosperous and increasing. Home interests are thoroughly cared for; and no section of the Christian Church surpasses the Free Church in missionary liberality and zeal. Her fellowship is becoming more pure, and her ministers well trained; some of them distinguished for learning, many for great ability, and all, with very few exceptions, for deep attachment to Evangelic Truth. More and more the idea of any connection with the State is dying out, and disestablishment and disendowment becoming a prevalent opinion. It is not a little remarkable that in the Highlands and the Isles nearly the whole population are among her most ardent and devoted adherents. Drs. Begg and Kennedy lately paid a visit to these people, hoping to bring them to an acknowledgment of their inexplicable notion of some modified connection with the State, and support therefrom. But their mission seems to have utterly failed, and left the Highlanders more firm than ever in their attachment to the Free Church.

“Number Four”; or, “Making Somebody Happy.”

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.



CHRISTMAS DAY in a year a little beyond the mid-way between 1870 and 1880. A clear starlight Christmas Eve had been most favourable to the “Waits,” who, in mellow voices, softened into angelic sweetness ere they reached the but half-awakened ears of slumbering children, eager for the morrow with its Santa Claus, had given to the little town of Norris again and again, in every principal street and square, “Hark! the herald angels sing!” and “While shepherds watched their flocks by night.”

“Don’t you wish it was always Christmas Eve and Christmas-Morning?” asked one of a trio, who sat in a group upon a certain nursery floor, encircled, as well as lap-covered, by toys, dolls, waggons, Noah’s arks, horses, puzzles, bricks, musical boxes, and drawing-slates. They were three little “steps,” in years, two, three, and four—blue-eyed, dimple-chinned, roguish-looking little people, with rosy mouths so irresistibly bewitching in their “set” that they claimed a kiss from every mother; while every one seeing them for the first time would exclaim, “God bless the children!”

It was Minnie, the eldest of the three, who had put the question, “Don’t you wish it was always Christmas Eve and Christmas-Morning?” Each word was pronounced clearly, but the tone was babyish.

“I do,” said Lilian, with an emphatic nod of her curly little head.

“And me do, too,” chimed in wee Rosie, hugging more closely to her little breast the big dolly with hair and eyes and rosy lips almost as pretty as her own.

“Such lovely toys,” continued Minnie, patting her own possessions with great tenderness. “What a good Santa Claus we have! I do wish that little sick girl would remember to hang up her stocking!”

“Perhaps she did, Minnie,” said a gentle voice behind her; and,

as by one impulse, the children all rose to their feet, and greeted with loving kisses, and with tenderly uttered “A Merry Christmas, mamma!” the lady who had just entered the room.

“Supposing the little sick girl *did* forget, what then, my darlings? Would any of you spare for her her own toys?” asked the young mother, fondly stroking Minnie’s hair; while her arm was round the necks of the other two.

“Yes, yes, mamma!” said Minnie, clapping her hands. “Of course, we *all* will. It will be one more little girl to make happy; and that will make *four*, you know.”

Mrs. Houghton, believing that she secured the truest joy to her children by teaching them to think of others—and knowing that selfishness is the besetting sin of childhood, against which mothers are called upon to set a guard—led her children to remember, in all their own pleasures, the children of the poor, and to minister to their hungry lives out of the abundance of their own happiness. So it was that three poor little girls had been remembered by these little ones at this Christmas time; pleasant words spoken to them, pet toys spared for them, and various things done. Mrs. Houghton did not think her little ones too young to be thoughtful, considerate, and self-denying, as some mothers do. Hence, these tiny creatures early grew up to a kindly care for others which would have put to shame many a one who has grown old in the Christian profession.

But about this little girl, No. 4, whom Minnie spoke of making happy. As this story concerns her more than any one else, it is time for you to make her acquaintance.

Not in a nursery strewn with toys, but in a lean-to garret, and upon a bed but scantily covered with clothes, we find her. Her tiny pinched face is flushed with fever. Her fragile frame is disquieted with the racking cough, which has not ceased all through the long, cold, dreary night. She is not alone; a man sits by her bedside—her father—father and mother in one. He looks sad and anxious every time she coughs. It was but yesterday morning that she was taken ill. They had reached the town on the previous evening—he, worn out by his walk of twenty miles, carrying little Annie in his arms all the way—she, drowsy and quiet, unlike her little prattling self. Unconsciously the father bore his precious burden (for, since his wife’s death, the child had become his all in life) into the worst street, and even into the most disreputable lodging-house, in the town. He

was footsore, and Annie was overcome with fatigue; else he would not have remained in such a place after the first half-hour. It was at the back of a public-house. The lodgers were some twenty in number, men and women of the lowest type, each having a grievance, which was fiercely discussed as they (the women included, alas!) smoked their pipes and drank their warm beer, roasting themselves by the massive fire, for which the very poorest lodging-house kitchens are so famous.

The noisy talk and impure mirth drove the father and child early to the garret, where (unlooked-for joy!) they were permitted to sleep by themselves, the room only admitting one small bed. In the morning, after a restless night, Annie's state was such that the terrified father besought the landlady to send for a doctor. He would pawn his wife's wedding-ring, which he had worn ever since her death, to pay him. The doctor pronounced the attack to be one of bronchitis, and ordered constant poulticing, and a free milk diet! A vain order in that dismal garret, which was not more poverty-stricken than themselves! The father sought the landlady in an agony of grief: "Oh, please help me to save my child! She is my all, and life without her would not be worth living." "Well, now; don't take on so, sir; I'll do my best," said the landlady, wiping away some tears with the corner of her apron. "I haven't got no Annie; but I'll make a big bread-poultice that will do for all the world as well." As the day advanced, Annie grew worse. Though she was three floors above the kitchen, the noise from thence greatly distracted her. Late in the afternoon the father went down to beg one more noisy than the rest to stay his singing, when one of the aged lodgers drew near to him, and said: "Look ye here! There's a good lady you ought to go and see, who would help you with something for your child. She's but a stone's throw from here, with three bonny children of her own. So she's forced to have a mother's heart to feel for yours." The lady was Minnie's mother; and on that Christmas morning Annie's father told the poor child ever and anon that "very soon the pretty lady, who sent her the biscuits and arrowroot last night, would come; and she must try not to cough too much, for fear it might grieve the lady."

It was a little after three o'clock when Minnie's mother found her way to the Black Swan, laden with small parcels, and bearing messages from her own bright trio. The door was closed and bolted.

In vain she knocked. No answer came. Wondering what to do next, a saucy-faced boy suggested: “I’ll get the door open for you for a copper, ma’am.” “Here is a penny,” said the lady; whereupon the boy shouted in most business-like tones through the key-hole: “Mi-lk! Mi-lk!” The door was speedily opened from within, and as speedily the boy retreated. The lady entered without a welcome, and the boisterous voices of the half-drunk lodgers in the kitchen did not sound inviting. But she went bravely forward in the name of Him who bade her remember His poor, hearing within her heart His loving assurance: “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”

A moment’s hush followed her entrance into the kitchen, and then all spoke at once:—

“A Merry Christmas, ma’am!” “And many on ’em!” “You’ll spare us a copper to drink your health. A drop of warm beer would be very acceptable this bitter day.”

“Thank you for your kind wishes, my friends,” she replied; and, if her heart beat more quickly than usual, she did not show it in her voice. “I am sorry I cannot ‘stand treat’ in the way you desire. I am afraid I should be no good friend to you if I were to give you that which has probably been the bane of your lives. I expect there is not one here who would not have been better had he or she never known the taste of strong drink.”

“That’s true enough,” said one or two under their breath; while others scowled. The lady saw it, and inwardly trembled.

“Would you like me to sing to you?” she said gently, looking from one to another. “This is Christmas Day, you know; and we want to have bright thoughts of Him who came, as at this time, into the world—the Son of God, who came from heaven to die for our sins. I will sing to you a hymn about Him, shall I?”

“No, you *sha’n’t*,” said a very peculiar-looking man, who was slightly tipsy, and who rose from his seat, and stamped his foot on the floor to emphasise his words. The lady recognised him as an organ-grinder, who had played before her house on the previous day.

“Oh, but you will surely let me? I know you. You have been so kind in playing your dear old organ before our house to amuse my little people.”

“I don’t care for you, or for anybody belonging to you,” said the man in yet more angry tones.

"Hold your noise, Gooseberry," shouted two or three of his companions, as they advanced towards him. "Gooseberry" jumped upon the form which stood, half empty, at the back of the room, and from thence on to a deal table, plunging and dancing about to elude his pursuers. But he was no match for them, as they were sober and he was drunk. In another moment they had "shouldered" him, and carried him outside, where they left him seated in royal state—in the gutter! Order being thus restored, the lady sang—not the hymn she had intended, but another.

"Oh, brother, don't stay away—don't stay away!
 For my Lord says there's room enough—
 Room enough in the heavens for you.
 Oh, sinner, don't stay away—don't stay away!
 For the Bible says there's room enough—
 Room enough in the heavens for you.
 Oh, children, don't stay away—don't stay away!
 For Jesus says there's room enough—
 Room enough in the heavens for you."

The silence during the singing was perfect, some only venturing to join in the chorus of the last verse. Mrs. Houghton took advantage of the opportunity, and spoke of Christ's coming to the earth, of His love to poor lost men and women, of His death upon the cross for their sins, and of His return to heaven to prepare a place for them that love Him; and she asked with great earnestness the question, "Is it for *you* He is preparing this place? Do *you* love Him?"

"Your Bible isn't true," said an elderly man with a wobegone face, lit up, as he now spoke, by gray eyes which shone with a humorous expression. "It says, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and I did as it told me. I begged a copper of a lady in the London Road, and a bobby took me up, and I had seven days for it. Comfortable quarters enough, but, you see, it made a fellow look small among his friends ever after."

"Yes, and then," said another, "it says, 'Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of you turn not away.' I went to borrow a sixpence of the parson up above this morning, and he slammed the door in my face."

This sort of talk provoked a laugh all round, but Mrs. Houghton was equal to the occasion, and she quietly turned the laugh against the two who had spoken, and some of the women said, "Had you

there, and no mistake. You've got it this time.” Mrs. Houghton now ventured to quote a few passages of Scripture. She would have read from the Holy Book, but that was impossible, as she had, by steadfastly looking on them, to keep her audience at bay, as if they had been a pack of wild animals. She ended by asking them to stand up and uncover their heads whilst she offered up a prayer for them. The prayer was brief:—

“O Lord, here are before Thee a number of hungry souls, men and women. Wilt Thou feed them with the Bread of Life? Here are before Thee sin-sick souls; wilt Thou touch and heal them? Teach them that God is a God of love. They don't believe it, Lord. Thou, the gift of the God of love to a suffering world, didst come to seek and to save that which was lost. These dear people don't believe a word of it. Holy Spirit, by Thy pleading, win them to believe it; so that, knowing it is not God's will that they should perish, they may seek Him and live. Their hearts are pining for happiness, and they seek it in drink and selfishness and sin; and it is all as grit in the mouth. Oh, God of love, show them that true happiness is only with Thee, and that *now—to-day—at this very hour*, they may come to Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, and pray, ‘God be merciful to me, a sinner!’ Oh, God of love, bless these dear men and women and little children, and bring them to know the hatefulness of sin, and show them where they may get rid of it, even in the cleansing blood of Christ. Teach them that the Lord Jesus will help them to overcome in this world, if they will pray to Him, and are ready to forsake their evil thoughts and words and ways, looking always to Him whose grace is sufficient for them, and who, at their death, will take them to His heaven, to live with Him for ever. Amen.”

Sobs—sincere, at least, for the moment—came from one and another of the company as *their* “Amen” to the prayer. Mrs. Houghton then went upstairs to Annie; and, having a true mother's heart, the first thing she did was to shed a few silent tears while bending over the pinched little face, so plaintively sweet in its sad and suffering expression. Not quite Minnie's age; less than half her size; the room icy cold; the little shoulders bare; the cough incessant!

“Look, darling,” she said, as soon as she could find her voice. “My little girls at home have sent you some of their own toys to make you happy, because it is the Gentle Jesus's Birthday. See, here is a rag-

doll—hasn't she a pretty face? Her name is Minnie, and that is the name of one of my own little girls."

Annie clasped the doll in her baby-arms, and gave it a mother's kiss, while her tiny face and neck were flushed with joy. Mrs. Houghton would not disturb her delight by producing other toys at that moment. She began to examine the child, and quickly saw that her condition was most critical. She had linseed meal in her bag for a poultice, but there was no fire-place, and even if all necessary remedies were used, cure would be impossible in such a temperature. The poor little sufferer must be removed; a mother's arms must nurse her; a mother's thoughts must plan for her the endless little ministrations required to meet the endless little needs of her illness.

"Would Annie like to go to a bright home, and be better?" She said tenderly.

"Annie *do*ing soon to mother and Willie in heaven. Annie would like to be there with the dear Lord Jesus."

"But, Annie" (Mrs. Houghton's tears were flowing), "would you be quite happy to go there—to heaven I mean?"

"The Lord Jesus would take Annie," said the child very simply. "He would carry Annie all the long way up in His arms, holding Annie just as Annie holds Dolly;" and she hugged her treasure more closely to her breast.

Mrs. Houghton sang softly the children's hymn—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light."

Then she knelt, and commended the wee lamb to the tender Shepherd's care. As she rose from her knees, her plans took form. That evening Annie, wrapped in a blanket and horse-rug, was taken from that house of noise and of disorder to the Christian home of her new benefactress, who soothed her to sleep in one of the cleanest and warmest of beds by singing to her the soft strains of one of the sweetest of hymns—the hymn "Abide with me."

It had been arranged that the father should remain at the lodging-house. Night and morning, for many days, he hovered about the home where Annie lay, still lingering between life and death. He would enter when the door was opened to him, look long and earnestly

at his child, kiss her, and withdraw. One day he did not come, nor the next, nor the next. Mrs. Houghton grew anxious, and her anxiety merged into anger when she found he had left the town. The days and weeks passed on. Annie's life was spared. She prattled incessantly of “father,” amusing herself by the hour with her doll, and wondering whether “Dolly” might go with her to heaven. One day, while she was playing in the little garden before the house, some one stopped at the gate. She looked up, and with one bound was in her father's arms. He wept for joy. Could this be his Annie, so robust, with so rosy a colour, and with limbs so round? He had gone away to find work, and, having succeeded, had come back to claim his child. He never meant to desert her, but he could not bear the thought of taking her, a merry little lamb, away from the sunshine and clover and sheltered fold, to place her on a barren hill-side, amongst the stubble of want and difficulty which belonged to his own life.

Mrs. Houghton sat with her mirthful trio around her. It was the mother's hour, a time of intense delight to the little ones, when they “had mamma all to themselves.” A ring at the bell arrested their attention. “Oh, I *do* hope it is not a horrid visitor! We really can't let you leave off, mamma, just in the nicest part of this lovely tale!” Chagrin gave place to exuberant joy when Mrs. Houghton returned to the room and told her children who had come.

“I have found, and have come to claim her,” said her father, tenderly drawing the child nearer to himself. “And now we're off again. I dare not stay. Good-bye, and God bless you, ma'am, and the little ladies. I've come to thank you all, as I've been led this many a day to thank the Lord for raising up such friends to me and Annie. But I must tell you something, ma'am, before I go. I've been a hard drinker, but never a drop could I touch since Christmas, when you came down as a good angel amongst us all; and I want to sign the pledge in gratitude to God, and Annie will put her cross alongside my name.”

To this day the children, in their bright nursery, amid their many home comforts and luxuries, will talk of “No. 4;” and Minnie thinks, and her little sisters concur in her opinion, that, however nice it is to have Christmas pleasures themselves, it is nicer still when mamma finds out poor little children, and they can all unite in

“MAKING SOMEBODY HAPPY.”

Baptism.

BY THE LATE REV. W. ROBINSON, CAMBRIDGE.

(Concluded from page 451.)

III.



WHILE we dare not depart from the plain instructions of our Lord and His apostles, and, for the sake of convenience, adopt an ordinance of man, we readily admit that the end is more important than the means—the purpose of baptism more important than the mode. Let us therefore devote careful attention to the last point of inquiry.

What is the use of Baptism? What mean ye by this Service?

1. Is regeneration by or in baptism? Episcopalians reply that in baptism we are born again. It is needless to quote from the Book of Common Prayer in proof: sufficient thus to refer to it. All clergymen whose creed is consistent with their solemn professions, and with their position, hold this view. "It is in the font," says Alford, commenting on Titus iii. 5, "and when we are in it, that the first breath of the new life is drawn." Beyond a doubt, multitudes believe this; and, if it be a Scriptural truth, no language can overstate its importance.

It is but the part of candour to confess that similar views have the sanction of very high antiquity. The argument from "the Fathers" to baptismal regeneration is far stronger than the argument from that source in favour either of infant sprinkling or infant baptism, and would be very difficult to deal with were it not notorious that the same sanction may be pleaded for almost all perversions of Christian truth and Christian practice; for example, for infant communion, in which custom the ancients were not without some pretext; for the same authority which says, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," says also,

“Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you.” If the one passage apply to infants, so must the other; and if the former be interpreted of baptism, the latter will of course be interpreted of the Lord’s Supper; and then we reach the very curious inference, that none of the millions of baptized infants find the new life at the font, because none of them have received the Eucharist; without which, according to the theories of sacramentarians, they cannot have it.

Little do Christians in general conceive how wholly worthless for purposes of guidance is the example of the early churches.

To enter into detail would involve a digression of very inconvenient length, the necessity for which may be avoided by presenting two or three sentences from the pen of Isaac Taylor.

“The history of Christianity! Alas, the ominous words sink like a mortal chill into the heart. . . . Pages, and pages again, may be adduced from writers of the second and third century, which, suppressing names and incidental allusions, an intelligent reader might easily suppose to have been taken from those of the twelfth or thirteenth century. . . . The opinion that has forced itself on my own mind is to this effect, that the period dating its commencement from the death of the last of the apostles, or apostolic men, was altogether as little deserving to be selected and proposed as a *pattern* as any one of the first five of Church History.”—*Ancient Christianity*, pp. 18, 65, 106.

Besides referring to “the Fathers”—as with much force they may—the advocates of Baptismal Regeneration appeal to Scripture; and we must examine this appeal, for if baptized infants have so great an advantage over others—of which, however, there is somehow in actual life a total lack of evidence—who would not eagerly, at so cheap a rate, secure regeneration for them?

The rite appointed for the seed of Abraham was circumcision. To him it was “a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had, being yet uncircumcised,” but not to his infant offspring; nor did they become new creatures by the rite. “Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God.” Nevertheless, that rite was referred to as representing the need and the nature of regeneration. “Circumcise the foreskin of your heart, and be no more stiffnecked.” “Circumcision is of the heart.” The Jews thought the uncircumcised unclean, and themselves clean. They have their successors in those who say, “It is in the

font, and when we are in it, that the first breath of the new life is drawn."

Baptism is, to those who believe, an edifying rite; but, if administered to infants, has no more moral efficacy on them than circumcision had; and quite vainly, therefore, do some infer, from instructive allusions to it, that the new birth is in the baptistery. Paul says—Titus iii. 5—that God in His grace saves by the bath of regeneration, not the bath of baptism. As circumcision was not in the letter, but in the spirit, so the baptism that saves is the baptism of the heart, not of the flesh; which view is strongly confirmed by the only other part of the New Testament in which this laver or bath is mentioned. "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might cleanse it by the laver of water BY THE WORD;" not, as the learned critic named above strangely imagines, the word which the administrator of baptism pronounces, but, as Peter teaches us, "the incorruptible seed, the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever." Indeed Alford, with his usual admirable honesty—always to be more relied on than his judgment—has explained the words cited above from the Epistle to the Ephesians in a manner that seems to me fatal to his notion of new life begun in the font.

"*The Word* preached and received is the conditional element of purification, the real water of spiritual baptism, that wherein and whereby alone the efficacy of baptism is conveyed, that wherein and whereby we are regenerated."

Beyond controversy, both Peter and Paul teach us that we are born again by the Word of God. Therefore, infants, who are not capable of receiving the Word of God, are not born again in baptism.

Nor, certainly, is it true of adults, that the first breath of the new life is drawn in the baptistery, as their own consciousness proves. On this point, Baptists are the most competent witnesses; and their experience corresponds with that of apostolic times. "As many as received His Word were baptized." The reception of the regenerating Word, the first breath of the new life, was previous to baptism, not in baptism. Of the Samaritans it is said that "*When they believed, they were baptized, both men and women.*" Baptism was the expression of the faith, the new life, which they had, being unbaptized. Paul received the first breath of the new life before he entered into Damascus, and was baptized three days afterward. So clearly does

Scripture teach us that baptism is for persons already regenerated, not the act in which we draw the first breath of the new life.

The words by which Episcopalians are most bewildered are those addressed by our Lord to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." They read, or at least interpret, them thus: "Except a man be baptized, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Whereas, as Calvin suggests, the two clauses descriptive of the birth are but the figurative and literal account of one and the same thing. To be born of water means to be born not only of a new but a holy birth, of which change the Holy Spirit is the author; as the Most High said by the prophet, "I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods on the dry ground," and then added the explanation of the metaphor: "I will pour My Spirit on thy seed, and My blessing on thine offspring." To be born of water is one thing; to be baptized is another. That believers are born of water, that is by a holy birth; that they are born of the Spirit, that they are regenerated by the Word of God, are Scriptural sentiments; that we are born again in baptism, is a dangerous delusion, like that of the Jews, who thought they were holy by circumcision.

2. Is baptism a public profession of Christianity? For Baptists have been much accustomed to represent it as a profession of religion which the believer makes to the world, and to regard this as its one primary purpose. But if it be, why was the rite often observed under circumstances at variance with its very design? On that hypothesis Candace's treasurer should have been required to return to Jerusalem to be baptized, and Saul should have waited till an assembly of the Damascenes could be summoned to witness his baptism, and the Philippian jailor should not have been baptized in the night. Nowhere is it said or hinted that Christians were to be baptized as a proclamation to the world of their discipleship; nowhere in the Bible do we read of confessing Christ by baptism; nor, indeed, is there one clear instance of public baptism in the whole of the New Testament; for the multitudes who went to John in the Wilderness were *all candidates for the ordinance he administered*. It will be allowed that the Christian ordinance of water should follow speedily on conversion; but neither reason nor Scripture teaches that it becomes one, young perhaps in years, and in Christ a babe, to summon the world to witness his zeal for the Lord of Hosts. Such a step seems incon-

sistent with the modesty and diffidence which become the neophyte. If the converted man can bear the presence of spectators with equanimity, I know not why he should shrink from the gaze of the universe; and certainly the effect of the public baptism of believers is so profound and hallowed that I should be glad always to administer it in the presence of a multitude; but I can find no evidence that publicity is involved in the meaning and design of this ordinance.

3. Is baptism a condition of church membership? When Jewish Christians understood not that Gentiles were to have a community of privileges with themselves, the point was settled thus, "God gave them the like gift, as He did unto us; who was I, that I should withstand God?" If Peter's reasoning be valid, for us to reject any whom we believe that God has received is to withstand God. God hath received them, therefore we must. Such, from that time, was the Divine and revealed law of Christendom. When, at a later date, the question was disturbing the church at Antioch, it was settled by precisely the same principle. "God who knoweth the hearts bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us, and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. Now, therefore, why tempt ye God?" To shut out those whose hearts God has purified by faith is to tempt God. When a question arose about distinction of meats and days, still the same principle was adduced by the apostle, as decisive of the whole matter. "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye . . . for God hath received him." Yet thousands of Baptist churches have made baptism a test of Christian fellowship; refusing to receive any of their fellow-disciples, however manifestly their hearts have been purified by faith, unless they would conform to our views of baptism.

4. What, then, is the design of baptism? It is, I conceive, a transaction, not between a regenerated man and the world, nor between him and his fellow-disciples, but between him and God. Evangelical Pædobaptists generally regard it as an act of dedication. I think they are right, except that they should regard it as an act of self-dedication.

Almost all the important transactions of life have some seal or ratification; and after the ratification is completed, we feel that, by that overt act, the decisive step has been taken, the final pledge given; and that overt act is generally made to represent the chief obligations

and advantages of the transaction, be it what it may. Thus, when a king comes to the throne, there is the coronation, a complex and gorgeous ceremonial, the design of which, however, is simple—namely, to mark and ratify the compact or relation between the king and his subjects. The sceptre is an emblem of his dominion; the champion, of his purpose to withstand all the enemies of his government; the dove, of the admixture of gentleness with justice, &c.; but quite in harmony with the varied symbolism is the one design of the whole.

A young man is converted to God. He still lives in a dangerous world, and is himself weak. Nature dictates that, guarding himself against all double-mindedness, he should solemnly pledge himself to the Lord he has been taught to adore and love; that he may ever afterwards feel that he has passed the Rubicon, and it is not for him to draw back or hesitate. This pledge some Christians have aimed at by a written covenant drawn up in most solemn words, perhaps signed, as in the case of Samuel Pearce, with their own blood; or, it may be, renewed on their knees once a year. Baptism is the Divinely appointed mode of such self-surrender. Baptized into the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, the young convert gives himself to God in Christ. His baptism is a solemn vow; of all vows the most solemn.

And that vow is taken in a manner exceedingly expressive and instructive. The name of the Sacred Three brings before him the whole truth of the Gospel; the water represents holiness, without which his profession is vain; the washing with water, the entireness of sanctity at which he is to aim; the immersion and emersion, his being buried to sin and rising to newness of life; and the voluntariness of the whole is in strict accordance with the inward and spiritual grace on which its efficacy depends. "Not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God."

Have we given ourselves to God in baptism? Let us remember the vows of God which are upon us.

Have we entertained other views of the mode, subjects, or meaning of this rite than those now presented? May not the whole subject require from us diligent, humble, devout re-investigation? Not pleasant, surely, can be the thought of going into another world having in this, through carelessness or prejudice, failed to understand one of the two rites of the New Covenant. "Whosoever shall break

one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the Kingdom of heaven."

I can imagine many a reader of these pages rendered uncomfortable by them. May God help us to be honest and wise, to His own praise and our happiness. Amen.

Correspondence.

THE ARCHAISMS OF THE "REVISED VERSION."

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

LETTER II.



DEAR SIR,—Taking the Acts of the Apostles as a sample of, the Revised Version, let us see what the Revisers have done towards sweeping away the cobwebs, or (to use another figure) towards repairing those parts of the structure which have been damaged by age.

1. As to the use of the pronoun "which" in reference to persons, whereby they are degraded into things. This archaism occurs in the Authorised Version in about sixty-nine places. In eighteen cases the Revisers amend it, in seventeen they evade it, in thirty-four they retain it.

2. In about twenty cases, where "of" is used instead of "by," in three cases the Revisers amend it; in two they evade it; and in fifteen they retain it.

3. In about twelve cases, where "that" is redundant ("after that," "before that"), in four cases they amend it; in two they evade it; and in six they retain it. In about seven cases where the redundant word is "for" ("for to give," "for to seek," "for to keep," &c.), in only one case is it amended, and in all the rest it is retained. "Asked of him" is amended. "The which" is once amended, twice retained.

4. In about twenty-eight cases a past tense of a verb is spelt differently from its present orthography, as "spake," "drave," "bare," "brake," "wrought," "strived," "kneeled." This archaism is never amended; in four cases it is evaded, and in the other twenty-four it is retained. Other grammatical variations from modern English are these—"his" for "its," amended; "to" for "for" ("they had John to their minister"), amended; "by" for "for" ("by the space of forty years"), amended; "certain other" for "certain others;" "certain" for "certain persons;" "exceeding" for "exceedingly;" "to" for "with" ("to this agree"). In these four last-mentioned cases five archaisms are retained. "None" for "no" ("saying none other things"), once evaded, twice retained. To these may be added "publickly," amended; "always," retained.

5. Of obsolete words,* the following are amended:—“*strange*” for “*foreign*,” “*divers*” for “*some*,” “*implead*” for “*accuse*,” “*constantly*” for “*confidently*,” “*instantly*” for “*earnestly*,” “*afoot*” for “*on foot*.” In each of these cases the first is the obsolete word, and the second the one by which it may be translated into modern English. Then we have “*straitly*” for “*strictly*,” once amended, and once retained; “*space*” for “*time*,” once amended, twice retained; “*howbeit*” for “*but*,” once amended, once retained; “*whether*” for “*which*,” evaded. The other obsolete words are retained:—“*craftsmen*” for “*artificers*,” “*burden*” for “*cargo*,” “*impotent*” for “*infirm*” or “*crippled*,” “*strait*” for “*strict*,” “*companied*” for “*accompanied*,” “*assayed*” for “*attempted*,” “*journeyed*” for “*travelled*,” “*haling*” for “*dragging*,” “*wot*” for “*know*,” “*wist*” for “*knew*,” “*specially*” for “*especially*,” “*whiles*” for “*whilst*,” “*sore*” for “*greatly*” (“*wept sore*”), “*aboard*” for “*on board*,” “*touching*” for “*concerning*,” “*withal*” for “*also*” or “*moreover*.”

6. Of antiquated words (not obsolete, but obsolescent, or becoming obsolete) the following are amended:—“*tongue*” for “*language*,” “*sepulchre*” for “*tomb*,” “*meet*” for “*worthy*,” “*slay*” for “*kill*,” “*dearth*” for “*famine*,” “*laded*” for “*put on board*,” “*after*” for “*according to*.” “*Verily*” for “*truly*” is evaded. “*Tarry*” for “*stay*,” twice amended, twice retained. The following are retained:—“*marvel*” for “*wonder*,” “*company*” for “*companions*,” “*raiment*” for “*dress*,” “*abode*” for “*remained*,” “*bade*” for “*ordered*,” “*lading*” for “*cargo*,” “*alms*” for “*charity*.”

7. Altered words—*i.e.*, words obsolete in the sense in which the former translators used them, but now current in some other sense. In this class of archaisms the Revisers have (with few exceptions) done their duty. “*Quick*,” which formerly meant “*alive*,” but now means “*swift*,” is retained. “*Whole*,” which formerly meant “*healthy*,” but now means “*entire*,” is once amended, twice retained. The following are all amended:—“*passion*,” formerly “*suffering*,” now “*mental excitement*,” especially “*anger*,” “*fashion*,” formerly “*form*,” now a *variable test of gentility*; “*meat*,” formerly *food in general*, now *animal food* merely; “*constantly*,” formerly “*confidently*,” now “*continuously*,” “*instantly*,” formerly “*earnestly*,” now “*immediately*,” “*minister*,” formerly a “*servant*,” now a “*preacher*,” or a “*statesman*,” “*craft*,” formerly “*trade*” (especially “*practical business*”), now “*knavish cunning*,” “*lewdness*,” formerly “*lawless*” or “*disorderly behaviour*,” now “*indecent conduct*,” “*coasts*,” formerly the *frontiers of a country*, now *maritime boundaries*; “*carriage*,” formerly “*luggage*,” † now a *vehicle*; “*launch*,” formerly to *commence a voyage*, now to *put a newly built vessel into the water*; “*loose*,” formerly to “*set sail*,” now to “*unfasten*,” “*entreat*,” formerly to “*treat*” (to *behave towards a person*), now to “*supplicate*,” or *humbly and earnestly to request*.‡ It may be remarked that some of the words above mentioned had their modern senses as well as their now obsolete ones. In such

* There may be a difference of opinion concerning many words as to whether they should be classified as *obsolete*, or as *antiquated*.

† It is a pity the Revisors use the military word “*baggage*” instead of the civil word “*luggage*.”

‡ In some parts of the Revised Version this objectionable word is retained.

cases the change which has taken place in recent times is not the substitution of a new sense for an old one, but a discontinuance of one of the old ones.

8. Phrases, or expressions including more words than one The following are amended:—"took ship" for "embarked;" "made an insurrection" for "got up a riot;" "to do the Jews a pleasure" for "to gain favour with the Jews;" "as his manner was" for "as he was accustomed;" "give audience" for "hearken." The following are evaded:—"I take you to record" for "I call on you to bear witness;" "we that were of Paul's company" for "we who were accompanying Paul." The following are retained:—"fastening the eyes on" for "looking earnestly at;" "gave up the ghost" for "expired;" "held their peace" for "were silent," or, in this instance, "acquiesced;" "fell on sleep" for "fell asleep;" "I made my journey" for "I was travelling;" "joined hard" for "adjoined;" "reason would" for "it would be reasonable;" "as touching" for "concerning" or "in respect to;" "nay verily" for "not so;" "after what manner" for "in what manner;" "threescore and fifteen" for "seventy-five;" "went his way" for "went away;" "say on" for "say it;" "as it had been" for "as it were;" "taken with palsies," for "paralytic."*

This view of the archaisms in the translation of the Acts of the Apostles may be concluded by the following general numerical survey:—

	Total.	Amended.	Evaded.	Retained.
"Which" instead of "who".....	67	17	16	34
"Of" instead of "by"	17	3	2	12
Redundant words	23	7	2	14
Orthographical or grammatical differences...	37	5	4	28
Obsolete words	32	7	3	22
Antiquated words	33	14	1	18
Altered words	17	14	0	3
Phrases	27	5	2	20
Totals.....	253	72	30	151

Thus, out of about 250 archaisms, the Revisers have retained about 150, or three-fifths.

To give a different view of what the Revisers have done in respect to archaisms, the following extracts are made from both versions of the Epistle to the Philippians, in which the archaisms are taken as they occur, and placed in parallel columns, with the letter *a* for "amended," *e* for "evaded," and *r* for "retained" prefixed to the extracts from the Revised Version:—

CHAP. I.

Ver.	AUTHORISED VERSION.	REVISED VERSION.
1.	"To all the Saints <i>which</i> are at Philippi."	<i>r.</i> "To all the Saints <i>which</i> are at Philippi."
6.	"He <i>which</i> hath begun a good work."	<i>r.</i> "He <i>which</i> hath begun a good work."
7.	"It is <i>meet</i> for me to think this."	<i>a.</i> "It is <i>right</i> for me to be thus minded."
8.	"For God is my <i>record</i> ."	<i>a.</i> "For God is my <i>witness</i> ."
14.	"Many . . . brethren . . . waxing confident . . . are much more bold."	<i>a.</i> "Most of the brethren . . . being confident . . . are more abundantly bold."

* This is only half-modernised by the Revisers, for they say "*palsied*."

AUTHORISED VERSION.

Ver.

22. "What I shall choose I *wot* not."
 23. "I am in a strait *betwixt* two."
 24. "To *abide* in the flesh."
 25. "I shall *abide* and continue with you all."
 27. "Let your *conversation* be," &c.

REVISED VERSION.

- r. "What I shall choose I *wot* not."
 r. "I am in a strait *betwixt* two."
 r. "To *abide* in the flesh."
 r. "I shall *abide*, yea and abide with you all."*
 a. "Let your *manner of life* be," &c.

CHAP. II.

8. "Being found in *fashion* as a man."
 13. "It is God *which* worketh in you."
 30. "To supply your *lack* of service."
 r. "Being found in *fashion* as a man."
 r. "It is God *which* worketh in you."
 r. "To supply that which was *lacking*."†

CHAP. III.

3. "We . . . *which* worship God."
 5. "As *touching* the law."
 6. "Concerning zeal, persecuting the Church; *touching* righteousness, . . . blameless."
 7. "I *counted* loss."
 8. "I *count* all things but loss . . . and do *count* them but dung."
 12. "If *that* I may apprehend . . . apprehended of Christ."
 13. "I *count* not myself," &c.
 15. "As many as *be* perfect."
 17. "A *ensample*."
 20. "Our *conversation*."
 21. "Change our vile body . . . *fashioned* like," &c.
 a. "We *who* worship by the Spirit of God."
 r. "As *touching* the law."
 r. "As *touching* zeal, † persecuting the Church; as *touching* righteousness, . . . blameless."
 r. "Have I *counted* loss."
 r. "I *count* all things to be loss, and do *count*," &c.
 a. "If *so be that* § I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended by Christ."
 r. "I *count* not myself," &c.
 r. "As many as *be* perfect."
 r. "An *ensample*."
 a. "Our *citizenship*."
 12. v. "*Fashion anew* || the body of our humiliation that it may be *conformed* to the body of His glory."

CHAP. IV.

3. "Those women *which* laboured."
 4. "Rejoice in the Lord *alway*."
 8. "*Honest*" (Marg. "*Honourable*").
 e. "Those women, *for they* laboured."
 r. "Rejoice in the Lord *alway*."
 a. "*Honourable*" (Marg. Gr. "*reverend*").

* *μενω και συμπαρευμενω.*

† Here the antiquated noun is avoided, but the antiquated verb is substituted.

‡ Here the Revisers go backward. For the modern word "*concerning*," they substitute the antiquated word "*touching*."§ "*That*" is redundant in Authorised Version; not so in Revised Version.|| Here is a retrograde alteration. Where the former translators say "*change*," the Revisers say "*fashion anew*." So they are more antique than those who preceded them by two centuries and a-half!

Ver. AUTHORIZED VERSION.

10. "Ye *lacked opportunity.*"12. "To be *full.*"

REVISED VERSION.

v. "Ye *lacked opportunity.*"v. 12. "To be *filled.*"*

Hoping you may be able to find room for these observations in the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, I am, yours truly,
Hull, September 18th, 1882.

J. H. HILL.

Death of the Rev. W. Sampson.

IT is with very deep sorrow that we record the death of the Rev. W. Sampson, one of our most conspicuous ministers, formerly a missionary in India, and latterly, for a little while—alas! only for a little while—the beloved Secretary of our Union. On the 11th ult. he "entered into rest." How much that dear old phrase means for him none, even of those who were best acquainted with him, and who loved him most, can adequately know. For more than thirty years he abounded in Christian labour, and the affliction which terminated in his decease was both protracted and severe. But throughout his Christian course, his whole soul was true to the high spirit of consecration in which that course began; and it is an inexpressible comfort to his surviving friends and fellow-labourers to be assured that for him to "depart" was to "be with Christ, which is far better." We hope to be able, in a future number of our Magazine, to give some suitable account of his character and work. May the God whom he delighted to serve graciously "relieve the fatherless and the widow."

Reviews.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS: its Doctrine and Ethics. By R. W. Dale, M.A., of Birmingham. Hodder & Stoughton.

As our readers are well aware, Mr. Dale does not appear in this volume for the

first time as a pulpit expositor of Scripture. Seventeen years ago his fitness for this important department of ministerial work was conclusively shown by the publication of his Discourses on the Epistle to the Hebrews, under the

* Though "to be filled," as a translation of *χορραζεσθαι*, is better Greek than "to be full," it is, like the latter, bad English. In v. 18 we again find in Authorised Version "I am full," and in Revised Version "I am filled." In this case we must not say that either expression is bad English, because the Greek word used there is *πεπληρωμαι*, for which "I am filled," in the modern English sense of the words, is a good translation; whereas, when they use "to be filled" for *χορραζεσθαι*, the sense of which would be expressed in Modern English by "to be well fed" or "to be satisfied," they are chargeable with an archaism.

general title of "The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church." These discourses are now in their sixth edition, and, we doubt not, will continue to be studied with pleasure and with profit for many years to come. Few men of our time excel Mr. Dale in the distinctive and exalted gifts requisite for effective preaching. His possession of these gifts is attested by the fact that he has been able to command a crowded congregation for many years in the spacious chapel in Carr's Lane, where his predecessor, John Angell James, shone with so brilliant a lustre for half a century. The people of Birmingham have plenty of heart, and a public instructor of cold nature, however intellectual or however learned, would influence them but little; but their heads are as hard as their hearts are warm, and they have not much patience with mere emotionalism and "gush." They can appreciate good rhetoric; but it soon tires them, unless it is sustained and guided by a robust, practical common-sense. Their leaders must have something substantial to say, and must say it in a thoroughly frank, intelligible, and straightforward manner—with as rich a glow of feeling as the subject and the occasion may naturally call for, but at the same time with clearness, point, relevancy, and unmistakable moral earnestness. They have long recognised in Mr. Dale all these qualities, and it is now a good many years since they gladly gave to him a foremost place in the social, political, and religious movements of their great town. But Mr. Dale's fame as a preacher of truth and righteousness is not confined to Birmingham; it extends throughout the land, and even to the United States of America. His ability as a polemical theologian is admirably illustrated by

his treatise on "The Atonement," the Congregational Lecture for 1875. He developed his idea of what the preacher should be, and how he should conduct his work, in "Nine Lectures on Preaching," delivered at Yale, New Haven, Conn., one of the most comprehensive, compact, inspiring, and safe productions on that subject ever issued from the press. His peculiarities and powers as a preacher may be estimated by the four volumes of sermons which he has given to the public. Of course, it must be admitted that the most successful preacher does not always prove to be at once the soundest and most popular Biblical expositor. In this latter order of pulpit ministration, however, Mr. Dale seems to be as much at home and as effective as in any other; and we have often wondered why the author of "The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church" allowed so many years to pass before producing another work of the same order. Our desire for such a work is at length gratified by the appearance of these twenty-four lectures on the Epistle to the Ephesians, in which all Mr. Dale's versatility of intellect, resources of knowledge, and strong spirituality are put to full use.

In his Preface he tells us that he has "learnt that there are large numbers of Christian people to whom expository lectures of this popular kind are of more service than ordinary commentaries;" he might have added "than ordinary sermons." We should be glad to believe that such lectures were coming into vogue in our English pulpits. The proper work of the preacher undoubtedly is to expound and enforce the teachings of the Word of God, and what more effective method of accomplishing this task can be chosen than that of taking the separate Books of

Scripture in their entirety, analysing their contents, bringing their grammatical and connectional meanings into clear view, and showing their bearings upon the errors, the sins, and the sorrows of the time? If expository discourses are unacceptable to our congregations, it cannot be because Scripture is too dry and barren to admit of such treatment in a way fitted to interest and profit them. The Bible is a vast treasury of precious truth which our human life in this world imperatively needs for its inspiration, comfort, and guidance; and out of that treasury it is the business of the preacher to be constantly bringing things new and old. This cannot be done best by taking a sentence, or the fragment of a sentence, here and there, calling it a text, and using it as a motto for a theme upon which the preacher may descant according to the turn of his mind, or the peculiarities of his theology. Topical preaching has its function and its place, but our congregations are most efficiently taught the deep things of God when the thoughts of divinely inspired men are laid open in the form and order which inspiration has given to them. In Scotland this matter has been understood and appreciated much more fully than amongst ourselves; and there is reason to rejoice when able English preachers, like Mr. Dale, set themselves to the higher task of exposition, and show how it may be discharged in such a way as to make it at once attractive and instructive to the audiences they have to address.

Of the expository work before us we can scarcely speak too highly. Baptists, however, are not likely to be satisfied with Mr. Dale's theory of Christian baptism as stated, but only very slightly discussed, in his remarks on the 26th

verse of the 5th chapter of the epistle. We might admit that theory to be not without beauty, if only we could regard it as Scripturally true. He says:—

“Baptism when administered to a child is a declaration that the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ has atoned for its future sins; that, apart from its own choice, the child belongs to Him; and that, by the purpose and will of God, the child is blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.”

This account of baptism can scarcely be said to be vindicated—it is dogmatically asserted. Where Mr. Dale finds it either in the letter or the spirit of the New Testament we are unable to discover. It seems to us to come only from his own imagination, or, at best, to be a mere corollary from his way of interpreting the words: “The Living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.” Whatever the meaning of those words may be, we are unable to detect in them even the germ of the baptismal rite as set forth in the teachings of Christ and His apostles. Mr. Dale is an accomplished logician, and no man is more ready to bow to Scripture authority than he; but we think he would be sorely baffled in the attempt to show the consistency of his theory of Christian baptism with the many passages immediately relating to that rite in the Divine Word. We may as well say, further, that “Calvinists” of even a milder type than Dr. Gill are certain to take exception to his statement of the doctrine of election, as found in various passages in the second and third lectures, which cover verses 3—6 of the 1st chapter of the epistle. No doubt our author is justified in repudiating the sterner features of the Calvinistic creed as set forth in the Westminster Confession of faith; but

we think he falls short of Paul's teaching on the subject of Election when he says :—

“According to the Calvinistic conception, some men who are still ‘children of wrath, even as the rest,’ to use a phrase which occurs later in this epistle, are among the ‘elect,’ and will, therefore, some day become children of God. That is a mode of speech foreign to Paul's thought ; according to Paul, no man is elect except he is ‘in Christ.’ We are all among the non-elect until we are in Him. But once in Christ we are caught in the currents of the eternal purposes of the Divine love ; we belong to the elect race ; all things are ours ; we are the children of God and the heirs of His glory. God has ‘blessed us with every spiritual blessing . . . in Christ.’ God ‘chose us in Him before the foundation of the world that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.’”

To be Divinely “chosen in Christ” is not necessarily to be chosen *when* our identification with Christ is realised by faith. Paul says that “God chose us in Him *before the foundation of the world.*” Mr. Dale seems to take the choice before the foundation of the world as an election of character, not of persons, but, so far as we can see, he makes no attempt to *prove* that this is the teaching of the Apostle. He merely asserts it as a fact, and his assertion will have to go for so much as, and for no more than, it is worth.

Other points put forth in these lectures might be alluded to as being open to objection, but we forbear for want of space. Happily, in our study of the volume we have seldom been compelled to conclude that Mr. Dale is mistaken in his apprehension of the doctrinal teaching of the New Testament. We know of no clearer exposi-

tion, and no abler defence of the great scheme of Redemption through the Blood of Christ, than the one which he has furnished in Lecture V. It will abundantly repay the most careful perusal by strengthening the faith of the reader in what we do not hesitate to pronounce the most vital truth in Holy Scripture. Mr. Dale has long been known for his power in dealing with ethical questions. That power has found ample scope in the work before us. It comes out in many parts of the volume, but is especially conspicuous in the latter part, where he deals, with remarkable clearness, precision, and force, with “Miscellaneous Moral Precepts” (chapter iv. 25 ; v. 21), with the relations between Wives and Husbands (chapter v. 22—33), between Children and Parents (chapter vi. 1—4), and between Servants and Masters (chapter vi. 5—9).

We thank Mr. Dale warmly for this new gift from his powerful pen, which will largely promote healthy religious thought and life in our own time and in the times which shall follow ; and we trust that we may not have to wait seventeen years more for a third gift of like kind.

MEMOIR OF ISRAEL ATKINSON. By R. Hoddy, Editor of the *Gospel Herald*. London : W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street ; Brighton : E. Atkinson, 2, North Road.

MR. ATKINSON was a Baptist minister, first at Raunds, Northamptonshire ; then at Woolwich ; and afterwards, for twenty-seven years, at Ebenezer Chapel, Richmond Street, Brighton. He died in the May of 1881, in the sixty-fourth

year of his life. His biographer says of him :—

“His doctrinal views were such as would be denominated hyper-Calvinistic. The deep things of God were precious to his soul, and often dilated upon, especially the covenant responsibilities of the Lord Jesus Christ. Other parts of truth, however, were not excluded—‘all the counsel of God’ was declared. Believers were reminded of their obligations, seeking souls were directed, and sinners warned of their dangerous condition in a loving and faithful manner. The many and various trials through which he had passed had necessitated his putting God often to the test, and imparted a rich experimental savour to his preaching, very grateful to tried believers. Regarding the Gospel as God’s remedy for the wants and woes of His people here on earth, he constantly endeavoured to present it in such forms as were suitable to meet the conditions of home-going pilgrims, and so to ‘comfort them with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God.’”

We need not say that, to our view, Mr. Atkinson seriously narrowed the Gospel which Christ has commanded His servants to preach to every creature, and that his usefulness was thus restricted to limits far beyond which it would probably have passed had his ministry partaken as freely of calls and invitations to sinners as it did of warnings. At the same time, we recognise in him an eminently godly man, conscientiously devoted to his Divine Master’s work as he was able to interpret it—a man of solid intellectual powers, a diligent student, large-hearted and tender-hearted, an affectionate and faithful husband, father, pastor, and friend. The volume is enriched by a photograph, and by upwards of fifty pages of interesting letters.

JOSE AND BENJAMIN : a Tale of Jerusalem in the Time of the Herods. By Professor F. Delitzsch, Ph.D., Leipzig. Translated by J. G. Smieton, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton.

ON hearing that Mr. Smieton had translated his “Tale of Jerusalem in the Time of the Herods,” Professor Delitzsch wrote to him a beautiful little letter in which he expressed himself as both “pleased” and “grateful ;” “for,” said he, “you are helping to make more widely known a little book which has more individuality than anything that I have written. It is a piece of my own life, reflected in an historic mirror, but written for the glory of God and of His Christ. Let my ‘José and Benjamin,’ then, wander through England. Here and there the story of youthful friendship will find a lyric echo in some heart. Let those who find the book too sentimental forget the two friends, and fix their attention on the archæology.” Such words at once bespeak sympathy with the author, and create a desire to read his narrative. It is one which, says he, “I have compiled from ancient sources, and which bears on the Christian care for lepers whose earliest bloom was witnessed in Jerusalem itself. It is the history of two Jerusalem youths in the time of the second Temple, in one of the last decades previous to its destruction. It will also show that the treatment of lepers at that time continued to be very different from what it has latterly become under the rule of Islam. A leper’s quarter inside Zion was then an impossibility. The law did not permit a leper to remain within the walls of the Holy City. We will not, however, anticipate. The story we have to relate will bring vividly before us, in their varied features, the observances which

were required by the Mosaic law of leprosy."

Although the subject of leprosy and its treatment occupies a considerable place in these pages, it must not be supposed that this element in the narrative gives to it any repulsiveness. The subject is a painful one, but it is handled with rare delicacy and tenderness, and affords an opportunity for bringing into full view the beautiful spirit of self-sacrificing love by which the one friend is actuated towards the other. That love, inspired by faith in, and devotedness to, Christ, the promised Messiah, wins its way to the heart of the friend by whom the Christian faith was not in the first instance shared; and the conversion of one leads to the conversion of others in whom he is deeply interested, and especially of the fair, frank, high-tempered girl in whom he is most deeply interested of all. Nothing could exceed the grace and the charm with which the incidents of the story are told, or the wholesomeness of the impression which, as thus told, they are fitted to make. Such writing could hardly have been expected of so rigid a student and so precise a commentator as Professor Delitzsch. He does not here, however, forego his learning for the sake of indulging his fancy, but gives play to his fancy to make his learning useful. Among other elements of value in the book we must not forget to notice the light which it throws upon the religious condition of Judæa immediately after the Saviour's death, and the painful conflicts to which the disciples of the Christian faith were then subjected.

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FLORA MACLEAN'S REWARD: a Tale of the Hebrides. By Jane M. Kippen.

ANNA ROSS, the Orphan of Waterloo. By Grace Kennedy.

THE HUT IN THE BUSH: a Tale of Australian Adventure; and other Stories. By Robert Richardson, B.A.

MARY BURTON, and other Stories. By Mrs. Scott. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

MESSERS. OLIPHANT'S juvenile literature fully maintains its high character. It is worthy of a place in the palace and the cottage alike. The stories noted above are well written, and are all animated by high moral principle, and made to enforce lessons of great moment. They will be read with great and universal pleasure. We may also direct attention to the New Year's stories for the young, issued at 1½d. by the same firm.

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BIRDIE'S MISSION and JACK IN THE WATER are two capital children's books, issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, London.

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THE PARALLEL NEW TESTAMENT, Greek and English. THE OXFORD BIBLE FOR TEACHERS, with the Parallel New Testament (English). London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, 7, Paternoster Row. 1882.

THESE admirable editions of the sacred Scriptures ought to be in the hands of all Biblical students. The earlier of the two is intended especially for those who are conversant with the original. The left-hand pages contain in parallel columns the Authorised Version of 1611 and the Revised Version of 1881. The right-hand pages contain the Greek

Text followed by the Revisers, with a list of the displaced readings of the *Textus Receptus* in the margin, and also of the readings deemed worthy of note by the Revisers, though not actually adopted by them. The edition is most beautifully printed, and will be used with great pleasure by all who can appreciate a clear type and broad margins.

We are glad to observe also that an edition of the well-known "Oxford Bible for Teachers" has been issued, containing the Parallel New Testament in English—that is to say, the Versions of 1611 and of 1881 placed side by side. This addition makes a work which has always been a deserved favourite with English students practically complete, and, until the Revised Version of the Old Testament appears, no other edition of the Bible can possibly compete with it. We very cordially commend it to the notice of our Sunday-school superintendents and teachers. May we add that there are few ministers who would not be thankful to receive a copy of it for use in their study?

JOHN BUNYAN AND THE GIPSIES. WAS JOHN BUNYAN A GIPSY? By James Simson. New York: James Miller; Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stuart. 1882.

MR. SIMSON is evidently in earnest, and is determined, if possible, to prove his favourite thesis, and compel every one else to agree with him. The question has comparatively little practical interest, and we do not see what would be gained by the establishment of the author's position. We cannot, however, see much force in his arguments.

MOTTOES AND MESSAGES. Words of Help by the Way. By Eva Travers Poole. Morgan & Scott.

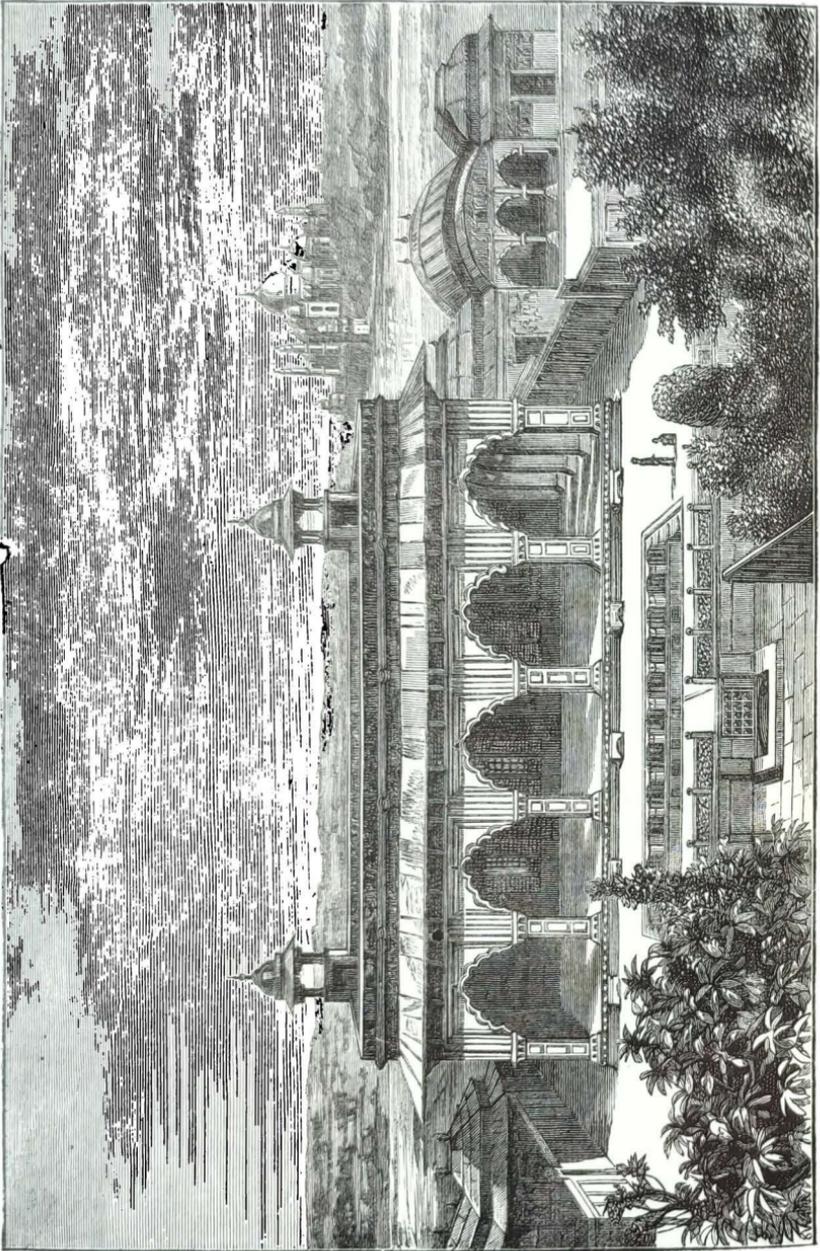
ANOTHER very useful sixpenny packet, containing a large number of poetic pieces, some of which are above the average of the kind of poetic literature to which they belong, and all of which are simple, flowing, and musical, and filled with a devout Christian spirit.

. We deeply regret that notices of a large number of books have to be postponed for want of space, amongst which we may mention with special approval recent publications from the firm of T. & T. Clark; "The Treasury of David," Vol. VI., by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (Passmore & Alabaster); "Booksellers and Book Buyers in Byways and Highways" (Passmore & Alabaster); "The Illustrated Bible for the Young," Part I., and "The Child's Instructor; or, Learning made Easy," Part I. (Ward, Lock, & Co.); "Ashen Holt Conferences," by Quæstor (Marlborough & Co.); "Dr. David Livingstone," by Samuel Mossman (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier); "The Minister's Diary and Visiting Book, 1883;" "Drops and Rocks," by E. R. Conder, D.D.; "Yensie[Walton]," by S. R. Graham Clark; "Nettie and Kate; or, Onward to the Heights of Life," by F. L. M.; "Andrew Fuller," by Andrew G. Fuller; "A Short History of the Methodists," by W. H. Daniels, A.M.; and "Oliver Cromwell," by Paxton Hood (Hodder & Stoughton).

Our January number will contain a portrait of the late Rev. W. M. Lewis, with a Memoir by Rev. T. Witton Davies, B.A.; also the first of a series of biographical papers on the late Dr. Steane, by E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D.

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THE MISSIONARY HERALD.]
JANUARY 1, 1882.



AKBAR'S PALACE, AGRA.—(From a Photograph.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WORK BEFORE US.

WE propose briefly to consider our mission work in India. In regard to it, or any other department of Christian effort, we may pretty fairly cover the ground by seeking to answer four simple questions—What have we to do? What are we doing? What have we done? And what do we hope to do? Of course it will be understood all along that we, of ourselves, can do *nothing*: it is only God who worketh through us; and it is because He is with us that we have reaped any fruit, or can hope to reap any in the future.

Our first question, then, is, “What have we to do?” In reference to India our reply is, We have to preach the Gospel through the length and breadth of the land, and to seek to bring India to the obedience of Christ. But then comes the further question, What is India? People in England have a very inadequate idea of what is really comprehended within this short name.

Let it be remembered, to begin with, that India is not a *country*, but a *continent*; that is, it is not peopled by a single race speaking mainly one language, but it contains a large number of different peoples speaking different languages. We sometimes hear in England of the “language of India;” but we might as well talk of the “language of Europe;” for there are as many different languages spoken in India as in Europe; and if we take in all the different dialects spoken by the various hill-tribes, there would be many more still. This difference of language increases our difficulties in India. Sometimes a missionary needs to learn more than one language; missionaries in one part of the country cannot, in cases of urgency, be sent to aid their brethren in other parts; and, above all, the important and arduous work of Biblical translation and the preparation of a Christian literature has to be carried on in more than a dozen totally distinct languages. India is not much less than 2,000 miles from North to South

and 1,500 from East to West. It is equal in extent and in population to the whole of Europe outside of Russia. The last census showed that the population of India is about 250,000,000, equal to the population of the British Isles seven times over. Of this enormous number of people, about one-quarter belong to feudatory States, which manage their own affairs, though under the general supremacy of England; while over three-quarters, or about *a hundred and ninety millions*, are under direct British rule, and as much our fellow-subjects as are the people of Scotland or Devonshire. Whilst, then, it is the duty of all Christians to carry the Gospel to India, it is emphatically the duty of *British* Christians to do so; for God has, in a most wonderful way, given India to Britain. No doubt there has been much of unrighteousness in the means by which the Indian Empire has been built up, but, as a matter of fact, God, in His providence, has given it to us, the present generation of Englishmen; we inherit the responsibility and cannot divest ourselves of it. India is ours, and God has given it to us, certainly not that we should get wealth or honour by the connection, but that we should give the Gospel to the dark races of that vast continent. A very striking parallel might be drawn, did space allow, between the Roman Empire, which the early Christians sought to evangelise, and the Indian Empire, which God has put into our hands. In each case a very small beginning led on and on, in God's wondrous providence, until a mighty empire was the result. The civil and military system of Rome presents many points of similarity to the civil and military service of India. In each case we see a number of differing and conflicting nations, speaking different languages, brought to enjoy perfect peace under the iron rule of the conquering power. In extent of territory there is probably not very much difference; while, as far as population is concerned, it is estimated that *the population of India at the present day is twice as large as the population of the whole Roman Empire at the very zenith of its power*. We know how hard a task it was to evangelise the old Roman Empire, but to evangelise India is a far harder task even than that. Our work in India is beset with special difficulties, which we may refer to hereafter; but if Christians in England will realise that our Indian Empire is far vaster in regard to population than the whole Roman Empire ever was, they will be the better able to appreciate the responsibility which rests upon them in regard to its evangelisation. This, of course, is a work which the Christian Church alone can undertake. The Government ought not to do it; the Government cannot do it; the Government will not do it. The Church of Christ *ought* to do it; the Church of Christ, with the promise "Lo, I am with you always," and the power of the Holy Spirit, *can* do it; may we add, the Church of Christ *will* do it?

The population of India in 1871 amounted to 240,000,000. The census of 1881 gives the population as about 250,000,000. The fact that the returns at ten years' interval are so nearly alike, and show a natural increase, strengthens our confidence in their accuracy, though there are reasons for thinking that they are, if anything, *under* the mark. We may roughly divide this enormous population into three classes. The smallest, numerically, is composed of the various hill-tribes. When the conquering Aryan hordes, the ancestors of the present Hindoos, entered India some three thousand years ago, they found a number of aboriginal tribes occupying the country. These they conquered and drove to the hills; the result is that now the hills scattered through India are inhabited by races entirely different from the people on the plains. They differ in colour, feature, religion, language, and character; we can hardly find anywhere two more dissimilar men than a hills-man and a plains-man. The hill-people are less acute intellectually than the Hindoo lowlanders, but they are more simple and straightforward, and in some respects more manly in disposition. For these reasons, and also because their religious systems are much weaker than Hindooism, the Gospel spreads among the hill-tribes more rapidly than it does among the people of the plains. A large number of the converts in India consist of hills-men. Among the Santals, the Kols, the Garos, and other tribes, the progress of the Gospel has been very marked. It is difficult to say how large the aboriginal population is. Dr. Hunter, I believe, estimates the number at 30,000,000, speaking as many as *two hundred different languages or dialects*. The Baptist Missionary Society does but little among this hill population, confining its operations mainly to the denser and more important population of the plains, where our difficulties are greater and our success less tangible than if we were labouring on the hills. But though our success is thus less apparent, we believe it is really as great to those who look beneath the surface.

The next class of the population of India consists of the Muhammadans. It is a mistake to suppose that all the people of India are idolaters. There are more worshippers of one God and haters of idolatry in India than there are in the British Isles. The Mussulman population of India numbers about 40,000,000. Twenty years ago we should have said twenty or thirty millions; but the great census of 1871, the first one worthy of the name, revealed the fact that there are *forty millions* of Muhammadans in India. Queen Victoria has far more Muhammadan subjects than the Sultan of Turkey has. She has more than any other potentate on the face of the earth. She has nearly as many Mussulman as Christian subjects.

These Muhammadans, as we all know, worship one God and hate idolatry. They profess to believe in the Old and New Testaments, and

reverence all the prophets. Speak to a Muhammadan of the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel, and he will acknowledge that they all are the Word of God. Speak to him of Adam, Noah, Abraham, Job, Moses, David, Jesus, he will acknowledge that they are all the prophets of God, and that Jesus is the greatest of them all. How is it, then, it may be asked, that he does not become a Christian, and follow the teaching of the great Prophet Jesus? His reply will be that Muhammad has now come, and has abrogated all the previous systems of religion, as he holds that the previous systems successively abrogated those which preceded them. He believes that Jesus was a great Prophet; but tell him that He is the Son of God, who was crucified for our sins, and all the enmity of his nature is aroused against you; he will tell you that it is blasphemy to say that God has a Son, and will say that Jesus was not really crucified, but the Jews caught hold of some apparition which looked like Jesus and crucified it, while Jesus Himself went to heaven. If you press him with the fact that the Gospel which he professes to receive says that Jesus called Himself the Son of God, he will reply that we Christians have corrupted the Gospel which was entrusted to our keeping. The Muhammadans thus, although they are nearer to the truth than the Hindoos, are yet far more bigoted against the Gospel. They are, in fact, very much like the Jews of old, who believed in the Hebrew Scriptures and in the prophets, and yet were far more bitter opponents of the Gospel even than the heathen Greeks. So the Muhammadans are harder to win for Christ than the Hindoos. In fact we may adapt to these two classes the words of the Apostle in 1 Cor. i. 22—24. The Muhammadans *hate*, with all the intensity of their nature, the doctrine of Christ crucified; the Hindoos, in many parts, look down with scorn upon our learning—they think we English can make railroads, and build bridges, and wage wars, but, if it comes to a question of philosophy and religion, we are mere unclean, out-caste barbarians. So we may say: “We preach Christ crucified, to the Muhammadans a stumbling-block, and to the Hindoos foolishness; but to them which are called, both Muhammadans and Hindoos, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.” Although the Mussulmans are so bigoted against the Gospel, yet many of them have become true believers, showing what the grace of God can do; and the responsibility rests upon us as Christians, and especially as British Christians, to make known the Gospel to these forty millions of Muhammadans, the great bulk of them our fellow-subjects.

But the main element in the population of India is the Hindoo. Since many, even of the aboriginal tribes, are becoming Hindooised, the probability is that about *two hundred million* souls are more or less Hindoo

in their religion, most of them thoroughly so. Who can estimate what is meant by such a number? Let us remember that these are all *idolaters*; let us think how idolatry debases man, dishonours God, and brings down a righteous recompense of punishment from a righteous God. It is not man, but God, who says: "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and *idolaters*, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death" (Rev. xxi. 8).

We have, then, in India, *forty millions* of Muhammadans who profess to know God and yet reject the Gospel of His Son, and we know that "Who-soever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father" (1 John ii. 23). We have, in the Hindoo and aboriginal population, at least *two hundred millions* of idolaters, of each of whom God says: "He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, 'Is there not a lie in my right hand?'" (Isa. xlv. 20). We know the Son who has made us free from Satan; are we not bound to make Him known to these tens of millions of Mussulmans? We have the Bread of Life; are we not bound to offer it to these hundreds of millions who are feeding on ashes? We have the truth which has delivered our souls; are we not bound to tell it to those hundreds of millions who have a lie in their right hand and cannot deliver their souls?

G. H. ROUSE.

Akbar's Palace, Agra.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

THIS photograph represents the *Taj Mehal*, as seen from the Emperor Akbar's palace. The *Taj* is the building which is seen in the distance, at the four corners of which stand four minarets. But the building in front with the garden and flowers is a part of Akbar's palace. The palace is in the fort of Agra; and both it and the *Taj* are built of white marble. The mosaic work of both is said by many to be unequalled. The buildings are situated on the banks of the Jumna. Akbar was a Mohammedan Prince, and one of the best that ever reigned in India. At the time of the mutiny the English residents of Agra and other places took refuge in the fort, among whom was our brother, Mr. Evans, of Monghyr, together with many of the native Christians, some of whom assisted as gunners in the defence of the fort.

The Congo Mission.

THE following extracts from letters received from the Rev. T. J. Comber, though not later in date to those given in previous numbers of the MISSIONARY HERALD, in some measure add further details of our brethren's movements and views. Writing from Isangila, Congo River, 1st of August, 1881, Mr. Comber says:—

“It was not until we all went up to San Salvador in May and saw what a hold we had on the people in comparison with the somewhat despised Portuguese—the esteem and affection in which we were held by all—that we came to the conclusion that it would be wrong to give it up. It is a splendid place for a mission-station, good king and people intelligent and kindly disposed, giving a ready ear to our message, hearts easily impressed by the truths of the Gospel. I wonder when again we shall have, Sunday after Sunday, for a period of twelve months and more, attentive congregations of 100 or 150 people with whom to plead on behalf of the Saviour, many of them deeply feeling the truth of our words, and some of them with whom we felt sure the Spirit was striving. Oh! it would be wrong, I feel sure, to give up San Salvador. The Lord grant that there may be some one, and that speedily, ‘giving himself specially for this particular station; earnest and whole hearted—one who would with all his soul ‘put his hand to this [really easy and pleasant] plough, and not look back.’ He should know a little Portuguese and, if possible, a little medicine. Please remember, too, that Hartland’s much-needed assistance on this side cannot be at disposal until about three months after his relief’s arrival in San Salvador. He needs to stay with the new brother, and to put him into the way of things.

“I am wondering whether in my last letter I made it quite clear as to how many men, at the lowest calculation, we needed to enable us to work, keep open communication with, and make possible transit of stores, &c., to, Stanley Pool. *One* is needed at least for Isangila, who would have occasionally to go down to Vivi. *Two*, at least, should occupy Manyanga. For the present, every journey by land or water between that place and Isangila would absolutely need personally conducting. A party of Kroo boys, or Babwende, *alone*, would probably be eaten up by the Basundi by land, or, if travelling by river, would lose their head in the cataracts, whirlpools, and cauldrons; therefore the need of *two* at the Manyanga station. *Two*, if not *three*, should begin at Stanley Pool, as one would be needed to go backwards and forwards to Manyanga. Thus *five* or *six* at the lowest computation are needed, and *we* are but *two*—Bentley and myself. *Three* more are needed to work between here and Stanley Pool, and *one* for San Salvador.

“From your letter, dear Mr. Baynes, I rejoice to think that we shall not be disappointed in expecting these needs to be met in full. The glad time has come at last. The spies have been to view the land, and now we wish to go in to possess it.

“Please accept, dear Mr. Baynes, my affectionate regards and thanks for your letter. I know well the earnest, anxious interest you feel in the work of the Congo Mission. To me, as you may suppose, it is everything, and I can

never have any thoughts for the future apart from it. The Lord give all my colleagues and myself grace to be faithful and earnest, and to do this work well. May He grant us, too, the wisdom which we so much and so constantly need."

Our readers already know that two brethren, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Weeks, have been added to the original four; but the Committee stand pledged to send out four others, and for their outfit and passage the funds are provided and await appropriation. We anxiously look and pray for their appearance, and earnestly desire that no time may be lost in filling up the stations marked out for occupation. The following extract will sufficiently explain our anxiety. Writing from Banana on the 10th September, 1881, Mr. Comber says:—

"I am very anxious to see the new brethren, so that we can settle about San Salvador, whither one or two of them ought to go. It is terribly up-hill and solitary work for poor Hartland, and his hopefulness is being very severely tried. I heard from him a week ago, and the view he gave of things at San Salvador was by no means encouraging. The poor old king is publicly and privately countenancing the priests, and is not the earnest seeker after God's simple truth that he used to be. Hartland is very disheartened, and does not see the wisdom of keeping on this station when he might be more useful elsewhere. However, most of the really good and hopeful men and boys in San Salvador are faithful—Matoka; Dom Henrique, Dom Alvaro, and Malevu, three of the king's sons; and a few others—though but a handful. We ought to strengthen our San Salvador Mission, but it would, I am sure, be very wrong to abandon it. I do earnestly pray the Lord to stay the hands of these priests, and to bring their work to naught."

Let frequent prayer continue to go up to the Throne of Grace that the Gospel may prove to these dark countries the power of God unto salvation.

N.B.—In this month's *Geographical Magazine* Mr. Stanley acknowledges that Mr. Bentley is right in his surmise as to the longitude of Stanley Pool. It is 15° 47' W., and not 17°, as Stanley's first map has it.

Japan.

IN the September number of the *HERALD* mention was made of the sorrowful loss sustained by the Rev. W. J. White by the decease of his beloved partner, and of the anticipation of the Committee that he would be compelled to come to England for a time with his three bereaved young children. By the following letter we learn how graciously God has been pleased to provide for them for the present, and that Mr. White will not avail himself of the permission given him to return. In the midst of his

trials he has been comforted of God. His letter is dated Tôkiô, October 10th, 1881 :—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—You will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that, in the providence of God, I am able to remain at my post—at least for some time.

“As I wrote you before, the thought of leaving the little church here for even the short time that it would be necessary for me to be away from the brethren made me feel very sad indeed, and my desire to stay was told the Lord in prayer. He has very graciously been pleased to give the answer, and at a time when I did not expect it.

“On my return from the Hakone Hills with my dear little ones, through God’s mercy, restored to health, I saw no other way open but to make the necessary preparations and start for home with my three children. The same day, in the evening, an offer came to me from a family to take charge of my children, and, in order that I might be near them, to build me a set of rooms adjoining their house, provided that I would consent to remain for a year, so that the outlay thus made might be, in a measure, recovered. The offer thus so generously made by these kind friends I did not feel quite at liberty to accept until I had consulted with some of my brethren. This I did the next day, and their unanimous advice was that I should remain here under such circumstances. I have accepted the offer of these friends, and my children are now under the excellent care of a lady who loves them for their own and their mother’s sake. Thus the great anxiety with regard to the immediate future of my children is removed, and I can go on with my work. Nevertheless, in case that any contingency should arise in the near future which might

seem to require my return with the children, I should like that the permission you so kindly accorded, in both telegram and letter, should be continued. Of course such permission would only be used in a case of absolute necessity, or in the event of a colleague arriving into whose hands I could commit my work during my absence. I should like to mention here the great sympathy and the real brotherly love shown to me by my brethren. May the gracious Master reward them richly!

“Since my dear wife’s death we have had two baptisms, and there are several inquirers. Great interest is manifested at all our services, which are largely attended. My dear wife’s death threw a very heavy gloom over our little church, from which it has not yet recovered. Several of the brethren were present at the death-bed, and witnessed the calm and peaceful end of her they had learned to love deeply. The wife of one of the brethren said to me last Sunday—‘I have always had a great fear of death. Before I became a Christian, I would not enter a boat even to cross a narrow stream, fearing lest it should capsize, and I should be drowned. On becoming a Christian, this dread of death was partly removed; but it was not until I saw how bravely Mrs. White could meet death, and whenever I remember how she took the children and wished each of them “good-bye” with a loving kiss, I feel there is nothing in death to fear. I often repeat, slowly, the words of Paul, “O death—where—is—thy—sting? O grave—where—is—thy—victory?” Then I can almost shout, “Death has no sting—the grave has no victory.”’ Thus, even in her death, my dear wife was not without

fruit. The simple way in which she related the matter produced a great effect upon those who were present and heard her.

"I noticed in the *HERALD* for August that a kind friend had sent a harmonium for my use here. Please despatch it as soon as possible; we greatly need it. Kindly convey to this generous friend my heartfelt thanks, and the thanks of the brethren and sisters here. On my translating

to them the paragraph in the *HERALD*, the woman referred to above (Mrs. Kobayashi) said, 'I know it must be very difficult to learn such an instrument; I intend, however, to try and succeed.' Her husband is an earnest worker and preacher.

"I must now close, as it is mail time, with kindest regards, trusting, dear Brother, that you will remember me in your prayers."

St. Brieuc, in Brittany.

IT is gratifying to learn that the labours of our worthy missionary (the Rev. V. Bouhon) in this ancient Breton town are not without much of the Divine blessing. Writing on December 3rd, he says:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—Since I last wrote, some very interesting facts have occurred in connection with the prosecution of my work in this department. By visiting and itinerating about the eastern district, I have seen that the Bible colporteur might be advantageously sent thereabouts; and, when the young man came back from one of his excursions, I ascertained, by his list of places called at and sales effected there, that it was a right step to take. Nearer to St. Brieuc, in Plérin, a seaman sent for me to visit his family; and now he has the New Testament, and his children are taught by means of illustrated broadsheets.

"In three months the colporteur has been able to sell two Bibles, 124 New Testaments, and 297 portions of the Scriptures, in seventy localities, to 420 buyers.

"At Dinan, where a Papist seminary was lately closed on account of gross immorality having been detected by the public authorities, there lives a man who was for years employed as a Bible colporteur. He is now aged; but, so

as to let every one know that his religious sentiments have not changed since he went about, he has written his will, and therein stated his desire to be buried in connection with our church. Another family in that town has also asked me to visit them from time to time.

"As religious questions are now and then agitated in the press, I gave a lecture on the Reformation of the sixteenth century at the beginning of November last, and some of the usual attendants brought in with them acquaintances or neighbours, who listened with great attention all the while. The meeting lasted two hours.

"Another fact of interest is connected with the Sunday-school. Last Thursday I held here a native conference, for the purpose of considering what might be done to extend the work of evangelisation in this country

- (1) It was recognised that meetings should be held in private houses, so as to draw the attention of neighbours;
- (2) Members will warn the colporteur, so that he may go and offer the

Scriptures in new places; (3) The international lessons are to be purchased in greater numbers, so as to fit teachers for class-work more effectively; (4) Recommend everywhere temperance principles by personal example.

"Finally, I will mention an ex-priest who came to confer with me on

religion. This man is married, and has a young family, getting his living by giving legal advice.

"Surely these are signs of a movement among this people in the West of France, and which call for devout gratitude to the Divine Author of our salvation."

Trapani, Sicily.

THE Rev. W. K. Landels has kindly furnished us with the following notices of the evangelistic labours which are being carried on by Signor Libonati at Trapani, in the Island of Sicily. The report covers the three months of July, August, and September:—

"*July.*—During this month the meetings were well attended, and were both consoling and edifying. A number of women attended some of the meetings, but, as is usual in this part of the country, they were soon drawn away by their companions. I doubt not, however, that the seed sown in their hearts will bring forth fruit.

"The evening of the 10th is worthy of special mention. The room was crowded, and there were four gend'armes present, who listened with great attention. After the meeting, they remained behind for half an hour to speak of their doubts. Three of them were apparently convinced by what I said to them, but the fourth, although he was so far persuaded as to be able to offer no further objections, concluded by saying: 'I know that this is the truth, but I will never leave the Roman Church.'

"The Sunday-school is going on very well. It numbers thirteen children, who have already learned by heart the 1st chapter of Luke, and

are ready to answer any question and to give the number of the verse in which the answer is contained.

"*August.*—In this month the numbers at the meetings began to fall off, principally because the students, having been up for their examinations, went away to their homes. On this account the meetings of the Circolo were suspended, and will not be held until the month of November.

"On the 20th of the month I had the joy of receiving a new member—Signor Virzi Baldassare—who, not wishing to retain any trace of his past life, changed his name to Arnaldo. He was greatly moved by his baptism, and the service was edifying to all.

"*September.*—Things this month went on pretty much as they did in August. I may mention specially that an officer and his wife have been attending regularly. The first time they came, I invited them to return to the following meeting. They did so, and were greatly pleased. We have since that been visiting, and they are now taking great interest in our work."

Brest.

(With Illustration.)

ON a visit to Brest in the month of August last, Dr. Underhill was very much impressed with the great need of evangelising agencies in this large city, which, besides possessing a settled population of some 80,000 persons, is the largest and most important of the arsenals and dockyards of France. As will be seen presently, there is one small Protestant congregation of the Established Reformed Church for the French-speaking part of the city, under the excellent ministry of the Rev. P. Berthe; but no provision exists for the Breton-speaking people, some 40,000 in number, beyond the recent and encouraging effort first made by M. Caradec, and occasionally helped by our Breton missionary, the Rev. G. Lecoat, of Tremel. At Dr. Underhill's suggestion, Mr. Lecoat prepared the following papers for the use of the Committee, and we are sure they will excite in the minds of our readers a desire, in some measure to meet the famine of the Word of God which here so terribly prevails. The Committee have most readily promised for a year to supply the moderate funds our missionary so modestly asks for; but should God's blessing follow his enlarged efforts, as it has already attended his labours in Brest and elsewhere, no doubt greater funds will be required; and in the present condition of France there is every reason for vigorous action and a widespread diffusion of the Word of God.

"DEAR DR. UNDERHILL,—You will, I hope, kindly excuse my addressing you in French. You allowed me to select the language of my communication, and French being more familiar to me than English, I have chosen it now.

"I have just returned from Brest, where I have been three times since I had the great pleasure and honour of meeting you there. I have held three meetings in the house to which you accompanied me. Having still a year of tenancy, I have had it cleaned and well lighted; but it has become too small, and it cannot contain all those who wish to hear the Gospel. M. Bellamy, the Mayor of Brest, is willing to grant me the market. The expense of placing benches, lighting and cleaning, will amount to 10 fr. each time it is used. I have made arrangements with the keeper, and I hope to hold the first meeting in it on the 1st of November. The inhabitants on the other side of Brest have been wishing for the last fifteen months to have the Gospel preached in their quarter of the town. Hearing that I was to preach in Breton in the market, they came to me and begged me to go on that side of the town also.

"A concert-room, capable of holding 600 persons, was found, and I went there the 12th of this month, after having announced by placards that I should hold a conference in Breton on 'Jesus Christ, the friend of sinners.' The room was crowded. The silence and attention of the people were extreme. I had with me 600 Breton tracts. All were distributed, and all who were present begged me to come again as soon as possible.

“The hiring of this hall, lighted by seven lamps, has cost me 5 fr., and will cost me 5 fr. each meeting. This hall is situated three miles on the opposite side of the town to that which you visited with me.

“Here, then, dear Sir, with God’s help, are the poles (or stakes) placed for making a serious effort of evangelisation among the Bretons in this large town of Brest, the first arsenal in the world. May it be also, and that soon, filled with the light of the Gospel.

“If our Committee wish this work to be pushed forward in this great town as it ought to be, let it come to the aid of your humble missionary here.

“I have the following advantages to enable me to carry on this work:—

(1) The authorisation of the Minister of Public Worship in Paris, in a letter from the Prefect of Finistère. (2) The support and good-will of the mayor and authorities of Brest. (3) A hall capable of containing 600 persons, the rent and lighting of which will nearly cost me 5 frs. each meeting. (4) The new market of the town, with seats, additional lamps, 10 fr. a time. (5) Our ordinary room, for which I pay 130 frs. yearly. (6) The opportunity of going two days in the month to Brest, and holding each time a meeting in each of these localities. (7) Finally, the assistance of our brother, M. Caradec, who, though now eighty years of age, has still all his faculties perfect.

“The cost of the three stations, lights, and travelling expenses, would amount for a year to about 500 fr., i.e., £20. I ask the Committee then, through your kind intervention, to permit me to make the attempt for a year.

“Kindly tell the Committee that in whatever degree it may please the Lord to extend His work in Brest, my intention will never be to leave Tremel, nor to relax in my endeavours to extend my field of work there.

“*French Evangelistic Work in the Town of Brest.*”

“Brest, a town of 80,000 inhabitants, 40,000 at least of whom speak the Breton language, did not possess, until 1832, either a Protestant church or minister. Nowhere in the History of the Reformed Churches of Brittany, by M. le Pasteur Vaurigawd, of Nantes, is there any mention of Protestant worship held in Brest.

“M. Achille le Foudrey, a young advocate, son of a distinguished physician in Cherbourg—one of the streets of which bears his name—came to Brest, April 11th, 1832, with an ardent desire to labour there in the Gospel.

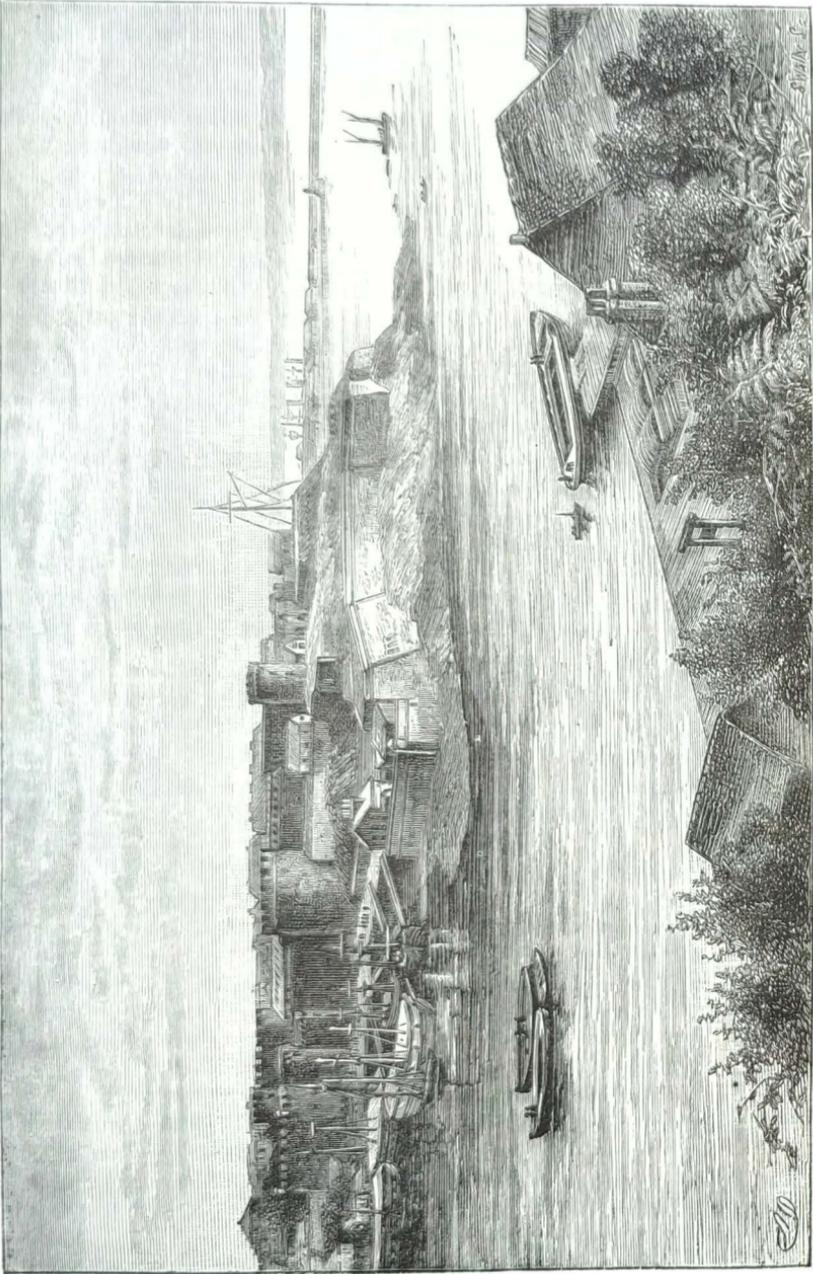
“April 20th, 1832, M. le Foudrey, in order to gather together the few scattered Protestants who were found in Brest, engaged in military service or in other business, and hired a deserted wine shop situated where the splendid bank of Finistère now stands.

“September 16th, 1832, the room was opened by M. le Foudrey, and the same day he was chosen pastor of the infant church by the friends who were present, two of them laying their hands on him. During the first few months M. le Foudrey suffered many privations.

“In May, 1833, the municipal council at Brest, at the suggestion of its members, granted 1,800 fr. to the little congregation for rent and other expenses.

“On the 12th of December, 1833, in consequence of a request addressed to the Minister of Public Worship in Paris, the Church of Brest was recognised by

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BREST. — (From a Photograph.)

the State, and the official installation of M. le Foudrey, as founder and pastor of this church, took place in the beginning of 1834.

"The Church of Brest was formed into a Consistorial Church, comprising the departments of the Côtes du Nord, Finistère, Ile and Villaine, and Morbihan in the year 1836, M. le Foudrey becoming President of the Consistory.

"The death of M. le Foudrey took place December 15th, 1854. His loss was deeply felt in Brest, where the memory of this good man is still cherished.

"He was succeeded in Brest by M. Chabal, in virtue of a decree of the 2nd of April, 1855. M. Chabal died July 2nd, 1876.

"M. Boucher replaced M. Chabal, and remained there until the end of 1878. M. Berthe then succeeded M. Boucher, and now occupies the position of Pastor and President of the Consistory of Brest.

"Up to the present time no evangelistic work has been attempted in the Breton language amongst the Breton-speaking population of Brest, as none of the pastors of this church has understood the Breton language.

"These details are due to the kindness of M. Bellamy, mayor of the town of Brest, who has kindly given them to me.

"Breton Evangelistic Work in the Town of Brest."

"The pastors who have hitherto lived in Brest, not knowing the language, could not preach the Gospel to the Breton-speaking population. Two men would have been able to preach in Breton at Brest—Mr. Williams, of Quimper, and the late Mr. J. Jenkins, of Morlaix. Could they have done so? It is somewhat doubtful, seeing that the pastors of the four departments are, in the sight of the French law, placed under the inspection and care of the Pastor of Brest, who is President of the Consistory. Be this as it may, Brest has been left quiet, and no one has occupied himself with the Breton-speaking people of the town.

"When in Brest in 1875 I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of M. Caradec, an artist, member of the Baptist Church of Morlaix, a member of the Consistory of Brest (as residing in that town), a Christian brother of whom I had often heard, as a man truly loving the Gospel, and spending a large part of his time in the work of Evangelisation.

"M. Caradec made a true 'Chapelle Evangelique' of his house, and gathered there once a week the Breton Catholics who desired to hear the Gospel. Often a good number of those who were present did not understand French. In that case M. Caradec employed an interpreter, who explained to them what our brother had been saying in French. Hearing of the efforts he was making, I offered to go occasionally to his help—an offer which he gladly accepted.

"The house of our friend soon failed to accommodate the numerous persons who wished to hear the good news of salvation, and we were obliged to seek a larger room. One of those present offered us half of the room we now occupy. This new room becoming too small, we sought a larger one. Our efforts were fruitless. Sometimes the sum asked for rent exceeded our means—sometimes the neighbourhood, surrounded by Jesuits, did not suit us.

"This brought us up to September 29th, 1880. Then we had the idea of applying to Dr. Penguer, Mayor of Brest, for the use of the market. Though he did not refuse our request, he laid on us two conditions:—(1) That we should come to terms with the person to whom the market was let; that

person was asking too high a price—20 fr. a meeting; (2) that we should pay for the lighting 8 or 9 fr. a time.

“Now, we had not the means of doing either; so that we resolved on hiring for a year the entire place which we occupy in the parish of St. Martin. There Dr. Underhill kindly accompanied us.

“During the last two years I have visited Brest once a month, and since September, 1880, we have held meetings regularly in the room which we hired, and which will contain 130 persons. At first neither M. Chabal nor M. Boucher regarded our meetings favourably. However, M. Chabal, before his death, offered us his assistance; and M. Boucher, before his departure from Brest, helped us. M. Berthe, in his turn, comes once a fortnight to hold French meetings in our room.

“As we have not yet formed a church in Brest, seventeen Catholics, having heard the good news of salvation from us, have left the Church of Rome, and have joined the Reformed Church of Brest. Six other Catholics have been baptized by our brother, M. Caradec. Several families at the present moment have expressed their desire to leave the Church of Rome, to follow freely the Gospel of Christ.”

We trust that this “little one may become a thousand,” and that in Brest many souls may be gathered to the Lord.

Decease of the Rev. D. Lyall.

IN our last we were able to give only a short reference to the painful loss the Mission has sustained in the death of the Rev. D. Lyall. We are now able to publish a fuller account of the sad event from the pen of the Rev. J. Fuller. He dates the first portion of his letter the 4th October, from his station at Mortonville.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—With the deepest anxiety I take up my pen to forward you a few lines, the result of which I may yet be able to state before this letter leaves us.

“Mr. Lyall is dangerously ill, and we are only praying and waiting God’s will.

“I left this station on Monday at noon for Bethel, as my wife was down there, in order to bring her home. On reaching there I found that Mr. Lyall had fever on the Saturday night and again on Sunday, and was unable to attend to the baptism of thirteen persons on the

Sabbath, but, as he was a little better, I advised him to come up with us for a day or two, by which means he would be away from the anxiety of the station, and so be able to rest, to which he consented. So he and his wife left with us, leaving Mr. Shred at the station; but we had not been up long when the fever returned, and by 10 o’clock P.M. it assumed a most malignant form. I immediately sent off for Mr. G. Allan, a medical gentleman who had been so kind to me during my last illness, who came up at once and rendered his assistance; but by morning all the worst symptoms of a

severe attack of malignant intermittent fever showed themselves. Incessant vomiting set in, which continued all night. At noon the next day I thought it advisable to send off to Victoria for Mr. Thomson, who reached here early on Friday morning. Since then, every means is being used, and up to the present hour his life hangs on a thread; and, in fact, before Mr. Thomson came, Mr. Allan told me privately that it will be a miracle if he gets through it. Every hour he seems to be sinking, but this morning, before I began to write, he seemed to rally, and gives us some faint hope, but very faint. Our little church here and that at Bethel are daily praying that his life might be spared to us, and in that attitude we bend and wait God's will. May we still continue to trust Him, though in the dark!

"On Sunday, 2nd inst., Mr. Shred also had a turn of fever, but this morning I went down and found him better. We can but hope that, before the steamer comes in, we may be favoured with a change for the better; if otherwise, we must bend to Him who can never err. I fear that Mr. Lyall's illness is brought on by too much exposure to the sun.

"You will be pleased to hear that the work at Dabombari is wearing a most hopeful appearance, and that God is beginning to bless us. As soon as the weather will permit, I hope to go up, as the three inquirers are desirous of being married in the Lord, and two of their wives of also joining the inquirers' class. The little school is also encouraging.

"I have by this mail drawn a cheque for £30 for the purchase of some planks to re-floor our chapel. The members of our church have agreed to meet the expense themselves, and are making efforts. Part of the money I have in hand in goods,

as we have no coin here; and I hope to get it all by the time the planks are here, so that the whole is paid for by the people here.

"At our last church-meeting, three candidates were accepted, and seven others are under consideration, so that we have our blessings with our trials.

"Oct. 7th, 1881.

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—The foregoing will inform you of the commencement of Mr. Lyall's illness. It is with extreme sorrow that we have now to announce to you that he passed away from us on the evening of the 5th inst. at 9 o'clock. This sad event has cast a gloom over all of us, and the poor people at Bethel can scarcely realise the fact as yet. But it is a reality, and such as is the lot of all, and that we must all experience—how soon we know not. It is the more needful for us to be up and doing, as we may soon be called away.

"As it has pleased God to lay His hand upon us, and so alter the state of things, I must now make one proposal—that, should the decision of the Committee be arrived at, and they have already written before this reaches you, you will please write again, as this sudden removal of Mr. Lyall will materially alter things. I shall not act by your first letter, except it be to abandon my intention of coming home for a time. Should it be for me to leave, I shall wait till you write again. On this point Mr. Thomson and I have consulted, and we are both of opinion that neither of us can leave at present till we hear from you, trusting that we may all be rightly guided under this severe stroke of Divine Providence, and meekly bend to Him who is ever kind, wise, and gentle in His dealings with us, so that under the cloud there is always rich blessings to bestow.

"Mrs. Lyall leaves with the coming mail, so gives us little time to say more.

"We are keeping well, for which we feel extremely thankful to our heavenly Father."

The Comet in China.

THE Rev. A. Jones gives the following interesting note on the effect which the appearance of the comet has had on the Chinese mind :—

"T'eng Cheu fu, 26th August, 1881.

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Herewith I enclose you an extract from the *Chinese Government Gazette* of July 4th, referring to the comet which appeared about that time. It may help many a one to understand why it is so difficult to propagate Christianity in China, and yet why it is so necessary; for, you see, 'heaven' is the highest sanction alluded to in the extract, and the first and finest of the commentators on the Chinese classics has pronounced that to mean what they call 'le' or 'li,' and that is 'principle,' 'order,' 'reason,' 'the dictates of nature.' There you have the summit and source of Chinese right in these later times. As some one well said recently, Confucianism is just Chinese positivism.

"Yours, &c.,

"A. JONES."

"A decree. For several days past a comet has been visible in the north-west, which we reverently take to be a warning indication from heaven, and accept with feelings of the deepest and most respectful awe. At the present time there are difficulties of many kinds to contend against, and the people are not at ease. It only remains for ourselves and our ministers mutually to aid each other in the maintenance of an attitude of reverential watchfulness, cultivating a spirit of virtue, and examining our shortcomings in the hope of invoking blessings and harmonious influences from heaven, and securing comfort to the black-haired race. Do all ye ministers at our court, then, each and all strive to be diligent in the exercise of your respective functions, and with all your might put away from you the habits of perfunctoriness so long indulged in, assisting us with true sincerity of heart, and uniting in a common effort to rescue your country from her difficulties. All provincial high authorities must positively attempt to compass this object by genuine endeavour, and set to work in earnest to bring about reforms, seeking out the afflicted and the sorrowful in the villages and hamlets, and ministering to their comfort with their whole heart. Then it may be that as each day goes by perfection may be more nearly attained. Let them thus endeavour to second our earnest feeling of reverential awe, and our wish, by the cultivation of virtue and habits of introspection, to acknowledge this sign from heaven by deeds and not mere empty words."

Arrival of Mr. Baynes and Rev. G. H. Rouse in Calcutta.

OUR readers will be happy to learn of the safe arrival of our dear friends, the General Secretary and Mr. Rouse, in Calcutta. So far their journey has been a very pleasant one, while there awaits them in Calcutta a large Conference of our missionaries from all parts of Northern India, to consult together on many matters pertaining to the kingdom of God. The following letter from Mr. Baynes is dated Calcutta, the 19th November, 1881, addressed to the Honorary Secretary :—

“MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I am devoutly thankful to be able to report my safe arrival in Calcutta, in company with Mr. Rouse, about two o'clock yesterday (Friday) afternoon, by ss. *Clyde*, from Madras. Mr. Kerry came on board at Garden Reach, and at the landing-stage we were met by Mrs. Kerry and their son, Mr. Frank Lewis, Mr. Robert Williamson, Rev. A. Williams, and others, from all of whom we received a most hearty welcome to India. I am just now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis, at 16, Mangoe Lane, and am receiving the most thoughtful kindness and generous hospitality.

“As I reported to you in my last letter, we reached Bombay on the 25th of October; since then we have visited Poona, Madras, Ootacamund, Vellore, the American Baptists, and several other missionary stations. We left Madras on Monday, November 14th. On the previous Saturday we witnessed one of the most terrible cyclones that has visited the city for many years. I think I shall remember what I saw on that day as long as I live.

“I am not able by this mail to write at length with regard to the Bombay Baptist church. I hope, however, to do so after the meetings of the Conference, which begin on Wednesday next, and will continue for a week or ten days. I hope earnestly, however, that efforts to secure a *thoroughly able man* for Bombay will be still carried on, as I am well convinced that it will become a most important centre for mission work.

“I have not yet had time to read the reports of the autumnal missionary services at Portsmouth and Southampton. I am very thankful, however, to find from the article in the *Freeman* that they have been marked by unusual force and power, and cannot fail to be rich in practical results.

“I am very anxious to hear how you are bearing the strain of work in Castle Street, and I earnestly hope you are keeping well. As I find that Mr. Kerry and Mr. Thomas keep you well informed as to the progress of our work here, I feel I need say nothing. Of course, I am only just beginning to form and arrange plans for the future. I hope to write more fully as time passes on.

“Please give my affectionate regards to Mr. Myers and all the Castle Street friends, accept the same yourself, and allow me to remain,

“My dear Doctor,

“Yours most faithfully,

“ALFRED HENRY BAYNES.”

Recent Intelligence.

We record with deep gratitude to God the safe arrival at Calcutta, on the 30th November, of the large missionary party which embarked on the steamer *Eldorado*, on the 19th October. In due course we shall no doubt receive details of the passage, which occupied forty-one days.

Letters from Messrs. Whitewright and Sowerby, dated the 13th and 14th October, inform us of their arrival in Chefoo. Mr. Kitts, who had been dangerously ill, they found much improved in health, and regaining strength. Both brethren, immediately on their arrival, set to work on the language, under a teacher engaged for them by Mr. Jones. "We are all," says Mr. Sowerby, "in fair health at present, and feeling hopeful about the work. There are evidently immense difficulties in working in China, but there are signs already of coming blessing, and the daylight of Christianity must soon break over the land. There is, however, much need that the Lord's messengers be filled with faith and the Holy Ghost. I trust that the churches at home will not forget us in our exile for Christ, but bring down by prayer a great blessing on us and on China."

From a letter, dated Madeira, December 6th, we learn from Mr. Weeks that on leaving the Mersey the *Kinsembo*, from the severity of the weather, was obliged to put in at Beaumaris and Holyhead, so that it was not till Tuesday morning, the 29th November, they were fairly on their voyage. After this a strong gale prevailed for several days, but at the date of his letter they were enjoying beautiful weather, which fully compensated for the previous storms.

The *Lucknow Witness* gives the following statistics relating to missions in India as the result of careful examination in the compilation of a revised edition of the "Indian Missionary Directory." The increase since 1871 is as follows:—

	Present Number.	Increase since 1871.
Foreign missionaries, ordained and unordained ..	689	67
Native ordained agents	389	164
Native Christians	340,623	116,365
Communicants	102,444	49,628

This gives the following rate of increase:—Foreign missionaries, 10 per cent.; native missionaries, 73 per cent.; native Christians, 52 per cent.; communicants, 94 per cent.

CALCUTTA.—Exceedingly interesting is it to witness the labours of the noble band of ladies who may be found every Sabbath among the saloons in Lall Bazar. They extend a cordial personal invitation to all they meet with in

these places to visit the coffee-rooms instead; and their success is truly astonishing. Men of every variety of temper and degree of intoxication, with many reached before they may have begun to drink, and of every age, from the boy of fourteen to the shaggy old tar of half-a-century's experience, will respond most politely and promptly, as a general thing. Not many require a second appeal, or refuse to follow them at all. There were thus gathered in the rooms, from four to five o'clock one Sabbath, some seventy-five or a hundred men. When in the rooms, a number of the ladies busy themselves in conversing with them while they take their refreshment, and pledge-books and Bibles are in ready use. Other ladies, younger sisters, at the same time form a choir in the chapel-room. On the occasion referred to, forty or fifty willingly spent the time with them in singing Gospel hymns of their own selection. It is a good work.—*Lucknow Witness*.

RIGHTS OF PROTESTANT CONVERTS IN CHINA.—A special Rescript, secured long since from the Chinese Government, released Chinese converts to Romanism from the payment of taxes and moneys for incense, offerings, and idolatrous rites. In 1863, Rev. W. C. Burns, feeling the injustice of these impositions on converts to the Protestant faith, visited Peking and tried his utmost influence with Sir Frederic Bruce, the British Minister, to induce him to move the Chinese authorities to accord the same rights to Protestant converts, but he failed. The British Minister would do nothing in the case. We are glad to see that the Hon. James B. Angell, the American Minister, has just brought this matter to the notice of the Chinese authorities, and found them ready to concede the same rights, in this matter, to Protestant as to Romish converts. All Protestant missions will now share in the benefit of this tardy justice, thus secured by the manly courage and Christian principle of the American Minister.—*Missionary Review*.

ONGOLE, SOUTHERN INDIA.—It is most gratifying to report that the blessing of God continues to rest in a remarkable manner on the mission of our American brethren among the Telugu people. Between January 1st and April 11th of the present year, 1,669 persons were baptized. The Rev. W. B. Manly now writes that "two weeks later 338 more were baptized (Sunday night) and twenty-three more the following Wednesday." The next (Thursday) morning eight young men were ordained to preach the Gospel, one of whom, Animiah, had "given up a good situation to become a preacher, and, being asked what reward he expected, replied that heaven was already secured to him by faith in Christ; so it was not to gain anything, but simply because he felt he *must* preach." What wonder Mr. Manley's "Munavee" (petition) is for *more men for the Telegus at once*.

SALE OF THE SCRIPTURES.—The rapid increase of the *sale* of the Word of God is a most pleasing indication of the progress of Christian work in India. In the last seventeen years, the North India Bible Society alone has put into

circulation 381,820 copies, those sold realising Rs. 56,181—that is, about £4,700. It is stated that the natives now buy more than 30,000 copies a year.

Hymns for Missionary Juvenile Services.

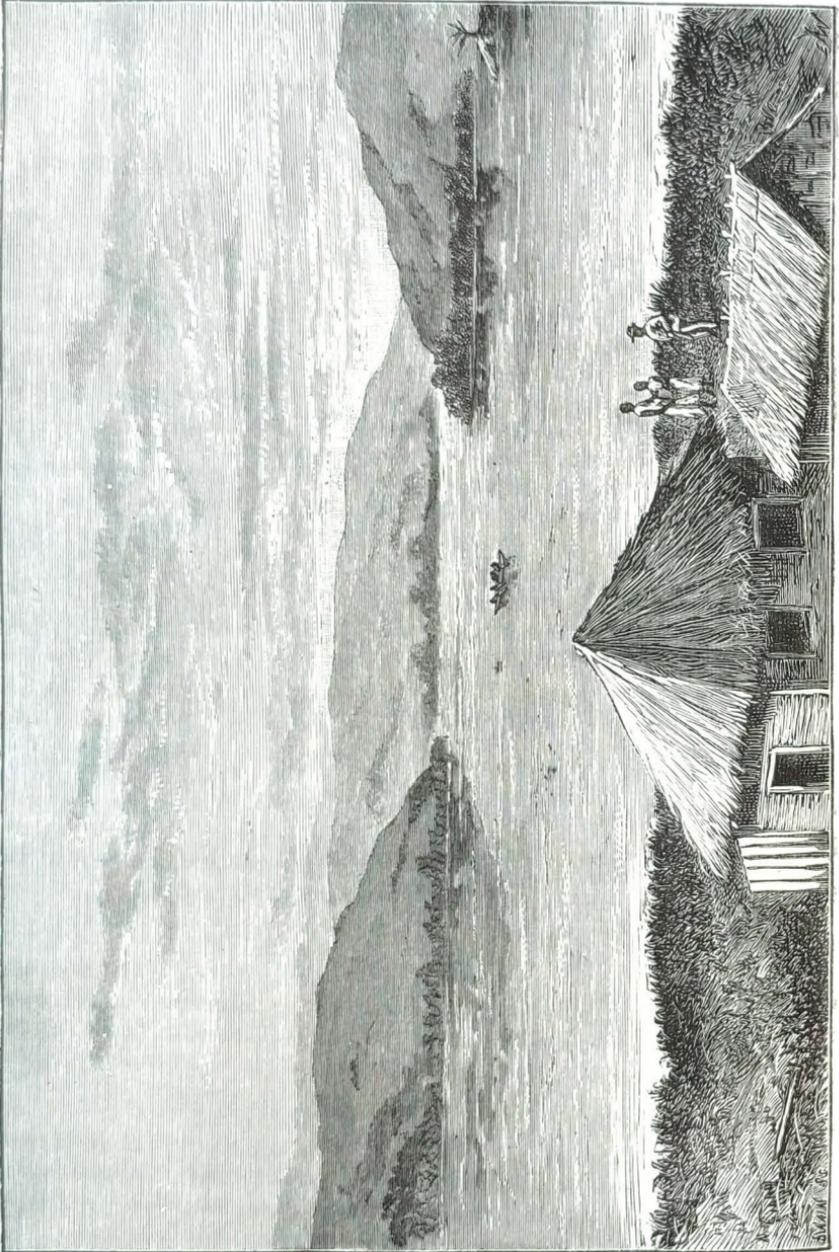
WE are pleased to inform the pastors of churches and superintendents of schools, that a double-paged 4to sheet, containing eight hymns, with music, has been prepared for use at our juvenile missionary meetings. The choice of suitable hymns for such occasions has been very limited. We believe that in providing a greater variety we are supplying a long felt want. We are indebted to eminent composers and others for permission to appropriate the tunes to which the hymns are set. We would suggest that our young friends should practice them in readiness for their annual missionary services. In this way the services themselves would become additionally attractive, and the scholars' interest in the mission might be increased.

Copies of the hymns may be obtained from the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C., at the following rates: 100 for 2s.; 250, 4s.; 500, 7s. 6d.

Acknowledgments.

WE beg to thank the numerous friends whose names are given below for their prompt and generous response to the appeal of the missionaries in Backergunge for assistance to render their proposed mela a success. The large number of packages of various articles were sent off by the *Bolldana*, on the 14th ultimo, and they will, no doubt, arrive in time for the mela:—Mrs. Anderson and family, Mr. A. E. Lamb and friends, Mr. Howman, Mr. Davies, Friends at St. Albans, Mr. Piper, Miss Hope, Mrs. Gitting, Miss Meek, Mrs. Clark, Miss Wilmot, Miss Thomas, Miss Collier, Miss L. J. Friend, Mrs. Hawkes, Misses Thomson, Miss M. A. Voice, Mr. H. Mowbray, Miss Ashwell, Miss E. Sutton, A Wellwisher, Mr. J. Roberts, Misses H. and J. Barnard, Miss Sanderson, The Master and Misses Hawkes, Mr. H. Walduck and family, the Misses Glover, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Sanders, A few Wellwishers, J. B. (Bloomsbury Chapel), Mrs. Beckett, Miss Wilson, Miss L. Hope, Mrs. Truby, Mr. T. Hunt, Mr. Hartly (of Kensington). One magic-lantern, also one from Anstruther. A further supply of slides would be very acceptable, their size to be from three to three and a-half inches square. One magic-lantern and slides for Mr. Keirnau, of Madras, from Lieutenant-General Godderd.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.]
FEBRUARY 1, 1882.



THE RIVER CONGO, FROM MUSSUCCO.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

MARCH THE THIRTY-FIRST.

Close of the Financial Year.

WHEN this number of the HERALD falls into the hands of our readers, many of the treasurers, secretaries, and collectors of our auxiliaries will be taking measures to collect the remainder of the subscriptions that have not yet been gathered in, and also be thinking of those friends, hitherto non-subscribers, to whom they may apply. Although the appeal of the Treasurer for an increase in the annual subscriptions to the extent, say, of 25 per cent. has met with a gratifying result, so that the income of the first three quarters of the year shows a considerable enlargement, there is yet abundant room and ample reason for the most strenuous exertions. Few years in the past, if any, have shown so large an increase in our staff of workers. India, China, Africa, and the West Indies have all seen additions to the number of brethren labouring in the Lord's vineyard. We have not merely supplied some vacancies which death and disease had brought about, but have multiplied the actual number engaged, and, therefore, added to the need for enlarged contributions.

We trust that our friends the collectors will not rest satisfied without obtaining the 25 per cent. desired ; but will, to the best of their ability, lay before their contributors the great wants of the world, and the blessing which has been experienced in all departments of our work.

The spirit in which our appeal has already been met may be gathered from a few of the numerous letters which have reached us. Thus the pastor of the church at Little Tew, in Oxfordshire, a church numbering only between forty and fifty members, in forwarding the annual collections and subscriptions amounting to £17 16s. 8d., says : "This is not the 25 per cent. that is needed, but it is over 20 per cent. more than last year,

and this in our weakened state, by the removal of wealthy and liberal friends. Did all churches, large and small, give according to this little church, I think the Missionary Society would be fairly supported." And it must not be overlooked that this comes from a purely agricultural district.

Again, a friend at Kibworth writes: "I am inclined to do my bit towards meeting the increased demands on the funds of the Society, and, therefore, double my subscription, enclosing cheque value two pounds."

A very touching instance of interest in our work comes from a place in Wales. A poor young widow, on her dying bed, sends her most precious possession—the wedding-ring given to her by her departed husband.

To the above we have to add with many thanks the donation of £10 by two friends, members of the Da'ston Junction church, for Mr. Lecoat's mission in Brest.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND.

In the appeal issued to the churches for their annual gifts to this fund, it was stated that the fund was in debt to the Treasurer, and that it was unequal to the demands made upon it. Only the last month another sorrowful loss in our African Mission has enforced the necessity of increasing this stay of the widow and orphan. Our friends have not been unmindful of this. One contributor writes thus from Barnstaple:—"As I see that the Widows and Orphans' Fund is not so flourishing as desired, I send you a small donation of two guineas towards it, and hope you will soon be able to establish it on a firmer basis; for those who bear the heat and burden of the day in the foreign field ought to have some provision to look forward to on behalf of those they love. The African Mission appears especially dangerous to life and health. I hope you have received better accounts from those parts lately, and pray that God may, in His gracious mercy, protect the lives of the missionaries, and help their labours."

We may be permitted to express the hope that our friends will not confine their gifts to the church collection; but, like our correspondent, by special gifts increase this very necessary and useful fund. Another friend, writing from Cumberland, tells us that, as the collection at the Lord's Supper is always small, the church had added to it the proceeds of two tea-meetings. "Please accept it," he says, "as a thankoffering to the Lord for the favours conferred upon His poor and weak church here during the year that has passed away. If the above plan were adopted by other small churches, similar results might be attained."

THE CONGO MISSION.

For the generous contributions to this fund, we cannot but be profoundly grateful to Him whose is the silver and the gold. To many friends who have, by special donations, provided for the cost of the outfit and passage of the missionaries, and of the steel boat, with other necessary appliances with which we have been supplied, we beg to offer our cordial thanks. But, beyond this, there remain the general expenses of the Mission, such as the stipends of the brethren, and the establishment of the new stations, with their homes, and other necessary structures for the conduct of the work. For this part of our expenditure the income is insufficient; and, we fear, will, at the end of the year, be found to have fallen far short of our necessities. There is yet ample time, in the two months remaining, to make up this deficiency, which may be estimated at not less than £1,500 or £2,000. The letters we continually receive lead us to hope that our appeal will not be in vain. One friend, writing anonymously, says: "I have read with deep interest of the work of the Society, especially the Congo Mission, and the way in which the Lord has raised up funds. Oh for more to send when the doors are open. If every Christian would try to do his best, what might we not expect! I know a poor woman *who puts by a farthing every Monday morning*, and yet has only about 3s. a-week to procure every requisite for herself."

Another anonymous note comes to us thus:—"Dear Sir,—Will you please accept the enclosed ten shillings for the Congo Mission from a domestic servant?"

The Rev. W. F. Gotch, of Lower Norwood, in sending the following donation from another Christian friend of the same class, says:—

"DEAR DR. UNDERHILL,—Enclosed please find cheque for £25, to be placed to the fund for our Congo Mission.

"A domestic servant in my congregation, recently brought to Christ, desires to consecrate her savings to the Lord as a thankoffering for His grace bestowed upon her. And, as it is evidently a deliberate act of faith and prayer on her part, there can be no hesitation in accepting it. Kindly acknowledge it as 'A Thankoffering,' per myself."

Another note from a like quarter must close these gratifying illustrations of the favour which God has given this Mission in the eyes of the humblest among us, as well as in the sympathies of our wealthier friends:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Please accept this one pound note for the Congo Mission; I could wish it were fifty instead of one, but I send it with a loving heart, although but a servant girl, and in delicate health for years. I am a reader of the MISSIONARY HERALD, and am greatly interested in the Congo Mission. May the Lord bless you and all His faithful servants everywhere!"

Who can doubt that these prayers will be heard of Him who loves the

cheerful giver, and who knows how great is the world's need of that salvation His own dear Son came to bring? May the Day-spring from on high speedily visit all lands, and dispel the darkness and the sorrow sin has spread as a mantle over them!

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

CHAPTER II.

OBSTACLES TO SUCCESS.

WE have briefly looked at the field of labour, in its extent and its varied peoples; we now consider some of the special obstacles in our way. I do not lay much weight upon some of the obstacles which have been at times referred to, chiefly by theorists. For instance, the fact that Protestantism is divided into a number of different sects is sometimes brought forward as a great obstacle. But the Hindoos have sense enough, as a rule, to know that Christians agree in far more points than those in which they differ. For the most part, only one aspect of Christianity is brought before any inquirer after the truth. The country is so vast that all Evangelical missions practically agree to divide it between them, and not to interfere with one another's work; much as if, supposing England were a heathen country, it were arranged that the Episcopalians should evangelise Lancashire, and the Presbyterians Yorkshire, the Congregationalists the Midland Counties, and the Baptists Devonshire and Cornwall. In such a case, any individual Englishman would, in most parts, come practically across only *one* phase of Protestant Christianity. So in India, Jessore, with over two million inhabitants, is left to the Baptists; Burdwan, with a like number, to the Church Mission; Moorshedabad, with 1,300,000 souls, to the Congregationalists; and so forth. Of course, here and there the missions overlap, and in large cities like Calcutta all bodies are at work. But even there they are at work in harmony, and, in dealing with the heathen, almost the only point of difference that comes prominently out relates to the mode of baptism; because, as far as subjects are concerned, all denominations agree to require faith as a pre-requisite to baptism in the case of the heathen, and, of course, no question of church government comes up until a man has become a Christian. The differences between Christians are very convenient as an objection to those who are looking out for one—and, if they had not this, they would soon find or manufacture another—but I

do not believe it presents much of a stumbling-block in the way of a sincere inquirer.

Nor do I think that there is much in the charge that missionaries present a Western theology to the Hindoos. There is too much of Occidentalism about our church systems in India (especially among the Episcopalians and Presbyterians), but this only comes up *after* people have become Christians. In preaching to the heathen, missionaries only proclaim the elementary facts and doctrines of Christianity.

I do not attach any weight, either, to the charge that the preaching of the doctrine of eternal punishment is a great obstacle in the way of the spread of the Gospel. I have had a little experience in open-air preaching in India, though not very much, but I do not remember having once heard an objection raised on this point; and I believe the general experience of missionaries is in the same direction. Of course, people may object to it, just as they object to the Atonement, Incarnation, and other doctrines which are none the less true because they are opposed; but I believe such doctrines as these are far more of a stumbling-block in India, as the preaching of the Cross has ever been, than is the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Now then for real obstacles. In the first place we must put, what we have already referred to, the vast size of the country and the enormous mass of the people who have to be evangelised, and compare with this the smallness of the agency employed. For the evangelisation of 250,000,000 souls, sunk in heathen or Mussulman darkness, we have a band of about 500 European and American missionaries—a proportion of whom I always away from the country seeking restoration of health—and perhaps 2,000 native helpers, many of them of inferior ability and zeal, the best men available, but far from satisfactory. There are probably as many workers in Christian Wales, with a population of between one and two millions. If Wales had been in India, with a *heathen* population, it might have had one foreign missionary and half-a-dozen Welshmen for the evangelisation of the whole Principality! Backergunge, in East Bengal, has a population exceeding two millions, nearly as many as Lancashire, and it has perhaps forty Christian preachers, many of whom give their main time to the pastorate of the native churches. Yet Backergunge is a highly favoured district. We could point to Jessore, nearly as large, with about half the number of workers; to Pubna, half as large, about as populous as Wales, with no Christian preacher whatever; and to other large districts as destitute as these. In many parts of India we might travel a hundred miles or more, and find no preacher and no Christian whatsoever. And even where there is a Christian agency in a district, what

can be accomplished when it is so feeble? On my first arrival in India I was stationed in Beerbhoom with good old Mr. Williamson, a veteran missionary, who had been forty years there and was indefatigable in his work. I asked him once if he had yet been over the whole district, and his reply was, "No; there are many villages in it to which I have not yet been able to go even once." And yet Beerbhoom was a comparatively small district for Bengal, with only about 600,000 inhabitants—rather a large parish, though, for one man, with three or four native helpers! The vastness of the field, coupled with the fewness of the labourers, produces great obstacles in the way of the truth.

Another difficulty arises from the fact that these millions of India are mainly adherents of two of the mightiest systems of evil which Satan has ever invented—Hindooism and Muhammadanism. Each of these religions is venerable in antiquity, and is revered by its followers as having come down to them with all the authority which the use of centuries and even millenniums can confer. They are not composed of mere vague customs which arose nobody knew how, but they are based upon religious books, still extant, and venerated as the very Word of God. The Muhammadan reverences his Koran, and the Hindoo his Shaster, fully as much as Christians reverence the Bible as the Word of God. Each religion is not a mere appendage to the life, as too often it is with professing Christians, but it is a vital part of it, or rather it is infused into the whole of it, and can be no more separated from it than the web from the woof. It has been well said that the Hindoos "eat religiously, drink religiously, bathe religiously, dress religiously, and even *sin* religiously;" and very much the same might be said of the Muhammadans. This religion, so ingrained in their whole life, has been instilled into them from their earliest childhood, they have grown up in the belief of its dogmas and the practice of its rules, and they are ever surrounded by an atmosphere of similar beliefs and practices in the people around them. Each religion has a priesthood, who will be quick to oppose any attacks on it, as such attacks, if successful, will diminish or destroy the income on which the members of the priesthood live. Each religion, moreover, is well adapted to its adherents, rigid as iron in some respects, yet lax in others; each has a philosophical system, or several systems, for the learned and thoughtful, and a gross materialistic religion for the vulgar herd. Hindooism and Muhammadanism form, with Buddhism, a triple fortress of enormous strength which Satan has erected outside of Christendom, and within which hundreds of millions of the human race remain enslaved.

We have spoken a little of the difficulties which we have to encounter in

dealing with Muhammadans; we may add a few words in reference specially to the Hindoos. Their religion is, to us practical Westerns, so egregiously absurd that it would seem as if it ought to be an easy task to bring a Hindoo over to Christianity. But we should find it far more difficult than we think. Suppose, now, we have a Hindoo before us, and we exhort him to forsake his religion and become a Christian. His first reply will be: "We must do as our fathers did, and as other people do." In no country has "custom" such mighty power as in India. We may ask them whether their fathers went by railway, sent letters by post, or wore shoes; and if they do not follow their fathers in these matters, why should they in a false religion? We might ask them whether, during a time of famine, they would refuse to take food when offered them, on the ground that other people were starving around them, and so forth. But we shall find it very difficult to shake them out of the lethargy produced by custom. If we do, the Hindoo has another resource, fatalism. "This is the Kala Yug, the evil age, and it is no use trying to be holy now. What is to be, is to be. We are fated to be Hindoos, and there is an end of the matter." There is nothing so deadening to the soul as fatalism, and it is a sad fact that on this point all three of the great non-Christian religions, Hindooism, Buddhism, and Muhammadanism, are at one. We try and shake them out of this fatalism by telling them that they do not act on this principle in common life; they sow their fields, they toil for money, they take medicine, and never allow fatalistic doctrines to interfere with their worldly business. But it is questionable how far we shall succeed. If we do, our Hindoo friend may take refuge in pantheism, and tell us that he is God, and everything is God, that it is God who does everything in him, and who causes him to sin. Or he will have recourse to the doctrine of *Mâyá* (illusion), and say that nothing really exists; as a juggler deceives the senses, so all creation is the jugglery of the impersonal and abstract deity. If we attack his Hindooism, we shall be surprised at the skill with which he defends it. True, the gods told lies and committed murder and adultery, but it is no sin in them; they may do anything they please, just as a king may do what a subject may not do. True, we worship idols, but we merely reverence the god who takes his abode in them, and treat them as visible helps to his worship. There are many gods; and yet there is only one, as the one sun is reflected in ten thousand different drops of water. In these and various other ways they defend their own religion; and even if we convince them of the excellence of Christianity, they will reply that no doubt it is an excellent religion for us, but their religion is just as good for them; every man will be saved by his own religion; there are many roads to a city, and we may enter by

whichever we please ; and, just so, there are many ways to heaven, and we may take which we please.

Such are some of the difficulties which we have to encounter in dealing with the Hindoos. We do not mean, of course, that every Hindoo we meet will be prepared with all these arguments ; but we may at any time meet with any of them, and they all exist, more or less definitely, in the mind of the average Hindoo. It will be seen, therefore, that in dealing with a Hindoo we have greater obstacles to encounter than in seeking to lead a professing Christian to real faith in Christ. We have a triple work to do. First, we must get him to *understand* our message. The man has from childhood been living in an atmosphere of deceit, resting on a false material religion of mere externals ; how shall we succeed in enabling him even to understand our spiritual religion ? We speak to him of *sin*, and he thinks that sin means an act contrary to the laws of caste—eating beef, for instance. We speak of holiness, and he understands the observance of the right religious ritual. We speak of heaven, and he understands by the word the abode of sensual happiness in which the gods live. It is difficult, therefore, to get the Hindoo to understand our message. If he does understand it, the next thing is for him to *believe* it—that is, to believe that what he has learnt from childhood, and what all around him believe, is wrong, and what we, unclean foreigners from the other side of the black water, tell him is right. If we succeed in this, we only lift him to the level of an ordinary unconverted Englishman, who knows the truth but does not love it ; the work of conversion has yet to be accomplished. We have, in the case of a Hindoo, to get him to take three steps—to *understand*, to *believe*, and to *receive* the message in his heart.

The Congo Mission.

THE NEW STATION AT MANYANGA.

IN the December number of the MISSIONARY HERALD was given a brief account of the formation of this new station by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Grenfell. Later communications from Mr. Bentley furnish us with fuller information, and we are happy to extract from them various details which, we are sure, will be of interest to our readers. The gracious hand of God is seen in the security with which this forward step has been made, and in the favour with which our missionary brethren have been received.

Writing on the 2nd September from "Manyanga Station, Ntombo Falls, Congo River," Mr. Bentley says:—

"There is no need to burden you with details of the journey hither, other than these: we left the Isangila station on the 12th ult., making a party of twenty-seven. We had good guides, and the knowledge of the country gained on the first journey helped us to curb their eccentricities. They led us by a good, direct course, so that early on the morning of the seventh day (August 18th) we reached the Manyanga depôt of the Belgian Expedition.

"As you are aware, Mr. Stanley has passed from Isangila to this place by river, not needing to take to land between. But from this point he has been obliged to make a road some seven miles long to pass the Ntombo Mataka Falls, when he was again able to use the river.

"On inquiry, we learned from M. Harou, the gentleman in charge of the depôt, that the land included by a little stream to the west of the depôt hill, and by the Ntombo Mataka Falls, has been conceded to the Belgian Expedition.

"It was, therefore, best for us to choose the first eligible site below their boundary.

"We chose a site, and in the afternoon shifted our goods, and sent up to call the chiefs. They came the next day, and, without any trouble, accepted our presents and gave us permission to build.

"As soon as the palaver was set, Mr. Grenfell started on his return journey, in haste to catch the English mail.

"I remain here with three Kroo boys, two Loango boys, José (our Victoria assistant), Lenvo (my Congo boy), and a boy from a little town opposite Musuka who volunteered.

It is as large a number as it is safe to leave at first, while cut off from supplies. I have about 100 lbs. of rice and some tinned meats—these as reserves. The remains of the bale of the runaway Kroo boy returned from Nshasha is a welcome addition to my store of barter. With these things, I hope to hold out here until news comes of the arrival of the steel boat, when I shall beg a passage in the Expedition steamer to Isangila, and go down to help in transporting it from Vivi to Isangila. Then a journey or two to Manyanga in the boat, and all should be ready for another move forward.

"I am building a house on a hill about 100 feet above the water level and about 200 yards back from the shore. To the east runs the stream, which divides our terrain from that of the Belgian Expedition; and to the west is a rocky torrent bed, which ends in a creek, forming a good landing-place for our stores.

"Between the shore and the base of our hill is a very rich piece of garden ground, at present cultivated by the women of Ntombo and Ndandanga, of which I hope to obtain possession at a fitting time. There is plenty of wood in steep-sided ravines at the back of the terrain. The sea-breeze blows, with but slight intermission, both day and night. Altogether, it is really a fine spot for our purpose.

"We have until now spoken of this station in prospect as a depôt. Considering Stanley Pool as really our first station, we build here as indispensable to our holding and supplying the station at Stanley Pool, thus rendering it so far possible to carry on the immense work which our

Society has undertaken for, and in reliance upon, our Great Master.

"Just at this time, and single-handed, I cannot leave the place for any length of time, but yesterday afternoon I climbed the hill to see what became of Mr. Stanley's road, after it disappeared there. A broad road follows along the ridges to Ntombo and on.

"Ntombo is a very large town, with other towns near to it, and is about an hour distant.

"We have spoken of this district as Mbu, rather than Manyanga. It is neither. Mbu district lies some five or six miles inland from here, and Manyanga is but the name of the market, which lies a like distance to the north of this place. Our little stream is really the boundary of Ntombo, but the country about here is generally called Ntombo. Mr. Stanley's people always speak of this place as Manyanga, and by such name it must always be known—at Isangila, Boma, and Banana—so that it is no use calling this place otherwise than Manyanga Station.

"Our terrain really belongs to Ndandanga and Kitambika.

"I went to Kitambika to-day to visit my chief. Each of the towns, or, rather, clusters of towns, is large, and with these towns, and Ntombo within so easy reach, there are plenty of people to work upon; while, upon the opposite banks, the important Banzas of Ugombi, Kiwala, Ndungu, and Ndinga, within easy reach by boat or canoe, could occupy the time and energies of six missionaries, instead of two.

"The people are quiet, inoffensive folk. I have made friends with many of them.

"There are always a number of people living and sleeping near the

shore. During the day they fish for whitebait with their fine nets. They use also large baskets to catch large fish and the strange, long-nosed mud-suckers. At night canoes flit about with lighted torches.

"A great many people cross to this point from the other side—traders at Manyanga and Ntombo markets, and even to the great Nkandu Yalala market. Ndungu people (traders) have been here four times already. The first party had just arrived from Ambrizette; they had slept at Gonzela, three miles west of San Salvador.

"They seem to have known us by report. They affirm that Bwaka Matu is dead, in spite of what we heard to the contrary.

"No one seems to have the least objection to our being here, or to Mr. Stanley's movements.

"It is difficult, indeed impossible, to forecast the future. How, whither, when we shall next move, who can tell?

"I suppose de Brazza will be back again soon, and then, if much pressure is brought to bear on him, I suppose that he will blame his black sergeant. But it is too evident that our difficulties were all his work.

"Père Angouard was told by one of the soldiers that Brazza's fine road of six days, between the head waters of the Ogowai and Elima-Mpaka rivers, was considerably longer, and the greater part of it up to their knees in water. A terrible road!

"With anxious hearts we wait to hear that the steel boat is being made, and that more help is speedily forthcoming.

"We cannot think for one moment that the Baptist Missionary Society, which undertook this immense work after due consideration, will shrink from it as soon as the weight comes

down upon the shoulders. But the request we have made is for so large an amount of help, and for so many men, needed so urgently, immediately, that we cannot but be anxious until we receive news bidding us to hold on, for help is coming.

"Isangila is now in charge of three boys, not one twenty years of age—two from Gaboon and one from Congo; and beyond that station I am here with stores for two or three months, trusting that the boat will be out ere then.

Later, September 30th, Mr. Bentley reports the progress he has made since the date of his earlier letter. He says:—

"The building work is going on satisfactorily, but slowly, in consequence of the small staff available. I was able to sleep in the house for the first time last night. The roof is not yet finished, and the walls of the room are not yet quite covered with grass; but it was better than sleeping in the little tent, which is so crowded with things. It has been only a partial move, for the long-expected rains have at last come, so that the thatching work was much hindered; but, fortunately for the boys, I was able to find them some other work under shelter. To-morrow they go to Manyanaga market, and the next day is Sunday, so there will be two days without further progress, as far as they are concerned.

"The people are constantly promising to come and help me, but have only been once to do so.

"We did not expect to find the blue Congo beads to be the regular currency here; I am, therefore, rather in a fix, and have to pay exorbitant prices, having to sell everything for beads, and then, with them, buy the food.

"They will not distinguish between

"We are acting on the assumption that the churches at home will sustain us faithfully and help us *promptly*. We cannot think that they will fail; the consequent collapse would be most disastrous.

"May we have grace given unto us to obey our Master's voice and to do His will in this our day and generation, and we know that a glorious harvest shall be reaped, even until Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, toward which consummation it is our truest life to live."

the qualities of cloth in assigning the value, but constantly reckon that a piece of cloth is a piece of cloth all worth one price, although they are very anxious to get the best. They ask ridiculous prices for small things, and tell me that I am dear.

"These things make it very hard for me to buy even food, and a little purchase often occupies an hour, or even two.

"Robert Feruzi, the chief of the Zanzibaris stationed here, accompanied Mr. Stanley on his journey across the Continent. He has been eight years in Bishop Steere's school at Zanzibar. He reads and writes very well. He comes down to our little English service on Sundays, and several times comes to school during the week when he can find time. He seems to be intelligent, and has a good general knowledge of the Scriptures.

"I have been making inquiries about 'up country.' One thing especially interests us. We had noticed that the steamboat that is being carried to the Upper River is of very shallow draught. We therefore inferred that shoals were prevalent in the broad upper waters, and therefore

the problem of shallow draught will be an important item in the design of our steamer.

“Robert Feruzi confirms the supposition, and says that often their canoes ran on to banks in descending. It is true they endeavoured to pick their way unseen among the islands.

“Although there are some conveniences in buying in open market, there is some danger connected with it.

“A week or two ago I sent the boys to Nkengi Ntombo. In the afternoon the head Kroo boy rushed into the tent, breathless, to say that there had been a row in the market, and the white people's boys had been beaten, and some badly hurt. They were sitting quietly in the market buying, when they heard a noise on the opposite side, where the Zanzibaris were. A man ran across to them and seized ‘Monkey’—a small Kroo boy—and was going to beat him. His head man pushed the man away, but was felled by a blow from a heavy stick. The boys picked up their things and ran away, receiving many blows.

“They caught Monkey again, because he was small; two men held out his arms, and a third held a knife to his throat, but he wriggled away, minus his cloth. Some of the Belgian Expedition men were badly knocked about.

“Ntombo and Ndandanga people had done all that they could to help us.

“I sent up the next morning to ask my chief why the boys had been beaten.

“He came down, and told me that

From the latest of our advices, we learn the safe arrival at Banana of Mr. Crudgington and Mr. Dixon. Writing from that place, under date of October 20th, Mr. Crudgington says:—

“You will be glad to hear that we are at last at our destination, as far as the steamer is concerned.

some woman, in a town Bangala, had cooked a fowl, and was going to carry it to market to give to a friend. Her husband saw it and asked for it, but she refused. At the market she offered it to one of the Zanzibaris, who refused to take a cooked fowl from another man's wife. She took it home again, and offered it to her husband. He ascertained who her friend was who had refused the present, and, with a gang of men, ran down to the market to beat our people. They said that we must be bad; we came here and bought no indiarubber, no arachis, only fowls and goats, &c.; we must be bad.

“The chief was very angry about it, and said that there would be war; that they would not go again to that market, but would make another nearer to us.

“I don't think there has been any war, but the native chiefs have been palavering with the town that had ventured to bring down the wrath of the white people. They were afraid that Mr. Stanley would come and punish them.

“The affair has now been settled, and they have made the new market.

“The river is rising very fast. I have been registering it for twenty-three days, and this morning it has reached 5 feet 3 inches. Its extremes here are between 20 and 30 feet. The current is fairly strong, but otherwise it is very good now for navigation, for many of the cataracts have become rapids, and many bad rocks are deeply covered.”

“We have had a most pleasant voyage and agreeably cool—surprisingly so, in fact, for the coast of Africa.

For the next week or two we shall be busy getting our cargo and the steel boat (Plymouth) up the river to Mos-suco.

"We passed Mr. Comber on his way up the coast in search of Kroo boys. However, I had anticipated their need, and had engaged a few, not knowing how many we might have at Congo. I did not see Mr. Comber, as we passed his steamer in the night, but he will be back by the

next South Coast boat. It is very difficult to procure Kroo boys just now, as they are away in the interior at farm work. Our captain told me he had orders for nearly two hundred of these Kroos.

"Please excuse this somewhat hurried note, but I am anxious to send it by this steamer to Loanda, in order to catch the Portuguese mail, and so save a fortnight."

Mr. Comber, writing from the Bonny River, under date of the 27th October, deeply regrets that he missed seeing Mr. Crudgington on the way, and earnestly expresses his feelings that more men have not been found ready to enter on the work:—

"The steamer is due at Congo on the 12th November, when I hope once more to meet my dear brethren who have come out by the s.s. *Gaboon*. This steamer passed ours during the night, so I did not see Crudgington and Dixon, although we communicated by letters 'left till called for' at this depôt river. I am very thankful that Crudgington has returned so soon, and that Dixon is with him. It is very pleasant to have to welcome a man from my own college. I hope 'Regent's Park' will furnish us with many more as our work develops and increases. Our condition is so desperate, and we are so few, that we are 'thankful for small mercies;' but when I found that only *one* new colleague was sent by the *Gaboon*, I was very disappointed. We have done our best to lay before you our needs,

in previous letters, and are not, I hope, overrating the interest of the churches in our Congo Mission when we expect these needs to be fully met. In many ways, especially in the uniformly good health of all our party, while others are cut off around us, the Master's special favour is being granted to us in our pioneering work. Surely, as with Ezra and Nehemiah, the 'hand of our God is upon us for good,' and we have cause for devout gratitude. We look up to the God of heaven, and in trustful confidence go forward, expecting His continued blessing, and expecting also to be 'backed up' in our difficult work by the churches at home. I am confidently hoping that the six men asked for will be forthcoming, and that on board the next steamer we shall find at least two or three of them."

We have only to add to these interesting communications that we have heard of Mr. Weeks's arrival at Sierra Leone, and trust that in a few days more he may have reached his destination in safety.

New Year's Prayer Meeting.

THE occurrence of New Year's-day on a Sunday deferred this annual gathering to the following day, Monday, January 2nd. A large body of friends assembled in the Mission House, although in somewhat diminished numbers, owing to the funeral at the same hour of our deeply lamented friend the late Lord Justice Lush, to whom more than one touching reference was made during the service. It was a hallowed occasion, and the presence of God was more than usually realised. Friends of various missionary societies led the devotions of the meeting, among whom may be mentioned the Rev. W. Brock, the Rev. R. Guyton, the Rev. Goolzar Shah, and the Rev. J. P. Chown, of our own body; the Rev. Griffith John, of the China Mission; the Rev. R. Johnston, of the Indian Educational Committee; and the Rev. W. Jones, of the London Mission.

By the kindness of the Treasurer we are permitted to give to our readers the brief addresses which were interspersed in the intervals of singing and prayer. Owing to want of time the closing paragraphs were omitted in the delivery.

"On past occasions we have enjoyed the presence of the Master, and the privilege of communion with each other and with Him. And I trust that, through the recurrence of these seasons, neither the freshness of our feelings nor the interest of our meeting will suffer loss. They will not if the Divine Spirit be again with us; for then shall we be 'anointed with fresh oil.' To some it may not be with 'the oil of gladness,' for the missionary records of the past year, both at home and abroad, have had their dark lines as well as their pleasant pages; but none of us will, I think, be unable to 'utter, in some measure, the memory of the great goodness' which has marked our course.

'When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.'

"And where shall those who are thus lost be found but at His feet 'from whom all goodness flows'? Let us, then, first offer thanks for all the grace vouchsafed to us, especially in connection with our missionary and kindred efforts, through another year. In closest relation to the object before us, may I remind you of those words of our Lord, 'Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory'; so that, in pleading for the extension of the Kingdom in its spiritual development, and the exercise of the Power in its needed influence, and the manifestation of the Glory in its promised unfolding, we may realise that the cause is emphatically His own? Then, with holy confidence, shall we bear upon our hearts before Him those whom He is pleased to employ—the herald proclaiming the glad tidings; the evangelist scattering the seed; the translator unsealing the fountains of truth; the various labourers in the heat of their toil; not forgetting the lone and the widowed ones, who 'went out full,' and whom 'the Lord has brought home again empty.' I would ask your

Prayers for a special blessing on the missions that are nurtured in this place, including the Ladies' Zenana Association, which is doing good work in India and China, and on one of our brethren who is out for a time on the great Indian field, my beloved friend and colleague Mr. Baynes, nor less on all other Christian missions, for the banner which is over us to-day bears this inscription, 'One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.' Our spheres and our methods may be distinct, but our service, our recompense, and our rejoicing are one. 'Rejoice, Zebulon, in thy going out, and, Issachar, in thy tents. They shall call the people unto the mountain; there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness, for they shall suck the abundance of the seas and treasures hid in the sand.' In offering prayer for the extension of the Kingdom in its spiritual development, let us remember that He who said, 'Thine is the Kingdom,' said also, 'When ye pray say, Thy Kingdom come.'

"'Thine is the power.' When we think of all that is involved in the evangelisation of the nations, the old inquiry returns in full force, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' and gratefully we grasp the old answer, 'Our sufficiency is of God.' Who but He can reduce those 'strongholds' which confront the soldiers of the Cross? Who but He can overthrow those systems, hoary with age and colossal in strength, which meet us in heathen lands? Who but He can kindle the light of life in the dark places of the earth, to cheer His servants in their efforts, and to crown their labours with success? We have surely learned that the power is not in the means, however Scriptural, nor in the organisations, however approved, nor in the instruments, however devoted. 'God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God.' On that power we rest, for it we wait."

"Again, in offering prayer for the exercise of the power in its needed influence, let us bear in mind that He who said, 'Thine is the power,' said also, 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations.' 'Thine is the glory.' The manifestation of the Divine glory upon earth will tend to the final, the eternal completeness of this sublime description. *Divinely announced*—'As truly as I live all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.' *Prophetically repeated*—'The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' *Devoutly besought*—'Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children.' 'Blessed be His glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory.' It shall invest the Saviour on His return, for His coming will be 'in the glory of His Father.' It shall be the brightness of the descending city, 'for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' And so shall rise the everlasting song, 'Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever'

"Yet once more, in offering prayer for the manifestation of the glory in its promised unfolding, let our faith grasp the fact that He who said, 'Thine is the glory,' was none other than 'the Lord of glory' Himself!"

The Calabar Institution, East Queen Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

THESE buildings represent the college in which is carried on the training of a native ministry for the pastorate of the churches in Jamaica. To the left of the central hall, with its accompanying rooms and dormitories for the students, is the seminary for the instruction of schoolmasters; and on either side are the houses of the president, the Rev. D. J. East, and the Normal School tutor, the Rev. J. S. Roberts. The Institution was originally established at Rio Bueno, on the north side of the island; but on the departure of the Rev. S. Oughton (lately deceased) from Jamaica, some years ago, it was removed, and re-erected on the valuable premises belonging to the Society in Kingston, and near to the spacious chapel in which assembles the large congregation to which Mr. East also ministers. The cost of the removal was defrayed by generous friends in this country. The Institution contains an excellent library, the gift of various friends; among whom may especially be mentioned the Rev. J. Tinson, the first president, and the late venerable James Mursell Phillippo. The board of the students is provided for by the contributions of the churches of the island; but the Society is responsible for the stipends of the tutors.

The Native Pastors of Jamaica.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

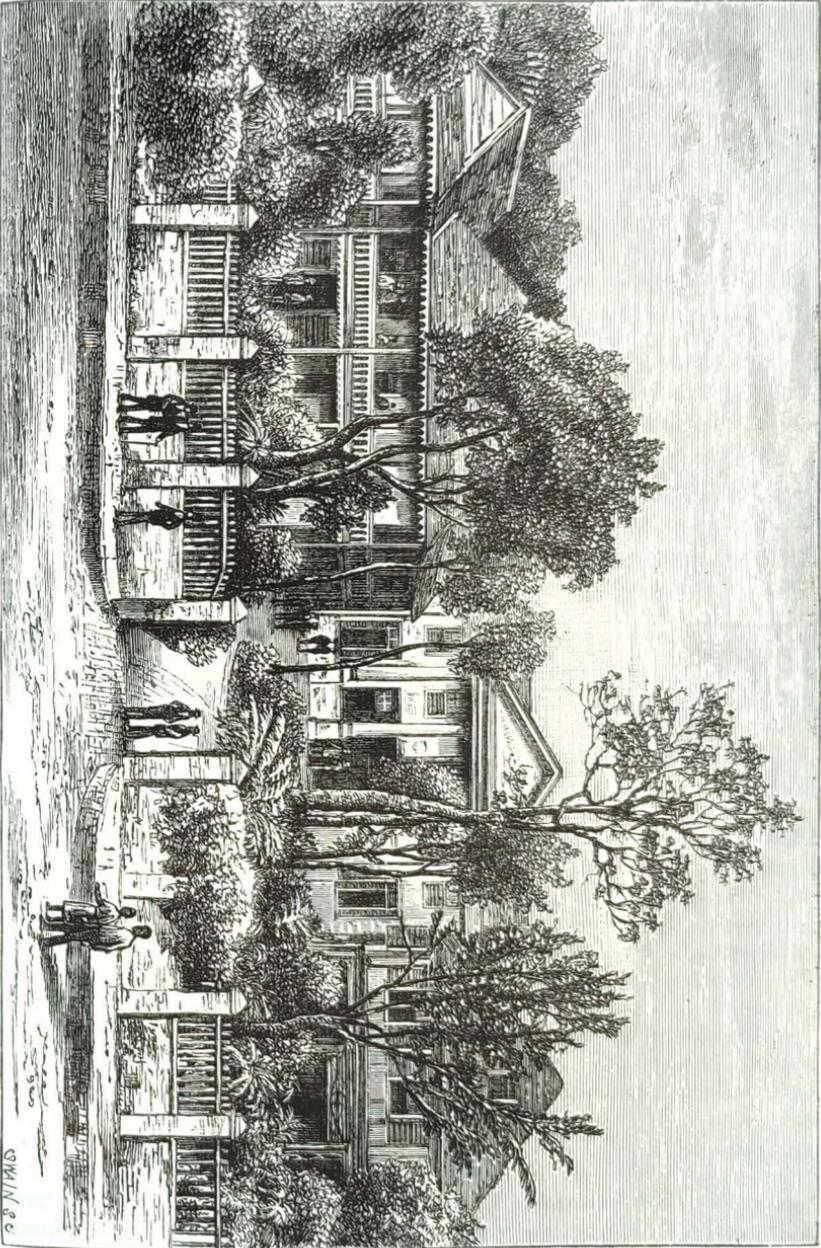
“Calabar College, Kingston,

“Jamaica, *December*, 1881.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will be interested to receive some account of journeys I have been permitted to take in the interest of brethren (native ministers) educated in our Institution.

“I gave you a brief account of one to attend the ordination of Mr. James, who left the Institution in 1879 to engage in home mission work in the parish of St. George. Our brother is the son of a worthy deacon of the church at Mandeville, and, some years before he gave himself to the Christian ministry, proved himself an earnest worker in the cause of God. A

flourishing Sunday-school was instituted and carried on under his superintendence, and his labours of love are gratefully remembered by large numbers in his native district, who received spiritual good, if not spiritual life, through his instrumentality. It was the testimony borne by others, that his occasional ministry as a preacher of the Gospel had been the means of their conversion to God, that finally led him to devote himself wholly to the work. Mr. James is being greatly blessed in his present sphere, where he is building a substantial chapel amongst a poor and scattered people, and gathering a con-



THE CALABAR INSTITUTION, EAST QUEEN STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

QUINN & CO

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gregation from amongst a population that in former years were greatly neglected, and whom our Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society found steeped in ignorance and superstition. Our brother is in need of help to complete the erection of this house of prayer, and would feel deeply indebted to any Christian friends who would render it. £50 would well-nigh enable him to finish the work. Need I say how delighted I should be, through you, to receive any donations with which he may be favoured? He is worthy of encouragement.

"THE STATIONS.

"On the 14th of last month I left Kingston for Mandeville, to visit a line of stations occupied by our native ministers—Old Harbour, Roswell, Hayes, Cross, Four Paths, Jubilee, Porus, Zion Hill, Mandeville, Water Lane, Whitfield, Hosanna, and Elim. You will be amused at this list of names—some simply derived from locality, but others from Scripture or Christian associations. We have 'Zions' without number; 'Elim' is unmistakably Baptist; 'Hosanna' doubtless tells of the joyfulness in which this little station was begun. There is more than one 'Whitfield,' showing that the great field-preacher has a name even in Jamaica; and 'Jubilee' reminds us that Baptist missionary commemorations are not altogether overlooked—as how should they be?—by our Jamaica churches. These stations are in St. Catharine, Lower Clarendon, and Manchester; Mandeville, the most remote, being about sixty miles from Kingston.

"MANDEVILLE.

"Having only a week to spare from church and college duties, it was impossible for me to visit personally every one of these places; but I endeavoured to see all their pastors, and

to meet in central places, as far as possible, the officers of each. My first meeting was with the pastor and officers of Mandeville and Zion Hill, at Mandeville, one of the most beautiful of our mountain towns, at an elevation of over two thousand feet. Having already conducted the early morning (6.30) prayer-meeting at the Independent chapel, this first meeting occupied two hours, and was passed in free conference over the state of the churches—physical, social, and spiritual. My heart was pained at the recital of the privations and sufferings which the people had passed through during the protracted drought, extending over several months, which had been experienced in Manchester and the adjacent parishes, and, indeed, in other parishes of the island. During this distressing time the interests of the churches were sorely depressed. Numbers had to mortgage future crops to obtain the most common daily necessaries of life. Those who had any means had to expend them entirely on the purchase of food. Numbers were unable to obtain decent clothing in which to appear at public worship. The consequence was, that congregations were thinned; the attendance fell off in both day and Sunday schools; and, alas! the poor pastor's income was diminished almost to *nil*. His receipts for some months did not exceed a few shillings, and the struggles he had to supply the daily wants of his family were most piteous. The effect of all was to damp Christian ardour, enfeeble faith, and almost paralyse activity in the church. My first duty was to comfort and encourage both minister and leaders. And, happily, I could appeal to the return of fruitful seasons, and to the initiation of a new industry in the fruit-trade with America, as well as to the unflinching promise of a faithful and loving Father

in Christ, as a well-assured ground of hope of showers of spiritual blessing. It was cheering to see how thankfully words of counsel and consolation were received. I was highly pleased with the spirit of devotion manifested by all present, and especially with that of the pastor. The relations between him and his people seemed most happy and confiding. His zeal and activity were acknowledged to be unflagging under all the discouragements of the 'hard times;' and, while the means of support had so painfully diminished, officers and church had struggled hard to promote his domestic comfort by giving labour and material towards the completion of a mission-house, which, when finished, will certainly be one of the most convenient and substantial in the island. The home was beautifully neat and clean, and reflects great credit on our brother's excellent wife. At night a public meeting was held. The chapel was crowded by an attentive and earnest congregation. At the close of a service which lasted over two hours, it was felt by all that the Master's presence had been with us, and the confident hope was cherished that good had been done which would be to His praise and glory. There was a large attendance of young persons, on whom a deep impression seemed to be made.

"PORUS.

"My visit next day was to Porus, a flourishing township, the growth of freedom; for within the memory of many it was a small village, with a few scattered houses. It is now one of the largest markets in the parish of Manchester, and during the coffee crop is crowded with buyers and sellers, who assemble in the open street for half-a-mile to transact their business. Passing through it one night about eight o'clock I was reminded of an English fair, as I

looked upon the busy crowds and observed the lighted stalls all along the sides of the road. The Baptist chapel is in the very heart of the town, a stone building adapted to seat about 700 people; it is not, however, in good repair, needing about £100 to be expended upon it. Mr. Gilling, the pastor, is an able man. He has preached more than once lately very effectively at East Queen Street. The majority of the people are strongly attached to him, but the state of the church is not satisfactory. The congregations are large, but the contributions are very small, and our brother's circumstances have been sadly straitened. I spent two hours in conference with the officers of this and of the small church at a place called Harman, and was troubled to find that there were serious divisions of opinion and feeling between some of them. I had much earnest discourse with them, endeavouring to correct what appeared to be wrong, to conciliate them one to another, and to urge upon all a spirit of loving forbearance. With what result remains to be seen. At night a public meeting was held. No previous notice had been given, but at the ringing of the bell numbers of people came out, so that the chapel was three-parts full. It is a fine sphere of Christian labour, and it seems pitiful to think that dissension should mar its usefulness. Possibly a change of ministry, with a clearer understanding of what is due to the pastoral relation, may become expedient.

"FOUR PATHS.

"On the day following I proceeded to Four Paths. Porus is about ten miles from Mandeville, and about the same distance on to Four Paths, another populous but somewhat declining village on what is called the Lyme Savanna, an extensive run of grass land extending down from the moun-

tains towards the sea in the parish of Clarendon. On this plain we have two chapels, only about two miles from each other. Their congregations, however, come from opposite districts, and intermingle but very little. The chapel nearest to the village is the older structure, and, being built of wood, has of late been out of repair. The people of this district are excessively poor, and physically they show the general unhealthiness of the district. I have known the thermometer rise at the 'Mission Cottage' twenty degrees with the rising of the sun. Could the inhabitants live on goats they might subsist pretty well; but very little besides can be raised. During the severe drought these died by multitudes, and the distress of those who live, as most do, from hand to mouth was very great. At this place no public meeting had been announced, and, as the inhabitants are widely scattered, a congregation could not be gathered at an hour's notice. There was a meeting of church officers, however. I found them sadly depressed by their worldly circumstances, and had to spend most of the two hours I passed with them in offering encouragement under their difficulties, and comfort in their troubles. They seemed united among themselves, and happy with their minister. Our brother, Mr. Rowe, was brought up under the ministry of John Clarke, of Jericho. By him he was sent first to the Normal School to be trained as a teacher; having passed several years in teaching, he returned to the college as a theological student. In all these relations he stood well, and, while very quiet and unpretentious, he is one of our most plodding and useful native ministers. The most prosperous station under his care is Hayes, where a substantial stone chapel is being built around the old wooden erection, where the people continue to worship until

the new one is roofed in. Here our young brother is much encouraged by the zeal and activity of his people.

“THE CROSS.

“On the Friday I made my way to the home of our excellent brother Duckett, about seven miles distant. You will remember him as one of the band who sailed with Mr. Clarke in the *Chilmark* from Jamaica to Africa; he was the most able and devoted of the number. My dear wife knew him well as a faithful co-worker with the sainted Merrick. Obligated by sickness to leave the African Mission, and return to his native land, as soon as he recovered strength he gave himself to Christian work, taking charge of one of our mission schools. Soon after my arrival he entered the college as a theological student; but in consideration of his age, the fact of his being a married man with a family, and his African experience as a missionary, he was allowed to leave the Institution at the end of two years. Through many years his health was very feeble—he never seemed to recover from the effects of African malaria fever. Much affliction also was allotted to him in his family. But amid much trial and suffering our brother has ever been faithful and devoted as a minister of Christ. He now occupies a most interesting sphere of labour. As I looked out from his home the other day I thought of the Waldensian pastors of olden times, with their scattered flocks, in visiting whom they had to traverse rugged roads and mountain passes hardly to be called roads at all. Mr. Duckett pointed in a semi-circle to the four small stations under his pastoral oversight, three of them quite in the bush, with hardly any civilising influences around except the presence of the missionary pastor and his family. The officers from three of the four churches met me, having travelled long distances

on foot through rain and mud to do so. And a pleasant meeting I had with these lowly brethren in Christ. They talked with lively interest of the cause of God in their several districts, giving me a report of the state of each church. This district too had been afflicted with the long drought. A planter on whom I called told me he had lost upwards of a hundred horned stock, besides horses and mules. The peasantry suffered in the loss of small stock—goats, pigs, and poultry. But this was not the worst. The provision crops were a total failure, and many were brought to the verge of starvation. Mr. Duckett told me that in his own family they did not know where to look for food; many a time he had himself to go to bed hungry, and to satisfy the cravings of the stomach by a draught of water. Yet now that fruitful seasons have returned, and provision is beginning to come in, I could not but marvel at the buoyant, hopeful spirit with which these good and tried men spoke of the future. Their pastor has had a hard struggle, but is still bearing up manfully. He is sixty years of age, and beginning to feel the weight of years,

but his passion for the Master's service is unquenched. I much wished that I had the means of helping him to provide for his family, or—what he would covet even more—that I knew how to help him in the completion of chapels which are in course of erection. There is a good work going on. May our brother be spared to carry it forward.

“My return journey was through heavy rain and muddy roads till we reached the Old Harbour Railway Station, where the train was ready to start, and in an hour and a-half I was in Kingston—distance twenty-six miles—arriving about six p.m. on the Saturday evening, in time, therefore, to take the Sunday morning service at East Queen Street, Mr. Roberts taking that at night. In the review I feel thankful to have been able to make these visits to some of our native brethren, and only wish that time and strength enabled me to renew them more frequently.

“I am, my dear Brother,

“Yours affectionately,

“D. J. EAST.

“To E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D.”

The River Congo, from Mussuco.

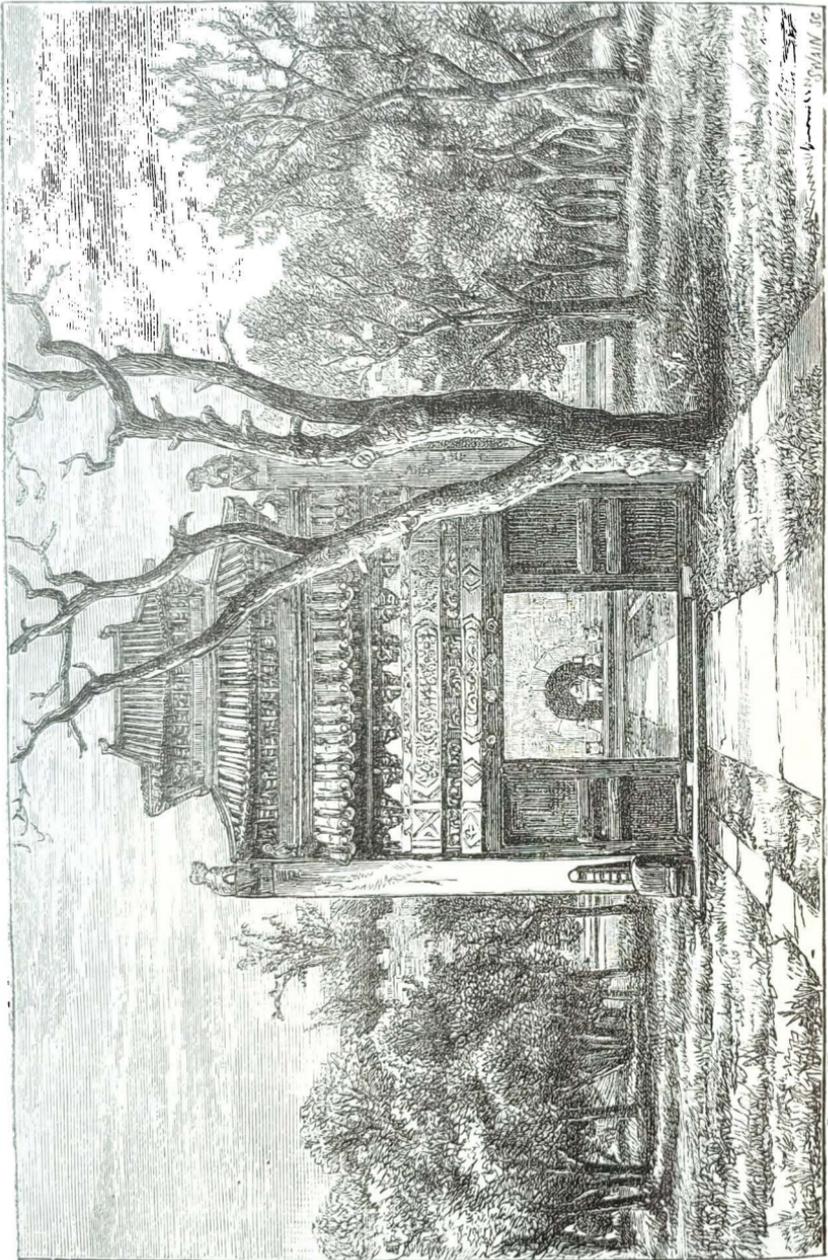
(See *Frontispiece*.)

THE engraving gives a very good idea of the appearance of the river, as it runs towards the sea, from our first station, which is at a point about 100 miles from the coast. From the sea to Vivi, about fifteen miles higher up than Mussuco, the Congo is navigable—that is, if due care be taken of the whirlpools and bad places, which occur frequently during the last forty miles.

At the point in the picture, immediately above the heads of the three people, the river turns a corner nearly at right angles. This point is known as the “fiddler's elbow,” and here the river is very nearly 1,200 yards wide. At the extreme right of the picture is a rock on which a tree is to be seen; past this rock the water rushes with great speed, causing whirlpools and “cauldrons,” and making this part of the river very dangerous.

G. G.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,]
MARCH 1, 1882.



THE TOMB OF YUNG-LOH.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Congo Steamer.

IN the MISSIONARY HERALD of July, 1880, there will be found a letter, addressed by Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, to the Committee, from which the following is an extract :—

“DEAR SIRS AND CHRISTIAN BRETHERN,—I believe the time is come when we should make every necessary preparation to carry out the original purpose of the Congo Mission—to *place a steamer on the Congo River*, where we can sail north-eastward into the heart of Africa for many hundred miles uninterruptedly, and bring the glad tidings of the everlasting Gospel to thousands of human beings who are now ignorant of the way of life and immortality. I have, therefore, now to offer your Society one thousand pounds towards the purchase of a steamer of the best make and capacity, every way suitable for the purpose, and its conveyance and launch on the river at Stanley Pool; and three thousand pounds to be carefully invested, the interest only to be used for the perpetual maintenance of such steamer on the Congo and its affluents, until Christ and His salvation shall be known all along the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the first cataract of the equatorial cataracts of the Congo, beyond the mouths of the Arawimi and Mbura Rivers.”

This generous offer the Committee, after full and prayerful deliberation, accepted, and a few months afterwards Mr. Arthington remitted to the Treasurer the entire sum proposed.

Our readers are aware that the preliminary investigations have been made; that two of our brethren have visited Stanley Pool, and that two stations on the route thither, at Isangila and Manyanga, have been founded. Of the six new missionaries absolutely necessary to carry out the scheme, as well as to retain the hold acquired at San Salvador, three have been secured—two of whom are already on the spot, and the third, Mr. Butcher, is about to sail. The Committee hope that in the course of the next month or two the remaining three will present themselves, the cost of their outfit and passage having been nobly contributed by various friends. The maintenance of two of the six has also been generously promised.

The time has therefore arrived when it appears to be the duty of the Committee to carry out the first part of Mr. Arthington's proposal, and to take measures to secure a steam vessel of the character specified.

We are happy to inform our readers that steps have been taken for this purpose, and that the well-known steam-boat builders, Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., of Chiswick, have contracted to build a boat suitable for the work in prospect. In our last HERALD Mr. Bentley called attention to the shallowness of the river above Stanley Pool, and this important fact has had to be borne in mind in planning the vessel. It is proposed that the steamer shall be of steel, having twin screws for her more easy control and management amid the currents and sand-banks of the river. Her length will be seventy feet, and she will draw only twelve inches of water. This lightness of flotation is secured by a singularly ingenious arrangement of the screws, of which Messrs. Thornycroft & Co. are the patentees. The contract price of the vessel, complete and packed for transmission to the Congo, with a steel boat and duplicates of the most important portions of the machinery and gear, has been fixed at the extremely low sum of £1,760. To this will have to be added about £150 for sundry stores, so that the entire cost of the vessel WILL NOT EXCEED **£2,000**. Mr. Grenfell has come home, at the request of the Committee, to watch its progress, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its management. He will thus be able to superintend putting its parts together when they shall arrive at their destination.

We are sure that our readers will welcome these signs of progress in our great enterprise, and will accompany them with their prayers. The work was begun in prayer, and has been watched over at every step by loving hearts. May the same deep interest attend it till crowned with success.

In forwarding his generous gifts, Mr. Arthington said:—"I have considered that the proposed steamer may cost much more than £1,000, and that in that case the friends of the Society may like to contribute towards the needful outlay." As seen above, the steamer will cost within a fraction of £2,000; besides which there will be the heavy cost of conveying her to her destination. This can hardly yet be estimated; but it is evident there will be ample room and need for the liberality of our friends.

The Leeds Auxiliary have already, at their annual meeting in the autumn of 1880, resolved to furnish £500 of the cost; and we now earnestly appeal to our readers and to the churches to fill up what remains to be done. No time should be lost, as we expect the vessel to be ready for transport to the Congo about the month of August, when the contractors

will deliver her complete to the Society, and must be paid. They have already received the first instalment—that is, one-third of her cost.

We cannot better close this brief account of the plans and purposes of the Committee than in the striking words of Mr. Arthington:—

“LET US BE SIMPLE AND COURAGEOUS, ACTING EVER IN CONSTANT FAITH, AND ACCORDING TO OUR CONSCIOUSNESS OF WHAT IS RIGHT AND FOR THE BEST.”

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

CHAPTER III.

OBSTACLES TO SUCCESS—(*continued*).

THERE is one special difficulty that meets us in India which renders mission work there, in a certain sense, unique; it is summed up in the word *caste*. We need not refer to its origin, except to say that it has a religious basis. Hindoos say that originally there were four castes: the Brahmins (priestly class), who sprung from the head of Brahma (god); the Kshetriyas (warrior class), who sprung from his shoulders; the Vaishyas (merchant class), who sprung from his loins; and the Sudras (agricultural class), who sprung from his feet. Practically, in most parts of India we have now only the Brahmins and the Sudras, and even classes inferior to the Sudras; but these are sub-divided into an interminable number of castes, each separate trade or occupation forming a separate caste; so that the 180,000,000 or more of Hindoos in India may be said to be divided into a number of separate *layers* of population, each caste forming a layer, and having no feeling of brotherhood with any other layer.

There are three main rules of caste, which we may call the trade rule, the marriage rule, and the food rule. The trade rule makes all the people of one caste to be of one occupation, which, of course, is thus hereditary. The weaver's son must be a weaver, the potter's son must be a potter, the barber's son must be a barber—so must his grandson and great-grandson, and so was his own father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather. However far we go back, they all were barbers, and however far we go forward they all will be barbers; and so on with all occupations. This rule is being slowly trenched upon by English influence; thousands of people have taken service in the railways, thousands of many castes have become clerks, and so forth. But still, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, amongst

the Hindoos we may say that the son will be of the same occupation as the father.

Conceive how strange it would be if this rule applied in England! Suppose the carpenter's son *must* be a carpenter, and the shoemaker's son a shoemaker, the doctor's son a doctor, and the solicitor's son a solicitor! How strangely altered society would be. But suppose, further, that not only must the carpenter's son be a carpenter, but he must marry nobody but a carpenter's daughter! And the shoemaker's son must marry a shoemaker's daughter, and the doctor's son a doctor's daughter! And yet this is the universal rule in India. The weaver's son must not only himself be a weaver, but he must marry a girl of the same caste—that is, whose father is of the same occupation. So the potter's son must marry a potter's daughter, and the barber's son a barber's daughter; and so on of all the different occupations in India. This marriage rule is *universal*. From one end of India to the other we shall never hear of a potter's son marrying a weaver's daughter, or a blacksmith's son marrying a barber's daughter, or any one marrying out of his caste.

Let us make a further supposition with regard to England. Suppose not only that a carpenter's son must be a carpenter, and must marry only a carpenter's daughter, but, further, that if he wishes to have a tea-party, he must invite nobody but carpenters to come and take tea with him! And if the doctor wishes to give a dinner-party, he must invite nobody but doctors to come and dine with him! Yet this, too, is the *universal* rule in India; the potter must eat only with potters, the barber with barbers, the blacksmith with blacksmiths, and the weaver with weavers. A man of one caste never, by any possibility, eats with a man of another caste, or his caste would be destroyed. If they even take a whiff of the same pipe, the men lose caste.

These, then, are the three main rules of caste, those relating to occupation, marriage, and food. The effect is, as we have said, that the Hindoos are divided into a number of separate *layers*, each caste having little to do with the others, and having no sympathy or brotherly feeling for them. The effect is to destroy the brotherhood of man and put in its place the brotherhood of caste. There is a man lying ill in the street—never mind, he does not belong to our caste; if we touch him, perhaps we shall be defiled somehow; this is the feeling which caste engenders. It produces pride in the upper castes and servility in the lower. The Brahmins are revered as the very gods of the Sudras, who bow before them in many parts of the country, and put their heads on the ground that the Brahmin may put his foot on their necks. The Sudras will wash

the feet of the Brahmin, and then think themselves highly favoured to be allowed to drink the water in which the feet have been washed! The Shastras say: "All the universe is under the power of the gods, the gods are subject to the mantras (incantations), the mantras are subject to the Brahmins; the Brahmins are, therefore, our gods. He who does not immediately bow down when he meets a Brahmin becomes a hog on the earth." Thus Brahmins look down upon Sudras, and the higher castes of the latter look down upon all beneath them. The spirit of caste is one of pride and separation; it is, therefore, essentially an un-Christian spirit.

Caste is purely a matter of externals, and relates only to certain rules, which, however, vary in detail in different parts of the country. A man may commit the most heinous crimes and be hanged for them, yet to the end he retains his caste unimpaired. He may believe what he please, and his caste is untouched. He may be on the one hand an Atheist, or on the other a Christian, in his opinions; he may even give up idolatry and pray only to Christ, yet his caste remains untouched. But let him be baptized, or openly eat with a man of another caste, and his caste is at once broken.

English education and civilisation is gradually undermining caste, one rule after another is being quietly dispensed with, until one day the whole system will come down with a crash. That day, however, may be farther off than we think, when we remember the enormous mass of the people of India, and the tenacity with which they hold to their customs. Still, come it will; but in the meantime we find caste presents a multiform and mighty obstacle to the success of our work.

When the early missionaries first went to Southern India during the last century, they considered caste as a social rather than a religious matter, and felt that therefore they ought not to insist upon its renunciation on the part of their converts, but should treat it as the Apostles treated slavery, trusting to the gradual influence of Christianity to dissolve and bring to naught the evil system. But as years rolled on it was found that caste, instead of becoming weaker in the native Church, seemed to become justified and solidified by the sanction given to it; and the evils consequent upon its toleration became so manifest that, in the early part of the present century, almost all Christian Protestant bodies in Southern India decided that caste should be no more tolerated in the Church. But they found it far more difficult to exorcise the demon than it would have been to prevent his entrance at the first; it is easier to keep evil out of the Church from the beginning than to put it out when it has once got in. To this day, the caste system is the main difficulty which the missionaries in Southern India have to deal with in the native Christian community. It is not, of course,

tolerated in Church matters—as formerly there used to be separate cups for the different castes at the Lord's Supper—but outside the Church it still has strong sway in social life, in matters which cannot be brought under Church discipline, though the evil effects of the system are manifest. In Northern India, we have never had any difficulty in the matter. From the first, the grand Three of Serampore took the right stand, that caste is an un-Christian thing, which must not be tolerated in the Church; and when Krishna Pal, the first convert in Bengal, was baptized on the last Sabbath of the eighteenth century (December 28th, 1800), he left his caste in the waters of the Hooghly. All who, since then, have become Christians in Northern India have entirely renounced caste; and the Christian Church there is a *casteless* community. This has made our progress slower than it otherwise would have been, but surer. Here and there, no doubt, a certain amount of caste spirit and even practice has remained secretly; but it is an unrecognised thing, and when discovered is disowned.

Caste hinders our work in many ways. If a man becomes a Christian—that is, outwardly joins the Christian community by baptism, or by eating with Christians—he “loses caste;” that is, he cuts himself off for life from his relatives. He may afterwards *talk* with them, but as long as he lives he must never live or eat with them; he is regarded as dead to them, and sometimes the funeral rites are performed for him! Many a man would far sooner hear that his son was dead than that he had become a Christian. A man who is inclined towards Christianity shrinks from such an ordeal as loss of caste involves; and, even if he is prepared for it, his relatives will do all they can to prevent his taking the fatal and final step. They will confine him, beat him, tempt him to sin, drug him to impair his intellect, bribe him, threaten him, cajole him, weep before him—do anything to prevent his baptism. The passionate crying and earnest entreaties of a beloved mother, sister, and wife are often employed to turn away young converts—can it be wondered at that they sometimes succeed? We know in this country what an ordeal a Jew has to pass through who becomes a Christian, what a wrench it makes in his domestic life; this is very similar to the experience of a Hindoo who “loses caste” by becoming a Christian.

Caste presents another obstacle. We know how much good is often done when one soul in a godless household is converted—how frequently his light so shines at home that the whole household is gradually led to Christ. Caste rules prevent our having this aid to our work in India, because when a man openly embraces Christianity he can no longer remain at home and let his light shine there. This is a sad hindrance.

Yet, again, caste prevents that homely union between Christians and heathens which might tend so much to the spread of the Gospel. We cannot, as here, invite people to tea-meetings; we cannot make a feast for them, as Levi did for his fellow-publicans; we cannot drop in and have a friendly meal with them; we always have to be careful lest we inadvertently offend their caste rules or prejudices; our touch, and even our shadow, would so pollute their food that they would throw it away, and break the vessel, if earthen, in which it was! It will be easily understood how all this tends to prevent that union and sympathy which would be so helpful to our work. Few things so bind men to one another as eating together, but this bond of union between Christians and non-Christians is simply impossible in India. Even Muhammadans have learnt this evil lesson from their Hindoo neighbours, and they will no more eat with us, in India, than will the Hindoos, although neither their religion nor, in other countries, their practice forbids such an act.

Yet there is a bright side even to this caste question. It puts an ordeal at the door of Christian profession which prevents the Church being deluged with hypocrites. If it were not for caste rules thousands of persons would become Christians in the hope of getting something by it. Again, for every one who braves the consequences and openly embraces Christianity, we know that there are multitudes who are more or less favourably inclined towards it, and many of whom, we hope, are true believers, but who still remain in the Hindoo community. In many cases such persons have given up idolatry, read the Bible, and worship Christ, but as they have not been baptized their caste remains untouched. This class of people is steadily growing, both in numbers and in the strength of their Christian propensities. But more of this when we speak of the results of Christian missions.

Another encouraging thought is this, that the very tendency to "follow the multitude," so strong in India, which now keeps men back from open profession of Christianity, will, in due time, bring them over to it *in a mass*. As Mr. Arthur ("Mission to the Mysore") says: "In no country will individual conversion, in a given locality, be slower at first than in India; in no country will the absorption of masses from the 'great mountain' be so vast or so rapidly successive."

We have no space to refer to other difficulties of our work in India, such as the fact that the work has still, to so large an extent, to be done by foreigners; that the climate is so weakening; that Christian faith and zeal in the workers tend to be damped by familiarity with evil; that the people of the country are of so dependent a disposition, rendering it very difficult to form self-supporting and aggressive churches; that so many

nominal Christians, both English and Indian, live such ungodly lives; and so forth. But we have said enough to show how specially difficult a mission field is India; not only is its population twice as great as that of the whole Roman Empire, but its people are welded together in a mass of compact and caste-ridden heathenism such as the early preachers of the Gospel had not to contend with.

Christian Work among the Roman Poor.

BY MRS. WALL.

IN no period since the commencement of this work, now nearly six years, have we had greater reason for thankfulness and praise to God than at the present time.

The attendance at the meetings, which we hold for both men and women on Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 2.30, has been large, notwithstanding the increased opposition and persecutions which most of them have had to encounter from the priests. Instead of gaining, as some imagine, by attending the meetings, these poor people not only lose the trifle which some of them received weekly from rich catholics, but they are refused the signature of the priests, without which it is difficult to obtain situations for their children, or any share in the endowments left to be distributed amongst the poor. Indeed, we are finding constantly that a continual persecution is going on, which enters into every trifling action of their daily life. As soon as it is known that they attend our meetings, they frequently have notice to quit their room, the neighbours storm at them, and they are shunned and anathematised as if they possessed the evil eye.

The average attendance at each meeting during the past winter was 145,

making in the course of six months 7,546. Many of these homeless, diseased, starving people have continued with us ever since the commencement of this work.

Our object, while it is primarily to teach them of the love of Christ, is also in some little measure to alleviate their bodily sufferings. At first we commenced by giving each one a piece of bread; but last year, finding so much disease occasioned, as the doctor said, by want of nourishment, we tried the plan of giving half the quantity of bread and a basin of soup, which proved more beneficial and was quite a boon to them, without increasing the expense.

FESTA AT CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas we had a most joyous time, when, through the kindness of Mr. Gill, of Edinburgh, we gave them their annual treat. After a good supper of bread, meat, and coffee, they were delighted with the recitations of some of our Sunday-school children, who were invited for this purpose. To make a little variety, we thought it would be pleasant if the poor people themselves would do what they could to entertain each other by relating some incidents in their lives, or by singing, &c.

This they entered into with great spirit, and thoroughly enjoyed. A blind man arose and sang; an old woman gave us an impromptu in verse; and several others took part. This novel plan of spending the evening very much amused and interested all present.

This Christmas treat is hailed by them as the happiest day of the year. At the close we gave the women a present of an apron each, all made and given by servants in England. When they heard where they came from there was a general clapping, with repeated thanks. The men had each a woollen scarf, presents from English ladies, which they received with gratitude.

Working amongst a class of persons so ignorant, having been from their cradles nursed in the idolatrous superstitions of the priest, and having no other religion than that of a blind obedience to the Roman Catholic church, we can only compare it with that of heathen countries. But while our difficulties and discouragements are very many, and we are often led to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" yet we are not left without many tokens that God is in our midst, and through His own Word, portions of which we teach them at every meeting, drawing the hearts of some to Himself.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

A remarkable instance of faith in the power of prayer has come under my notice lately: it is that of a man and his wife, the former totally blind, both over sixty years of age. The room they rented was on the fourth floor of a house in Trastevere, not far from the *locale* in which we hold our meetings. On the first floor lived a maker of fireworks, which are used for

the feasts the Roman Catholics hold in the country, when, after the mass and procession in the morning, they terminate the day with fireworks. These poor people had been in the habit of attending the meetings for the poor, and had both been led to trust in Jesus as their only Saviour. Their custom was to repeat this little prayer together, night and morning, "Lord, save us from every evil and danger," and they say they feel sure that God has often answered their prayers; specially was it so in this instance. One day, during last winter, the house caught fire, and in consequence of there being so much combustible material the explosion was terrible, so that many lost their lives. Among the number was the sacristan of the Church of San Rocco; others were much injured, and everything in the house was destroyed. The attics all fell one after the other, and very fortunate were the few who managed to escape without any injury. The blind man and his wife were in the house at the time, and as soon as the danger commenced, without knowing why—though, we believe, directed by God—went out on the balcony which faced the yard; a few seconds after, the pavement of their room fell with a terrible crash.

Entreating help from the Lord, this poor old couple, taking courage, seized a rope which was thrown to them from the other side of the road, and, fastening it to the rail of the balcony, let themselves down by it from the fourth floor, in the midst of all the confusion attending a fire. It has been a matter of surprise to many how they escaped, seeing the rope was so thin, and the old man quite blind. In speaking of the circumstance to his wife the other day, she said, "The first word I was able to say when I knew we were safe was, 'It is all of the Lord.'" From

that time, although placed in most trying circumstances, her husband frequently ill, and forsaken entirely by those who at one time assisted them, she tells me she has never doubted the love of Jesus to them. I would add that, during the summer, while her husband would be sitting by the roadside to receive any little help that passers-by would, out of compassion, render him, she would be working with her needle at the garments she every week received from my shop; so great has been her desire for work that she has succeeded in selling twenty, having received the promise that for every one she sold she should have another to make.

POOR AMALIA.

Amalia P., aged twenty-six, a Roman, came, when ill, to the Medical Mission, where she listened with attention to the reading of God's Word. She was consumptive, so the benefit she received from the doctor was of short duration, but this did not hinder her from receiving the spiritual medicine, even Christ.

When we first knew her she was living in a small, dark room, hardly high enough to stand upright in, yet she never complained, although her sufferings, from want of air and light, were much augmented. The disease increased so rapidly that she was no longer able to frequent any of the meetings. With her illness their position became more and more difficult. Her husband, nominally a Roman Catholic, but who does not really believe in anything, tried many times to persuade his wife to give up thinking about religion; but he was not, however, indifferent to her bodily comfort, and, after many fruitless efforts, he at last found a small room in a house about two miles from the city, hoping the change would be beneficial.

She was now much more comfortable as regards air and light, but being so far off she was often alone, locked in for many hours in the day, her husband being obliged to leave her to earn what little he could by selling ink. During this time, she found her greatest consolation in God's Word, which she always kept under her pillow. I remember the joy that beamed in her countenance when she showed it to me, and said, "I cannot tell you how thankful I am that I can see to read these precious words; they do me so much good."

The visits of the Bible-woman nurse were a great comfort to her, for whilst mending the clothes, or putting the room in order, she would sing the sweet hymns poor Amalia had often joined in at the meetings.

When I last visited her, her situation was most deplorable; she had not been able to be moved for some time, on account of the excruciating pain it gave her; she could not lift her arm without crying out, and the smell was so bad that it was with the greatest difficulty I could stay near her; but her mind was calm and peaceful. "I am only waiting," she said, "for Jesus to call me to Himself." For the last two months of her life she nearly lost her voice, and was only able to utter two or three words at a time. Just before her death, she called the Bible-woman nurse, who had been staying with her all night, and gave her a pair of earrings of little worth, but the only things she possessed, as a token of her deep gratitude for her loving attentions and care.

Soon after, without a struggle, she slept in the arms of Jesus.

THE LITTLE IDIOT.

M. S. was brought to Christ by means of suffering and tribulation. At Naples she was led to attend an

Evangelical meeting, but she never understood the Gospel, thinking the object was rather political than religious. She came with her husband to Rome, but, not being able to procure employment, he was led away by evil companions, and with them committed a theft, for which he was imprisoned for four years. At this time, in the bitterness of her grief, left with two children, a little boy of four and a girl of fourteen, quite an idiot, she came to our meetings for the poor, hoping to get a little relief. She was touched with the compassion and love of Jesus, and led to go to Him to unburden her heart so full of sorrow. This was quite a new experience; she felt now she had a true Friend, one on whom she could cast every care, sure that He would fulfil His promise and never leave nor forsake her.

She applied to be admitted into the church, and was received. Since then, although suffering so much, and unable to do other work than that of knitting on account of her sight, which, through continued suffering and want of nourishment, is very bad, yet her faith in her heavenly Father has not failed. When obliged to go to the hospital last winter, it was with the greatest difficulty we could get any one to receive her idiot child, not even by paying. The Prefect, although applied to again and again by some English ladies, said he could not put her into any asylum, not even the lunatic. The poor child had never spoken, and could only make a strange noise. When she wanted food, if it was not given her, she would bite even her mother. The only thing in which she showed any reasonable interest was singing. Her mother could often quiet her, when everything else failed, by singing some of the hymns she had learned at the meetings for the poor. One day in September she persisted

in making her mother sing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus;" while listening, the child was taken with convulsions, and in two hours she closed her eyes, and without a struggle passed from this world, which to her had been so full of clouds and darkness.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The widow B. B., with her baby, was obliged a short time since, through illness, to go to the hospital of San Giovanni. One Wednesday, with the sanction of the doctor, my Bible-woman nurse, with the evangelist, visited her. While conversing on the Word of God, a guard came and asked who they were, and when told they were there by the doctor's permission he seemed confused, and the nun very much irritated. The poor woman had been very much pressed to confess and to have the baby christened, but had refused most resolutely, saying she was an Evangelical Christian. She was so persecuted in the hospital that, after the death of her child, and before her own recovery, she left. A short time since her daughter, who is at school in Milan, was taken so ill that her mistress wrote saying there was no hope whatever of her recovery. Her mother came to me in great distress. I said: "We will pray for her; nothing is impossible with the Lord. He can raise her up, if for His glory." We did so, and invited the brethren and sisters to join us. In about a week the mother received a note, written by her daughter, saying how good the Lord had been to restore her in answer to prayer. The faith of the woman is much strengthened by this. Before, she seemed timid and afraid to confess Christ; now she is cheerful, and delighted to tell her neighbours, and those with whom she works, what the Lord had done for her.

I have selected these facts from many

in my possession that our friends may see the Lord is still the same as when on earth; the poor, the blind, the diseased, and the infirm were brought to Him, and He healed them. He tells us for our encouragement that "The poor ye will always have with you," so that, if not allowed to minister, as the Galilean women were, to the personal wants of our Master, we can do so to His poor, despised, afflicted brothers and sisters. My heart was touched last week to see some of those old women,

bowed down with age—miserable, indeed, in the sight of man, yet the words of Jesus had entered their hearts, barred as they had been by superstition and idolatry. After an absence of four months, they could repeat word for word some of the sweet invitations they had committed to memory with the greatest difficulty last winter. May we not believe that this incorruptible seed is springing up, even in this long-neglected soil!

Decease of the Rev. Walter Dendy.

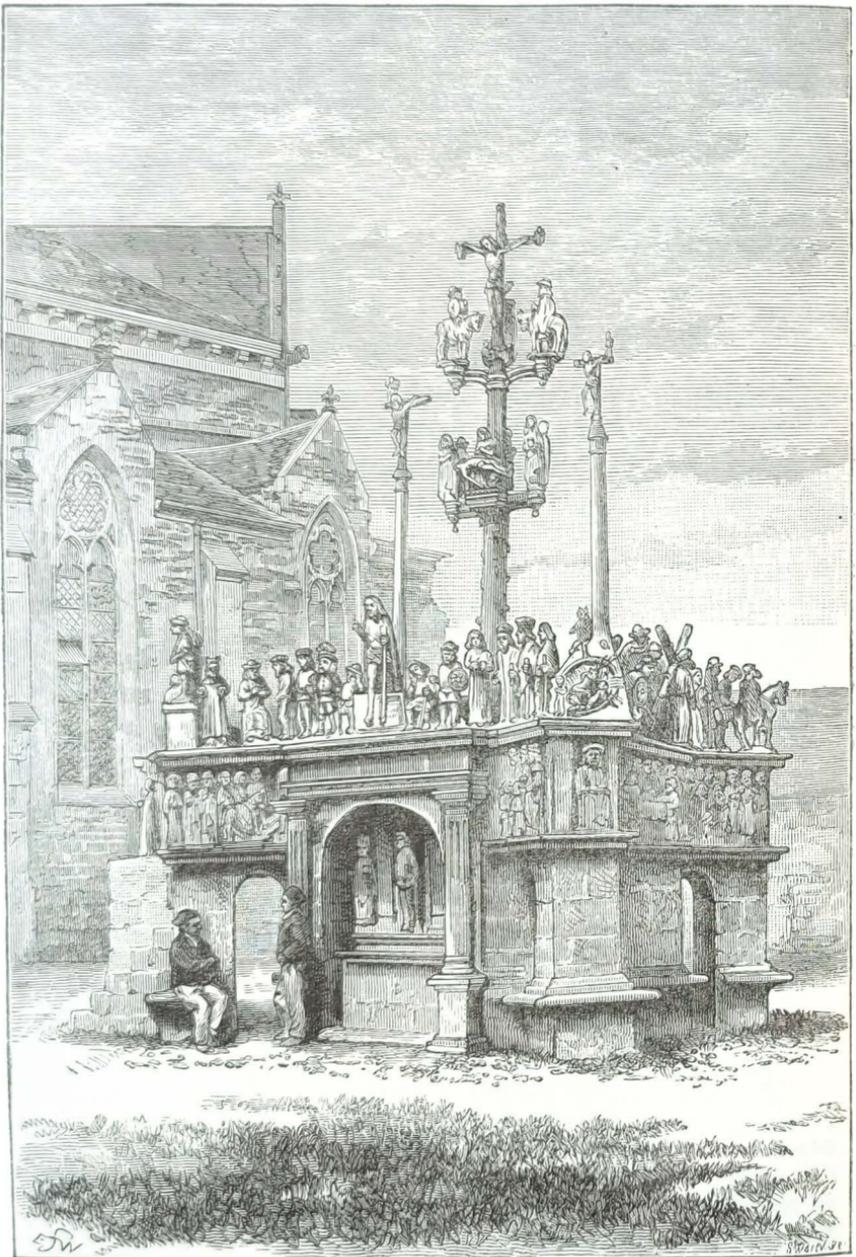
THE mail of the 13th ult. brought the tidings of the decease of this venerable and highly esteemed missionary. He died on the 23rd of January. Just eight days before he had been visited by the Rev. D. J. East, who thus speaks of the interview:—

"On Tuesday last I returned from my visit to Brother Dendy, having preached the previous Sunday at Sudbury and Falmouth. I found our venerable brother in the last stage, physically, of senile weakness, but in full possession of his mental faculties, and in the most peaceful state, calmly waiting on the Master's summons. I believe I despatched the last business which will trouble him while on earth, though it was with great difficulty, held up in his bed by his attendants, he was able to subscribe his name to the documents which required his signature."

Mrs. Henderson, writing to Dr. Underhill on the 21st of January, two days before our friend's departure, says:—

"Being at Salters' Hill on a visit to Mr. Dendy a few days after the receipt of your kind letter to him, he asked me to acknowledge it for him. He is quite unable to write himself, and has been so for some months past. He was very much pleased to get your letter, and begged me to assure you that he fully appreciated your kind remembrance of him. He is now, we believe, on the very borders of the better world. For a long time he has been unable to leave his bedroom, and for several weeks has not left his bed. Until within the last month or six weeks, however, he did not seem to suffer much pain. Since then he has at times suffered much, and we are now daily expecting to be summoned to bid him farewell. He has been during his illness visited by different brethren who have cheered and comforted him in his loneliness and solitude. He is, I believe, the *last* of the Baptist missionaries who were in this island at the time of the insurrection in 1832, and nobly has he laboured for the good of the people here. His mind is peaceful and happy, and he is calmly awaiting the summons to come up higher, where I doubt not he will meet with the welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' from the Master, whom he has served so long and so faithfully."

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.]
MARCH 1, 1882



THE CALVARY OF PLOUGASTEL.

The Calvary of Plougastel.

FORMERLY the churchyards as well as the road-sides of Brittany were adorned with crucifixes of elaborate execution, and comprising a multitude of figures. In some instances the crucifixes were surrounded by a complete representation of the scenes on Calvary when Jesus poured out His soul unto death. Many of these structures were destroyed at the Revolution; but a few fine examples still remain to attract the attention of travellers. One of the most remarkable may be seen at Plougastel, a village which lies on the shore of the estuary of the Lauderneau River opposite to Brest. It stands in the burying-ground of the church, and is a four-sided gallery or platform built of stone over a yawning bone-pit. The three crosses, with their sculptured sufferers, are surrounded by a crowd of full-sized stone saints, and others representing the Scribes and Pharisees, the soldiers, and the Jewish populace. The sides are covered with somewhat rude figures in bas-relief, representing the life and passion of Christ. The scenes which portray the entry of Christ into Jerusalem the Temptation, and hell are wildly grotesque, the procession into the city being led by the music of the bagpipe. By the inscription upon the front, we learn that the structure was built in 1602. From the platform, on festivals, but especially in Lent, sermons are preached, and indulgences proclaimed for those who perform the penances imposed and the duties required by the officiating priests. Brittany is still the stronghold of Romish superstition, but of late years some progress has been made in shaking the confidence of the people in the virtues of their pilgrimages to these so-called "holy places."

The Tomb of Yung-Loh,

SECOND EMPEROR OF THE MING DYNASTY, A.D. 1368-1628.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

THE photograph represents the tomb of a great Chinese Emperor. In the immediate foreground is an arch of the usual type, standing at some distance in front of the tomb. Farther in, along the entrance road, stand several large urns. These are very large, and calculated for the reception of offerings much more bulky and expensive than incense. The entrance to the vault is seen in the rear.

The ordinary tomb of the Northern Chinese is a simple, low, conical mound, varying from a few to ten feet or so in height, according to the

importance of the person buried. The grave is seldom deep, and generally brick-lined. The *tumuli* formerly raised over local kings remain from the last dynasty, and are of very considerable height for a grave—some thirty feet and some more. An ordinary grave is about four feet high, and they may be seen dotted all over the country, grouped according to the family; not scattered at random, but in spots chosen by professed geomancers as more lucky than other spots. The rich have trees planted around; the poor seldom have. Almost every one manages to have an altar for offerings and incense.

To write about a grave in the West is a simple matter. You describe it and there's the end of it, be it a peasant's or a prince's. But it is far otherwise here. The very mention of "the graves of China"—a people's graves, fifteen of which are dug and filled every second the clock ticks through hundreds of years—the graves of a people who worship nothing with such external exactitude as the spirits of the inmates of these graves—form a topic not easy to be handled. From the grave comes the strongest influence that combats Christianity. With the grave are connected the rites that test the loyalty of the convert to the truth, and that determine him to be orthodox or heretic in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, and to renounce which must be, and is, a step of the most serious consequence.

But why all this? you will say. Why should a tomb and its rites constitute a pre-eminent difficulty in the way of Christianity, and why should the Chinese be so exceptionally hard on this point? What is the meaning of it all? That question I will try to answer, although there are a great many elements in the matter. For instance, the difference between Chinese life and the life of other people; the source of the difference; the difference between the China of the present day and of antiquity; the relative position of these ancestral rites in the social scheme, and their intention; the internal meaning of the rites; their effects on the people individually, on the social body, on morals; the way foreigners regard them, and the way the Chinese look on the mode in which foreigners regard them. These are some of the elements of the question that must be taken into our consideration. The principles these rites give force and form to were laid down for the Chinese by some of their sages, probably about three thousand five hundred years ago. To these sages the Chinese give the epithet, "holy men." Of one thing there is certainty—they were men who were deeply acquainted with human nature, or perceived so simply, truly, and intuitively that which was suitable for their age and people, that they succeeded in laying the foundations of institutions which continue to the present day to exert their control and, more or less, fulfil their aim. About eight

hundred years after came other distinguished men—princes, able warriors, that referred the decline of evil dynasties to the retribution of a Supreme Being, and professed themselves to hold their sceptre from the same authority; these gave form to the principles of ancestral worship, and made its rites the prime bond of all social virtue. Hundreds of years later came Confucius, who edited the historical records and poetical fragments of the earlier ages, and threw all his influence on the side of ancestral worship, incessantly referring to it as the one test of that which was the *sine qua non* of personal goodness, and the requisite to the safety of the people. Another millennium and a-half—about the time of the Plantagenets—came the last great philosopher of China, again directing his influence in the same direction, and procuring for his views a kind of decree of infallibility (*de facto*, at any rate); so that up to the present, on the whole, everything heretical is tried by his standard and his commentary—the recognised one in the hands of every teacher and scholar among the four hundred millions that fill this empire.

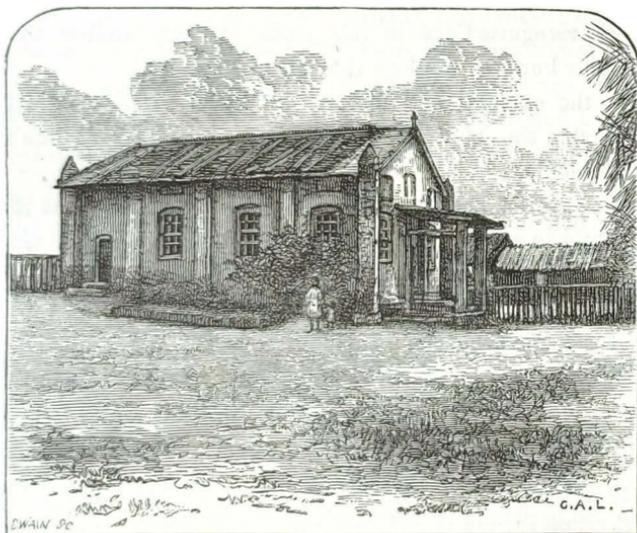
Such are the external and historic sanctions given to the forms of ancestral worship that bind the Chinese people together as one family—the celestial people.

A Chinese, then, of the present day ordinarily believes that the duties of a living child to a living male parent are still binding when that parent has been removed. Pre-eminently must his heretofore physical wants be looked to—food be offered periodically at the grave, devotion expressed by incense burned, wine be poured out in libation, and paper models of horses, sedans, carriages, silver currency, and articles of general use be burned—*i.e.*, etherealised—for use in the spiritual world, the offering being made either sincerely or devoutly by some, or by others selfishly, to avoid the consequences of the displeasure of an angry parent, now in a position to lodge complaints in the superior celestial courts against forgetful heirs below on earth.

This feature is nowhere found, I believe, so fully as in China. From the Emperor down to the lowest, all are bound to this service and custom. This is unquestionably the centrepiece of the Chinese social framework—and that framework is one great scaffolding of custom tied to custom. Everything moves by custom; and so propriety, the origin of all custom, has now come itself to be ruled by its offspring—ay, right and truth are ruled and, often and often, overruled by custom. Mark, custom, not caste; and man is taught that he is born, not to this or that step or grade of the social life, but with five original capacities—of which propriety, the congruous—now read custom—is one; but of all customs, of all proprieties,

devotion to one's ancestors is *that* on which depends every other. Keep all the others, offend only in this, nothing will avail you—you become a literal “Nihilist” in the eyes of every one. For why? Government is patriarchal, “the care of the people” is distributed to the officers in well-graduated steps from the Emperor down to the lowest policeman, and the head of the clan, or family, is responsible for every one who, bearing his name, lives in his connection. If in such a system the head of the family and the head of the heads of families was not obeyed, the continuity of Chinese government and institutions would hardly present the features which it does. The creed is universal; no one questions it. From earliest childhood to latest age, all have it before them, and all join in some way or other in the celebrations.

A. G. JONES.



Chapel at Hickory Town, or Mortonville, Camerouns.

IN our November number we gave pictures of Mr. Fuller's house and school-room; we now add one of his chapel. It was built about eight or nine years ago, with funds obtained by Mr. Fuller in England and Jamaica. It is of brick, so as to escape the constant decay to which all wooden structures are subject from white ants, as well as from the weather. The people come to worship in large numbers, and it is often quite full of attentive hearers. We are happy to know that many of them have given their hearts to God.

Jamaica Cyclone Fund.

OUR readers are aware that considerable sums were at once devoted to the relief of the personal necessities of many brethren and churches whose revenues were dried up in the fatal storm of the 18th of August, 1880. A considerable balance was, however, left to enable the Committee to aid in the restoration of the numerous chapels and mission-houses which were wholly, or in part, destroyed. We have now received from the Rev. D. J. East, the chairman of the Jamaica Committee, a list of the grants already made; and, as will be seen by the following extracts from the letter accompanying it, the aid has been most valuable. He says:—

“ You cannot think how thankful I am that the Fund allows of the appropriation of these sums to the restoration of our church buildings. It will be the saving of our churches in those parts where the cyclone raged; and our people cannot be too grateful to their friends in England for thus interposing on their behalf.

“ It is now more than a year since the calamity came upon them; but I do not regret the delay in the aid afforded to the restoration. Any earlier attempt to stimulate our people to re-build must have been futile. They had not the means. It was with the utmost difficulty they could supply their physical necessities. Now the favourable seasons and abundant crops just coming in are reviving their spirits and beginning to supply them with money, as well as food; and we have good hopes that the grants made under the conditions of self-help laid down will be a stimulus to exertion till the work be brought to a completion.”

The list of grants is as follows:—

GRANTS-IN-AID VOTED TO CHAPEL RESTORATION.

	Amount required.			Sum voted.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Hephzibah, Portland.....	56	10	6	30	0	0
Yallah's Valley, St. Thomas-in-the-East	90	9	0	30	0	0
Leith Hall and Stokes Hall, St. Thomas-in-the-East	300	0	0	100	0	0
Kitson Town, St. Catherine	88	16	7	27	0	0
Morant Bay, St. Thomas-in-the-East	400	0	0	133	0	0
Prospect, St. Thomas-in-the-East	400	0	0	133	0	0
Aroadia, St. Thomas-in-the-East	300	0	0	100	0	0
White Horses, St. Thomas-in-the-East.....	182	11	2	60	0	0
Mount Hermon, St. Thomas-in-the-Vale	400	0	0	133	0	0
Port Maria, St. Mary	35	11	0	12	0	0
Mount Lebanon, St. Mary	126	15	6	Postponed.		
Fellowship, Portland	59	0	0	30	0	0
Mount Angus, St. Mary	56	15	0	22	17	6
	£2,996	8	9	£810	17	6

Since the list was made out the following further grants have been made :—

Point Hill	£116	0	0
Mount Zion	116	0	0
Shady Grove	68	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£300	0	0

DONATIONS RECEIVED FOR "MILTON CHAPEL AND SCHOOL," JAMAICA.

	£	s	d.
Benham, Mr. James	5	0	0
Bourne, Mr. J. P.	0	5	0
Chew, Ernest	1	0	0
Cripps, Mr. John	1	1	0
Cutter, Mr. Samuel	1	0	0
E. K.	2	0	0
Feldcher, Mr. James	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Foster, Mr. Timothy	1	0	0
Gilbert, Mr. J. M.	1	0	0
Griffin, Col.	3	3	0
Grocott, Mr. T. H.	1	0	0
Goodman, Mr. R.	1	1	0
T. K.	0	5	0
Kem, Mrs. Emily	2	0	0
Looseley, Mr. Geo.	1	0	0
Mounsey, Mr. Ed.	1	0	0
Owen, Mr. Evan	0	3	0
Owen, Mr. John, and children	1	0	0
Parkinson, Mr. W.	2	2	0
Roberts, Mr. Geo. W.	1	0	0
Robinson, Mr. E. S.	5	0	0
Sandy	0	6	0
Smith, Mr. Jonas	1	0	0
Old Meeting, Biggleswade	2	4	0
Stotfold	2	6	6
Sherring, Mr. T.	0	10	0
Thankoffering from Ventnor	0	10	0
Well-wisher	0	5	0
Tritton, Mr. Joseph	10	0	0
Watts, Mr. H. W.	2	2	0
S. V.	1	0	0
C. & W.	0	5	0

Recent Intelligence.

MR. BAYNES.—Writing on the 13th January, the Rev. Geo. Kerry reports that he and Mr. Baynes had returned to Calcutta from a very interesting tour among the churches in the district of Backergunge, and were on the point of starting for Dinagepore and Darjeeling. They hoped to be back in Calcutta on the 19th, soon after which Mr. Baynes would commence his visit to the brethren in the North-west Provinces. Eight days later Mr. Kerry reports that Mr. Baynes and himself left Calcutta on the 21st January. Mr. Kerry would accompany Mr. Baynes to Sewry and Jamtara, after which Mr. Baynes would proceed to the North-west alone. He adds: "Mr. Baynes' visit has been a great pleasure to all the brethren, and has cheered our hearts, and done us good in various ways; and I hope lasting benefit to the Mission work will result from his having been amongst us."

ALLAHABAD.—Mr. Hallam wishes us to report that he had arrived at his station, and had already found the tricycle furnished by friends in Devonshire a "most useful gift." His congregation has formed a local "Home Mission" for the purpose of promulgating "the knowledge of Jesus among all classes, especially among the heathen." At its formation the sum of 110 rupees was at once subscribed. He is happy to say that there are many signs of blessing visible in the English work in Allahabad.

CAMEROONS, WEST AFRICA.—The Rev. J. J. Fuller, writing on the 3rd December, 1881, says that the work at Dibombari far exceeds his expectations. Ten inquirers testify to the Divine presence. They exhibit a remarkable "knowledge of the workings of the Spirit in the heart." He solemnised for the first time in that place the rite of marriage for three couples, and in a week or two he hopes to baptize three of the people, with others, at Mortonville. The chapel in the latter station is always crowded at the various services.

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.—We are happy to report that Mr. Harris has reached his destination, and entered on his work with zeal and energy. For a few days he was laid aside by a slight feverish attack, but appears to have found speedy relief. The enlargement of the chapel was in progress.

Mr. Wall, writing from Rome in January, says:—"Signor Baratti is anxious to secure a harmonium for the meeting in Leghorn. If this were inserted in the HERALD perhaps some friend or church would send him one. He would be delighted. There is some one to play it."

Dr. Murray Mitchell says:—"I have been profoundly interested in watching the doings of the Brahma Somaj, which is split into three strongly antagonistic sections. I have twice seen Keshub Chunder Sen. On one occasion the conversation occupied two or three hours. He is as eloquent as ever, and apparently as full of hope regarding his own work. But his position is thoroughly illogical, and I believe he must soon advance towards full Christianity or recede from it. There ought to be much solicitude and prayer in connection with this remarkable man. Crowds still hang on Keshub's lips whenever he comes forth with one of his set orations. Yet in Bengal, and especially in Calcutta, he has certainly lost influence; and this chiefly in consequence of the marriage of his daughter with the Raja of Ooch-Bihar, in circumstances and with accompaniments entirely irreconcilable (so his opponents assert) with his own strongly avowed principles. I have also met with the most influential man in the Sadharan Somaj. The body at present professes an expansive Theism; but there is, I fear, some danger lest this degenerate into a contracted Deism."

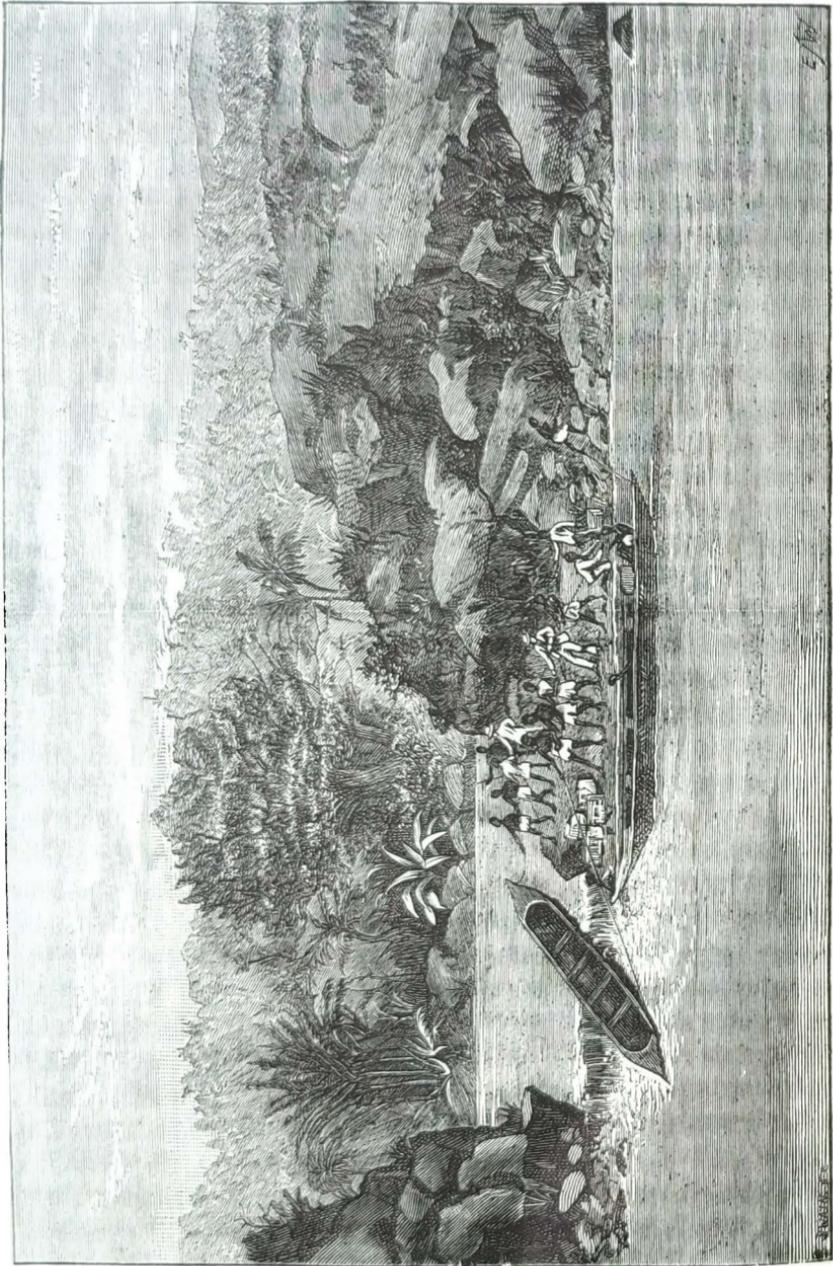
Acknowledgments.

Mr. Webb begs to acknowledge with thanks a small printing-press from Mr. Alexander Jenkins, of Glasgow; a parcel of drapery from Mr. T. Foster, of Bradford; a parcel of fancy articles from Friends at Biggleswade, and a parcel from Friends in London.

Close of the Financial Year.

We beg to remind our friends that the Society's financial year closes on the 31st inst. We fear that, unless there is a large increase in the contributions from places that have not yet remitted to the Mission House, there will be a considerable augmentation of the deficit brought forward from last year's account. We desire also to call special attention to the fact that the Congo Mission Fund has been overdrawn to the extent of about £1,500. Until this year, the expenditure on this account has never exceeded the income. There is yet time for the deficiency to be made up.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.]
APRIL 1, 1882.



THE CONGO RIVER AND ITS PERILS.

[APRIL 1, 1882.]

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARIES, 1882.

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 18th.

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

THE MEMBERS' MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION

WILL BE HELD AT THE BAPTIST MISSION HOUSE.

H. M. BOMPAS, Esq., Q.C., will preside. Chair to be taken at Seven o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 20th.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER MEETING,

MISSION HOUSE, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN.

The Rev. J. ALDIS will preside, and deliver an Address.

Service to commence at Eleven o'clock.

LORD'S DAY, APRIL 23rd.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ANNUAL SERVICES.

In the various Chapels of the Metropolis.

(For particulars, see next page.)

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 24th.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING

AT BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL, at Half-past Six o'clock.

Chairman—Rev. HUGH JONES, M.A., D.D., President of North Wales Baptist College.

Speakers—Rev. S. H. BOOTH, of London; Rev. T. R. STEVENSON, late of Ceylon; Rev. J. H. ANDERSON, of Allahabad; and Rev. GOGON CHUNDER DUTT, of Khoolnea, Jessore.

LORD'S DAY, APRIL 23rd.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ANNUAL SERVICES.

The usual Annual Sermons in the Chapels of the Metropolis will be preached as follows :—

PLACES.	MORNING.	EVENING.
Abbey Road, St. John's Wood	Rev. W. Stott	Rev. W. Stott
Acton	Rev. T. Price, M.A., PH.D.	Rev. J. Lewitt
Addlestone	Rev. E. Cossey ..	Rev. E. Cossey
Alie Street Collections	later in the year
Alperton	Collections on 30th April	Rev. R. F. Guyton
Arthur Street, Camberwell Gate	Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.	Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.
Arthur Street, King's Cross ..	Rev. J. E. Cracknell	Rev. J. W. Comfort
Balham, Ramsden Road ..	Rev. J. Drew ..	Rev. E. G. Gange
Barking, Queen's Road ..	Rev. J. Seager ..	Rev. J. Seager
Battersea	Rev. W. Hanson ..	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Battersea Park	Rev. E. G. Gange ..	Rev. J. Baxandall
Belle Isle	Sermons, May 7, Rev.	G. C. Dutt, Afternoon
Belvedere	Rev. E. E. Broom ..	Rev. E. E. Broom
Bermondsey, Drummond Road	Rev. J. Spanswick ..	Rev. J. Drew
Bexley Heath, Trinity Church	Rev. G. Smith ..	Rev. A. Sturge
" Old Chapel ..	Collections 14th May	Rev. A. Powell
Blackheath, Dacre Park ..		
Bloomsbury	Rev. J. P. Chown ..	Rev. R. F. Guyton
Bow	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.	Rev. T. Price, M.A., PH.D.
Bow Common	Rev. T. J. Hazzard ..	Rev. T. J. Hazzard
Brentford, Park Chapel ..	Rev. J. H. Blake ..	Rev. Jos. Blake [B.A.]
Brixton Hill, New Park Road	Rev. E. White ..	Rev. G. W. Humphreys,
Brixton, Wynne Road ..	Rev. G. D. Evans ..	Rev. J. W. Lance
" Gresham Chapel ..		
Bromley, Kent	Rev. T. H. Holyoak	Rev. T. H. Holyoak
Brompton, Onslow Chapel ..	Rev. F. Trestrail, D.D.	Rev. W. Woods
Brondesbury	Rev. B. Bird ..	Rev. R. F. Jeffrey
Camberwell, Denmark Place ..	Rev. E. Parker ..	Rev. J. P. Chown
" Cottage Green ..	Rev. Jos. Blake ..	Rev. A. Bird
" Wyndham Road ..	Rev. H. Hardin ..	Rev. H. Hardin
Camden Road	Rev. T. M. Morris ..	Rev. T. M. Morris
Castle Street (Welsh)	Rev. H. Jones, D.D.	Rev. H. Jones, D.D.
Chadwell Heath	Rev. D. Taylor ..	Rev. D. Taylor
Chalk Farm, Berkley Road ..	Rev. W. Bell, M.A.	Rev. W. Bell, M.A.
Charles St., Camberwell New Rd.	Rev. J. Green ..	
Chelsea	Rev. J. Lewitt ..	Rev. W. J. Mayers
Clapham Common	Rev. T. Hanger ..	{ Rev. J. H. Anderson
Clapton, Downs Chapel ..	Rev. J. G. Greenhough,	{ and Rev. T. Hanger
	M.A.	{ Rev. T. Morgan and
		{ Rev. W. B. Skerry
Commercial Street	Rev. R. Caven, B.A.	Rev. R. Caven, B.A.
Crayford	Rev. E. M. Le Riche	Rev. E. M. Le Riche
Crouch Hill	Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A.	Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A.
Croydon	Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	Rev. J. A. Spurgeon
Dalston Junction	Rev. G. H. Malins ..	Rev. G. H. Malins
Dartford	Rev. A. Sturge ..	Rev. G. Smith

PLACES.	MORNING.	EVENING.
Deptford, Octavia Street ..	Rev. R. J. Mesquitta	Rev. J. Spanswick
" Midway Place ..	Rev. G. Dunnett ..	Rev. G. T. Ennals
Dulwich, Lordship Lane ..	Rev. H. J. Tresidder	Rev. G. Dunnett
Ealing	Rev. A. Fergusson [B.A.	Rev. A. Fergusson
East London Tabernacle ..	Rev. G. W. Humphreys,	Rev. J. Bloomfield
Eldon Street (Welsh) ..	[B.A.]	
Esher	Rev. H. Moore ..	Rev. H. Moore
Forest Hill	Rev. J. P. Barnett ..	Rev. J. P. Barnett
Greenwich, Lewisham Road ..	Rev. J. Hanson ..	Rev. J. Hanson
" South Street ..	Rev. C. Spurgeon ..	Rev. C. Spurgeon
Grove Road, Victoria Park ..	Rev. S. D. Thomas ..	Rev. S. D. Thomas
Gunnersbury		
Hackney, Mare Street ..	Rev. R. James ..	Rev. J. G. Greenhough
" Hampton Ch. ..	Rev. J. W. Comfort ..	Rev. R. J. Mesquitta
Hammersmith, West End (16th		{ Rev. J. B. Myers and
" April		{ Rev. W. Page, B.A.
" Avenue Rd. ..	Rev. J. P. Campbell	Rev. C. Graham
Hampstead, Heath Street ..	Rev. E. Medley, B.A.	
" Child's Hill ..	Rev. G. Sear ..	Rev. G. Sear
Hanwell Collections	in May
Harlington Collections at	later date
Harrow-on-the-Hill	Rev. R. T. Sole ..	Rev. R. T. Sole
Hawley Road	Rev. D. Jones, B.A. ..	
Hendon	Rev. G. D. Hooper ..	Rev. G. D. Hooper
Henrietta Street	Rev. W. J. Taylor ..	Rev. W. P. Lawrence
Highbury Hill	Rev. J. Culross, D.D.	Rev. J. Culross, D.D.
Highgate Road	Rev. J. Owen ..	Rev. W. T. Rosevear
" Southwood Lane ..	Rev. J. Haslam	Rev. J. F. Smythe
Hornsey Rise	Rev. G. W. Pope ..	
" Campsbourne Ch. ..		
Hounslow	Rev. E. B. Pearson ..	Rev. E. B. Pearson
Islington, Cross Street ..	Rev. A. Tilly ..	Rev. A. Tilly
" Salters' Hall ..	Rev. S. G. Woodrow ..	Rev. G. D. Evans
James Street	Rev. G. Chandler ..	Rev. G. Chandler
John Street	Rev. G. Short, B.A. ..	Rev. E. Medley, B.A.
" Edgware Road ..		
Kilburn, Canterbury Road ..		
Kingsgate Street	Rev. J. Douglas ..	Rev. J. E. Cracknell
Kingston-on-Thames Collections	in March
Lee	Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.	Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.
Leyton		
Leytonstone	Rev. J. Bradford ..	Rev. J. Bradford
Little Wild Street Collections	later this year
Lower Edmonton	Rev. J. Mostyn ..	Rev. G. W. Pope
Lower Norwood	Rev. W. J. Mayers ..	Rev. W. Barker
Maze Pond	Rev. R. Glover ..	Rev. B. Bird
Metropolitan Tabernacle ..	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon
New Barnet	Rev. W. Howieson ..	Rev. W. Howieson
New Cross, Brockley Road ..	Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown	Rev. R. Glover
New Malden		
New Southgate	Rev. D. Gracey ..	Rev. D. Gracey
North Bow, Parnell Road ..		
North Finchley	Rev. J. F. Smythe ..	Rev. D. Haslam
Notting Hill, Cornwall Road	Rev. W. T. Rosevear	Rev. J. Owen
" Talbot Tabncl.		
" W. London Tab.	Rev. H. Varley ..	Rev. H. Varley

PLACES.	MORNING.	EVENING.
Peckham, Park Road	Rev. W. Barker ..	Rev. J. P. Campbell
„ Rye Lane	Rev. J. T. Briscoe ..	Rev. J. T. Briscoe
„ Underhill Road	Rev. G. T. Ennals ..	Rev. J. Green
„ Hatcham Chapel	Rev. T. J. Cole ..	Rev. J. Douglas
Penge	Rev. J. W. Boud ..	Rev. S. H. Booth
Pinner		
Plumstead	Rev. J. Brown ..	Rev. J. Brown
Ponders End		
Poplar, Cotton Street	Rev. A. Bird ..	Rev. S. W. Bowser, B.A.
Putney, Werter Road	Rev. T. W. Medhurst	Rev. T. W. Medhurst
„ Union Ch.	Rev. T. G. Tarn ..	Rev. T. G. Tarn
Regent's Park	Rev. R. F. Guyton..	Rev. G. C. Dutt
Regent Street, Lambeth		
Richmond	Rev. W. Woods ..	Rev. G. Short, B.A.
Romford	Rev. W. H. McMechan	Rev. W. H. McMechan
Romney Street		
Shoreditch Tabernacle	Rev. J. Wilkins ..	Rev. J. Wilkins
Shooter's Hill Road	Rev. J. Horn ..	Rev. J. Horn
Spencer Place	Rev. P. Gast ..	Rev. J. H. Blake
Stockwell	Rev. J. W. Lance ..	Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown
Stoke Newington, Bouverie Rd.	Rev. J. Bazandall ..	Rev. S. B. Brown, B.A.
„ Devonshire Sq. Ch.	Rev. S. B. Brown, B.A.	Rev. J. Mostyn
„ Wellington Road Collections at	a later date
Stratford Grove		
Streatham	Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A.	Rev. H. J. Tresidder
Surbiton	Rev. L. Palmer ..	Rev. L. Palmer
Sutton	Rev. W. S. Chedburn	Rev. W. S. Chedburn
Tottenham	Rev. J. Bailey, B.A. ..	Rev. S. G. Woodrow
„ West Green	Rev. R. F. Jeffrey ..	Rev. J. Bailey, B.A.
Twickenham		
Upper Holloway	Rev. J. R. Wood ..	{ Rev. J. B. Myers and Rev. J. R. Wood
Upper Norwood		
Upper Tooting	Rev. E. Spurrier ..	Rev. E. Spurrier
Upton Chapel	Rev. W. S. Llewellyn	Rev. W. S. Llewellyn
Vernon Chapel		
Victoria Ch., Wandsworth Road	Rev. W. Whale ..	Rev. W. Hanson
Victoria Docks, Union Ch. ..	London Mission	this year
Waltham Abbey (30th April) ..	Rev. W. Jackson ..	Rev. W. Jackson
Walthamstow, Wood Street ..	Rev. J. Cave ..	Rev. J. Cave
„ Markhouse Common	Rev. P. J. Rollo [B.A.]	Rev. P. J. Rollo
Walworth Road	Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A.	Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A.
Walworth, East Street	Rev. W. Haigh ..	Rev. W. Haigh
Wandsworth, East Hill	Rev. W. P. Laurence	Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A.
Westbourne Grove	Rev. G. C. Dutt ..	Rev. W. G. Lewis
Wood Green	Rev. J. L. Bennett	Rev. J. L. Bennett
Woolwich, Queen Street	Rev. S. W. Bowser, B.A.	Rev. T. Jones
„ Charles Street	Rev. G. Samuel	Rev. G. Samuel

JUVENILE MISSIONARY SERVICES.

The following Services for the Young will be held on Sunday, the 23rd April, 1882. The Services, as a rule, commence at *three o'clock*, and terminate at a *quarter past four*. The Hymns and Tunes are printed in the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*.
HENRY CAPERN, *Sec. Y. M. M. A.*

NAME OF SCHOOL.	SPEAKER.
Abbey Road, N.W....	
Acton ...	Rev. C. M. Longhurst.
Arthur-street, W.C. ...	Rev. J. E. Cracknell.
Balham ...	Mr. S. Cheshire.
Battersea ...	Mr. H. G. Stenbridge.
Battersea Park ...	Mr. C. A. Millard.
Belle Isle, N. ...	Rev. G. C. Dutt (Service May 7th)
Bermondsey, Drummond Road ...	Mr. H. Potter.
Bloomsbury ...	Rev. G. C. Dutt
Bow ...	
Brentford ...	Mr. A. G. Shorrocks.
Brixton, Gresham Chapel ...	Mr. E. Robertson, junior.
Brixton Hill... ..	Mr. W. H. Millar.
Brixton, Wynno Road ...	
Bromley, Kent ...	Mr. T. F. Simmons.
Brompton ...	
Brondesbury ...	Mr. A. Sims.
Camberwell, Arthur Street ...	Mr. Menzies.
Camberwell, Charles Street ...	
Camberwell, Cottage Green ...	Mr. T. Pavitt.
Camberwell, Denmark Place ...	Mr. H. G. Gilbert.
Camden Road ...	Rev. G. Grenfell.
Chelsea ...	Mr. P. Comber.
Clapham Common ...	Rev. E. Webb.
Clapton ...	Mr. Faulding.
Cornwall Road, N.W. ...	Mr. J. A. Jones.
Cromer Street ...	(Unites with John Street.)
Croydon, West ...	Mr. H. Capern.
Dalston Junction ...	
Dartford ...	Rev. A. Sturge.
Ealing ...	Rev. A. Ferguson.
Esher... ..	Mr. R. H. Tregillus.
Finchley ...	Mr. H. W. Priestley.
Forest Hill ...	Mr. S. Gifford.
Goswell Road ...	Mr. W. Vinter.
Greenwich ...	
Grove Road, E. ...	Mr. D. Robinson.
Hackney, Mare Street ...	Mr. F. E. Tucker.
Hackney, Hampden Road... ..	
Hammersmith ...	Mr. H. Capern (Service April 16th.)
Hampstead ...	
Hatcham ...	Rev. T. J. Cole.
Highbury Hill ...	Rev. J. Culross.
Highgate ...	Mr. H. E. Pakeman.
Highgate Road ...	Mr. W. Bishop.
Holborn, Kingsgate Street ...	Mr. J. Willis.
Islington, Cross Street ...	Mr. J. Milton Smith.
Islington, Salters' Hall ...	Rev. J. McCarthy.
James Street, St. Luke's ...	
John Street, W.C. ...	Mr. J. E. Kirby.
John Street, Edgware Road ...	
Lambeth, Regent Street ...	Mr. Clinch.
Lee, High Road ...	
Lewisham Road ...	
Little Alie Street ...	Rev. A. Haegert.

NAME OF SCHOOL.	SPEAKER.
Lower Edmonton	Rev. D. Russell.
Lower Norwood	Mr. W. Tresidder.
Maze Pond	
Metropolitan Tabernacle (senior)... ..	Rev. H. J. Tresidder.
Metropolitan Tabernacle (junior)... ..	
New Wimbledon	Mr. A. J. Kent.
Peckham, Park Road	Mr. Fairbrother.
Peckham, Rye Lane	
Penge	Mr. W. H. Buckland.
Poplar	
Regent's Park	Col. Griffin.
Romford	Rev. W. H. McMechan.
Rotherhithe	Mr. Medhurst.
St. Peter's Park	
Shoreditch Tabernacle	
Stockwell	Rev. J. H. Anderson.
Stoke Newington, Devonshire Square	
Stoke Newington, Wellington Road	
Stratford	Mr. W. H. Doke.
Streatham	
Tottenham, High Road	Mr. S. P. Carey.
Tottenham, West Green	
Underhill Road, S.E.	Mr. C. Chapman.
Upper Holloway	Rev. J. R. Wood.
Vernon Chapel, King's Cross	
Walworth, East Street	Mr. Hartley.
Walworth, Ebenezer	(Unites with Walworth.)
Walworth Road	Mr. A. Teichman.
Wandsworth, East Hill	Mr. J. A. Curtis.
Wandsworth Road	Mr. A. Wood.
Westbourne Grove	Rev. J. Tuckwell.
Westminster, Romney Street	Mr. S. P. Yates.
Woolwich, Queen Street	Mr. J. Cornish.

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 25th.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEMBERS' MEETING.

MISSION HOUSE, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN.

Chair to be taken at Half-past Ten o'clock by T. ADAMS, Esq., of Birmingham.

☞ NOTE.—This Meeting is for Members only. All Subscribers of 10s. 6d. and upwards, Donors of £10 and upwards, Pastors of Churches which make an Annual Contribution, or Ministers who collect annually for the Society, are entitled to attend.

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 25th.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

PUBLIC MISSIONARY SOIREE,

AT CANNON STREET HOTEL.

JAS. HARVEY, Esq., to preside.

Addresses will be delivered by the Revs. W. R. SKERRY, of Bristol; GOGON

CHUNDER DUTT, of Khoolna; W. THOMPSON, of the London Missionary Society; and G. HILL, M.A., of Leeds.

Mr. ARTHINGTON has kindly promised to address a letter to the Meeting.

Tea and Coffee from Half-past Five to Seven o'clock.

PUBLIC MEETING at Seven o'clock.

Tickets for Soirée, One Shilling each, to be obtained at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn.

☞ NOTE.—As a large attendance is anticipated, it is requested that early application be made for Tickets.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 26th.

THE ZENANA MISSION IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY BREAKFAST

AT THE CANNON STREET HOTEL,

At a Quarter to Nine o'clock.

SPEAKERS—Rev. F. H. ROBERTS, Rev. GOGON CHUNDER DUTT, and
A. H. BAYNES, Esq.

Admission by Ticket only, 2s. 6d. each; to be had of the Secretaries, or at the Mission House.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 26th.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MISSIONARY SERMON

AT BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL.

PREACHER—Rev. R. H. ROBERTS, B.A., of Notting Hill.

Service to commence at Twelve o'clock.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 27th.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING

IN EXETER HALL.

Chair to be taken at Six o'clock by the Right Hon. the EARL OF
SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

SPEAKERS—Revs. R. F. GUYTON, of Delhi; Dr. McEWAN, of Clapham;
Mr. A. H. BAYNES; and Rev. Dr. LANDELS, of Regent's Park.

Christian Work among the Roman Poor.

BY MRS. WALL.

(Continued from p. 78.)

THE following paragraphs are the closing portion of Mrs. Wall's report of her unceasing and most useful labours:—

“THE BIBLE-WOMAN NURSE

Whom I mentioned in my last report wears well, and is most useful to me. She visits daily the sick poor, attends at the dispensary, where her services are very needful, and in this way she has gained experience in dressing wounds, burns, &c. She also makes soup for the sick, who, when too ill to come to the dispensary, were often neglected for want of someone to visit them. She attends to the cleanliness of the patient and of the room, and assists with the children; thus, she is respected and welcomed; they see that she loves and sympathises with them in their afflictions. When in the country for a few days this summer she said she could not be happy thinking of the sufferers and longing to be with them. Her object is not only, as far as possible, to alleviate their bodily sufferings, but she also makes it a rule to read or repeat those passages of Scripture she thinks most suitable to the patients, and spends a few minutes in prayer with them.

“An English lady with myself meet her every Tuesday morning, when she brings the list of those visited during the week, and gives an account of each separate case; we consult together as to the relief required, and the most efficient way of assisting them for the coming week. But whilst those who are sick have the first claim on her time, I feel it important she should call on those who have from time to time received benefit from the dispensary. When once the door has been opened to us, by whatever circumstance, we should never allow anything on our part to

close it; for, when they no longer receive us, the priest, or others even worse, find an entrance. It is not in Rome as it is in England, since, in order to visit among the poor, we must first get their sympathy by being ever ready to perform little acts of kindness. Even though these may take time, and in most cases we seem to gain little, yet we find from experience that the seed thus scattered bears fruit.

“We believe this work is particularly necessary in Rome, where there are thousands of poor women who would never leave the street they live in to attend any place of Evangelical worship, but who, when they see their sick neighbours visited and cared for with the loving attention of the Bible-woman nurse, are far more likely to receive favourable impressions and to lose prejudices than under any discourse to which they might listen. During the last nine months she has made 1,332 visits, not including those to the Roman Catholic hospitals, to one of which, during the past year, we regret to say, she has been refused admission.

“We have tried again and again to gain an entrance, as it is to this hospital our poor women from the meetings of the poor are obliged to go when ill, but to no purpose, it being supported by Roman Catholic endowments and not subject to Government control. We are glad to say there are still four hospitals open to us, and we trust our dear friends will assist us by praying that nothing may prevent our being able to continue visiting in them.

“It is with gratitude I am able to say that Mrs. Selfe Leonard, the representative of the London Bible-

women Nurses' Mission, has kindly promised to support Emilia Orlandi, who has hitherto been my Bible-woman nurse. She will still, however, continue her work under my superintendence.

"When a suitable person is found, I purpose training a second for this increasingly important work."

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

"Our mothers' meetings during the past winter have been much larger than usual, owing to the kind help of an English lady, who not only assisted me by her presence, and reading God's Word with them, but also by furnishing the necessary means for this work. We had on our books sixty-one names, with an average weekly attendance between thirty and forty. To encourage them we are in the habit of adding a halfpenny to the few pence they bring each week. Many of them are very poor, and can with difficulty spare the smallest sum, yet we are surprised to find that the amount brought by them during the winter months was 129 francs, or £5 3s. 4d. Before closing the meeting, we generally teach them a short text, which is remembered and repeated at the next meeting. One of the benefits derived from this mothers' meeting is that many who, when they first came to us, did not know how to use the needle can now sew sufficiently well to receive garments to make every week from my shop, which was opened four years since to enable us to help the poor to help themselves. Some of these women have been with us ever since the class was formed, and, though still very poor, and through affliction in their families often requiring help, yet I am happy to say I see a growing tendency in them to be honest in paying their rent—a thing seldom thought of by many of their class, who, when behind, leave their room and get another.

"Their honesty in bringing back the work speaks well for persons who in every little difficulty were accustomed to go to the pawn-shop.

"We also oblige them, not only to do it neatly, but to return it unsoiled at the next meeting for inspection, after which it is put in the shop for sale.

"We consider that, in addition to the reading of God's Word, singing, and prayer, which we never omit, and which has been a blessing to many, it is an education which will produce good results on themselves, their children, and their neighbours.

"Hitherto, life has been a great burden to these poor women; they have dreaded the approach of dawn, knowing it would bring with it the cries of hungry children, and their days have been filled with anxiety lest they should have no pence to pay for a bed, and so remain in the streets all night, or, what they dread, perhaps, more, be obliged to go to the public dormitory.

"Could we but give them sufficient work, life would become a real blessing; there would be a brightness in it to which they have been utter strangers.

"If our Christian friends could see the desire of these women to live honestly, and their gratitude for the work they receive, I am sure they would think this branch of the mission worthy of their assistance.

"Any lengths of print, calico, flannel, or dress material will be thankfully received by us; also tapes, cottons, needles, buttons, &c., we find most useful, both for the mothers' meetings and the shop, where we get a ready sale for such articles.

"All parcels sent to the Baptist Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, will be forwarded to me direct."

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

CHAPTER IV.

AGENCIES AT WORK.

WE have attempted briefly to sketch the nature of the work we have to do in India, and noticed some of the special difficulties of the work. We now proceed to consider the "weapons of our warfare," and the means by which we seek to do the enormous work that lies before us; and we may sum up the whole by saying, "We preach Christ crucified." This is our one offensive weapon; we have no other, we believe in no other, we need no other; in dependence only on the power of God's Spirit to make the weapon pierce to man's innermost conscience, we wield "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" as the apostles did, so do we "preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified." This is the practice of all Evangelical missionaries. But we must interpret the word "preach" in no narrow sense; it is the "making known" of Christ—which we may do, not only in the crowded congregation, but in personal talk in the home or on the road, or by systematic teaching in a Christian school or college. And the missionary must not be precluded from doing anything which he believes will help to make the Gospel win its way. Paul made tents because he believed that his doing so would help to wing the Gospel arrow, and missionaries in India, in some cases, feel it their duty to teach mathematics or philosophy, as well as Christian truth, for the self-same reason.

Our work in India, then, is to "preach Christ." The chief form which this takes is the direct public preaching of the Gospel. We call this the "chief" form, because it is the most direct one, and that to which more attention is paid in India than to any other. But we must not suppose that Gospel-preaching in India is, like that in England, mainly carried on in public places of worship. As a rule, the non-Christian natives will never enter our churches and chapels; they consider that these are intended only for Christians, and if a Hindoo or Muhammadan begins to attend one he becomes a marked man, and is liable to persecution from his caste-mates. Hence, as the natives will not come to us, we must go to them, and our preaching to them is partly carried on in mission-halls in the "bazar"—that is, the business part of the town—but chiefly in the open-air. The climate of India allows of open-air preaching being carried on more or less all the year round, and this, therefore, constitutes our main evangelistic agency. Such preaching in India is of very much the same character as open-air preaching in England, except that, as we address non-Christians who do not receive the Bible as God's Word, we do not, as a rule, preach

from a text, but simply address the people on the basis of such beliefs as we have in common, and lead our discourse on to the preaching of Christ as the only Saviour. Frequently, however, some pointed text, or, better still, some incident or parable from one of the gospels, will form the basis of our address. Our message must be simple, pointed, short, and contain "line upon line," so that even the people who come and go may get something definite and weighty to carry away with them. We are liable to have objections raised; and, while we do not court discussion, which often tends to an unprofitable wrangle, yet we must be prepared to meet it when necessary, and must strive to turn it in the right direction. During the time of the year when the heat or the rain compels us to stay at home, the preaching missionary will go regularly, once or twice a-day, to the "bazar," or other frequented place of the town where he lives, or to some neighbouring village, to preach Christ, and will generally be accompanied by a native preacher. During the itinerating season he will move about in his district, with his native helpers, from town to town and village to village, from market to market and fair to fair, scattering the Divine seed. There are in India many large annual gatherings known by the name of *mela*, which word means "a religious fair." These gatherings are connected with some Hindoo deity, but business and pleasure are mingled with the religious aspects of the gathering. At some of these melas occasionally as many as one or two millions of people from all parts of India are gathered together; and such gatherings afford excellent opportunity for the widespread proclamation of the truth. Many a convert in India has been led to Christ by *mela*-preaching. In the Delhi district, and elsewhere, much fruit has been gathered by short and simple services held in some open courtyard, to which the neighbours come in. Such gatherings present the devotional side of Christianity better than bazar preaching, yet the latter is still a very important agency.

We have said that evangelistic preaching in India must be of a simple and pointed kind, and based upon those fundamental truths which the people still hold. Perhaps it may be well to give a specimen of a missionary address, with the common objections that we may have to meet. It will be seen that, if we wish to reach the Indian mind, the more of illustration and parable that we use the better. Let us suppose that we have before us an open-air gathering of Hindoos and Muhammadans. We might begin thus:—

"There are many points of difference between you and me. We differ in colour, language, nationality, religion, &c. Yet there are many points of agreement. We both have a similar body and soul; we are all *men*.

We are all liable to similar diseases. Suppose, now, a Hindoo, a Muhammadan, and a Christian were ill of fever, would the doctor give different medicines to the three? No, he would ask no questions about religion; the same medicine would be suited for all. Now, we all alike are ill with the disease of sin, and there can be no happiness for us till we are freed from it. Suppose one of you Hindoos owed a thousand rupees, and the creditor pressed you for payment, and threatened to send you to gaol, and that a poor brother of yours said to you: 'Never mind, I will pay your debt.' You would say to him: 'You pay my debt! why, you have not a farthing, and, what is more, you are in debt yourself!' Or suppose you were down in a deep pit, stuck fast in the mire, and your brother by your side said: 'Never mind, brother, I will get you out of the pit.' You would reply: 'How can you do it? You are as badly off as I am; get yourself out of the pit first, and then you may be able to get me out.' Just so; we all are in debt to God, and we need some one who is not himself in debt to God to free us; we all are stuck fast in the mire of sin, and we need a deliverer who is not stuck fast in it. In other words, we are all sinners, and we need a sinless Saviour. Where shall we find one? The gods committed great crimes; they could not save themselves from sin. Muhammad acknowledges himself a sinner in the Koran. Where shall we find the sinless one?" Then we shall speak of Christ's life, character, teaching, death, resurrection, ascension, and say, "This is just the Saviour that you need."

Hereupon a man in the crowd interposes with a question, "Sahib [Sir], you say that Jesus was sinless, and yet that He died; how can that be?" Such a question comes very opportunely. To answer the question why Jesus, a sinless Being, had to die, we must preach the Gospel, taking this question of the objector as our text, and the people listen with the more attention because it is an answer to an objection. When we have answered this, another man calls out, "Sahib, how did sin come into the world?" "Never mind about that; it is not a practical question." "How did sin come into the world? I won't hear you unless you answer that question." We reply, "There was a man who was very ill, and the doctor went to him and said, 'My friend, you are dangerously ill; there is only one remedy, and you must take it or you will die.' The man replies, 'But, doctor, how did I get ill?' 'Never mind that,' said the doctor; 'here you are, ill; take the medicine and recover.' 'No, doctor,' says the man; 'if you don't tell me how I got ill I will not take your medicine.' What would you think of that man? But that is just like our friend here; he wants to know how sin came into the world. Never mind that—here it is; the question is how we can get sin *out of* the world, and we have come to tell you of the

great Deliverer from sin." Over there stands a man who assents to all you say—"Good, very good; excellent, Sahib!"—and you think the man is almost a Christian. "Your religion," he says, "is an excellent one—for you; but ours is just as good for us. Every man will be saved by his own religion—the Hindoos by Hindooism, and the Christians by Christianity. There are many roads to a city, and you can take which you please; so there are many ways to heaven, and one is as good as another." We reply, "There was a village where all the people were ill of fever. Six doctors went there, and every doctor had a different remedy, and each doctor said that all the other doctors were wrong. The people said, 'Never mind; all you have to do is to take your father's doctor, and he will be sure to cure you.' Were they wise?" "No." "But they were like our friend over there. The different religions of the world are all opposed to one another; one says there is one God, another, that there are many; one, that we are to be saved by faith, another, by our religious works; and so forth. They cannot all be right. There is one sun and one moon, and there is but one true religion." "How are we to know which is the true one?" asks a man. We might give many answers to this question; one may be this: "To another village two doctors went; all who took the first doctor's medicine recovered, and all who took the second doctor's medicine died—how do you know which was the good doctor?" "It was the one who cured." "Just so, and the true religion is the one that saves. Now you Hindoos and Muhammadans have followed each your own religion from childhood, but you know that the burden of sin is as heavy as ever. If you had had a doctor treat you for twenty or fifty years, and you had got no better, would not you change your doctor? But Christianity has saved millions. There are thousands of drunkards whom Christ has made sober, impure men whom He has purified, sinners whose burden of sin He has removed."

Hereupon another man interposes, with a malicious look on his face: "Sahib, you say that the true religion is known by its effects?" "Yes." "And that Christianity is proved to be the true religion by its saving men from sin." "Yes." "Then how about the Christians that get drunk, and do all sorts of bad deeds?" This is an awkward question, because the bad lives of nominal Christians constitute one of the greatest obstacles in our way. We reply: "In a certain village there were two sick men; the good doctor went to them and gave them medicine. They thanked him, and said they would certainly take it; but, as soon as the doctor had left, one man drank the medicine and recovered; the other man threw away the medicine and died. Whose fault was it—his or the doctor's?" "His." "Why?" "Because he only promised and pretended to take the medi-

cine." "Just so; and these 'Christians,' as you call them, who get drunk only *pretend* to take the medicine; they are not real Christians. All who really believe in Christ are freed from sin." "Why do you talk to us so much about Christ?" asks another. "You should tell people to be truthful and chaste and upright, and that will be enough." We reply, "What good would there be in a doctor's going to a sick man and saying, 'I earnestly advise you to get well'? Or what would be the use of exhorting prisoners to get out of prison? They cannot do it. No more can people, in their own strength, get free from the bondage or recover health from the disease of sin. But when we preach Christ we not only tell men what to do, but point them to Him who can really deliver them." "Well," says another, "I do not see what it matters whether I honour Christ or not. I reverence God, and pray to God; what does it matter about Jesus Christ?" We reply: "You remember when the Prince of Wales was in India how all the great people, from the Viceroy downwards, combined to honour him. Suppose you had seen a man in the street fold his arms and make faces at the Prince, and had asked him, 'Is that the way you treat the Queen's son?' and he replied, 'What does it matter how I treat that man? I honour and reverence the Queen; that is enough.' You would have said, 'If you do not honour the Queen's son, how can you honour the Queen?' Just so; God sent His Son from heaven to earth—not, as the Prince of Wales, to have the best of everything, 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.' God sent His Son from heaven to earth to die for you, and then you say, 'It does not matter whether I love Him or not'! 'He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him.'"

Another man says that bathing in the sacred Ganges takes away sin. We reply by a story of a washerman who put his dirty linen into a box, and washed the outside of it, and was surprised to find the linen inside as soiled as before. "Just like you; your soul sins, and you wash your body; what good can that do?"—a question which, even in England, believers in baptismal regeneration might well ponder!

Another man says that we must not abandon our paternal religion and customs. He is asked whether his fathers wore shoes, and went by train, and sent letters by post, as he himself does. So we meet with various objections, and in some parts now we have to encounter from English-educated natives many of the current objections to Christianity which are met with in England. Our aim, however, as we said, is not to discuss, but to preach Christ; and it is found that there is much less now in the way of defence of Hindooism than there used to be formerly. Preaching,

teaching, Bible and tract distribution, and general education have done much to clear away ignorance and prejudice. The wide preaching of the Gospel, though disbelieved in, and even scorned by some, has done a large amount of good in the actual conversion of souls, and still more as one of the most important of many means which, in their combination, are changing the religious aspect of India.

Christian Mela in Jessore.

“Barisal, Feb. 17th, 1882.

“MY DEAR DR. UNDERHILL,—Just a line to say that the cases of goods so generously given for our mela, in response to the appeal in the HERALD, have all arrived, and, though we have not yet been able to unpack them all before this mail leaves, we feel impelled just to pen a line or two to inform our kind helpers in England how exceedingly glad and grateful we are to see so many proofs of their interest in our work and love for our people. The letters enclosed, and the many names given with the articles, each merit a separate and grateful reply; but this would entail such an enormous amount of labour that we trust those who do not receive any letter direct from us will not for a moment imagine they are overlooked. The dear children who have, many of them, sent us their ‘very own’ toys, deserve our special thanks, and we ask all superintendents of schools to convey them to their little ones for us. Of course, this note is only to inform you of the safe arrival of the things. The mela begins on the 28th, and as soon as ever we can you shall hear more about it. I enclose an advertisement of it, literally translated from Bengalee.

“Some will be glad to know that all special messages contained in their loving letters to the native Christians we shall translate and enforce as soon

as our mela begins. They cannot fail to prove a blessing to the people, especially in helping them more fully to realise the love both of the Lord Himself and of His people.

“I trust, dear Dr. Underhill, that you are still well. You will be glad to know that we have never been better in India than now.

“With sincerest and kindest regards,

“I remain, yours truly,

“ROBERT SPURGEON.”

The following is a literal translation of the Bengali proclamation of the mela:—

MELA! MELA! MELA!

Advertisement.

Christian Mela! By this all persons informed are, that 1882 years 28 February, Bengali 1228 years 17 Falgoon, Tuesday from seven days until, Barisal Zillah's in Gornodee police section, Rajapur, Baptist Mission place in, Christian Mela will be. To shopkeepers shop houses will be given. Publicans will get not, and no kind of bad games, as cards, dice, this mela to play can. Religious instruction and Christian singing will be. Besides this, English various kinds wonderful things shown will be.

Managers,

MR. T. R. EDWARDS,

MR. ROBERT SPURGEON.

4th February, 1882.

Barisal.

The New Hospital at Tientsin.

THIS building is a purely Chinese one, both interior and exterior. The beds are the old Chinese stone beds, or "kangs," under which, in cold weather, fires are lighted to keep the patients warm. The fact of its being built in Chinese style is very pleasing to me, because it is so pleasing to the natives themselves. I could never understand why foreigners, and especially missionaries, should be so anxious to have their houses, chapels, &c., built after foreign designs, and not only so, but erecting these buildings in the most conspicuous places, knowing, as they do, how hateful such things are to the natives, and what great and serious opposition and difficulty, on the part of the Chinese, these buildings have been, and still are, to the cause of Christ. The front of the hospital is a blaze of red paint, this being in accordance with Chinese taste and ideas. The roof is, as you will at once see, most thoroughly Chinese, and, to my mind, exceedingly pretty. The particular ornaments upon this roof denote that it is an official building—*i.e.*, the row of little dogs up the four corners of the roof, &c. The engraving gives a very good idea of the paper windows, and one of the common, but pretty, patterns for the framework of these windows. It will also show you the pretty way the Chinese have of ornamenting their walls, making all sorts of patterns with semi-circular tiles. There is an official sedan chair standing outside the "Ta mên," or front entrance. In the front of the hospital are a number of mounds—these are native graves. Sometimes the coffins become quite exposed, the mud having been scratched off by the dogs in search of something to eat. Only a few Sundays ago, on our way to the chapel in the foreign settlement here, we saw two dogs quarrelling over a human skull which they had just scratched out of some grave. The Chinese graves are scattered anywhere and everywhere all over the land, wherever the necromancer pronounces to be the lucky spot. This is one great reason why the Chinese object to railways, because, wherever the line is laid, innumerable graves would have to be cleared away. The picture also shows you a native wheelbarrow with a man, and his luggage upon it.

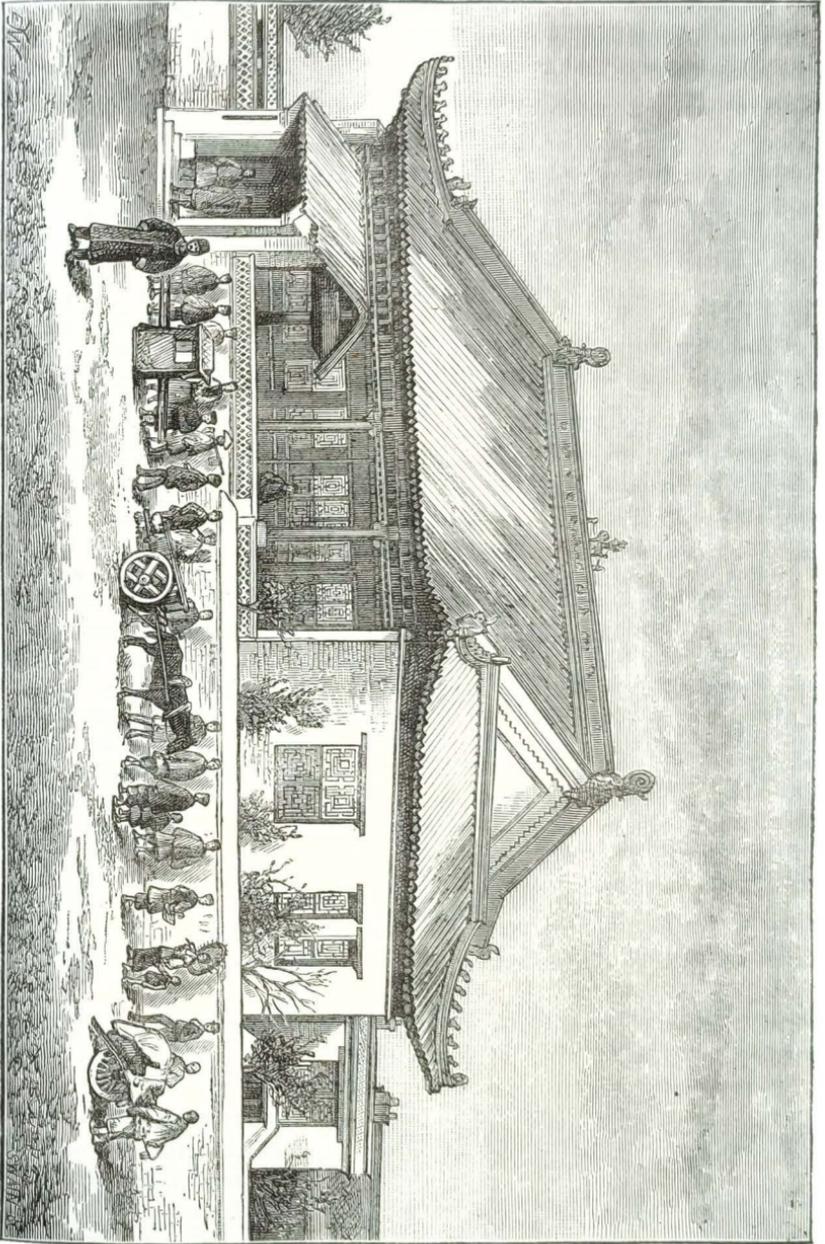
J. T. KITTS.

The Congo River and its Perils.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

OUR latest letters from Mr. Comber give us a very lively picture of the perils which attend the navigation of the River Congo at the time of its flood. Writing on the 20th December, 1881, he says:—

"The two largest sections of the new steel boat, the *Plymouth*, reached Sala-



THE NEW HOSPITAL AT TIENTSIN. — (From a Photograph.)

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▲ APRIL 1, 1882.

Kia-Ndunga in one day and two hours. We slept the first night at the Loa River."

Sala-Kia-Ndunga is the first of six short stages from Vivi to Isangila, where the new boat is to be put together, and where she is to commence her water journey to Manyanga. The sections are being transported on small carriages made for the purpose. Sala-Kia-Ndunga is about nine miles from Vivi; during the first three of these miles an ascent of over 1,100 feet is made, then comes a mile and a-half or so of level road, followed by a descent of about 800 feet in the next mile and a-half; the last three miles of this the first stage rises a little more than 700 feet. The next three or four stages are much more hilly.

At a later date Mr. Comber continues:—

"Just now the river is very high, and the current stronger than I have ever seen it before. Ten days ago we sent up thirty carriers' loads in the gig, James Showers (from Victoria) as captain, and a crew of sixteen hands. They came back at night, after having a very narrow escape of being wrecked, and having lost the rudder. We made a new rudder, and tied it on with rope (we had no spare rudder irons), and started again, James in the gig, Bentley and I in the new sectional boat, the *Plymouth*—both boats well manned and loaded. We had a deal of trouble at Diamond Rock, but reached Noki in company, and in-time for breakfast; at Augo Augo the gig went ahead of us, and managed to pull past the bad reach beyond the point, and made Mataddi (the Livingstone Inland Mission station) that night. We in the *Plymouth* got half along the bad reach, and had to make fast for the night. Many of the points were only passable by means of ropes, oars and paddles being quite unequal to stem the current rushing past them. We were nearly two hours in passing one of these places, and were almost capsized. The night we spent out it was pouring with rain; every one was drenched, and one of our men died three days afterwards from the effects. On the Monday we sent up the gig again, under James's care as usual; he looked truly pitiable as he returned at 8 p.m., drenched and shivering and unsuccessful. He had got past the bad tree, but the current was so strong that it tore the rope out of the boys' hands (they being mostly swept overboard), and dashed the boat violently against the tree; she swung round, capsized, and sank, fortunately only in about six feet of water. Boat was saved and most of the cargo, but ten cases of provisions, a tow-line, &c., were lost.

"Since then, however, James has made four journeys in safety, and that in four days and a-half; but this accident will give you an idea of our powerful enemy—the Congo at the present time."

Mr. Crudgington writes a line on the 17th December:—

"The boat nearly capsized again yesterday; the river is still very bad, but I think it is going down a little."

To the above intelligence we have to add that the Committee have received another generous mark of Mr. Arthington's interest in the great enterprise of giving the Gospel to the dwellers on the Congo, and of his

confidence in the resolution of the Committee, with Divine help, to accomplish it. He has added to his former donation a second of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS. This sum will cover the cost of building the projected steamer. Provision will, however, have to be made for the expenses that will necessarily be incurred in conveying the vessel to her destination, and in putting her together on the upper waters of the river. As these will be heavy, we shall continue to need the generous liberality of our friends.

We are also happy to announce the departure of Mr. H. W. Butcher, of Bristol College, for the Congo. This is the third of the six brethren the Committee have undertaken to send out. They anxiously and prayerfully desire to send the remaining three as speedily as possible, and will be happy to receive the applications of suitable men for this important work.

Since the above was in type we have received letters from Mr. Comber and Mr. Dixon, dated respectively January 2nd, 4th, and 13th, of which the following extracts are the most important portions. Our readers will mark the earnestness and intense anxiety with which our brethren await the promised reinforcements. Mr. Comber says :—

“I am glad to hear that this steamer is bringing us a new man—Mr. Weeks, of the Pastor's College. I wish it were the other five instead of a single one. It is very disheartening to us to have to wait so long for reinforcements, meanwhile leaving Bentley and me to attempt the work of six men. I am afraid that the consequence will be that we shall be far in the rear, if not about last, at Stanley Pool.

“Advices come from Manyanga that Messrs. Clark and Ingham, of the East London Institute Mission, have reached Stanley Pool, and return to take up materials for building.

“Crudgington being needed at Mussuca, and Hartland and Dixon at San Salvador, we had decided that Weeks should go to San Salvador too, so as to relieve Hartland as soon as possible ; but it seems best just now, to prevent our being the *last* to occupy at Stanley Pool—a thing which I think ought not to be with the Baptist Missionary Society—that Weeks should come and help us for a few months on this side, so that as speedily as ever possible we may take up a position at Stanley Pool. Mr. Bentley is, therefore, making a rush (our life seems made up of rushing about just now) to Mussuca to arrange for this extra assistance.”

Mr. Dixon, writing from San Salvador, says :—

“Since my arrival up here, I have only once been fairly down with fever, but that attack was followed by eczema of both my legs, which nearly lamed me for a month, and the irritation deprived me of several nights' rest, so that I was in no mood for doing anything except such routine duties as came daily. I remember very well your account to me of the effects of the African climate, and I often find the depression and lethargy almost unbearable, but a dose of quinine soon dispels it all. A certain amount of absent-mindedness often accompanies this

feeling of depression, but as we all seem to suffer in this respect, we take little notice of it, and I only mention it that you may understand, when I say I am quite well, I mean with the above exceptions.

"Since my arrival here in November we have had several very big palavers with the king, of which I will give you a fuller account in my next. And with Christmas coming on, and a big palaver with carriers and the king, things looked anything but hopeful. However, we sent a present of 'beef' for the king's Christmas dinner, and this gave him an opportunity of getting out of the scrape he had got himself into. Accordingly, our Christmas Sunday service was remarkably well attended, and that, too, in spite of giving away of cloths and toys by the Roman Catholic priests, who naturally paid little or no regard to the Sabbath.

"The people, however, evidently appreciated our keeping God's day as usual, and on the Monday we gave our regular Christmas treat to our scholars and many of the people. Prizes for running, jumping, climbing, throwing, &c., elicited many good contests, and caused much amusement to our visitors.

"Our scholars had a 'feast' on the following day, together with 'dashes' for regular attendance and good conduct.

"The following Sunday we had a really good attendance at service, although the king did not come out, on account of the death of one of his wives.

"And so now, after very dark days, our New Year has opened fairly brightly, and we are indeed thankful to God for having over-ruled everything for good."

We trust that our readers will continue to sustain our brethren in their arduous work by their prayers, and that in due time we may be able to send them the additional help they so sorely need.

We are happy to close this article with the announcement that at the meeting of the Committee on the 21st ult., the services of Mr. H. Moolenaar, a member of the church in Camden Road, were accepted for this great work.

Recent Intelligence.

MR. BAYNES.—In a letter to the Treasurer, dated Agra, the 13th of February, Mr. Baynes informs us that he had visited all the stations excepting Muttra and Delhi, whither he was about to proceed. He hoped to sail from Bombay on the 10th of March, and, after spending a week in Ceylon, to leave for England on the 21st, and would, by God's blessing, arrive in England about the 20th of April. He speaks most warmly of the kind reception he has everywhere met with, both from natives and Europeans, and the great joy it has been to him in seeing the Lord's work in "this vast land." "Surely," he adds, "His Kingdom is coming and His power is working in many thousands of hearts."

BOMBAY.—The Rev. Goolzar Shah, announcing his safe arrival at Bombay, informs us that his voyage had been safe and pleasant. He had frequent opportunities of speaking to his fellow-voyagers on the love of Jesus. He found

two young men who had tasted that the Lord is gracious—one a sailor, the other a writer, the son of a Wesleyan minister. He had also pleasant opportunities of speaking to the native crew and to the deck passengers on the welfare of their souls.

THE CONGO RIVER.—Mr. Weeks, writing on the 14th of January, 1882, informs us of his arrival at Banana Creek in good health and spirits. He found there an old college friend who gave him a hearty welcome. On the 16th he would start for Musucca in the steam launch of the Livingstone Inland Mission, and arrive in the evening of the next day.

THE TELUGUS, SOUTHERN INDIA.—Miss Burditt, in forwarding to us the annual subscription of her father, lately deceased, in memory of his long attachment to the mission, informs us that her brother has joined the Telugu Mission of our American Baptist brethren. In his last letter he reports the following delightful and encouraging fact, that “during the last month Mr. Clough had baptized 530 persons.”

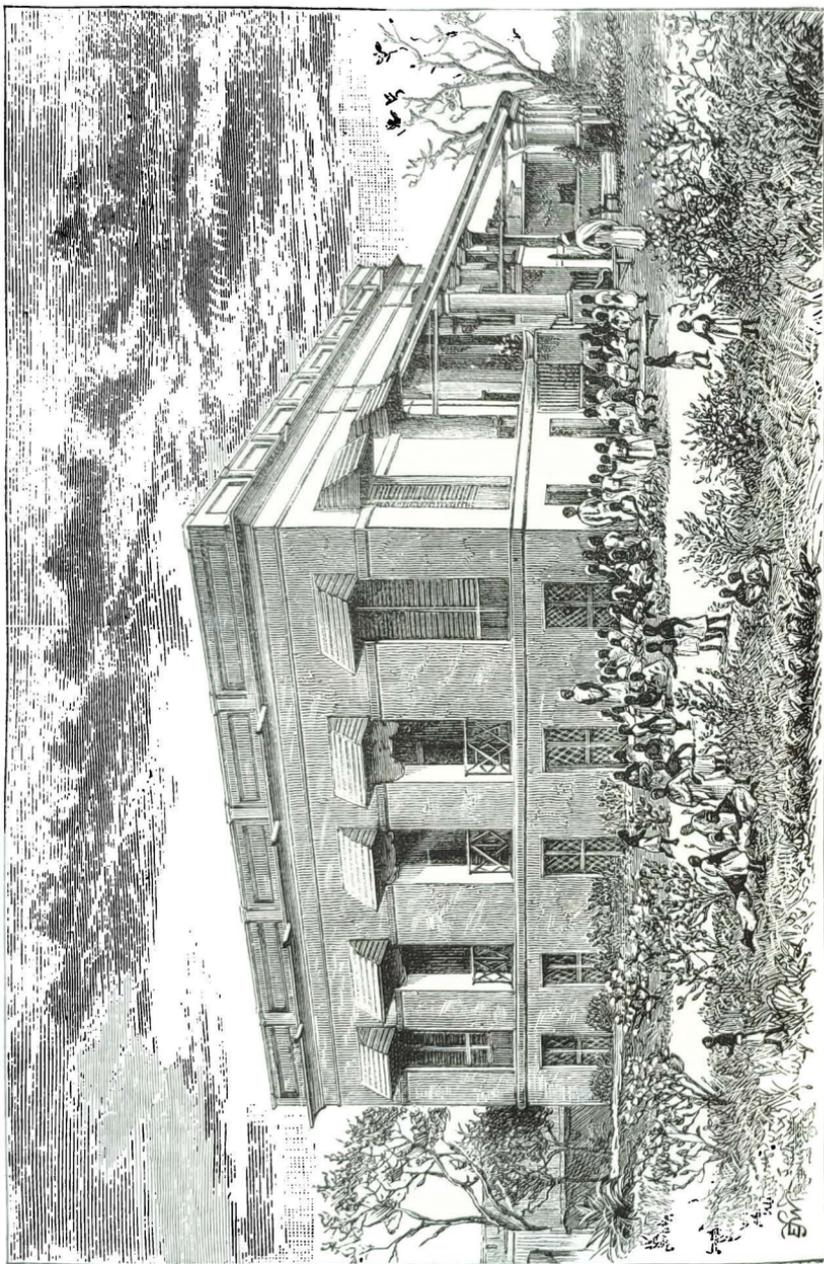
BAHAMAS.—The Rev. D. Wilshere informs us, under date of February 2nd, that he has paid a visit to the south side of Long Island. He also visited Exuma, where he found a great increase of earnestness on the part of the members. He baptized at all the stations and observed the Lord's Supper, as well as preaching and holding other meetings. In Nassau a united service with the Bethel church had been held in favour of the Bible Translation Society. He rejoices in the spirit of unity thus displayed after long estrangement.

CAMEROONS RIVER.—The steamer *Biafra*, which will convey Mr. Butcher to the Congo, will also take our highly esteemed friend Miss Saker to the Cameroons River, to resume her valuable labours at King Aqua town. We are very thankful to say that she returns with her health thoroughly re-established. During her stay in England she has been able to carry through the press a school class-book in Dualla, and also a new edition of the Dualla New Testament, both originally translated and prepared by her father, the late Rev. A. Saker. This edition of the New Testament has been printed from funds furnished by the Bible Translation Society, and consists of 2,000 copies in a neat and most convenient form for use. We may also mention here the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Bakundu, on account of health.

REV. W. TEALL.—We are happy to mention the safe arrival in Jamaica of the Rev. W. Teall, landing in Kingston on the 6th February. He mentions among the incidents of his voyage the detention of the steamer in Southampton Water for three days, owing to the dense fog which then prevailed. He was glad to be in time to attend the meetings of the Jamaica Baptist Union, which commenced on the 10th February in Kingston. The attendance of pastors was larger and of delegates smaller than usual, forty-three of the former and twenty-two of the latter being present. He reached home at Annotta Bay on Thursday, the 16th, receiving a hearty welcome from his people on the following Sabbath.

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MISSION HOUSE, HOWRAH, WITH MR. MORGAN'S SCHOOL.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

NINETIETH REPORT.

A RECENT writer, commenting on the chief characteristics of the nineteenth century, places Christian Missions "in the foremost rank of powers destined to change the face of the world." They are the products for the most part of this century, and have attained to an imposing magnitude. It was not so at the beginning. Their originators were treated with contemptuous indifference, and their motives were grossly caricatured. "One or two men," he continues, "sent by this church and by that, are seen going forth, in obedience to a command spoken eighteen hundred years ago, to begin the enormous work of undermining heathenism and reclaiming the world to God. Among the glories of this century is none greater than this. All other enterprises of beneficence must yield to this magnificent attempt to expel debasing superstitions and convey into every heart the ennobling influences of the Christian religion. The success already attained gives sure promise of results the greatness of which are, as yet, dimly perceived."*

This is not the time to describe in detail, or even to summarise, the events of the ninety years that have passed since two of these obscure men, Carey and Thomas, went forth as the representatives of the Baptist churches of this country to open the message of salvation on the plains of Bengal. Our forefathers knew not "whereunto" their act of faith "would grow;" but, obedient to the command of their Lord, in humility and godly fear, they laid the foundations of that great work familiarity with which almost blinds the eyes of their posterity to its grandeur and extent. As year by year the

* Mackenzie's "Nineteenth Century."

Committee of the Society they formed have told the simple tale of its growth, its disappointments, its successes, the story has varied but little; yet, as we compare this beginning with the structure as we now see it, we can but say, with astonishment and gratitude, "What hath God wrought?"

One or two events of the past year are of more than usual interest, yet, in the main, the story is the same as that told in years gone by:—

"Tis the repeated tale
Of sin and weariness;
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.

* * * *

"No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

* * * *

"Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view."

EASTERN MISSIONS.

THE INDIAN MISSION,

As the first sphere of the Society's operations, naturally takes the foremost place in this brief review of the twelve months now closed. Although no new sphere has been opened during the year, one or two old stations, relinquished through the paucity of labourers or the inroads of death, have been re-occupied, and the Committee have been able to strengthen their missionary band by important accessions to their number. Six young brethren have consecrated their powers to Christ's service—viz., Messrs. Kerry, Potter, Jewson, Ellison,

H. Thomas, and Tucker—and two others of Indian origin, educated at Serampore College, have been recognised and placed on the Society's staff. All these are now in the field, and are diligently devoting themselves to the acquisition of such a knowledge of the languages of the people as may prepare them for active labour. Three other brethren, Messrs. Rouse, Jordan, and Hallam, at home on furlough, have resumed their posts; Mr. Rouse especially devoting his linguistic gifts and acquirements to the carrying on of the work of translation and editing the Scriptures of Truth, interrupted last year by the lamented decease of the Rev. Dr. Wenger. One brother only is lost to the field, the venerable Thos. Morgan, who now retires for well-earned repose, after forty-two years of strenuous and devoted toil.

In all parts of our sphere of operations, whether in Bengal or in the North-west Provinces, the missionary brethren have diligently pursued the same system of itinerary and pastoral labour as that followed in former years. Towns and hamlets, bazaars, markets, and melas, have been constantly visited, and the everlasting Gospel has been preached to the multitudes flocking to them. Everywhere we hear of the willing reception of the messengers and their message, and of an evidently increasing disposition to receive favourably the Word of Life. It will suffice to quote as an ample illustration the account rendered by the Rev. R. F. Guyton of the state of things in and around Delhi, and generally in the provinces of which that city is the centre. He says:—

“Wherever the preacher of Christ goes, he gets large and attentive congregations, who will listen patiently, and even reverently, anxious to hear more. I went out on a short missionary tour with a Christian friend—a business man—who lived in Delhi. One day we started about four in the morning, and tramped forward till six in the evening, conversing with natives, or preaching, all day—as opportunity offered. Reaching the end of our day's march, thoroughly tired, we were preparing for our night's rest, when the inhabitants of a neighbouring village came flocking out, and wanted to hear the story we had to tell. We forgot our fatigue, and told the story of redeeming love to eager listeners, and went on conversing and answering questions till nearly three the following morning, when we snatched brief repose. As soon as we awoke from sleep, we found a congregation of about five hundred persons quietly waiting to hear the tidings again. Again we preached, and then went forward on our way, attended

by the crowd, for nearly five miles. Before parting, we told our story once more, under spreading trees on the bank of a canal; and then and there seven persons came forward and declared their trust in Jesus. Such tokens of readiness to listen are becoming increasingly numerous. There is, besides, a growing readiness to avow their Christian faith.

“In 1858 (the year after the Mutiny), when Mr. Smith visited Delhi, no Christian was known to be in the place, or within fifty miles of it; to-day, there are 500 church members, and a very large community less or more closely attached. In former days they used to linger long before they could resolve to avow faith in Jesus; they are now ready, and often more than ready, to come forward spontaneously. Had it not been for the caution of the missionaries, they might have baptized at least a thousand more than they have done. There is also a marked sympathy with the religion of Jesus growing up among those who cannot be regarded as Christian. Men of high position and influence make no secret that they wish for the extension of the Gospel. Individuals will tell us, We read the Bible; we love Jesus; though we are not prepared to call ourselves His disciples.’ This sympathy is widespread; and it is a sign full of hopefulness. The lives and characters of the converts, also, are a source of encouragement; and so is the interest they take in extending the Gospel among their fellow-countrymen. A man will leave his village on foot, without purse or scrip; he will be lost to sight for months; and then he will suddenly re-appear among his Christian friends. Where has he been? On a mission tour, at his own cost, preaching the Gospel from village to village; sleeping, now in a hut, now in the open air; now hungry, now enjoying the hospitality of those who welcome his message. I can mention the case of a poor cripple, to whom it was pain and difficulty to move but a few yards, but who managed every week to visit about forty houses, bearing the name of the Saviour there. There was a band of fakirs, earnestly inquiring after the way of life, who were brought into contact, through native Christians, with the Gospel. Their gooroo visited Umrizir, where he listened to the Gospel from the lips of a native preacher. He said to himself as he listened, ‘This man knows the truth I am seeking after.’ He went up to the preacher, and was invited to his house; and for several weeks he remained, eagerly drinking in the teaching he received. Then he returned to his band, and told them all that he had learned. Some time after, forty of that band came forward professing faith in Jesus, and were baptized. They read the tenth chapter of Matthew, and took the command of Christ as addressed to themselves, and went forth, two by two, over the Punjab, preaching the Gospel wherever they went. Such cases indicate a condition of mind and heart in the converts that is pregnant with hope for India. Another very hopeful token is, that the spirit of Christian generosity is being more largely evoked among the native Christians. In one case, for example, where the Gospel had found entrance and acceptance in a heathen village, a native teacher was desired by the people, and they offered to support him themselves. In the various houses a jar was set apart as the

Lord's pot, and into this pot the housewife would put a handful of meal daily. It was then poured out before the Lord, and sold for the support of Christian teaching in the village. Caste, too, is rapidly moving. Where a few years ago even a chumar would not sit at the same table with a native Christian, or buy his goods, matters are quite changed. The intercourse is freer; and they will not merely buy at a native Christian's shop, but they have a belief that a Christian's word, a Christian's measure, a Christian's balance, are more true than those of a Hindoo. Such signs are full of hope. But the field, not only in India, but in the regions beyond, is vast beyond imagining."

Very similar are the reports received from Bengal. "Wherever," says Babu Buksh, "I went in the Mofussil, I was warmly and kindly received, and when I was thirsty they gave me milk to drink and sometimes sweetmeats to eat; whilst I was strongly opposed by the people of cities and towns, and sometimes they gave me much trouble." Another native evangelist, Babu Romanath Chowdhry, says:—

"Of all the mission-fields, India is the most difficult and important. The difficulty consists in the destruction of its religion and priesthood, and its importance in the construction of its church. The former is almost finished, but the latter still remains to be done. The pernicious system of caste is fast dying away, and making room for the brotherhood of man. It exercises but little influence over the people. The Brahmins now eat in the houses of those whom their fathers abhorred to touch for fear of pollution. Except priests, most of the Brahmins have given up the rites and ceremonies of their daily worship of idols. They are now occupying the halting-ground of religious warfare, and thinking what they are to do. But Jesus Himself is drawing them nearer and nearer unto Him."

In proof of this remarkable state of things, our brother states that, in several places, the people came to him with their Bibles for the explanation of difficult passages, and among them he found a Brahmin who surpassed many Christians in his knowledge of the Word of God. This brother's preaching is especially referred to by Mr. Bate as producing striking effects on his hearers. On a visit to Allahabad, Romanath, after public announcement of his purpose, preached for a month or more to mixed and large assemblages of Hindoos and Mohammedans with a fearlessness and tenderness befitting an ambassador of the Most High. On some occasions the room was crowded to excess; at other times the attendance was disheartening, owing to the opposition set up close by by the

Mohammedans, who stood and preached on the steps of a mosque the other side of the road. Often the voices of the contending preachers were heard by each other, but the effects produced by the evangelist's labours were evident and sanctifying. One young Brahmin ceased to preach against the Gospel; and another could not refrain, in the open assembly, from speaking to others in favour of Christ the Lord.

Our indefatigable missionary, the Rev. R. Bion, though now advanced in life, continues to cover with his evangelistic efforts the large district in which he has so long laboured. These efforts have often been described; but, in the present year's report, he records an incident which exhibits, in an interesting manner, the way in which the Master leads many to His feet. Among the Garo tribes, which Mr. Bion annually visits, and where numerous converts have been made, he relates that last June the chief of the village of Biri Siri came to Ram Dayal, the preacher there.

"He told him that he had had a dream, in which he had seen the Lord Jesus surrounded with great splendour; but that, nevertheless, He had spoken with great kindness to him, and said that 'He alone could save.' This dream had such an effect that next day the chief took one or two other Garos with him, and went through the village collecting all their gods, which are made of bamboo. These he piled up before Ram Dayal's house, and said, 'Here, Babu, cook your dinner with these things, they are good for nothing else.' Crude, ugly, and shapeless as these bamboo gods are, they are looked upon with great reverence by the Garos, and it speaks well for the courage of these men that they undertook such a wholesale work of destruction. Not one of their bamboo gods escaped the eye of the chief; he swept the village clear of them. This man is now a baptized follower of Christ."

Fifteen others also among this primitive people have ranged themselves on the Lord's side and submitted to His gentle yoke.

Much use of late has been made of music in the preaching tours of the missionaries. Availing themselves of the national taste for song, many native strains have been adapted to Christian hymns, and are found to have a singular attraction for the people. The Rev. Thomas Evans makes the following judicious and well-considered remarks on this subject. He says:—

"Every morning, in the district of Tirhoot, we went forth to the surrounding villages to preach, and the people heard us gladly. They were especially pleased with our singing; and, as my daughter often joined

us in our service of song in the villages, we drew very large crowds, not only of men, but also of women and children, who seemed no less surprised than delighted. We managed to teach both a hymn and a native tune to the young in some villages, and gave them copies of the *Bhajans* to sing. I have no doubt but that they are daily sung, for natives have a strong passion for native music; and I wish we could make more use of this most powerful means of good in India. I am glad to see that some of our brethren in Bengal are taking this matter up in earnest. I only hope the practice will extend, and that each missionary will make it a special point to learn to sing native tunes to native *Bhajans*. Indeed, I consider it one of the most essential qualifications to a missionary's usefulness in India. Let our young brethren take note of this. I have often found that, when preaching will not carry the glad tidings home to the heart of the Hindu, singing will do so; and a band of good *Bhajan* singers will often carry by storm the most bigoted opposition, and produce a most favourable impression. Singing has not yet had its proper position in the proclamation of the Gospel in India. . . . I know myself that singing has done wonders for religion in Wales, and I have no doubt but that it will do mighty things for Christianity in India. Let our Committee at home see that the young men they send out to India as preaching missionaries are not only good preachers, but are also the sons of song and men of melody, which will add immensely to their usefulness in this country. To show how passionately fond of music and poetry the natives are, we need only remember that their very grammars are poetic productions."

Before leaving this department of our work in India, it is gratifying to the Committee to recognise the devoted and, in some instances, the spontaneous exertions of their native brethren to scatter abroad the seeds of righteousness. Such men as G. P. Buksh, Goolzar Shah, Gogon Dass, D. Ghose, Romanath Chowdhry, G. C. Dutt, John Sircar, Imam Masih, and others are types of a class of native Christians that God is raising up and preparing to be the leaders of their countrymen in the ways of holiness and truth. Three or four such men of God have, during the year, been summoned to their rest, after many years of labour in the Master's vineyard. Of these, special mention should be made of Ram Krishna Kobiraj, a Hindu by birth, and held in high esteem by all the Christian brethren of his own race, as well as by the European missionaries; Amrita Lal Nath, well known for his holy, zealous, and useful life in the church at Johnnugger and the boarding-school at Serampore; and Sabha Chund, who suffered the loss of *all* for Christ's sake, and laboured much in His cause. These were men whose record is on high, who passed through much tribulation into the Kingdom of God, and

whose memory is dear to many among their countrymen as "native heroes in the army of Christ."

In Calcutta, in the early part of the year, an event took place which, for a few weeks, excited the gravest apprehensions that the authorities were about to stop, or seriously to limit, the preaching of the Gospel in the streets and squares. This method of propagating the Gospel has been carried on, without objection or interruption from the Government, from the commencement of missionary labour in India, and for some time past an earnest effort has been made, not only to reach, by this means, the poorer masses of the population, but more especially the large class of natives who are able to understand and to speak English. The scenes of this ministry were chiefly Wellington Square in the south, and Beadon Square in the north, of the city, and crowded audiences were obtained. The success of these services appears to have at length roused the advocates of Hindooism and Mohammedanism to reply, and around their preachers equally large numbers gathered. There was, however, no disturbance, nor the apprehension of it; no breach of the peace occurred; there was excitement, but the crowds were orderly. These squares of Calcutta are, of course, public property, and, for public purposes, are vested in the Municipality. The majority of the Commissioners are elected by the ratepayers. The Chairman, who is appointed by Government, is also head of the Calcutta Police. Soon after the entrance of the present head of the Police on his office, an order was issued forbidding any "meeting for religious preaching" in these squares without permission in writing first sought and obtained. It is unnecessary to enter into detail of the incidents that rapidly followed. The missionaries of Calcutta, in a body, declined to observe the police order, on the authority of which the Rev. W. Macdonald, of the Free Church Mission, the Rev. W. R. James, of the Baptist Mission, and others were stopped while engaged in exercising the right so long and so harmlessly enjoyed.

At length summonses were taken out against the Revs. W. S. Macdonald, G. Kerry, and A. J. Bamford, minister of Union Chapel, who broke the order in Beadon Square, and against the Rev. W. R. James and Mr. E. Johnson, who broke it in Wellington Square. The case being regarded as one of great importance, a full bench of magis-

trates, two of them native gentlemen and two Europeans, assembled to hear it. The arguments were long and learned, and, after great deliberation, the four magistrates, in carefully prepared judgments, declared the Police Commissioner to have acted *ultra vires*. Thus, by the courage, faith, and self-denial of the arrested missionaries, the right of open-air preaching in the streets and squares of Calcutta has been completely established, subject only to two or three simple regulations for the preservation of order. The decision came none too soon, for in other parts of India attempts were being made to put down the public proclamation of the Gospel.

In Allahabad the mob, encouraged by the presumed illegality of the course long pursued by the missionaries in the streets, proceeded to violence, believing that the Calcutta police order would protect them. A prosecution of the offenders was undertaken, and speedy punishment has secured to the missionaries an unmolested use of their legal rights for the future.

LITERARY LABOURS.

The Committee are happy to state that the lithographic press established by the Rev. Thomas Evans at Monghir has been most usefully employed in printing a variety of tracts and portions of Scripture in the written character peculiar to the people of Tirhoot. This form of Kaithi is read by some millions of people, both in Behar and Tirhoot. Seventeen tracts have already left the press, numbering 42,000 copies. The four gospels published are accompanied with useful explanatory notes. The Rev. J. D. Bate, now supported by the funds of the Bible Translation Society, has revised the Gospel of John for the North-west Bible Society. In this he has followed the Greek text of the Westminster Revision. "My work," he adds, "on the Old Testament is going on, but it obviously would be most unwise to print any of it till the whole of the Westminster Revision is in my possession. That point attained, the instalments of my Old Testament work will follow gradually on as our Good Master may see fit to help me." Mr. Bate is also engaged in the preparation of a series of works on the Mohammedan controversy, styled "Studies in Islam." It will probably extend to

twelve treatises, and they promise to be of great utility to missionaries and others who are brought into immediate contact with this class of religionists.

The Rev. W. Etherington has been engaged in the preparation of notes on the New Testament in Hindi based on Dr. Wenger's annotations on the same book in Bengali, and S. Pir Buksh has written several small works and tracts on various subjects for the Calcutta Tract and Book Society. He also has in preparation a translation, in Bengali, of a volume of twenty-six sermons on Christian Life and Practice written by our esteemed brother the Rev. George Rouse.

These varied activities have the one end in view, that of giving to India the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ, of overthrowing its vile idolatries, and of planting in their place the Kingdom of our Lord. They form a part of that great movement which all testimony assures us is preparing the way of the Lord, and is already bearing in ever-increasing proportions abundant fruit in the salvation of men.

VISIT OF MR. BAYNES.

During the last six months of the year, Mr. Baynes, the General Secretary, has been engaged in visiting the stations of the Society in India and Ceylon. This arduous task was undertaken at the unanimous request of the Committee, and, they are happy to say, has been completed in the manner and within the time originally contemplated. The Committee have yet to receive from their esteemed colleague the report of this highly important visit; but they gladly record their sense of the Christian spirit which induced Mr. Baynes to accede to their wish, and their warm thanks for the devotedness, zeal, and success with which he has carried out the instructions he received. The Committee most cordially and gratefully acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Baynes' reception by their missionary brethren, and express their thankfulness for the facilities given to Mr. Baynes in the accomplishment of the onerous duties he had undertaken. They cannot doubt that the gracious hand of God, which attended his steps both in going and returning, will also be seen in the results secured, and that the Society and its missionaries will reap large

benefit from the experience and the knowledge thus gained by their beloved friend, in his future relations with them. They welcome his return to the post he has already filled with such ability and zeal, and pray that the blessing of God may visibly appear upon his labours for years to come, as they thankfully recognise to have been bestowed in the past.

SERVICES OF THE HONORARY SECRETARY.

During the absence of Mr. Baynes, the burden of the work of the Mission has rested upon the Honorary Secretary, Dr. Underhill, who most generously and willingly acceded to the earnest request of the Committee that he would undertake the active duties of the Secretariat until the return of Mr. Baynes.

At the last Quarterly Meeting of the Committee, on the motion of the Treasurer the following resolution was unanimously adopted, expressive of their grateful appreciation of Dr. Underhill's valuable services :—

RESOLVED—

“That the Committee desire to offer their best thanks to the Honorary Secretary, Dr. Underhill, for the generous services he has rendered to the Society during the absence of Mr. Baynes.

“In acknowledging the value of his long and intimate acquaintance with its various operations, of which they have been permitted to avail themselves, they would also gratefully recognise the unvarying attention which he has given to the duties involved in the daily administration of its affairs, and the highly satisfactory manner in which, under his auspices, the business of the Mission has been conducted.

“The Committee would render devout thanksgiving to God that the health of their esteemed colleague has not suffered through the work so readily undertaken by him, and for the successful discharge of which he has laid the Society under fresh and lasting obligations.”

CEYLON.

Just as the year was closing, the pastor of the Grand Pass church, Mr. James Silva, was called to his heavenly rest. In his youth he attended the ministry of our first missionary, Mr. Chater, and was

converted and baptized at Matale in 1836, when about eighteen years of age. He then studied for the ministry under Mr. Harris in Kandy, and, after various labours, settled as pastor of Grand Pass church in 1859. After six years of successful labour, the church assumed the position of independence which it has maintained up to the present time. Here Mr. Silva's career was one of eminent devotedness and usefulness. His example was ever stimulative of earnestness in Christ's cause, and many were the souls that, under his ministry, were brought to the Saviour's feet, and who will be "his joy and crown in the day of the Lord." The churches of Ceylon can ill spare his bright and noble example; but Christ is the Living One, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. The Grand Pass church at present numbers ninety-five members.

The departure from the island of the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, on the termination of the service agreed upon, has also inflicted a severe loss on the independent church meeting in the Pettah and Cinnamon Gardens. At present the vacancy is supplied partly by the missionaries, but chiefly by two gentlemen who, though not formally connected with us as missionaries, kindly render very acceptable service to the church and congregation. There are several candidates and inquirers, and various indications of real blessing on the preaching of the Gospel.

But while these removals, in some measure, are causes of regret and pain, the Master is pleased to raise up younger men to take the vacant posts. At Hanwella, Mr. Henry de Silva, a son-in-law of Mr. James Silva, has received his first charge. Though in early life carefully trained as a Buddhist, his inquiries led him to Christ, and, after some instruction under the Rev. F. Waldoek, he gave himself to the ministry of the Word. By Bible readings, he is seeking to cultivate the faith and the knowledge of the members of his church, and thus to lay the foundation of a strong and healthy community.

It is not without opposition that many are led to consecrate their lives to Christ. At Byamville, there are no less than five Buddhist priests resident within a mile of the chapel, and Roman Catholics add their hostility to that of the heathen leaders to the spread of Divine truth. One convert from the Roman Catholics has been able

to resist both the persuasions and the persecutions of her relatives, assuring them that, if she could only show them the joy she now has in the Saviour, they would not think the step she has taken a wrong one. At Kottagahawatte, Mattakooly, Makewitte, and other stations, much blessing has been experienced and progress secured, while at the large station of Gonawelle, evangelistic work has been carried on on a more extensive scale than usual. Of the six persons added to this church of 113 members, one of them is a grand-daughter of the good old deacon, who was the first convert in the village. Her father, Don Elias Mohandiram, in order to express his gratitude for so great a blessing and to supply a want urgently felt by the church, has had an excellent baptistery constructed in the chapel, at the cost of 120 rupees. Thus, although in many places the people are extremely wedded to their superstitions, a real, though very slow, progress is perceptible. The Word of the Lord continues to grow, and the churches, being at peace, are multiplied. The plan of itinerating by two and two has been diligently pursued, and thereby the Gospel carried to hundreds of villages in various districts. The brethren, on the whole, have been encouraged to fresh and wider work. The 38 day-schools in the Colombo district have 1,512 boys and 453 girls—a total of 1,965 scholars. The Sunday-schools, with 52 teachers, contain 571 children.

In Kandy, Mr. Lapham has entered with zeal and energy on the work so recently surrendered to his hands by the Rev. Charles Carter, whose health has constrained his retirement from the field he had so laboriously and successfully occupied. His loss to the people of Ceylon is much mitigated by the benefit which his version of the Scriptures in Singhalese has bestowed upon them. A new and revised edition of the New Testament was his last work before leaving the island, and was a fitting conclusion to his twenty-eight years of toil. In his new home in New Zealand he will continue to employ his great knowledge of the native language of Ceylon for the advantage of its people.

Under the general supervision of Mr. Lapham the work at the various stations has been steadily pursued, and in some of them souls have been brought to the knowledge of the truth. At Kaduganawa a neat little chapel has been erected, and it was opened in May last

year by the Revs. C. Carter and F. Waldoek. It stands boldly out to the view of travellers by the railway which ascends the famous Kaduganawa Pass, testifying to the district the presence of Christian truth. Neighbouring residents have shown their appreciation of the Christian service thus supplied, by gifts of benches for furnishing the chapel comfortably. Of the specially notable events of the year, Mr. Lapham particularly mentions the disestablishment of the English Church in Ceylon, which, though it does not take full effect for five years, will no doubt greatly affect the social status and estimation of the Nonconformist bodies existing in the island. Its importance is in some measure enhanced by the fact that the authorities of the Church of England in Ceylon teach and maintain, in the most undisguised manner, the dogma of sacramental grace and the priestly authority and sacrificial character of the ministry which the State has hitherto maintained.

The district of Saburagama, in which the Rev. R. Pigott is stationed, is the stronghold of Buddhism in Ceylon. Many of the villages visited by the missionaries lie at the foot of Adam's Peak, on the summit of which mountain is the so-called "foot-print" of Buddha. Thousands of pilgrims visit it annually for worship, and even Mohammedans often pay their homage at the shrine, under the idea that it is the print of Mohammed's foot. The district is very populous. The head-quarters of the Mission are at Ratnapura (the City of Rubies), fifty-six miles from Colombo. Commenced only within the last two or three years, the work is necessarily of a pioneer character. Sunday services have been established, which are steadily increasing in the number of attendants. Sunday and day schools are in operation. The hospital is regularly visited, and the people assemble in large numbers in the open air to hear the Gospel preached. Stations have been organised at Balangoda, an important town among the hills, and at Hunageywatti, where the native evangelist Markus resides.

Mr. Pigott reports the following singular incident:—

"In August last, Colonel Olcott, an American, President of the Theological Society, visited Ratnapura. This gentleman professed to be a Buddhist, and as his visit was likely to act as a hindrance to our work here, and as we, in common with some influential Buddhists of Ratnapura, had

our doubts of the nature of the Colonel's Buddhism, it was arranged that a few Christians should meet him and question him as to his knowledge of that religion. The result of this interview was that the Great Pundit was constrained to retire into the position of a learner, and, in reply to questions on the deep things of Buddhism, was obliged to refer us to the learned priests for the information required. Now we find that his visit has done us and our work more good than harm."

The incident well illustrates the numerous currents of thought and the strange outgrowths of opinion which these modern days present, and amid which the Church of Christ has patiently to pursue her noble task of bearing witness to the existence and the nature of that Glorious One who came forth from the Father to be the Saviour, the Teacher, and the Light of men.

C H I N A.

To this vast empire the Committee regret that, in answer to the powerful appeal of their three missionary brethren, they have been able to send only two additional men, Mr. Whitewright and Mr. Sowerby. How few are these to bring to the teeming population of China the knowledge of eternal life through the Son of God! Whether deluded and wicked, or searching for a remedy that may stem the tide of evil flowing around them, the Chinese people know no God, and are without hope in prospect of the world to come. Yet, so far as the attempt has been made, there is everything to attract and to encourage the earnest disciple of Christ. The evangelists report "that the enmity of the people to Christianity is diminishing generally at a fair and rapid rate." Here and there some one is found to give in his adhesion to the Truth. Up and down the fifty-one counties traversed by them are families and schools where the messengers of Christ are received with a gladness and willingness that their message always commands from responsive hearts. Here is an illustration furnished by the Rev. A. G. Jones:—

"In the county of Poh-chau, which is very hilly and barren, the evangelists had hitherto met with but an indifferent reception, sometimes being refused lodging in winter time, though with a climate almost like that of Russia. This last journey, however, they had hardly entered the country

when they were met at several points with a friendly recognition, and in some such terms as these: 'Oh! several who attended the last competitive examinations in the Prefectoral city had these books presented to them, and they thought very well of them. Have you any more? So-and-so, you run for a chair and make these teachers sit down and tell us more of this;' and so detained them for half-a-day."

This eagerness for books that will give new light on the great mysteries of life and death, has prompted our missionaries, in combination with others, to arrange for a wide and systematic diffusion of works which tell the glad tidings of salvation. Tracts prepared on wooden blocks have been distributed by Mr. Richard and his coadjutors in fifty-five counties, chiefly in the centre and northern part of the province of Shansi. Considerable time has also been devoted by him and his wife to the translation and original composition of books suitable for the *literati*, and for especial distribution among the vast gatherings which annually take place at the public examinations. Prizes, too, have been offered for the best essays on religious subjects. One of the writers became an inquirer at Pang-yang-fu, near which place he lived, and is now very promising as a future messenger of the Gospel among his countrymen. Three men were baptized with him, and others are seeking after the way of life. It is both a gratifying and hopeful circumstance that these books are freely purchased by those who teach and lead the millions. Some £32 were thus received last year, an earnest that soon the *literati* and those connected with them may be expected to contribute all that is necessary, and still consider themselves the missionary's debtors. "And if they did not, still would it be our duty," adds Mr. Richard, "to seize every opportunity which God opens to us."

But while this pioneering work is proceeding in Shansi, in the district of Shantung, where the Society's labourers have been long established, much fruit continues to be gathered into the garner of the Lord. "The night of almost hopeless waiting is as past," testifies Mr. Jones. "You may see the beginnings of this Gentile nation coming to the brightness of His rising—coming, not in spite of what they fear, but because of what they are convinced of. Yes, it is no dream. Wise men will again come to do Him reverence, but this time to ask, 'Where is He that is born King of Mankind?'"

J A P A N.

Of the progress of the Mission in Japan the Committee have but little to report. In June last the Rev. H. J. White was called to suffer the greatest loss he could sustain, the decease of his beloved wife. The blow was unexpected and severe. Three little ones were left to his charge, and for some months he was incapable of pursuing his usual evangelistic labours. By the generous offer of a friend to take charge of his bereft children he was, however, able to continue at his post, and at length to find consolation in the gracious effect produced on many by the peaceful departure of Mrs. White. Several of the members of the church were present at her death-bed, and witnessed with spiritual blessing her calm and happy end. Since her decease Mr. White reports that he has baptized two persons, and that there are several inquirers. The Committee would rejoice to send some one to Mr. White's assistance. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

WESTERN MISSIONS.

WEST AFRICA.—CAMEROONS AND VICTORIA.

With regard to the staff of the Mission, the year just closed has been more than usual one of trial and disappointment. At the close of 1880 Mr. and Mrs. Lyall were compelled to seek restoration of health in England. Returning in July, 1881, with bright anticipations of a time of successful labour, scarcely ten weeks passed before Mr. Lyall was stricken with the fatal fever of the climate, and removed to the rest of the blessed. His short career was one full of promise, so that the loss has been felt as peculiarly severe. But doubtless the Lord of the Harvest will speedily enable the Committee to fill a post which, if perilous, is yet one of honour and reward. Miss Saker also was driven home by a dangerous illness, and at the close of the year Mr. Richardson, of Bakundu, scarcely escaping with life, was compelled to seek surgical assistance in England. Mr. Thomson may also find it necessary during the next few months to take a temporary change in his native land.

Yet, notwithstanding these trials, the condition of the Mission is full of encouragement and promise. The pressure on Mr. Thomson and Mr. Fuller has been heavy, calling for the utmost courage and endurance; but they have been upheld and cheered by the manifest blessing of God upon their toil. Extension, and journeys of exploration, have necessarily been held in abeyance; but the daily work of the Mission in teaching and preaching has been steadily maintained.

The schools at Victoria are most prosperous. There are 120 children—boys, girls, and infants—in regular attendance; in fact, all the children in the settlement. Miss Comber reports of the eighty-two girls and infants that form her charge, that they are evidently improving. At first she found teaching brought on fever, but now she has become acclimatised it seldom troubles her. Some of the children show great quickness, and the teaching of the year has, on the whole, been successful. "I hope," she adds, "that a few have given their hearts to Jesus, and several others are inquiring the way to Zion."

Mr. Dixon gives an equally favourable report of the boys. They have afforded him encouragement and satisfaction both as regards conduct and attainments. Instruction in the Scriptures forms the first part of the day's duties, while the order and discipline of the school have been good. In the absence of Mr. Thomson from the station, Mr. Dixon has also done good service in conducting worship on the Lord's-day. Writing soon after his arrival, Mr. Dixon says: "I have had the privilege to give three addresses to large congregations in the nice chapel we have here, holding about 300. I do not think this number were present, but the place seemed comfortably full. They are most attentive, and listen to the Gospel with joy and gladness. The Bible work is certainly successful among this people, and nothing could exceed the interest shown by the Sunday class of young men." It may here be mentioned that English is the tongue spoken and learnt in the colony of Victoria.

At Bethel, on the Cameroons River, the central station, and the scene for so many years of the indefatigable and self-denying labours of Mr. Saker, the attendance at the services and the increase to the church have been pre-eminent throughout the year.

"The chapel," says Mr. Thomson, "is always full on the Sunday after-

noon, and much better filled in the morning than it was in the early part of the year. Twenty-three persons have been baptized and added to the church. But the most pleasing feature is the out-station work, carried on by the young men of the church voluntarily. One Sunday afternoon, quite unexpected by the young men, I absented myself from the chapel, and went round the different branch meetings held at the very time when the chapel itself was filled. First at the Slave Town I found two young men gathering a number of people together to a meeting under a large palaver tree. Leaving them, and proceeding to a division of the A'Kwa family a little higher up the river, we came to a native house crowded out with people, and sitting on their little stools all round the house outside, and a young man preaching so distinctly inside that we could hear him clearly where we stood at the outskirts of the crowd. Thence I went farther up the river, and at the house of a young man who was formerly with me I discovered a crowded meeting, larger in number than any of the others. Here I found two other young men, one of whom was preaching. Thus there were four congregations at the same time in connection with the Bethel station, and also two meetings at Bell Town, all conducted by young men from A'Kwa Town. To my mind, all this is simply the fulfilment of the promise of God's word. It is the harvest which must naturally come after sowing, tilling, and watering. Many have prayed for these things, and have spent their strength in the effort to influence the hearts of these people. Some are in heaven, more on earth. Shall we not all rejoice together that *His* word is true, that He is faithful that promised, and that His word has not returned to Him void? So let us not be weary in well-doing, for *in due season* we shall reap IF WE FAINT NOT."

The following incident, narrated by Mr. Fuller, is of the most striking value as showing the influence of the Gospel on all classes of the natives of A'Kwa and Bell Towns:—

"We have had recently," he says, "fresh tokens of the good that is being done by the preaching of the Gospel. The Cameroons people are going up to Bedman to war. This tribe has so long kept the river close that the Wuri people have appealed to the people here to come and help them. But, before leaving, they crowded the chapel morning and evening to ask guidance, wishing us to pray for them—a thing I had never seen before in Cameroons. We had to open the chapel to receive the congregation that came, our other place being too small. So, instead of making their Juju as formerly, they came to ask God's favour and support."

It is also worthy of record that King A'Kwa is himself a regular attendant at the house of God, and, seated at the side of the missionary, testifies by his example the interest which he both feels and expresses in the saving truths to which he listens.

Of his own station, Mortonville, Mr. Fuller reports that at Christ—

mas he baptized eight persons, three from his sub-station Dibombari and one from Jubari. In all, eleven persons have been added to the church, which now numbers sixty-one members. Of the converts at Dibombari one is the chief of the place. Since the death of Mr. Lyall, Mr. Fuller has taken charge of Bethel; and, in addition to the services there, he visits Bell Town on the morning of every Lord's-day. At Bakundu, the labours of Mr. Richardson are gradually bearing fruit, and it is a source of great distress to him that at this juncture he has been driven from his post. He hopes yet to gather the harvest of the seed he has diligently for the last two years sown.

Miss Saker, the Committee are happy to report, is now on her way to the Cameroons, her health being thoroughly re-established. Advantage has been taken of her stay in England to carry through the press a school primer and class-book in Dualla, and also a new edition of the Dualla New Testament. Both these works were originally prepared and translated by her father. The edition of the New Testament has been printed with funds supplied by the Bible Translation Society, and consists of 2,000 copies, in a neat, compact, and most convenient form for use in the home, the chapel, and the school.

THE CONGO MISSION.

In the last Report, the Committee announced that our missionary brethren on the Congo were about to make another attempt to reach Stanley Pool. Messrs. Comber and Hartland were to endeavour to reach that goal by the Makuta road; Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley by the north bank of the river from Mr. Stanley's station at Vivi. The two parties started on their task from San Salvador on the 8th February. The Makuta party were soon hindered by the old difficulty as to carriers. Their bearers deserted them, and they had once more to return, vexed and disappointed, to San Salvador. With a view to render assistance to the river party, they left San Salvador again after a few days' rest, and happily met Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley on their return, who had successfully accomplished the object of their journey. Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley left Vivi on the 17th February, and began their march on the north side of the river.

Mr. Crudgington thus condenses the story of the difficult journey which, with evident protection from on high, they had accomplished :—

“Of course we had the usual difficulties with two or three of our carriers, as they were Congo men—difficulties of road and fear of people ahead of us; but our Kroo boys outnumbered the Congo men, and it is sufficient to say that, in twenty-one days' walking from leaving Vivi, we found ourselves crossing from the district called Mfwa, near Mankoneh's town on the north side, to Ntamo on the south side. The return journey we did in fifteen days, part by the river itself in canoes, the greater part by land. We really took the river just below the Itunzima falls. On coming down the river we found Mr. Stanley with his camp, and he most kindly placed a tent at our disposal, and offered to run us down the river the next morning in his steam launch to the Isangila Falls. I cannot speak in too high terms of Mr. Stanley's kindness to us.”

The reception of the two brethren by some of the tribes about Stanley Pool was by no means encouraging. The chief on the north side they found kind and ready to help them. He was willing to ferry them across the Pool, but, on landing at Ntamo, they were met by a crowd of hostile natives, armed with spears and knives. It was soon discovered that this unexpected and threatening reception was owing to the fact, rumours of which had already come to their ears, that a M. de Brazza, professing to be a representative of the French Government, had “annexed” to France several of the towns about Stanley Pool and the Ogowé River. A sergeant and a marine (both black men) had been left to represent the claims thus set up against all comers, and to protect the French flag that had been unfurled in the town. As the Missionaries could not assure the people that they were French, they were regarded as enemies, and for some time there was cause to fear that their lives would be sacrificed to the hostility that M. de Brazza had instilled into the minds of the people. With much difficulty they escaped to the north side, leaving behind a lad, who had run away, and who, some weeks afterwards, rejoined them lower down the river.

“I cannot tell you,” concludes Mr. Crudgington, “how grateful we are to our heavenly Father for the health which has been given us on this journey, for the help and guidance on the road, and for the safe journey back. True, it was only a small journey, but we have often felt how much we needed Divine guidance and a full realisation of our Saviour's command to help us to go forward. We knew we had the prayers

of our friends in England, and we still ask that those friends will offer up grateful thanks for the help which has been given us."

The Committee need not encumber this Report with any further details of the journey so successfully accomplished. The journals of the two brethren have been published in the HERALD in full, with a good map illustrative of the path by which they reached Stanley Pool. The journey made it abundantly clear that, at least for the present, the best and most direct route thither is by the north bank and the river itself, and it was at once resolved by the Committee to send out a steel boat in sections for use on such parts of the river as were free from rapids and cataracts. This was speedily accomplished, and the *Plymouth* is now fulfilling, through the generous gift of a friend in Plymouth, her functions on the river.

The arrival of Mr. Crudgington in England in the month of June enabled the Committee to proceed under the most favourable circumstances to the consideration of the steps that should now be taken to advance the great object for which the Congo Mission was established—viz., the carrying of the glad tidings into the heart of the "Dark Continent" itself. He was able, personally, to inform the Committee on every point of importance, and to give expression to the unanimous and well-considered views of all the missionary brethren.

It was very soon apparent that no alternative existed but to "go forward." After much prayerful and prolonged deliberation, the Committee unanimously resolved to proceed, in all devotion and humility, on the great enterprise that they believe the Head of the Church has summoned the Society to undertake. In the following series of resolutions, they laid down the lines on which it was deemed wise to act:—

"A.—That the work at the station of San Salvador (or Congo) should be maintained, and, if possible, two European missionaries be settled there; the Congo district being very thickly populated, and the people very friendly to the missionaries.

"B.—That the route of the missionaries to Stanley Pool be by the north bank of the Congo River.

"C.—That intermediate mission stations be established at *Isangila* and *Mbu*, on the north bank of the Congo River, with a base station on the north-west bank of Stanley Pool at *Ibiu*. Two European missionaries to be stationed at *Isangila*; two at *Mbu*; and four at *Stanley Pool*—two for mission work at the Pool, and two for interior work in the steam-launch.

“D.—That, with a view to wise and careful consideration of the important question of the construction of a suitable steam-launch for the navigation of the waters of the Upper Congo, beyond Stanley Pool, towards the interior, in accordance with the original plan of Mr. Arthington, the urgent appeal of the Congo brethren be complied with, and Mr. Grenfell be requested to visit England, for a short season, to advise with the Committee on this important subject; and, should his drawings and specifications be sanctioned by the Committee, Mr. Grenfell to practically superintend the building of such steam-launch, with a view to his becoming thoroughly acquainted with its construction and management.

“E.—That, in order to carry out the foregoing recommendations, the appointment of five additional missionaries be sanctioned, making, with Mr. Herbert Dixon, already accepted by the Committee for work in Africa, an increase to the staff of the Congo Mission of SIX BRETHREN.”

It now remains to state the progress that has been made in carrying out these resolutions. The foundations of the two stations at Isangila and Mbu, or Manyanga, have been laid, and the brethren are only waiting the arrival of the reinforcements promised to proceed immediately to Stanley Pool. In September Mr. Crudgington, in company with Mr. Dixon, sailed for the Congo, where they have safely arrived, and subsequently the Committee have tidings of the arrival of Mr. Weeks, who quickly followed. A third brother, Mr. H. Butcher, sailed a few weeks ago for the same destination. The Committee have also accepted the services of Mr. H. Moolinaar, so that only two are wanting to make up the number proposed. These they trust the Lord will “thrust forth” in due time, so that before the end of the year they hope the entire band of ten brethren will be in the field. They have gratefully to record that the health of the missionaries, with a few exceptions, has been well sustained, so that no other breach than that occasioned by the lamented decease of Mrs. Comber has been made in their number.

At the request of the Committee, Mr. Grenfell has come to England to superintend and watch the progress of the steamboat for the use of the Mission on the upper waters of the Congo. A very favourable contract for the building of it has been entered into with Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., of Chiswick, and the Committee have reason to hope that in the month of August or September she will be ready for transport to Africa. She will cost, with the additional gear, duplicates of important parts, and her stores, about £2,000;

and the Committee have gratefully to mention that Mr. Arthington has again generously aided them by a second donation of £1,000 to meet the entire cost. Once launched on the river above Stanley Pool, there is a clear watercourse of 1,200 miles into the interior.. May she speedily carry to the perishing millions that Word which is light and life!

Although the presence of Roman Catholic priests in San Salvador is found to be a disturbing and hostile force, the king continues to show a preference for the ministrations of our brethren, and frequently attends their services. The children of some important chiefs have been placed under Mr. Hartland's care, while the people exhibit a decided distaste for the services of Rome, which are unintelligible to them. Mr. Dixon has for the present joined Mr. Hartland, who will, later on, when Mr. Dixon has acquired sufficient knowledge of Portuguese, join his brethren in the forward movement on Stanley Pool. Referring to his health and to some difficulties which had clouded the later weeks of the year, Mr. Dixon says: "On the following Sunday we had really good attendance at service, although the king did not come out, on account of the death of one of his wives. And so, now, after very dark days, our New Year has opened fairly brightly, and we are indeed thankful to God for having overruled everything for good."

In adopting the important measures described above, the Committee are happy to read, in the warm encouragement they have received both from individuals and churches, the approval of Him "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy." They note with gratitude to God the liberal and often munificent response that has been given to their appeal, and they cannot doubt that an enterprise begun in prayer and carried on in simple dependence on Divine grace and mercy will continue to enjoy the hearty support and the devout interest of all the members of the Society. May the Sun of Righteousness speedily dispel the mists of ignorance, superstition, and sin that for so many ages have brooded over the immense regions of the continent whose people we desire to reach with the joy of Christ's salvation!

WEST INDIES.—BAHAMAS ISLANDS.

The numerous small churches on the coral islands of the great Bahama Bank are at all times difficult to visit, and of late years the increasing poverty of the people renders it difficult to supply them with an efficient ministry. The salt trade, once a source of wealth, was almost destroyed during the American War, and the cultivation of pine-apples and oranges for the American and English markets is always precarious in its result. Fishing for sponges affords to some of the people a poor living. The entire population probably numbers 50,000 or 60,000 persons, a very large proportion of whom are under the care of the Baptist Mission. None of the islands are without the means of grace; small chapels exist in almost every settlement, and day-schools are carried on for the most part by Government grants. Each island has its native pastor, who is supported in a very inadequate manner by the churches; and, in the judgment of Mr. Wilshere, the resulting condition is such as to render necessary an entire change in the method of conducting the affairs of the Mission. He has submitted some important suggestions to the Committee, which are under consideration; but it is difficult to adopt any course which will not involve an increase in the demands on the Mission funds.

The Northern District, under the supervision of the Rev. D. Wilshere, embraces at least nineteen islands, with a membership of 3,032 individuals; some thirteen native brethren exercise their ministry among them, aided by an occasional visit from the missionary. A few extracts from his report will give a general idea of the nature of his work and of the condition of the churches.

“I have just returned from Long Island, where, I am sorry to say, the tempestuous weather only allowed me to visit the south side and see the members under the care of Mr. Knowles. We stayed at Exuma, and on this island my disappointment was more than atoned for by the great increase in earnestness shown by the members. I baptized at all the stations and gave the Lord's Supper, as well as preaching and other meetings, admitting again to church fellowship some who had withdrawn to other churches, so that a real advance seems to have been made since my last visit.”

“On my visit to the churches in Eleuthera I was gratified with the

better order and discipline in the churches. I held services, baptized, and administered the Lord's Supper."

"At San Salvador the continued illness of the native pastor has had a lamentable effect on the churches. So far as possible I paid visits and gave the ordinances, but the dissatisfaction is great. The friends at Free Town are getting on well with their new building. At Bennett's Harbour nine were baptized."

"At Rum Cay and Watling's, the churches are now practically without oversight. I strove on my visit to encourage a spirit of mutual helpfulness; but the utter failure of the salt trade and grinding poverty render the members powerless in many respects."

"At Inagua there is great need of the settlement of a trained pastor, and with an earnest man much good might be done, especially among the young. The great and continued depression in the salt trade, and the unhappy truck system prevailing here, render it very difficult to find money for religious purposes; but the presence of an earnest worker would have a great effect upon the *morale* of the church and people."

In concluding, Mr. Wilshere says:—

"During the year the *A. H. Baynes* has voyaged in straight course 2,160 miles; we have encountered three severe gales, but, although other vessels larger than ours have been seriously damaged, the yacht has been preserved and the lives of the missionary and the crew mercifully spared. I am aware that interest in this field must give way before the romance of undiscovered lands; but that does not render our necessities less urgent, or the difficulty and danger less real."

The Rev. J. H. Pusey, a student of the Calabar Institution, Jamaica, has charge of the Southern district, comprising the churches existing in the Turks Islands and the Caicos. He informs the Committee that the churches have been in a spiritually growing condition during the year. The depressed state of trade has, however, limited their pecuniary resources, but at Grand Turk the old chapel is under repair, as is also the chapel at Salt Cay. In all the islands there have been accessions to the churches by baptism, about thirty-eight persons having put on Christ. In one of the dangerous squalls so frequent among these islands, the missionary and eight other persons with him were thrown into the sea by the foundering of their boat. One person only, a woman, lost her life, the rest happily escaping through the speedy help rendered them by the crew of a schooner near at hand, and by friends who put off from the shore. A special service of thanksgiving was held in the evening of their escape.

In the city of Puerto Plata, in San Domingo, where the Rev. R. E.

Gatmon resides, the work of grace is slowly advancing. The realisation of the hope of seeing a prosperous and vigorous Mission established in this republic often seems far distant, trying the faith, patience, and perseverance of Christ's servants. They are nevertheless not left without some tokens of blessing. On the evening of Christmas-day seven candidates, three of them young men of much promise, were baptized. There is also a gratifying increase in the numbers attending the Sabbath-school; and the well-attended Bible-class is a very encouraging feature of the missionary's labours. Owing to the want of roads and the consequent difficulty of travelling, the country stations do not receive so much attention as the missionary deems necessary; but the churches gathered there have a few inquirers seeking the way of peace. At Munoz has died the old leader, John Jones, at the patriarchal age of 105, after many years of active service for the Master in the midst of a very superstitious people.

TRINIDAD.

The Mission in this important island continues to wear an encouraging aspect. In Port of Spain the increase of the congregation has led to the formation of a plan for the enlargement of the chapel, and the new chapel at M'Bean's village was opened for Divine worship in May last. Eighteen persons have been baptized and added to the church, and at the country stations there have been gratifying tokens of the Divine blessing on the ministry of the Word. A brief visit was paid to this country by Mr. Gamble in the course of the year, when arrangements were made for giving him some assistance on account of his advancing years. Shortly after his return, Mr. Alfred Harris, of Bristol College, joined him in Port of Spain.

San Fernando and its dependent stations, notwithstanding the effects of an epidemic, which, from its fatal character, for some weeks produced almost a panic, appears to have enjoyed many tokens of Divine favour. With scarcely an exception, the churches have increased in number. Twelve stations occupy the attention of Mr. Williams, who finds in the nine native pastors a body of efficient

fellow-labourers in the Kingdom of God. These churches now contain nearly five hundred members. Twenty-two have been added during the year. A brief extract from a recent letter received from Mr. Williams will show in how large and interesting a measure the Word of God has had free course and is glorified.

“You will be pleased to hear that the people of Montserrat are busy cutting down trees, squaring and sawing timber for their new chapel. On Monday, the 30th January, I had the great pleasure of baptizing fourteen persons at the Third Company village in the presence of the largest congregation that I have seen on such an occasion. Eight of these were from the Fifth Company, four from the Sixth, and two from the Third Company. On the preceding Sunday we held special meetings at Matilda Boundary; the building was crowded, and many had to remain outside during the services. Great interest was shown in the truths preached, and we are confident that good results will follow.”

Mr. Williams feels that assistance is greatly needed, and he hopes, during his anticipated visit to England this year, to lay his wants successfully before the Committee.

JAMAICA.

The Thirty-second Annual Report of the Jamaica Baptist Union exhibits the baptism of 1,775 persons and 1,166 restored to fellowship, or received by letters from other churches. The losses by death, erasure, and exclusion reach the large number of 2,453, so that the actual increase of membership is only 508. The baptisms, though less than last year, are above the average of the past ten years; but the losses by death have been more numerous than in any year during the same period. The exclusions have been also unusually numerous.

The number of Baptist churches in the island is at present about 120, and the entire membership may be set down at 27,000 persons. A perusal of the reports from the churches seems to show that, of the 111 churches reporting, 28 may be regarded as of a discouraging nature, about 20 are hopeful, and the remainder are of a more mixed character.

During the year, the Committee have had the pleasure of welcoming, for a brief visit to their native land, the Revs. W. Teall, of Annotto

Bay, and T. G. Griffiths, of St. Ann's Bay; but they have been especially gratified by the presence here of the Rev. W. M. Webb, of Stewart Town, some years ago a student in the Calabar Institution. He is the first to visit England of the now large number of students trained in that Institution, and who worthily fill the office of pastors in the churches. As the representative of the native ministry of Jamaica, he has deservedly gained the esteem and affection of all who have had the pleasure of seeing him, whether in the public services of the sanctuary or in the unrestrained intercourse of private life. Such men are the hope of Jamaica, and the Committee cannot but rejoice that the Institution they have so long sustained is sending out a class of men who shall worthily carry on and sustain the great cause of Jamaica's elevation. Such men are more and more necessary, as our European brethren retire from the pastorate through advancing age, or are borne to the realms of the glorified. Of the first, the Committee have to mention the withdrawal from active life of the Rev. J. E. Henderson, of Montego Bay, through growing infirmities; and, of the latter, the decease of the Rev. Thomas Gould and the Rev. Walter Dendy, of Salter's Hill. Mr. Dendy has died at the good old age of seventy-nine, having served the Master, in active work, from the year 1832 till within a year or two of his death. He was the last of the noble band of our missionary brethren who had had experience of the wickedness of slavery, witnessed its overthrow, and suffered persecution for righteousness' sake. His labours were abundant. Thousands of souls received from his lips the knowledge of the Saviour's love; and, both in the church and the world, he exhibited the qualities that should ever adorn the minister of Christ. Having "served his own generation, by the will of God," as a true and faithful soldier of Jesus Christ, "he fell on sleep," endeared to multitudes for his estimable character and holy life.

The Rev. Thomas Gould first went to Jamaica in 1843. Circumstances led to his return to England in 1860; but, in 1879, he again returned to his much-loved work in Jamaica, and took charge of the churches at Clarksonville and Mount Moriah. The years of his missionary life were characterised by much usefulness, and he ever enjoyed the affection and confidence of the people he served.

THE CALABAR INSTITUTION.

From the Thirty-eighth Report of the Institution, the Committee learn that, during the year, the Theological Class has numbered five students, and the Normal School fourteen. The low state of education still existing in the island continues, in a very appreciable degree, to obstruct the progress of the Institution. "It is the earnest desire of the Committee," says the Report, "to obtain in both the Theological and Normal School departments a class of young men who, before their admission to the College, have made higher attainments in preparation for it. And they would earnestly urge this upon the consideration of members and churches." It is, however, gratifying to know that the students have pursued their studies with diligence and success, and that there is every reason to anticipate for them a career of honour and usefulness as ministers of the Gospel of Christ and teachers of the young.

EUROPEAN MISSIONS.

NORWAY.

Soon after his return from the United States, Mr. Hubert removed with his family from Laarvig to Skien, Mr. Bakke, on the invitation of the Baptist Union of Norway, having removed to enter on evangelistic work in various parts of the country. Certain divisions in the church at Skien have been healed, and Mr. Hubert reports some very pleasing additions to its fellowship. The baptism of the daughter of two of his members has brought a certain degree of persecution on Mr. Hubert. She was slightly under the age at which Norwegian law allows freedom of conscience to young persons. For this offence, Mr. Hubert has had his household goods seized, and only the payment of a fine of about £10 has enabled him to obtain their release. Mr. Sjordahl, however, reports a case in which imprisonment has been inflicted for having baptized a girl not yet nineteen years old. Mr. Nilsen, of Vaerdalen, being unwilling to pay

the fine, has been consigned to gaol, being fed only upon bread and water. Mr. Nilsen thus speaks of his incarceration :—

“The long-expected festival is now come ; for on the 25th April I was shut up within the same walls as thieves, robbers, and all sorts of criminals. But I am happy, for the Lord is with me. Though He has not been pleased to move the foundations of the prison, nor to burst its gates open, yet His holy angel has been with me, and filled my poor heart with intense joy. My keeper is a very kind fellow. Twice every day I am allowed to take fresh air, and on these occasions I meet my fellow-prisoners, and I have an opportunity of speaking to them about the Word of God.”

There is reason to hope that, at the approaching Storting, an attempt will be made, with some prospect of success, to alter the intolerant and persecuting laws which interfere so painfully with the progress of the Kingdom of God, and inflict unjust penalties on Christ's servants. It is nevertheless gratifying to the Committee to know that the Word of God is not bound, that the churches are at peace, and daily adding to their number such as are saved.

BRITTANY.

In the present condition of France the work of evangelisation has peculiar interest. There is everywhere enjoyed a freedom for the ministry of the Gospel not known for centuries, and the opposition so often met with from the authorities at the prompting of the priesthood has almost entirely ceased. Everywhere there are the signs of movement, and the evangelist can at all times secure a good, if not large, audience to listen to his exposition of the Word of God. The facilities for colportage have increased, and our missionaries report with surprise and gratitude the purchase of large numbers of copies of tracts and Scriptures. But if official and municipal interference with Protestant efforts has ceased, the opposition of the priests of Rome is not relaxed ; if not so publicly manifested as of old, it is not less subtle and ubiquitous. Specially is this the case where, as in Brittany, the mass of the population is ignorant, superstitious, and illiterate. Fifty per cent. of the male and eighty per cent. of the female population cannot read.

“The day,” says Mr. Lecoat, “is probably not far off when the people of

Lower Brittany will seriously accept the Gospel. In religious matters they are true children. They love the singing of our hymns, are moved to tears on hearing the message of love and grace, and find the preaching good. But if they meet a priest who says to them, 'How can you listen to the Protestants? you are going straight to perdition in doing so,' they immediately reply, 'We have done wrong, and will go no more.' Here and there we meet with some persons whose heart the Lord opens to understand His Word; but the mass of souls needs to be awakened, and this the Spirit alone can do."

But while this is true, it must be remembered that free access to the ears and hearts of the people is a very recent gain, and our brethren are encouraged by the crowded audiences which almost always gather to hear the message of Divine grace. Thus, at the Madeleine, a suburb of Morlaix, Mr. Jenkins always finds a willing auditory, who enter with feeling and obvious devotion into the service of song, and listen gratefully to the Word. In Brest, where the Committee have encouraged Mr. Lecoat to open two halls for Divine service, hundreds, if not thousands, of Bretons gather to hear the glad tidings. But notwithstanding opposition. During an entire fortnight a band of Jesuit priests endeavoured in vain, by daily meetings, to prejudice the truth, and to hinder the attendance of the people. But our brethren know that they are sowing incorruptible seed. The word of the Lord liveth and abideth for ever, and the promise must be fulfilled, that it shall not return unto Him void, but accomplish His purpose of mercy to mankind.

ITALY.—ROME.

The operations of the Mission in Italy are carried on from three distinct centres, Rome, Naples, and Genoa, and in each there are features of special interest. Connected with Rome are the stations at Tivoli, Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, and Florence, at all of which places evangelists are settled and also itinerate in the surrounding districts. In some places, as in Tivoli, the hostility of the priests is bitter, and in a large degree successful in closing the hearts of the people to the truth. At Leghorn the evangelist secures attention and obtains a wide circulation for tracts and Scriptures. Here opposition has assumed another form. Mr. Wall reports:—

"Baratti has been called before the Pretor of Leghorn, and some Catholics

have witnessed that he spoke against the Pope with violence of language not allowed by Italian law. Baratti has a dozen witnesses to the contrary, and, as the population of Leghorn is almost entirely atheistic, I think there is little fear of trouble. As the Papalini are about to take part in political matters we may expect some trouble. In many things we are restricted, not by the people, but by laws of other days, which, although allowed to sleep, are not dead. Persecution, however, would do us good, and bring thousands to the standard of the Gospel."

At Florence the evangelist Borzi writes in an encouraging strain of the numbers of persons who listen to his ministry. A new locale has been obtained, a chapel lately in the occupation of the Waldenses, and the difficulty which has hitherto obstructed Signor Borzi's efforts is thus likely to be removed.

In Rome Mr. Wall has been cheered by the addition of seventeen members to the church. The Sunday-school and Bible-classes prosper, and systematic distribution of tracts in the Campus Martius district carries to numerous homes the knowledge of the Gospel. Mrs. Wall's work in Trastevere among the poor of Rome continues to be of the greatest interest, and not a few poor people rejoice in the kindness and affection which prompt her most laborious and self-denying toil. The following extract may very well illustrate the circumstances amidst which the Gospel has to make its way in Rome. Mr. Wall writes:—

"During the past year the activity of the priests has been constant, silent, almost invisible, but deadly and diabolical. While I am writing I hear that one of our poor members, who has been unable to find work, has been induced to enter a Catholic retreat for three months. Not only was this young man reduced to misery, but so persecuted by his relatives that his life was in danger. His own father showed him a knife which he threatened to plunge into the heart of his son unless he left us. While this state of things drives us to the Master for help it also entails upon the evangelists an amount of labour they would gladly be relieved of."

It is with great regret that the Committee have heard of the decease of Signor Mazzarella. He was successively a Professor in Bologna, a Judge, a member of the Italian Parliament, and a Councillor of the Court of Appeal. This sad event took place almost at the very moment of a visit recently paid to Genoa by Mr. Wall. "He has been my friend for nearly twenty years," says Mr. Wall, "and, what is unusual with Italians, we never had a trouble to interrupt our inter-

course for a day. He left our communion for that of the Free Church while in Rome, but he soon returned to us. His departure is a great loss to the work of Christ in Italy." A public paper, referring to this event, says:—"This noble-minded man, beloved by all classes, after having been the ornament of the Protestant Church in Italy for many years, has just died in the Protestant faith, simply trusting in the merits of the Redeemer."

N A P L E S.

The Committee are happy to report the acquisition of suitable premises in Naples for the conduct of the work. They are situated in the Via Faria, and consist of the first floor of a large structure, having sufficient accommodation for the entire purposes of the Mission, and also for the residence of the missionary and the evangelist. The Committee have further arranged for the concentration of the Mission in Naples and its vicinity. Signor Libonati has therefore removed from Trapani, and is about to commence a new station at Caserta, a city of some 30,000 inhabitants, and about twenty miles from Naples. The church has been saddened by the loss of a young man, one of its most promising members, who died trusting in Christ and testifying his hope through His death. The funeral service was attended by 150 students of the University, of which the deceased had been a member, besides many others, who were addressed by Mr. Landels on the great and blessed hope of the Gospel. In the summer months, during the absence of Mr. Landels in England, the services were regularly and successfully maintained by Signor Nardi-Greco. The "Circolo Luigi Desanctis," which has for its motto "The Gospel and Fatherland," has continued its work of giving Christian instruction and of propagating the Gospel. It is hoped that in the new locale this institution will grow both in numbers and influence. The church continues to bear its testimony to the Truth, so as to win the warm approval of many. The brethren love and help one another, and, although it has lost four brethren, eight others have been added to its fellowship. With their entrance

on the new locale the church and its zealous pastor are full of hope that many, with God's blessing, will leave the errors of Popery, and, forsaking sin, will cast themselves on the mercy of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

G E N O A.

The Rev. R. Walker, during the year, as was arranged last year, entered on the work in Genoa, and assumed the superintendence of the Society's Mission in Northern Italy. The Committee rejoice that Mr. Walker is able to report that the hall in which worship is held in Genoa is crowded at all their public meetings, and that the church has been cheered by the accession of several new members. Some of these had been applicants for fellowship for a long time previous to their being accepted. The church breaks bread every Lord's-day, and the members are taught that for them the observance is the most important meeting in the week. The close of the year finds the number of members increased to thirty-four, not fewer than twenty-one having been added during its course.

At Turin the work has been impeded by some internal difficulties, but the church has received four members by baptism. Two or three others are seeking admission, and there is an earnest desire that the coming year may be more fruitful in conversions to God. Of the out-stations visited by Signor Mattei, Mr. Walker reports :—

“In Orbassano the parish priest continues to rave and rage against the Protestants ; the result is that only one family in the village is willing to receive the evangelist. In Stupinigi there are over a dozen people who read the Gospel regularly. Some invite Signor Mattei to their houses, and others meet him outside. These are all employed by the King on the grounds surrounding the Royal Villa, which is at Stupinigi. The priests are rising in opposition to this mode of evangelising, as they did against the meetings in Orbassano. They are endeavouring to ridicule the Protestants by means of popular dialogues in the church, where they speak of Luther and Calvin, ‘condemned by the Holy Mother Church,’ in a way that is intended to inspire horror in the minds of the peasants and derision in the minds of others. The fact that in this village and in others so many are reading the Scriptures is full of encouragement.”

Thus in this very centre of Papal influence the warfare of Truth

with Unrighteousness is carried on with constant and sure evidence that "the Lord is with us," and progress is being made in rescuing Italy from the Papacy and from the fatal infidelity which marches in its train.

Finances.

It is with the deepest regret that the Committee have to announce that, while the accounts of the Society exhibit several gratifying features, the balance-sheet closes with an addition to the debt of last year of **£2,812 9s. 8d.** As no special effort was made to reduce last year's deficit, the Society is therefore at the present moment in debt to the Treasurer **£6,986 4s. 6d.**—say, in round numbers, SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS. It was stated in the last Report that the extension of the Mission, and the considerable additions in progress to its staff, would require an increase of **£5,000** in the contributions of the churches, and in the month of October the Treasurer called renewed attention to the subject. This appeal was not without effect, and at the end of December it was found there had been an increase in the contributions of about **£2,500.** The Committee had hoped that this rate of increase would continue, but it has not been so, and the amount has slightly retrograded. Still it is an encouraging fact that the contributions for General purposes have exceeded those of last year by **£2,247 17s. 9d.**

Last year the contributions for Special purposes were very large, amounting to **£9,716 19s. 10d.** This year they have reached only **£6,497.** The transfer of **£900** to the General Fund from the Fund for the outfit, passage, and expenses of the new missionaries to India has raised the total income to **£52,366 16s. 7d.,** an increase of **£907 1s. 9d.**

The income of the Widows and Orphans' Fund exhibits an improvement to the extent of **£439**; but this comes mainly from an exceptional receipt, arising out of the decease of the Rev. Dr. Wenger.

If we now turn to the Expenditure, there has been, from causes already indicated, an increase of **£1,728 0s. 11d.**; also an addition of

£320 12s. 5d. to the cost of maintenance of widows and orphans. But the chief increase of the expenditure arises from an excess of £1,648 19s. 8d. spent on the Mission to the Congo over and above the receipts on this special account. While it thus appears that the increase of expenditure on the General account has been more than met by the increased receipts, the deficit is largely due to an excess in the cost of the Mission on the Congo.

But, while the Committee desire to call serious attention to this deficit, they have gratefully to acknowledge that there has been no lack of interest in this great enterprise. Donations and subscriptions have come from every class of society. The dying widow has cast her mite into the treasury, even though it was the wedding ring dear to her as the gift of her departed husband. The servant maid has devoted her earnings to this sacred work. The wealthy have liberally added to the store, while clergymen and friends of other denominations have also cheered on the messengers of the Cross by their donations and words of encouragement. Among the latest of these offerings of faith and prayer is the following from a place in Wales :—

“You will be surprised to learn that Mr. W. C., who contributes five shillings, is a poor man, deprived of both his hands. About eleven years ago, whilst engaged in a stone quarry blasting, the gunpowder took fire unawares to him, which resulted in his being blown down a distance of twenty-three yards. That he escaped with his life was miraculous. The way he is able to contribute this sum of five shillings to the Society is that he keeps a number of hens, and about last Christmas, when eggs were enormously dear, he sold them, and was in a position this year to contribute the said sum.”

Thus, where there is “a full purpose of heart” to honour the Saviour and to promote His cause, the most untoward events cannot quench the fire of a Christian’s love for Christ and for souls. It is obvious that the Society needs the largest consecration and most generous devotion in the vast enterprise we have undertaken. The previous pages of this Report show that the reward is great, and that everywhere we hear the rushing sound of the coming of that great multitude, which no man can number, in response to the summons of the Captain of our Salvation.

The Committee hope that in the year on which we now enter, aided by the pastors and officers of the churches, they may be able

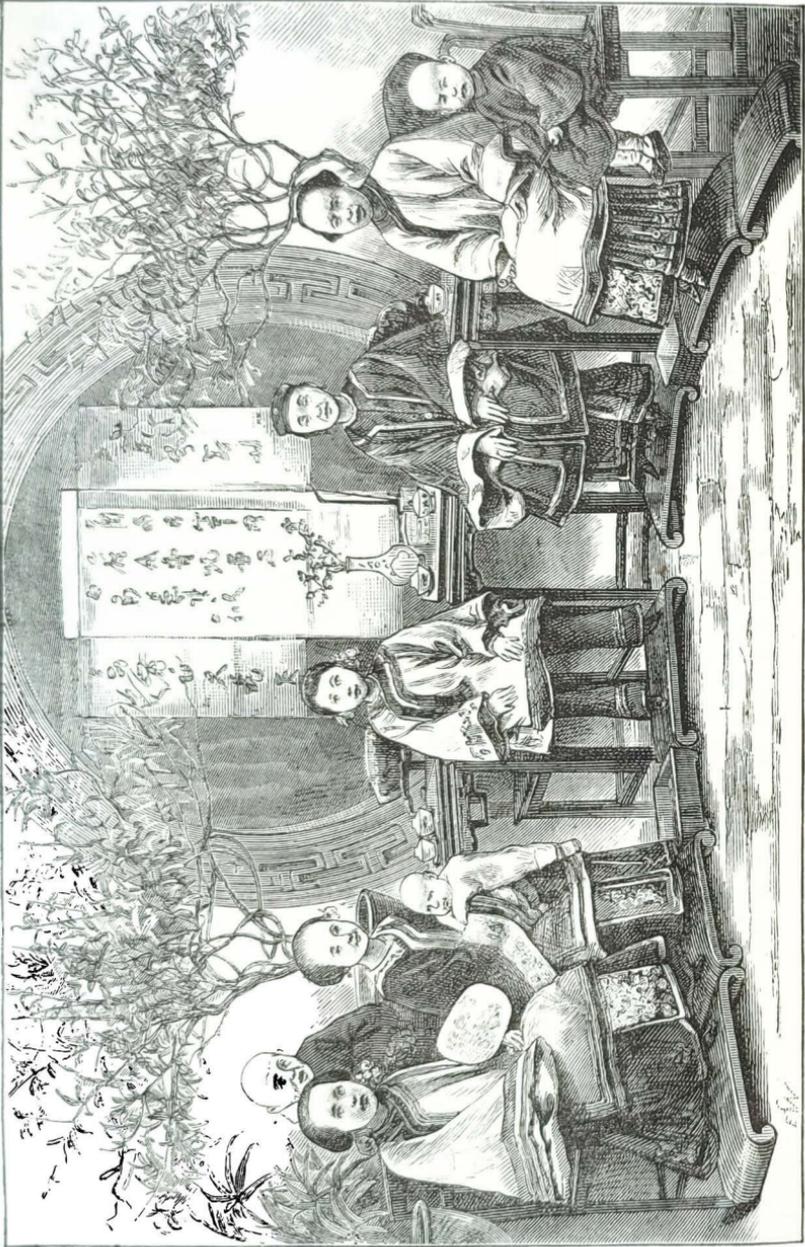
to call forth the great increase of liberality required, and that the cause of the Redeemer will not be suffered to languish. The silver and the gold are the Lord's, and, when He calls upon His stewards to supply the wants of His cause, there should be no delay nor stint. "FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

Conclusion.

The Committee cannot close this Report without a brief and loving reference to the friends and colleagues who have been called to the Master's presence during the year. The names of three honorary members of the Society will cease to appear on the annual list—viz., those of the Right Honourable Lord Justice Lush, George Foster, Esq., of Sabden, and the Rev. T. Thomas, D.D., of Pontypool. All have died in good old age, honoured and beloved, having given for many years very numerous tokens of their attachment to the Society, and of devotion to its interests. They were men eminent in the stations of life they filled, and their memories will be lovingly cherished for many days to come. From the list of the General Committee, the name of the Rev. George Gould, of Norwich, will also disappear. For some eighteen years he gave his services to the Society, and ever exhibited the deepest interest in its welfare.

Thus one after another of our Christian brethren pass away to enter into the joy of their Lord, leaving to younger men to seize the banner that has fallen from their grasp, and bear it nobly onward till they, too, hand it on to the generations following. May we who survive be worthy followers of these men of God, who now, through faith and patience, inherit the promises!

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,]
JUNE 1, 1882.



A CHINESE FAMILY IN SZ-CHWEN PROVINCE. (See page 188.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Words of Cheer for a Fresh Campaign.

LIFT the VOICE, Brethren !
Pleasant of sound,
Blend we our praises
His footstool around,
Who, in His goodness,
Still bears us along,
Lord of our being
And theme of our song !

Lift the EYE, Brethren !
See on the throne,
Radiant in glory,
The Master we own ;—
He who redeemed us—
His life-blood the cost—
Jesus, the Saviour,
The Hope of the lost !

Lift the HEART, Brethren !
Bowed at His feet,
Love's lowly homage
Anew to repeat.
Years that in passing,
Our brightness may dim,
Leave not a shadow
To darken on Him !

Lift the ARM, Brethren !
Nerved with His might.
Shall we not win them
From darkness to light ?—
These that are lying
In Death's drear embrace,
Till breathes upon them
The Spirit of Grace.

Lift the HAND, Brethren !
Swear by His truth
On whom abideth
The dew of His youth,
That, should He spare us
New service to yield,
Fierce though the struggle,
We quit not the field.

Lift the FOOT, Brethren !
To run the high race ;
Witnesses many
Look down from their place :
True to the Leader,
Whose chosen ye are,
Raise ye His banner,
And bear it afar !

JOSEPH TRITTON.

The 1882 Anniversary Services.

IN 1814, on October the 4th, the Anniversary Services of the Mission were held at Kettering. Andrew Fuller, referring to these gatherings, wrote :—

“They were indeed uplifting and soul reviving, as the dew of heaven in the desert, and as manna in the wilderness, for we had good news from a far country, and the special presence and blessing of the Lord Himself.”

And surely these words most fitly record the experiences of all who were privileged to attend the 1882 Anniversary Services just closed.

A devoted missionary toiler, who was present at most of them, after more than forty years of active service on the mission field, writes :—

“I thank God for your annual gatherings; they have cheered and refreshed my almost fainting spirit, and made me long for youth again, to re-devote my all to this most blessed work.”

The services commenced on Thursday, April 20, by the Introductory Prayer Meeting, in the Library of the Mission House, under the presidency of the Rev. John Aldis. Following this article will be found Mr. Aldis's address. Very earnestly do we suggest that it be read at the monthly missionary prayer-meeting; such hallowed and gracious words cannot fail to produce blessed results.

The Sabbath services were held as usual in the various chapels of the metropolitan district, and were well attended.

On Tuesday morning, April 25, the Annual Meeting of the members of the Society was held in the Mission House, Thomas Adams, Esq., of Birmingham, in the chair. At this gathering the Report of the Committee was presented and adopted, the abstract of the proceedings of the Committee for the year read and approved, and the following gentlemen elected to serve on the Committee of the Society for the year current :—

- Anderson, Rev. W., Reading.
- Bacon, Mr. J. P., Walthamstow.
- Barker, Rev. W., Hastings.
- Baynes, Mr. W. W., J.P. and D.L., London.
- Benham, Mr. James, London.
- Bird, Rev. B., Plymouth.
- Bloomfield, Rev. J., Gloucester.
- Bompas, Mr. H. M., Q.C., London.
- Bowser, Mr. A. T., F.B.G.S., Clapton.
- Bowser, Mr. Howard, Glasgow.
- Brown, Rev. H. S., Liverpool.
- Brown, Rev. J. J., Birmingham.
- Brown, Rev. J. T., Northampton.

Ohown, Rev. J. P., Bloomsbury.
 Oulross, Rev. J., D.D., Glasgow.
 Evans, Rev. G. D., Bristol.
 Glover, Rev. E., Bristol.
 Green, Rev. S. G., D.D., London.
 Greenhough, Rev. J. G., M.A., Leicester.
 Hanson, Rev. W., South Shields.
 Haslam, Rev. J., Gildersome.
 Hill, Rev. G., M.A., Leeds.
 Jones, Rev. D., B.A., Brixton Hill.
 Kirtland, Rev. C., Battersea.
 Lance, Rev. J. W., Newport, Mon.
 Landels, Rev. W., D.D., Regent's Park.
 Maclaren, Rev. A., D.D., Manchester.
 McMaster, Mr. J. S., London.
 Marnham, Mr. J., Boxmoor.
 Medley, Rev. E., B.A., Nottingham.
 Millard, Rev. J. H., B.A., Derby.
 Morris, Rev. T. M., Ipswich.
 Nutter, Mr. J., Cambridge.
 Pattison, Mr. S. E., F.G.S., London.
 Price, Rev. T., M.A., Ph.D., Aberdare.
 Sampson, Rev. W., London.
 Short, Rev. G., B.A., Salisbury.
 Smith, Mr. J. J., Watford.
 Snape, Mr. W., J.P., Over Darwen.
 Spurrier, Rev. E., Colchester.
 Stephens, Rev. J. M., B.A., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Templeton, Mr. J., F.R.G.S., Romford.
 Tilly, Rev. A., Cardiff.
 Trafford, Rev. J., M.A., Weymouth.
 Tymms, Rev. T. V., Clapton.
 Upton, Rev. W. C., Beverley.
 Wallace, Rev. B., Tottenham.
 Wheeler, Rev. T. A. Norwich.

At this meeting, also, on the nomination of the Committee, the two following gentlemen were elected honorary members of the Committee, "having rendered important services to the Mission," viz. :—

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, London, and the

Rev. Wm. Howieson, late of Walworth Road, now of Great Leighs, Essex.

On the evening of the day, at the Cannon Street Hotel, a Missionary *Soirée* was held, under the presidency of James Harvey, Esq., of Hampstead, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. R. Skerry, of Bristol; R. Wardlaw Thompson, Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society; and Gogon Chunder Dutt, of Khowlnea, Bengal.

It was at this meeting that Mr. Harvey threw out the generous

challenge that, with a view to the entire and speedy liquidation of the heavy debt pressing upon the Society, he would gladly join with seventy other friends in giving £100, or with twenty-eight in giving £250. From subsequent pages of this number of the HERALD it will be seen what a truly noble response has been made to this generous proposal.

On Wednesday morning, in Bloomsbury Chapel, to a large congregation, the annual sermon on behalf of the Mission was preached by the Rev. R. H. Roberts, B.A., of Notting Hill, from the words—

“These words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee: As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.”—JOHN xvii. 1, 2.

Few who were privileged to hear this discourse will ever forget it. In the words of one of the oldest and most beloved of our ministers—“It was a noble argument throughout, instinct with life and power, hallowed and devout.”

On Thursday evening the annual meeting was, as usual, held in Exeter Hall, the veteran philanthropist, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., in the chair. The hall was crowded, and evidenced clearly the growing interest in the work of the Society of its friends and supporters.

Addresses were delivered by the noble Chairman; the Treasurer; the Revs. Dr. McEwan, of Clapton; Dr. Landels, of Regent's Park; R. F. Guyton, of Delhi; and the General Secretary.

The Zenana Mission Breakfast was held in Cannon Street Hotel, on Wednesday morning, April the 26th. Dr. J. A. Campbell, M.P., of Stracathro, N.B., presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Angus, Dr. Underhill; F. Robarts, of Liverpool; Gogon Chunder Dutt, of Kholnea, Bengal; and Mr. A. H. Baynes.

In the review of these gatherings we desire to thank God and take courage; they were all well attended; marked by a manifest spirit of concord and love; a sanctified enthusiasm, and an evident determination to encourage and support the FORWARD movements of the Society, which have so strikingly characterised the work of the past year.

Introductory Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 20th April, 1882.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOHN ALDIS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—This meeting is for prayer. I could wish it to be wholly occupied thus, but you expect a few words from me, so I utter them now.

A divine authority tells us, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God." The words "prayer and supplication" often occur in the Old Testament. They express the whole essence of devotion. The first avows man's nothingness. He has judged himself, and lies prostrate, guilty and helpless. The other appeals to Divine grace, giving out abundantly and freely—they bring together the weakness of the creature and the might of the Creator; the needs of the empty and the fulness of the infinite.

Yet "with thanksgiving" we all here are unspeakably indebted. As a society, we have very much to be thankful for. Some report of this will be given, but every glad word of information for man is a word of thanksgiving to God.

But why are we thus constantly called to pray? It is for the Divine honour, but far more to promote our welfare. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath." The man who never prays is spiritually dead. As men pray they live. But our Lord wills not only that we should have life, but that we should have it abundantly. We need this in order to be strong and happy. We must not only breathe, but breathe freely. For this we must get away to the heavenly heights, above the mists of unbelief that darken and chill us so drearily, and above the miasma of worldliness that poisons us so fatally. We must breathe the atmosphere of holiness and love, and abide in fellowship with the heavenly and Divine. Thus the Christian life will be developed and strengthened. We shall see farther and more clearly from the Pisgah of promise and hope. We shall have more freedom when the bonds of selfishness are snapped asunder. We shall be stronger, shall do more, and do it better. We shall be richer, shall have more to give, and larger hearts to give it. We shall be more loving, and our sympathy will flow out deeper and purer. Our whole moral nature will be stirred to its lowest depths, and we shall resemble Him whose whole life was a sacrifice, and whose sacrifice was at every moment, and in every part, steeped in the incense of prayer.

United prayer is demanded and honoured. The disciples must be

“gathered together.” That gathering all can see, and it has force as a united testimony, and it brings help from sympathy. But the Divine Father looks for something more in His loving children. The Saviour hinges much on this, “If two of you shall agree.” He seeks oneness of mind and heart. This is the ineffable glory of the Divine nature. “As Thou Father art in me, and I in Thee.” His lavish love invites us to share this, “That they may be one in us.” *He* seeks this who alone can know it. The sure result of agreement, indeed, will be co-operation. We shall agree in speech, and plans, and efforts, and this again will yield us comfort and confidence. Thus He who sees in secret will reward us openly. Thus shall we find and share the fulness of Christian life in love. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. Never is this so fully done as when souls unite in the profoundest desires and sympathies the soul of man can know. Only thus can we get away from the littleness and weakness of self into the vastness and might of the whole Church, which is “His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.” Only thus can we know how deep and pure that joy is which fills “the whole family in heaven and earth” when, absorbed in the Divine will and work, the Father’s smile falls full upon them.

True prayer brings us into fellowship with our Lord. To any one who loves Christ, ’tis a grand ambition to think and feel with Him. Now we are sure that our present exercises and the object of them are in harmony with His compassion. In that compassion we have the deepest personal interest. It waters the roots of our salvation.

“Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.”

So we follow His steps, observe His countenance, and treasure His words. A great multitude follows; He turns and looks; His heart melts. “He was moved with compassion.” Hence we learn what excited His pity, and what that pity prompted Him to desire. “The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.” So He calls us to survey far vaster multitudes sunk in error, guilt, and misery—perverted by the delusions of superstition, and tormented by its horrors—steeped in vice by their religion, which should purify them, and crushed by that which should be their solace and joy. He is gone away, but He has put us in His place, that with our eyes He may look upon them. He has breathed into us His temper, that in our hearts He may yearn over them, and that by our hands He may gather them. Here before us we see the harvest of priceless worth to be gathered with unutterable joy.

Our lowly prayers are not inconsistent with our Lord's exaltation; nay, they are an expression of it. He is not on the cross now, but on the throne. All things are put under His feet, and all power is in His hands.

"On His head are many crowns." "He is going forth from conquering to conquer." "He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet." Well, then, are these praying companies all the forces He can muster and show? Is this His mighty host, a multitude of needy and dependent ones, on their knees, and known mainly by their cries and tears. Will He allow His glory to be identified with these, or His success to be in any sense dependent on them? His resources will enable Him to dispense with them. Does not His honour require this? Ah, no! His method is like His name; He is called "Wonderful." His ways are not our ways. His "strength is made perfect in weakness." With Him folly is wisdom, feebleness is might, and shame is glory. In the battle there must be no human glitter that the victory may be manifestly divine. Hence we come to the psalm that most grandly portrays His royalty: "His name shall endure for ever." "Men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed." "Yea, all kings shall bow down before Him; all nations shall serve Him." But for this result what plan shall be adopted, and what means used? "Prayer also shall be made for Him continually." Thus He will win His conquests, and thus He will march on to glory. Gladly, then, we take our place and share the lowly task till we hail Him in His appearing and Kingdom, when the prolonged and growing cry of prayer shall turn to the rolling thunder of the final Hallelujah. I love to hear and join the cry of the lowly, for, though man despises it, God our Father honours it. It comes from His Spirit, and must end in His glory.

But, beloved, our supreme want is the might of the Holy Spirit. It is His to convince of sin, and to consummate the purpose of our Lord. We can do nothing without Him. In view of the ruined temple this was the only hope: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." In view of the deeper and sudden ruin of a sinful world, this is still a sufficient hope: "The Spirit quickeneth." We need Him at home, in each heart, fervently desired, heartily welcomed, lovingly cherished, never grieved. For without Him we may gain social influence and win the world's applause, but we shall not breathe the Lord's temper, nor reflect His glory, nor be channels fitted to convey His grace. Our prayers must be heartless and our work unblest. Our dear missionary brethren need Him too. Without His grace they may have learning, courage, skill, and enterprise, but for spiritual quickening and immortal life they will be powerless. They will lack that gracious influence that stirs the conscience, softens the heart,

sways the will, and saves the soul. To get this we must live near to the ear and heart of the Infinite Mercy. We must have the desire that will raise the ceaseless cry, and the wrestling energy that will never let go its hold till Jacob, limping and trembling feebleness, becomes Israel, princely and prevailing might.

That such may be the temper of all our gatherings is my earnest prayer. Many are gone; soon, very soon, some of us will follow. Only now we bear our testimony. The Master's work is of priceless worth; it brings no taint, and entails no regret. While it lasts 'tis good, and in review a light from heaven falls on it, foretelling a greater joy to come. Ye who are young, welcome it to your hearts, and let it fill your days till you, too, are old. Begin early, and fling your whole heart into it, till your nature, steeped in the Lord's love, shall become angelic, and then on wings of light it shall pass away to that better world whence its essence came, and where shall be its final and perfect home.

The Extinction of the Debt.

AT the first meeting of the new Committee, on the 16th of May, the Finance Sub-Committee presented a very important report as the result of anxious deliberation on the present financial position of the Mission. In this report the Sub-Committee say they have specially considered three very urgent questions:—

First.—How to extinguish the present heavy debt of nearly £7,000.

Second.—How to provide a sufficient working capital for the Mission.

Third.—How to secure a large permanent increase in the income of the Society.

With regard to the first question, the Sub-Committee state that, in view of the present pressing need of an immediate increase in the permanent income of the Mission to an amount of at least Five Thousand Pounds annually, it appears most important to secure the total liquidation of the debt without making any general or special appeal for this purpose, and their deliberations have, therefore, been directed to the practical query, How can this be done? In their judgment, the following is the reply to this most important question:—

The Treasurer of the Society, Joseph Tritton, Esq., has most generously undertaken to more than liquidate the present debt of £712 15s. 3d. on the Widows and Orphans' Fund by a personal gift of £750; Mr. Child, of Wotton, has given £500; Mr. James Harvey, of Hampstead, in pursuance

of his liberal challenge at the Cannon Street Missionary *Soirée*, has promised £250, provided the debt can be met in any way the Committee may recommend; and the under-mentioned friends have also contributed the sums placed opposite to their names with the same object in view—viz.,

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stead, Harrogate	100	0	0
“ Nil Desperandum ”	100	0	0
Mr. Ed. Rawlings, London	100	0	0
Mr. James Benham, London	100	0	0
Mr. Charles Finch Foster, Cambridge	100	0	0
Mr. George Edward Foster, Cambridge	100	0	0
Mr. W. E. Lilley, Cambridge	100	0	0
Mr. James Nutter, Cambridge	100	0	0
A Friend, Cambridge	100	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briggs, Rawdon	100	0	0
Mr. John Houghton, Liverpool	100	0	0
Mr. W. B. Rickett, London	50	0	0
Mr. T. B. Mead, London	50	0	0
Mr. Alfred J. Harvey, Hampstead	20	0	0
Anon.	60	0	0
Other sums	35	0	0

To these most timely and welcome gifts, representing a total of

£2,815 Os. Od.,

the Sub-Committee have now the great pleasure of adding the noble sum of *One Thousand and Thirty-five Pounds*, specially contributed by friends and churches in Bristol towards the liquidation of the debt. The Sub-Committee feel they owe a special debt of gratitude to the Bristol friends for this most generous and unexpected assistance—especially to the under-mentioned, who contributed the sums placed opposite to their names—viz.,

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. S. Robinson, J.P.	100	0	0
Mr. Alfred Robinson	100	0	0
Mr. John Robinson	100	0	0
Mr. Charles Wathen	100	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. B. Glover	100	0	0
Mr. C. J. Whittuck	50	0	0
Mr. Wm. Clark, J.P.	50	0	0
Miss Gotch	50	0	0
Rev. Dr. Gotch	25	0	0
Mr. Chas. Townsend, J.P.	25	0	0
Mr. S. Iles	20	0	0

Nor would they forget to gratefully thank the many who contributed smaller sums out of their love to the Mission. One who knows well writes :—

"Wealth gave the first few hundreds, but self-denial, often of a very keen and generous sort, gave most of the rest."

The Treasurer of the Bristol Auxiliary, G. H. Leonard, Esq., writes:—

"You may be interested in knowing how this sum of £1,035 is made up. It consists of—

	£	s.	d.	
5 gifts of	100	0	0	each.
1 gift of	57	16	0	
2 gifts of	50	0	0	each.
1 gift of	20	0	0	
12 gifts of	10	0	0	each.
1 gift of	6	0	0	
21 gifts of	5	0	0	each.
1 gift of	3	3	0	
13 gifts of	£2	0	0	or 2 2 0 each.
29 gifts of	1	0	0	or 1 1 0 "
Smaller sums	16	0	0	"

Adding to this sum help already received and acknowledged from Bristol, the total amount from that auxiliary for the debt is £1,135.

For this noble help the Committee feel deeply grateful to their friend and colleague, the Rev. Richard Glover, whose loving and persistent labours have done so much to ensure success. Their warm thanks are also tendered to Mr. Edward Robinson and the Rev. G. D. Evans for their untiring labours on behalf of the effort.

One who knows the commercial state of Bristol well writes:—

"It is admitted by all commercial men coming to Bristol that business, in Bristol, has recovered from the depression of trade *less than any other town in the kingdom*. More prosperous parts of the country may well, therefore, be stirred up to relieve the burdens and anxieties of the Committee and officers of the Mission."

Of the influence of the recent Missionary gatherings in Bristol upon a worn missionary brother only just arrived in England after years of active toil in the enervating climate of West Africa, the following letter testifies:—

"Peckham Rye, May 20th, 1882.

"MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Having experienced so much encouragement from the Bristol meetings, I am desirous that you should have a share in the blessing. As you are aware, I was not very cheerful at attending meetings so immediately on my arrival. But I had not been long among the Bristol friends before the influence of their enthusiasm was like a tonic to my jaded spirits. The ministers, one and all, vied with each other to make the meetings a success. On the Sunday morning I was rejoiced to hear that, in addition to the ordinary subscriptions and collections, a number of gentlemen had given £100 each, and some others £50 each, as a special contribution to manifest their confidence in the Committee, and to obviate, if possible, the necessity of reducing the reserve fund to clear off the debt. On Sunday morning the amount of special contri-

butions had reached £550, and on all hands there was an enthusiastic determination to have it £1,000 before the meetings closed.

“Until Wednesday morning the contributions were confined to large amounts, but at the public breakfast it was suggested that numbers of persons who could not give £10, or even £5, would count it a privilege to join in this expression of confidence by giving their 10s. or £1.

“When this was suggested it would have done your heart good to have seen the delight with which the proposal was received; slips of paper with money or promises were sent up from every part of the room. At the close of the breakfast meeting the amount required to complete the £1,000 was about £50. And at the evening meeting that £50 was subscribed, in addition to the collection for the ordinary income, which itself reached the sum of £42, and the contributions for general mission purposes for the past year exceed the previous year by £200.

“The meetings in Bristol and outskirts were so well attended, the interest was so general, and the determination to hold up the hands of the Committee in the prosecution of the work so thorough and heartfelt that my heart was drawn out in gratitude to God for having been led into the centre of so much missionary zeal immediately on my return to England. My one regret is that *you* did not witness the heartiness with which this special £1,000 was subscribed. Nor was this only a spasmodic effort, that, once made, would remain a thing of the past. One gentleman offered a challenge to be one of ten to give £100 each annually. And in the more private gatherings of the influential supporters of the Society, how to increase the annual income was frequently the topic of conversation, and it was considered by no means an impossible ambition to increase the funds of the Society £5,000 per annum, until at the centenary it shall reach the sum of £100,000.

“It was recognised at Bristol that if the Congo Mission prospers at all its demands on the resources of the Society will increase by rapid strides, and it was felt that whatever it demanded must be raised, and the question of curtailment or abandonment not entertained.

“Is this not inspiring to you?

“I hope it will antidote some of the depressing influences with which you have often to contend.

“Affectionately yours,

“QUINTIN W. THOMSON.”

Including the Bristol contribution, the special gifts amount to a total of
£3,850 Os. Od.

To this sum the Sub-Committee would add the amount of £1,500 from the Calcutta Mission Press, being profits made by this undertaking in 1880-81, but not then drawn, thereby increasing the amount available for the liquidation of the debt to

£5,350 Os. Od.,

and leaving a balance still unliquidated of only

£1,636 4s. 6d.

The Sub-Committee would fain indulge the hope that before the close of

the current month of June friends of the Society in various parts of the country, emulating the noble example of Bristol, may be prompted to send gifts sufficient to clear off entirely this small balance of £1,636 4s. 6d. Should this hope, however, not be realised—a contingency the Sub-Committee do not like to anticipate—then they suggest, in order to avoid the necessity of any general appeal, that this sum be taken from the Legacy Reserve Fund, so as to provide entirely for the whole debt.

The Sub-Committee close their report in the following manner :—

“ Our earnest desire now is to see well-planned efforts immediately put forth throughout all our churches, with a view to secure an increase of at least £5,000 annually to the permanent income of the Mission, such increase being absolutely needful to meet the cost of the maintenance of the TWELVE new missionaries sent out by the Committee during the year just past, the growing demands of the Congo Mission, and the present heavy liabilities of the Society.”

PROVISION FOR WORKING CAPITAL.

With regard to a proper provision for a working capital, the Sub-Committee, acting upon the judgment of their legal adviser, recommend that the mission premises in Castle Street, Holborn, be used as security for any needful advances that the Committee may from time to time require from their bankers, the trust deed of the property giving ample legal power to the Trustees to take such action under direction from the Committee of the Society by a formal resolution duly proposed at one meeting and confirmed at a subsequent and special meeting.

PLAN FOR INCREASING THE PERMANENT ANNUAL INCOME.

The Sub-Committee, as the result of prolonged and careful deliberation on this subject, and doubting the efficiency of a mere appeal by circular, propose that, as far as may be possible, all the churches in the denomination should be visited by a special deputation.

They are conscious of the magnitude of the proposed effort, and of the labour which will be involved, but it is hoped that, with the generous and united help of the members of the Committee, aided by the co-operation of other friends of the Mission, the scheme will not be impracticable. The Finance Sub-Committee suggest that each member of the General Committee be invited to render personal assistance in carrying out this effort in the particular county in which he may reside, or in the associated churches with which he may be connected. It is hoped that considerable local help may be obtained, but, wherever required, the services of other gentlemen might be enlisted and proffered, matters of detail being arranged by communication between members of Committee and this House. It is suggested that the deputations should attend meetings, seek interviews

with individuals, and should especially advise some congregational systematic method of giving.

As a preliminary step, they recommend that a copy of the following letter be forthwith sent to the pastors and deacons of the churches :—

“DEAR BRETHREN,—You will doubtless have heard with concern of the large debt with which the Baptist Missionary Society closed its financial year. In view of the increasing expenditure of the Mission, occasioned by its extended operations, the Committee have felt it desirable to make a general attempt to permanently augment the funds rather than make a public appeal on behalf of the debt ; and it is with profound thankfulness they are able to state that through the generosity of a few friends and by other arrangements such an appeal will be unnecessary.

“The Committee are therefore more free to enter upon the endeavour to raise the permanent income, so as to avoid the recurrence of the debt, and for this purpose, they may add, an increase of £5,000 will be absolutely required.

“It is proposed to visit all the churches in the Denomination, if possible, by means of special deputations. These deputations will consist of members of the Committee, officers of the Society, and other well-known and much-esteemed friends of the Mission.

“We respectfully and most earnestly solicit your co-operation in this effort. Should you and your friends approve of this proposal, will you kindly let us know what date will be most convenient for a deputation to visit your church ? The deputation will be happy to enforce the claims of the Society at a public meeting, and will be glad to see privately any individuals whose aid might be secured or increased, or arrange with officers of the church as to the best plans for organization.

“In urging your acquiescence in this plan, we do so feeling that a crisis has arisen in the history of our much-beloved Mission. Never, as in our day, were there so many great and effectual doors open through which to bear the tidings of great joy. The question is whether we are able to enter where God, in His providence, invites. We believe we are able, and shall continue to cherish this belief until the churches assure us of our mistake. It cannot be that we have yet reached the limit of our resources.

“Trusting you will be willing to receive a deputation as proposed, and relying upon your hearty sympathy in the endeavour to make their visit a success,

“We are, dear Brethren,

“Yours in Christ,

(Signed) “JOSEPH TRITTON, Treasurer.

“ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, General Secretary.

“J. B. MYERS, Association Secretary.”

The Finance Sub-Committee find that in nearly every county a member of the General Committee resides. They will be glad to receive from the Committee the names of any gentlemen living in their localities who might be willing to assist. It is thought it would be wiser to attempt this scheme apart from the deputations appointed to attend the usual annual services.

They are aware that in submitting this report they are asking for no

light service ; they do not forget the manifold labours and cares of the brethren who compose this Committee ; they are encouraged, however, by the help already promised, and trust that the importance of the proposal, and the blessedness of the work it is intended to promote, will call forth a universal response.

It is only needful to add that this Report of the Sub-Committee has been most heartily adopted by the General Committee, and a copy of the letter on the pressing need for special efforts with a view to secure a large increase [in the permanent receipts of the Mission sent to every pastor throughout the kingdom. Most earnestly do the Committee commend this important matter to the prompt and sympathetic response of the churches.

China.

A FAMILY IN SZ-CHWEN PROVINCE.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

THE people of China are in their general features alike all over the empire. Still, there are provincial differences, as there are in all other countries. Apart from prejudice, which is generally exhibited by certain of the literates and by the military, there is almost everywhere a kind and gentle demeanour towards foreigners, which, if not equalling the joyous welcome accorded by the Japanese, is nevertheless very attractive and pleasant in its way. The family represented in our picture is that of a gentleman who received our countrymen with much politeness, and consists of the host, his three wives, and daughters. Their grouping, so different to what a foreign artist would allow, is so thoroughly characteristic that, for its purpose, it is perfect. Of course, this picture represents the members of a wealthy family. A gentleman on one of the expeditions in Western China, speaking of a walk he and one of his companions took to a certain pagoda, says :—

“The civility which we experienced on our visit to the pagoda was nothing unusual ; it was only such as we were in the habit of receiving from the country people all along the route, who always appeared only too glad to welcome us into their houses, and to invite us to partake of the best which their establishment afforded, invariably asking us if we would ‘eat rice,’ as the term is in Chinese. Often have I gone into a temple and drank tea with the priest, and then, being presented with an Indian inkstand and a brush—for pens are unknown in China—I have whiled away the time in

sketching European ships and steamers, churches, houses, and men and women, which always seemed to delight the bystanders exceedingly. I often had fans given me on which to draw and write, and some designs which I made in the middle I used to surround with mottoes and epigrams, with the name of the place and date, and sometimes the names of our party; and I should not wonder if the next expedition which may penetrate into the Western regions of China may find some of these records. The Chinese are very fond of mottoes, every house having numbers of them inscribed in their symmetrical characters on the door-posts and other parts of the establishment; and rich people delight in having long pieces of board or slips of paper hung about on the columns and walls of the interior of their dwellings, on which are inscribed, in letters of gold, blue, or vermilion, some of the sayings of their sages, little bits of poetry, sentences of moral advice, or precepts of 'filial piety;' and thus they always have before them something to look at and reflect upon in their idle moments. The plan is not a bad one; and were our English characters as picturesque, if I may so draw the comparison, as the hieroglyphs of the Chinese, we might well adopt the fashion."

J. TATE KITTS.

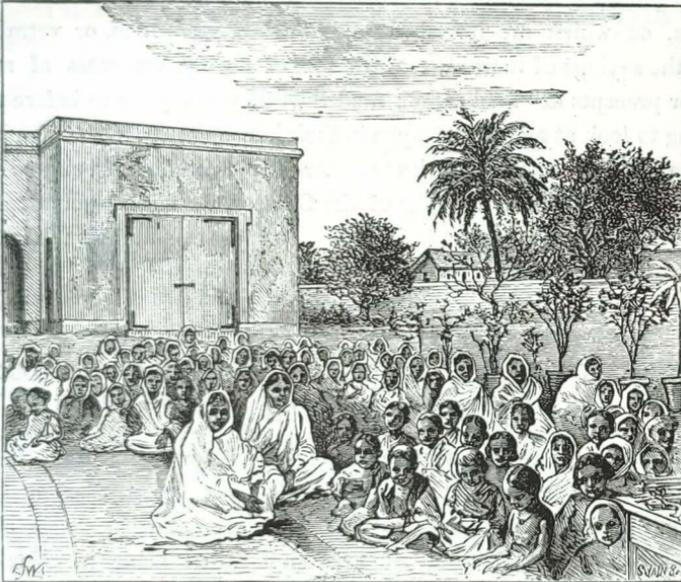
Chefoo, China.

Distribution of Prizes to Zenana Schools in Calcutta.

THESSE two pictures represent the little girls belonging to our Zenana Mission schools in Calcutta. Many of you know that in India women and girls of the respectable classes are not allowed to go about freely, as we do in England, but are kept shut up at home in their own houses, in rooms which are called the Zenana. For many years Indian girls were not taught to read or work, but spent their lives in ignorance. For them there were no pleasant walks or visits, nor useful instruction at school, and they never even heard of heaven and the way there. But, after a time, the men began to wish to have their wives and little daughters taught to read and work, and so they were willing that missionary ladies should visit them and teach them. As soon as the way was open, Christian ladies were only too glad to go to them, and give them regular lessons. While the children are very young, a number of them are gathered into a class and taught together, but, when the girls grow older and are married, the teachers have to go from house to house and teach them separately. The English lady who teaches the school goes there once or twice a week, and the native Christian teacher goes every day. The little girls generally

sit on the ground, cross-legged, as you see in the picture, and as the teacher comes in they all wish her *Good-morning* according to the Bengali fashion, by lifting the right hand to the forehead and saying, "*Salaam.*" They learn to read and write and sew, and to repeat verses and hymns. Many English hymns have been translated into Bengali, and so these little children learn to repeat and to sing them.

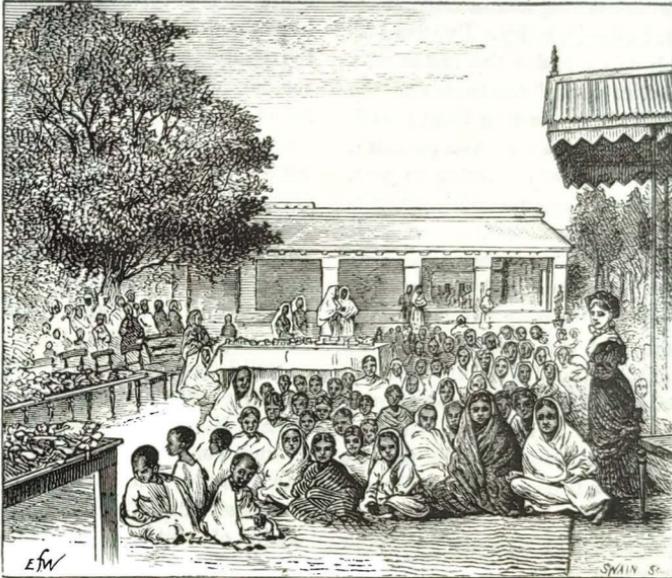
As you may imagine, these girls have not many toys to play with; the most common are small images of their idols made of earth, which are sold at the markets and fairs, or models of animals made of the same materials, and therefore English toys are very much admired by them. There is *one*



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

part of the year which children in England look forward to with great delight; I mean *Christmas-time*. Well, although the little Indian girls know nothing about Christmas nor what is the reason why many people keep this day as a day of rejoicing, yet we like to give them some pleasure to look forward to, and some encouragement to be diligent at school, and therefore, when the time comes for the holidays to begin, there is a distribution of prizes as at home. Last Christmas the little girls belonging to the mission schools, and their teachers, were all brought into the garden (or *compound*, as it is called in India) of the mission-house, and seated as you may see them in the pictures. Under the trees on the left you may notice two or three tables which are covered with *dolls*. Sometimes, when we ask the girls what they would

like for Christmas presents, they answer directly, "An English doll;" and so some friends at home have been kind enough to send out a number of little dolls, all prettily dressed, for prizes. To those girls who have deserved prizes for attention throughout the year the *larger* dolls are given, while the little ones each of them receive a smaller one as a present, and generally every girl has an orange when she leaves. While they were



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES,

waiting for their presents last year, they were all told to sit quite still for a few minutes, and then they were photographed by Mr. Rouse, so that a picture might be sent to England for the *HERALD*.

Clapton.

L. M. ROUSE.

The Congo Mission.

CHEERING TIDINGS.

THE following letter from Mr. Comber, addressed to Dr. Underhill, has just been received, and cannot fail to be read with interest:—

"Camp, *en route* Isangila,
"6th February, 1882.

"DEAR DR. UNDERHILL,

"Your kind and much-esteemed letter of November 24th, 1881, came duly to hand a week ago. Please accept

my best thanks for it, and for the earnest and kind interest you take in the Congo Mission and its workers. Since hearing that, in consequence of Mr. Baynes' departure for India, you had undertaken to fill his post until

his return, I have been anxious to write you a letter; but the nature of our present work—transporting the steel sectional boat and about twelve tons of goods from Vivi to Isangila, a distance of fifty miles overland—and the difficulties of the rainy season have made letter-writing almost impossible. To-day, however, is dry. I've fixed up a rough table under the shade of a tree, and in view of the tents and the store-shed I am having built; and, feeling it as much a duty as a pleasure, I am trying to pen a letter to you, hoping you will excuse all its crudities under the circumstances.

“At last the Congo Mission, in its broader intentions and wider programme, is ‘getting under way,’ although (if I can change the figure so quickly) it is still in its infancy. The only station in real operation is San Salvador. Gradually Mussuca, Isangila, and Manyanga, at present only depôts, will become more directly evangelistic in their character, and each (at present) roughly welded link in our chain of stations to Stanley Pool will be furnished by its own separate and special workmen. It is not ours—as pioneers and establishers of the mission—to build good houses, to establish permanent schools, to undertake organised religious work in these places. This I, at any rate, hope to do before long, but above the cataracts, where I hope to fix my station.”

A CRY FOR HELP.

“Although we know, dear Dr. Underhill, that you and the Committee are doing all you can to find us the requisite men, and to organise the Congo Mission in an efficient way, we cannot but confess to grievous disappointment at the seeming reluctance of men to embark on this enterprise. What can be the reason for this

hesitancy? The Congo Mission work has not ceased to become important or interesting, has it? I can assure you that the slow way in which our appeal is being responded to is very disheartening to us who have the whole of the work, as well as its anxieties, to bear. Please, however, let me say how thankful and glad we were at the ready response to our appeal on the part of the Committee, and at the ready generosity—sometimes so self-denying, sometimes so nobly munificent—of the supporters of our mission. But why, I wonder, is it so difficult—among our thousands of earnest Christian young men in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.—to find six suitable volunteers for the Congo Mission?

“Six men, forsooth! ‘Why,’ as Bentley says, ‘if it were a gold mine we had discovered it would be very easy to find men ready to come to Africa.’ Mr. Stanley has twenty Europeans to assist him in making a road and chain of stations to Stanley Pool. We are but *six*, and at present three of these are at San Salvador and one at Mussuca.”

SAN SALVADOR.

“I am afraid you will think this a strange and ungrateful way of returning thanks for the two new colleagues you have sent us—Messrs. Dixon and Weeks. We are grateful for them, and welcome them heartily into our brotherhood here. They have both gone up to San Salvador as novitiates, where, for a few months, they will have the benefit of Mr. Hartland's experience, and will soon, I hope, relieve him at that station, so that he can join us on the north side. At the same time that our new brethren will in some respects be so much more advantageously placed than were we when we

went to San Salvador two years and a-half ago—*i.e.*, they will enter into our labours with the language, which they will find in a fair state of recognised formation, with its ascertained rules, forms, classes, changes, &c., besides a good vocabulary of over 3,000 words. All this is to their hand, the result of long and patient investigation on our part. Then, too, they have a large and comfortable house in which to reside, instead of having to spend so much time and toil over building. At the same time, however, they have a much more trying and difficult position than had we, in consequence of the Romish opposition. From what brethren Hartland and Dixon say, this opposition seems to be more serious in its results than we at first anticipated, and the poor, sadly tempted old king is not the earnest, simple seeker after God's truth that he used to be. Of course we could not foretell what would be the result of the Portuguese priests returning to their old sphere at San Salvador, to what extent they would harm and impede our work; and some of us were still hopeful and sanguine, thinking it might be only a temporary effort intended to dislodge us, and not thinking that the Portuguese Government would support them so strongly; knowing also the hold we had on the esteem and affection of the people, and the comparisons they were so frequently drawing between English and Portuguese."

THE KING OF SAN SALVADOR.

"The sphere of work in San Salvador was very pleasant to me, and I should very much like to be there again did not other more pressing work call me to this side. I trust it will be remembered that what may be called the glowing accounts we

have sent home about San Salvador really described things as they were (or seemed to us to be), and were not at all exaggerated. We had in the king an earnest and simple-minded old man, who, both in his public capacity and in his private life—so far as we could judge—supported the Gospel by his authority and influence, and also by his truth and piety. In a small town (as San Salvador, taken by itself, is) we had an average attendance of from 150 to 200 persons at our public services—well-behaved, quiet, attentive, and anxious to hear God's Word. I'm sure they liked to come to hear the Gospel. When we were thinking of abandoning San Salvador and—being so few in number—throwing all our efforts into our Stanley Pool route, the seemingly sincere and earnestly expressed wish of the king and people led us to remain there. Any letter upon the subject of our work in San Salvador that I have sent home to the Mission House has always been first shown to my colleagues, who have been at hand, and they have always acquiesced in my description of the happy progress of our work. If accounts of a different nature reach you, let it therefore be remembered that circumstances have greatly altered there, and that our mission is at present labouring under great trials and difficulties. And for our brethren there—Messrs. Dixon and Weeks—let earnest prayer be constantly and specially offered that they may be strengthened and guided by wisdom from above, and that prosperity may still mark our San Salvador mission; that the king and his people may not fear the threats of those who wish to hold their souls in bondage, and may be kept from the slippery paths of error and superstition. And now to turn to our work on this side of the river, *en route* for Stanley Pool."

THE "PLYMOUTH" BOAT.

"Mr. Bentley and I are at present engaged (as I said above) in taking the steel boat *Plymouth* to Isangila. With it go a considerable number of boat sundries—*e.g.*, oars, paddles, sails, anchors, rudders, chains, tow-ropes, various tackle, paint, &c., making above fifty extra loads. Also sixty bales of cloth, sixty cases of provisions, one hundred and fifty bags of rice, beads, cutlery, drugs, tents, &c., &c.; in all, about fourteen tons, or over five hundred loads—a formidable overland transport, still more formidable as the present is the rainy season. If we were on the Eastern instead of the Western side of Africa, it would be practicable to arrange five hundred carriers, and get these things a distance such as from Vivi to Isangila in less than a week. But, in this miserably depopulated country, it is almost impossible to get together a dozen or twenty carriers; and so for this one piece of transport our forty to fifty Krooboys have to traverse the ground from ten to fourteen times, and—unaccustomed to this kind of work—many of them get sick, and all of them somewhat disgusted with constantly carrying loads of 64lbs. weight over quartz hills and through tangled jungle.

"All our goods being first taken to Vivi, we make a camp seven or eight miles away, and every day for a weary fortnight our boys go to and fro, until all the goods reach camp. We then again make a move and a second camp, and the same has again to be gone through. I am heartily glad to say that we are at present, at our last camp—Isangila being less than a day's journey from here. At each camp we are obliged to build a large store-house to keep our goods dry, and to house our boys. This slow progress makes

three months over a journey of but fifty miles! A journey we generally do in three days."

DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELLING.

"Then, too, caravans starting from the East Coast need never to take food for the journey. They can always buy from the numerous towns on the road. But here on this route we have scarcely bought in two months what would suffice for our party for three days. No food is procurable between Vivi and Isangila, except an occasional bunch of bananas, or a fowl. In two months, then, we have used up *ninety bags of rice*, each of 64lbs. weight, nearly three tons! This will give you an idea of what a problem is feeding a small caravan in this part of Africa. Then, too, Krooboys are so helpless and improvident that, whereas, amongst Babwende and Bateke, Zanzibaris can generally provide themselves with food when rationed by Mr. Stanley in cloth, and are somewhat keen as traders, our poor, foolish Krooboy finds it worries him to haggle over a purchase of food, and would give his week's rations for one cob of maize, and have to go hungry six days out of the seven. Again, when Zanzibaris arrive at the end of their day's journey, they spread out in every direction and bring in grass and sticks, and very soon make snug little huts for themselves. They are born campaigners, having much of the Arab in them. But with our Krooboys it is very different; and if we didn't look after their comfort and shelter constantly, we should soon have every one of them on the sick-list. The great problem in this part of Africa is carriers. North, east, and south, it is comparatively easy to make up a caravan, but here not. We have recourse to Krooboys, and Mr. Stanley

has had to bring his Zanzibaris right away round from East Africa to here instead of finding carriers on the spot. During the three years he has been engaged in this work there have been three large gangs of these men brought from Zanzibar to the Cape, and thence in specially chartered vessels to the Congo. The expense and trouble of this can be imagined. This work of ours is so distasteful to our Kroo-boys that we never find any of them return to us after their first year has been spent in Congo; and to go up to the Kroo-coast to fetch a gang of boys, as I had to do a short time back, is always a little uncertain, and costs a terrible amount of time, to say nothing of the expense."

DIFFICULTIES WITH KROO-BOYS.

"I enter into all these particulars so as to explain why it is we have so much trouble in getting a little distance like that from the coast to Stanley Pool—320 miles; and why, to work the stations at and beyond that place, we need two intermediate stations—Isangila and Manyanga. A caravan starts from Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar, to, say, Uganda. The full tale of from one to five hundred carriers is obtained, and an unobstructed and undelayed march can generally be made right away to Ukerewe, whence goods can be transported to Uganga in canoes or boats. Here, for want of proper carriers, our HUNDRED MILES BECOMES FOURTEEN HUNDRED, from the necessity of going backwards and forwards. And this only as far as Isangila. Whether such labour as that of Chinese coolies will step in and simplify the problem, or whether in a short time we shall try and change our route again for one where towns are more abundant, and people and food procurable, I cannot yet tell. For the hundred miles between San Salvador and Mussuca, we

can always procure from one to two hundred carriers if we need them."

THE "PLYMOUTH."

"You will be glad to hear that our most valuable piece of cargo, the large steel whale boat *Plymouth*, is making good progress, and is in fair condition. She is in six sections. The four middle sections are carried on the heads of a picked gang of our thirteen strongest boys for each section. They go along very slowly, like a funereal procession, the boys writhing and groaning over their work, especially if one of their masters is near to see and hear them. The two end sections go on the two light, strong, and very excellent carts, where, standing up on end, they look like giant 5th of November guys as they sway about from side to side over the uneven road. It takes from twelve to twenty boys to drag one of these carted sections, according to the nature of the road. By Monday week (20th February) I hope we shall be dragging these sections into Isangila, and a weary, heavy transport service will be finished, although very much more cargo for Stanley Pool is still left at Mussuca. When this lot of goods is at Isangila (I mean the goods we carry at present), and our boat scraped, painted, &c., Mr. Bentley and I intend to go on to Manyanga, and, if we have some one to leave at Isangila and Manyanga, we shall go on to Stanley Pool and try to arrange our ground to build. Please let it be remembered that, had we had the assistance we asked for speedily, there would have been no difficulty in having our Stanley Pool station occupied by the end of last year (1881)."

CRUELTY AND SUPERSTITION.

"What people there are to be found in this part are terribly degraded and superstitious. It is such a change to come from San Salvador, where our two years' residence and teaching have

made such a difference amongst the people, to this side of the river, and find such a miserably degraded and cruelly superstitious people—splendidly fertile plateaus, occupied by two or three small towns of eight or ten houses each; people scarcely cultivating sufficient for their own needs, and occasionally one or two—sometimes five or six—of them being sacrificed on account of a witch palaver. A Vivi canoe goes down in a whirlpool; of course the canoe had been bewitched; and six people have to drink the Inkasa test and lose their lives. A two-months old child dies, and two lives are sacrificed on this account. A man gets an attack of pleurisy, and immediately the Nganga-Ngombo, or witch-doctor, is called to point out the criminal who has bewitched the sick man. It is horrible! Once or twice, our presence and words have, I think, had influence in stopping some cruel wickedness of this description. Hereabouts, we have a people sunk very low in miserable filth and degradation. At Stanley Pool we have the wild savagery of a lawless, marauding and perhaps cannibal people. Oh that we may have earnest influence to subdue and render gentle and peaceable the lawless savage, as also to elevate and cleanse those who wallow so wretchedly in the mire. Both are possible to Him who works by and through us, and with His help and blessing much can be done.”

THE FYOT LANGUAGE.

“Fyoti is a very interesting language as one gets a little grasp of it, and it is a very pleasant thing to us to study it. It is certainly very rich, especially in verbs expressing nicest shades of meaning. Of course, however, it is lamentably deficient in those expressing metaphysical ideas, and very poor in moral distinctive words. It seems to me, too, to be very poor in particles, which

are not so much needed in speaking as in writing, and the Fyoti is as yet an unwritten language. There is a tinge of rough poetry occasionally about the phrases and idioms of the language. I caught such an expression the other day. A man professed himself perfectly contented, which he expressed as ‘Noima ami odidi nza’ (my heart has eaten the world). We are making fair progress with the Fyoti language, and find, as a rule, that we can make ourselves understood. Mr. Bentley has an idea that in the Uyansi country beyond Stanley Pool we shall find the principal kindred dialect of Fyoti spoken in its purity, as it never is in San Salvador. San Salvador being such a general centre, there is an admixture of Loanda, Zombo, Makuta, Nsonso, and other dialects, besides, of course, some Portuguese words and idioms. It seems, however, that at Stanley Pool the language is so different from our Congo Fyoti as to be considered rather as another language than as simply a change of dialect. But the short visit of Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley to that place gave them very little opportunity of investigating it.

“I rejoice that our Congo mission has such a warm place in so many hearts. May it flourish and prosper!

‘God be merciful to us and bless us,
And cause His face to shine upon us;
That Thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.’

So with His merciful blessing, and the shining of His face, shall this sin-stricken country, shall India, China, yea, all the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

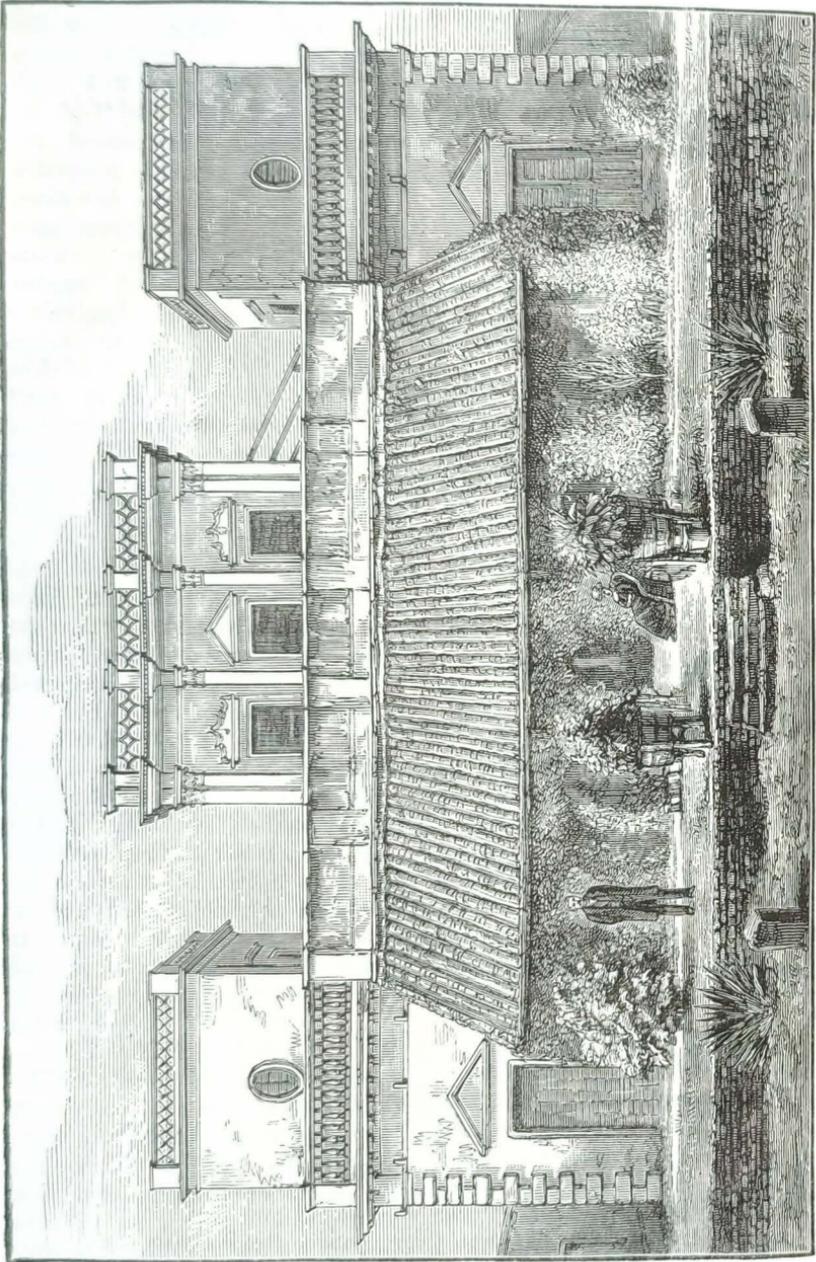
“I remain, dear Dr. Underhill,

“Yours very faithfully,

“T. J. COMBER.

“E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D.”

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.]
JULY 1, 1862.



THE NAWAB OF PATOWDI'S KOTHI, DELHI, USED AS A MISSION HOUSE.—(From a Photograph.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Mission Work in Delhi as Seen by a Stranger.

WE extract the following deeply interesting account of mission work in Delhi from a volume recently published, entitled, "Days of Grace in India: a Record of Visits to Indian Missions," by Mr. Henry Stanley Newman, a well-known and widely respected member of the Society of Friends.

Most cordially do we commend Mr. Newman's book to the thoughtful perusal of all our readers. It cannot fail to deepen intelligent interest in the work of Christian missions on the vast continent of India.

"Through the kindness of the Rev. James Smith, at whose residence we stayed in Delhi, we obtained much valuable information respecting the working of the Baptist Missionary Society. His residence formerly belonged to the Nawab of Patowdi,* and from the roof near by Mrs. Smith showed us the wonderful Kutub Minar, 238 feet high, the highest pillar in the world, commenced by the Hindoos and completed by the Muslims.

"These missionaries in India are no mere copyists. While they rightly learn much from each other, different men have fearlessly struck out for themselves fresh lines of service and are blessed in it. The harp has but few strings, yet on those strings may be played ten thousand harmonies. The early work of the Baptists was conspicuously in Bible translation. It was the right work at the right time. But the main work of the Baptists in North India now is the direct preach-

* This house has been rented by the Baptist Missionary Society from the agent of the Nawab of Patowdi for the past six years, and has been occupied successively by Dr. Carey, Mr. Guyton, and is now tenanted by Mr. Smith. It is in the native quarter of the city, and is most conveniently situated for missionary work. On three sides it is surrounded by a large native population, which is thus easily accessible, and on the remaining side lies a large maidán, or open plain. Exactly opposite are the Zenana Mission Home, the Medical Mission House, and the building in which the Girls' Boarding School (in charge of Miss Wells) is at present gathered.

Very interesting meetings are held during the summer months on the grass in front of the house, and in the cold season in the large central room, which will hold a considerable congregation, and is generally crowded.

ing of the Gospel and the building-up of native churches. The main success of Mr. Smith has been among the Chamars, or leather-worker caste.

“After the storm-cloud of the Mutiny, Mr. Smith found only one native member of their church left. Now the Baptist Mission has 400 native members in the neighbourhood of Delhi, and 2,000 people attending their services every week. Their plan of working is a simple one. Every Saturday morning about thirty of the European and native Christian helpers meet together for prayer and counsel. One of the workers prepares a sermon, which is criticised freely by the rest, and its weak parts pointed out. This helps to train the native evangelists in clear exposition and exegesis. A time of devotion follows, and appointments are made for the various services of the coming week. Some idea of the energy and zeal of this band of workers may be gathered from the fact that they have seven recognised services in various places on the Sabbath, three on Monday, four on Tuesday, three on Thursday, one on Friday, and an open-air meeting in front of their book-shop on Saturday.

“The native church contributes thirty-five rupees a month to one man as their own evangelist, but with this exception none of these workers are paid for preaching. All the mission agents are schoolmasters, and, as schoolmasters, earn their own living. The school teaching lasts till twelve o'clock. The master then has three hours' rest, and afterwards engages in house-to-house visiting, and has a cottage meeting in the evening. One or two of the schoolmasters who have not 'the gift' do not preach. They have divided Delhi into eight districts; each district has a school, and each school forms a centre for a meeting.

There are six other districts for work in the suburbs, making fourteen centres in all.

Mr. Smith has been forty years in India, and is so well known in Delhi as 'a friend of the people' that he easily secures attention in the open air. His plan is to preach the Gospel and not attack the heathen gods by name. If a man interrupts, Mr. Smith calls him up and gives him an opportunity to speak. In about two minutes the man has said all he can think of, and Mr. Smith proceeds. If some one disturbs the meeting, he observes, 'I am sure that is not a Delhi man; Delhi men are always polite,' and the whole mob acquiesces, and the disturber is glad to back out as quickly as he can.

“In forming a native church organisation, Mr. Smith has laid hold of the national system of *Panchāyats*. The word is derived from *panch*, five, because five men of old times formed the quorum of judgment in the different native fraternities. The *panch-āyat* among the Hindoos is a very ancient mode of settling disputes by arbitration. Now that the laws of arbitration are becoming more understood in Europe, it is interesting to find the system has been at work for a thousand years among the natives of India. This Hindoo native court of arbitration commonly inflicts some slight punishment on the offending party, such as beating him with a shoe, or inflicting a fine, or '*hookah pāni bund*,' which is a kind of minor excommunication. The natives intuitively submit to its judgment as to the voice of public opinion, and recognise it as their own system of popular government. Each of the districts under Mr. Smith's care has therefore a *panchāyat* for regulating the discipline of the infant church, and there is a central one as a court of appeal

respecting all the decrees of the district *panchâyats*. One of the duties devolving on these Christian *panchâyats* is with relation to marriages. The marriage of native Christians with Hindoos involves great difficulty, and yet the area of selection among the Christian community is at present small. Then, again, the church has to set its face firmly against the loose Hindoo ideas respecting divorce.

“Mr. Smith tried to persuade one of the young men to marry a certain young Christian woman. ‘No,’ said the young man; ‘I would rather go to Secundra for a wife.’ ‘What do you want to go to Secundra for?’ inquired Mr. Smith. ‘Because there the girls grind their own corn, and I shall want a wife who can grind corn for me,’ was the practical reply, and he was allowed to make his own selection.

“In the evening we attended one of the native Christian gatherings among the Chamars. It was held in the very

heart of the native quarter. The natives gathered slowly in the court facing us, and sat on the ground. Hymns were sung to native tunes until there was a goodly muster of people. They evidently recognise Mr. Smith as their warm friend and helper. His address was a clear Gospel statement, enforcing the truth by the simple exposition of Scripture. The meeting closed with a solemn prayer, to which the audience heartily responded. The aim is to make Christianity indigenous, and to present it in a form that is attractive to the Oriental mind. It is by coming right down to the people, and sitting down among them, and talking to them in their own phraseology, that the Baptist missionaries are steadily winning their way. The tendency of these people is to move in bodies, as in Madagascar, and Mr. Smith has ‘no doubt that the whole Chamar tribe is on the move towards Christianity.’”

(To be continued.)

The Congo Mission.

WORK AT SAN SALVADOR, 1881.

MR. HARTLAND, who during the greater part of last year occupied San Salvador, leaving in February last when relieved by the arrival of Messrs. Dixon and Weeks, sends the following report on work at that station:—

“DEAR MR. BAYNES,—As I am sending my yearly accounts by this mail, I think it a good opportunity of giving you, in as few pages as possible, an account of my stay at Congo and my idea of our present position there. I need not refer to the successful journey of Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley to Stanley Pool, with which the past year commenced, nor to the failure of Mr. Comber and myself to reach that place by the old route, or on the North Bank—in the first place through the

opposition of the natives, and in the North Bank route through the failure of supplies, arising from our not having sufficient men to carry the goods necessary to procure food for ourselves and boys. Both these journeys have already been reported on thoroughly, and I only refer to them now to account for our station at San Salvador being left for some time at the commencement of last year.

“ARRIVAL OF THE PADRES.

“During our absence a most im-

portant event occurred which entirely changed the aspect of our Mission in San Salvador. I refer to the arrival of the Portuguese Padres about the beginning of February. Armed with a letter from his Majesty the King of Portugal, and backed up by expensive presents for the King of Congo, and an escort of Marines from the Portuguese gun-boat, they made a triumphal entrance into Congo and established themselves there. The ancient religion of Congo, at least the religion for the last three centuries professed by the Congo people, is Roman Catholicism, and the Padres had therefore a foundation to build upon; their being sent and supported by the Portuguese Government, the old masters of Congo, giving them a power and standing that no Congoite would dare to question—for fear of the Portuguese is still a strong sentiment among the people of Congo. This fear the Padres have sought to strengthen by partly rebuilding the ruined fortifications, and loudly talking of soldiers coming from Loanda to re-occupy the place in the name of the Portuguese Government.

“Considering these things, we at first had serious thoughts of giving up our station at Congo, as it seemed all but hopeless to struggle against the formidable force the enemy had brought against us. We could not, however, do this without sanction from the Committee at home, and we ourselves were reluctant to abandon the work of two years—a work which the Master had undoubtedly blessed. After, therefore, having parted with our brother Mr. Crudgington—who went home chiefly to confer with the Committee about the North Bank route and our future movements with regard to Stanley Pool, but also to hear the opinion of the friends and Committee at home regarding San Salvador—we who were

left resolved to visit Congo, and see what the state of things there really was.

“RE-OCCUPATION OF SAN SALVADOR.

“We arrived in April, and had a most favourable reception by both King and people. The people were so very much delighted to see their old and tried friends, that they welcomed us back with such an amount of enthusiasm that led us to form opinions of their love for us and regard for our teaching that their subsequent conduct—with the exception of one or two special cases—scarcely bore out. When we spoke of all going away again, the people, and the King in particular, were most urgent in their appeals to us to stop with them. We told them that we had a great work to do, and that we were so short of men that we must leave them, but would either return ourselves or send some one else when we had more helpers. They said, ‘If you must go, leave one. Let him teach us. We will come to his meetings and send our children to his school.’ And the King added, ‘You have let in the light upon us; now if you take it away and we are lost again, whose will be the fault?’ I cannot answer for those being the exact words, but that is at least the idea. Considering these things most carefully and prayerfully, and looking at the advantage of retaining our present position over having to re-establish ourselves at some future time, we decided—and I think we were guided by the Master in the decision—that one of us shall remain in Congo. As you are aware, I was the one chosen, it seeming more important for Messrs. Comber and Bentley to go to the North Bank than for me to go there.

“CLOUD AND SHADOW.

“For the first few weeks the enthusiasm was kept up. On the first Sunday

I was alone the King came to my service, and a large number of Congo people. On the following Sunday I had a good attendance, though the King was absent; he had gone to the Padres, in accordance with an arrangement he had made of dividing his favours equally between the two parties. On the third Sunday he was again with us, and we had still a good meeting. School, too, had been well attended, and everything seemed to bear out our expectations. But now came a season of dulness, followed by darkness. The Padres put on the 'Portuguese soldier screw' with great force, and made special efforts to win or frighten the people to them. Gradually the attendance on Sundays thinned; the King pleaded illness to account for his absence from both meetings. School dwindled low. Although in word, at least in private, he was for us, his actions often contradicted his words. He was, no doubt, trying to steer a clever course between us and the Padres to get anything that was to be got from both, and avoid colliding with either. And at this time, the Padres seeming to have the better case, he was steering to please them. I am not blaming him. Many a man, with far clearer light than he, would have done the same or worse. I am simply trying to show what was my position at the time.

"MEDICAL ADVANTAGES.

"My little medical knowledge at this time stood me in good stead. I had often a great many cases, and all progressed favourably while under my treatment. But it often happens that a man comes for medicine, is relieved somewhat, and, through carelessness

or idleness, does not come again until he gets so bad that he is obliged to return. These are the most unsatisfactory cases; but, on the other hand, I have had many cases which have attended regularly, and been quite cured, so that I got a good reputation as a doctor. God has specially blessed our efforts in this direction; I feel it particularly, as my medical knowledge is most meagre and rudimentary, yet I have had some most successful work. The Padres had no medicines, and, though they talked of getting some, the people said: 'We won't go to them for medicine, as we are sure they know nothing about it, otherwise they would have brought medicine when they came first'—a shrewd argument, and one which subsequent events justified, as no doubt Mr. Dixon has informed you.

"CHEERING SIGNS.

"After a time things began to mend in Congo. The King became more friendly, returned to the meeting, and the people followed. The chief of a town near by sent six boys to my school, and several more joined from the town. Although trying symptoms have shown themselves occasionally, the general tone of events has been much more favourable since the dark time.

"The arrival of Mr. Dixon at Congo was to me most welcome after my long spell alone, and a new 'mundele' helped to put things on a better footing, as it roused a little excitement. I'm glad to say that Mr. Dixon is standing the climate very well, and bids fair to be a useful and successful missionary. His medical knowledge has already made itself felt at Congo."

Next month we hope to give some cheering tidings from Mr. Dixon of his work at San Salvador since the departure of Mr Hartland.

Mission Work in Eastern Bengal.

A PREACHING VISIT TO THE EDUCATED BABOOS IN DACCA.

BY THE REV. T. R. EDWARDS, OF BARISAL.

BROTHER W. R. JAMES and I started on Tuesday evening, April the 4th, on a preaching visit to Dacca, the capital of Eastern Bengal. Part of the journey we performed by rail, and the remainder by steamer.

On the following day, at about five o'clock in the evening, we came within sight of Dacca. As approached from the river, Dacca has most imposing and prepossessing appearance. Its minarets, colleges, and palatial buildings, interspersed with trees of luxuriant foliage, and here and there patches of beautiful green sward, spread out before the eye appear like some fairy scene. I had, indeed, a most pleasant surprise, because the poor accounts I had heard of Dacca had prepared me for anything but the delightful view which met my gaze.

Dacca extends along the northern bank of the River Boorigunga for a distance of about four miles, and is a little more than a mile in breadth. The native parts of the city are irregularly built of straw huts and brick houses, and the streets are very narrow and crooked.

Most of the Government offices, colleges, and dwellings of the natives are situated near the market-place, where the two main streets of the city join at right angles. At this point there is a square, in which is placed a large gun, picked up many years ago on the bank of the river. This gun has often formed a pulpit for our venerable and untiring brother Mr. Bion to preach from. It is well known that Dacca has always, from the earliest times, been of great commercial importance. Formerly, it bore the name of "*Fifty-two Bazaars and Fifty-three Streets*," on account of its size and extensive trade.

Its trade and its colleges and schools give it great importance now. It has been called, and, I think, rightly, "*the Athens of Eastern Bengal*." There are no less than two large colleges and four large Government schools, and these have an attendance of upwards of 2,000 students and scholars. Besides these, there are many other schools in which the native language is taught. According to last census, Dacca has a population of 80,000. The proportion of Mussulmans to Hindoos is about eighty per cent.

Awaiting us on the landing-place was our veteran brother missionary, Mr. Bion, who gave us a warm welcome to Dacca, and made us very comfortable all the time we were there by his kindness and hospitality.

With this I enclose a photograph of our dear brother, which I took

while in Dacca, and with it a word or two about his long and useful life may not be uninteresting. Mr. Bion is a German by birth, and, after a thorough education in his native country, he came out to India in the year 1847 in connection with a private missionary enterprise originated by the late Dr. Hëberlin.

After working four years in a station called Doyapore, near Dacca, he changed his views on baptism, and was baptized by our missionary at Dacca, the Rev. W. Robinson. From this time he became a faithful and zealous missionary of our Society, and has for a period of thirty-one years done much to spread the knowledge of the truth in Eastern Bengal. He has travelled again and again through the vast districts of Eastern Bengal preaching the Word of life. Our missions in Cachar and Mymensing were



THE REV. R. BION, OF DACCA.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. T. R. Edwards.)

started by him ; and now, although growing old, he is in the habit of going out daily into the bazaar and taking long river journeys to tell of God's great love.

Dr. Wenger said truly many years ago of Mr. Bion, that "he has gone through fire and water ; through much mental suffering, and even bodily distress ;" and never were those words truer than they are now.

PREACHING ON THE BUND.

On the evening of our arrival we commenced our work among the educated natives of the city. Extending along the bank of the river is a fine embankment, called the "*Bund*," on which in the evening great

numbers of Baboos and students come out to walk. Situated at a little distance from this road is a band-stand, which we utilised as a pulpit to preach from, and well it answered our purpose.

Accompanied by our brother missionaries, Messrs. Bion and Barnet, we took our stand on this place a little before sunset. An assembly of educated Baboos and students, numbering between two and three hundred, quickly gathered round and heard the speeches of Brother James and myself with great attention and respect.

At the close we tried to distribute English tracts to all the Baboos, but there was such a rush, and such eagerness to get them, that we were obliged to desist, or the tracts would have been snatched out of our hands.

One very pleasing feature was that at the close of the meeting many came forward and said how pleased they were to see Mr. James there again, proving they had not forgotten his visit to the place some two years ago.

And there were some, too, who had visited us at Barisal and received religious instruction from us there ; these also came forward with joy.

On the following morning we went out with Mr. Bion to the bazaar, where Brother James and I spoke to a large gathering of the poorer classes in Bengali. Here James sang some of the Bengali hymns he has learnt, which delighted the people beyond measure. They were so pleased that they wanted another song and yet another. After preaching, we tried again to distribute tracts, but here again there was a tremendous rush. I quite failed to give any away, because the people in their eagerness almost tore them away. James got on much better, and, after distributing all he had, he came to my rescue, saying, "Give them to me, Edwards ; I'll soon distribute them." And so he did, and with but little difficulty. Standing five feet ten inches high, and with his arms up and stretched out, he towered far above the crowd, and could with perfect ease give the tracts down one by one to the forest of hands upstretched to get them. Missionaries with long legs have much to be thankful for. However, the following morning I put James into the shade by mounting on the top of a gharry, from which elevated position I gave away a couple of hundred tracts without any difficulty to the young men who came for them.

Evening after evening, at sunset, we preached to increasingly large audiences on the embankment. It was inspiring to see an assembly numbering between five and six hundred standing patiently in the open air and listening attentively to speeches on Christianity which occupied sometimes more than two hours. I am persuaded that in very few places in India can such a sight be witnessed. It was not only for one or two evenings, but during the whole of the time we were there.

And during the whole of the time (with the exception of the last evening, about which I shall have more to say) there was not a single objection raised against any of the statements we made. This surprised as well as delighted us. There is without doubt a wonderful change coming over the educated of this country the importance of which it is difficult to grasp, and there is a thirst and a deep-seated craving after religious instruction the intensity of which it is difficult to imagine. The presence of such a large crowd, evening after evening, to hear our lectures is a sufficient proof of this—they heard the Word gladly.

The following is a photograph of a meeting on the band-stand. It was taken rather early in the evening, and that accounts for the small number of students and Baboos present. If I had waited until the usual hour I should not have been able to take it at all, as the sun would have set and so made it impossible to photograph.

You will see, by looking closely at the picture, that Brother James is taken in the act of preaching. Unfortunately, all his congregation have turned away from him to look at me during the operation. All those seated are sitting on the edge of the band-stand, which, you can see, by its height formed a good, high, commanding platform to speak from.

THE NORTHBROOK HALL.

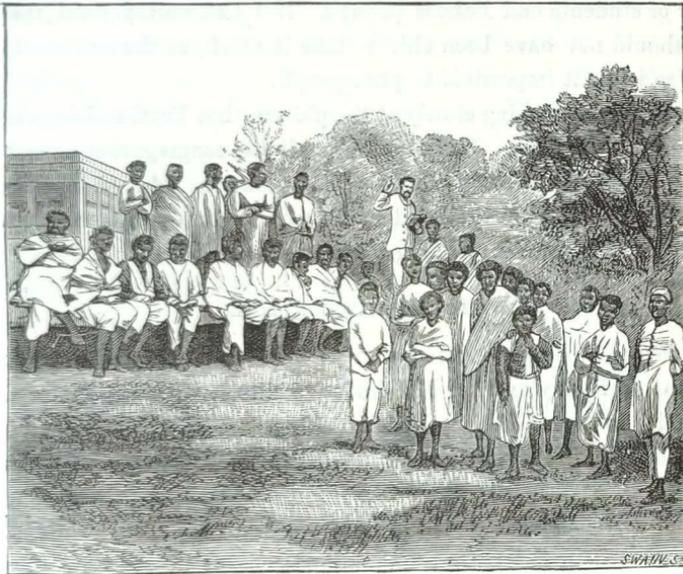
Now there is another matter I wish to write a few lines about, and it is this—that on Friday evening Mr. James was to have given a lecture on Christianity in the Northbrook Hall. A number of Baboos asked him to do so, and made great efforts to secure the hall for one evening, but unfortunately failed through the opposition of two or three European (Christian (!)) members of the committee who objected, while all the Hindoos gave their hearty and unqualified consent to the proposal. The ground on which the magistrate and one or two others refused was that it could not be used for a *sectarian* purpose! Is Christianity “sectarian”? The hall has been used by Hindoos for religious purposes which, I suppose, are not to be considered “sectarian.” However, this has given an opportunity to the Baboos to say, as they now do, “We were willing to give the hall for a lecture on Christianity, but your Christian countrymen refused.”

On Sunday evening I preached in the English chapel, a photograph of which I herewith send you. About an hour before the service James went down to the band-stand and collected a large crowd around him, and brought them in a body to the chapel. Of course the chapel was crowded to excess, and scores had to go away because there was no room. As it

was, numbers had to stand during the whole service at the doors outside, and our brethren Messrs. Bion and Barnet tell me that there is a goodly number of Baboos in regular attendance at the chapel on Sunday evenings.

BRAHMO MISSIONARIES IN DACCA.

I wish, now, to tell you about an interview we had one morning with the leading Brahmos in Dacca belonging to Keshub Chunder Sen's party. We met them at the dwelling-place of some of the missionaries of Keshub Chunder Sen. It surprised me to hear that there are six such Brahmo missionaries at Dacca, devoting all their time and all their energies to the spread of their views. They are entirely supported by public contributions,



PREACHING FROM THE BAND-STAND, DACCA.

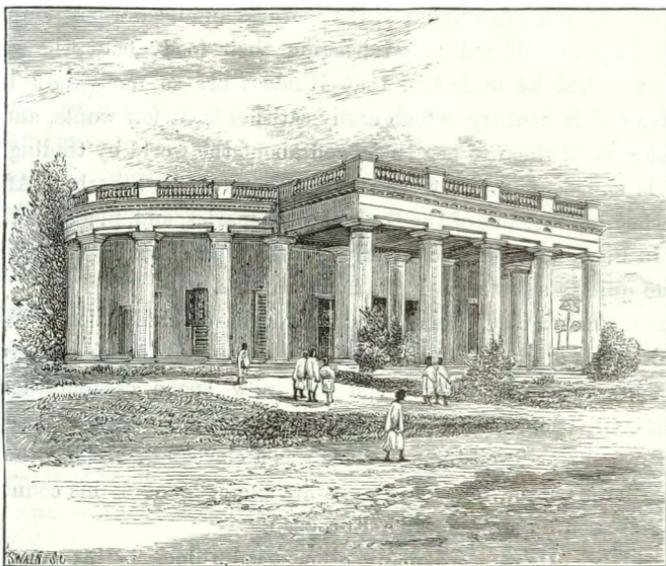
(From a Photograph by the Rev. T. R. Edwards.)

and throughout the year make missionary expeditions and preaching tours to various parts of the country. It is now generally known that their religion is a pure Theism. Of these missionaries there were four present, besides several other native gentlemen, among whom was the editor of a very ably-conducted English paper called the *East*. In the last number of this paper, referring to our visit to Dacca, the editor said that "among missionaries there are many who are, to say the least, very incarnations of piety, simplicity, and devotion."

We were surprised and delighted to hear that nearly all these gentle-

men had been in regular attendance at our services on the Bund. Their disposition towards us was very kind and encouraging throughout. At our request they sang two or three of their hymns. The singing was good, but the words were really excellent. I wish I had sufficient space to give you a translation of one of their hymns. It was all about Jesus, and full of praise and gratitude to Him. Its chorus was the following :—

“Victory to Jesus, the mine of virtues, the crowning gem of the pious, and God the purifier of the human race,
Spotless in life, beautiful and tender, and the destroyer of the woes of the stricken.”



DACCA CHAPEL, EASTERN BENGAL.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. T. R. Edwards.)

After they sang, they compelled us to sing, and this we did as best we could. This ended our interview with them, and we took our leave. All promised to attend regularly our meetings on the Bund.

THE LAST SERVICE.

And now I wish to call your attention to the last service we had on the embankment. It was the seventh evening after our arrival. I spoke on the *Verity of the Resurrection of Christ*, and Mr. James followed with a speech of telling eloquence on the *Spirit and Teaching of Christ*. The addresses were listened to by an audience numbering not less than five

hundred. Up to this evening not a single objection had been raised against Christianity, and we were thanking the Baboos for the uninterrupted hearing they had given us all through, and were just taking our leave of them, when a Baboo came forward and wished to speak a few words. We, of course, permitted him, and thought, from the drift of his first sentences, that he was going to thank us in the name of the assembly for the meetings we had conducted, but his speech soon turned out to be a bitter, conceited raid against Christianity. He said that the way of salvation through Christ, to say the least of it, was "most cumbrous;" and civilisation he declared to be, not the result of Christianity, but of navigation! He maintained that civilisation dated no farther back than Columbus, and the English are so civilised, because, on account of the poorness and insular position of their country, they are obliged to go begging their food about the world by navigation. And he said, too, that Hindoos are so uncivilised because they have a rich country, which easily satisfies their few wants, and hence does not compel them to beg their food about the world by trading.

This is sufficient to show you the nature of his speech. After he had finished, up rose one of the Brahmo missionaries, and, in a most thrilling speech in Bengali, destroyed utterly the effect produced by the other, and gave him quietly a few remarkable home thrusts.

"Is not Christianity," said he, "the source of civilisation? Who but its missionaries originated the educational movement in this country?"

He moreover said, "My friend just now spoke contemptuously of Western civilisation, and yet, strange to say, he is doing all he can to conform to English habits and customs." This was a clever hit, because the Baboo had, to a large extent, forsaken the habits and customs of his countrymen, and was dressed up almost like a European.

Besides this, there were many other good things in his speech, and altogether it was a complete defence of all we had said.

By this time it had got so dark that candles were brought and lighted, and in the flickering light the assembly presented a most peculiar appearance. At this juncture we took our leave, having wished good-bye to all.

I have forgotten to mention that a Roman Catholic priest stood among the crowd of listeners, and heard our speeches from beginning to end, and also the discussion which followed.

This ended our work in Dacca, and we left early next morning by steamer for Calcutta.

While in Dacca we distributed no less than 3,500 English and Bengali tracts, and also sold a goodly number of English Bibles and Testa-

ments. From what I have previously written, it will be readily seen that Dacca is a most important centre for mission work.

Streams of educated natives go from Dacca to all parts of the country. How important it is, then, that Christianity should be well advocated there. Yet our Mission alone is represented there. There is no other Society besides our own there. This shows what great responsibilities we are under. And yet if we could but occupy that place well, it would be of immense advantage to us. I believe that he who gets Dacca gets Eastern Bengal. If we are wise, therefore, we may have a field all to ourselves; and that should be a weighty consideration with us.

There ought to be at least three additional able, zealous missionaries in Dacca to meet all the urgent, pressing demands for Christian instruction.

I WILL BE A CHRISTIAN.

And now I have but one more item of news to give, which, I am sure, will fill the hearts of all friends of the mission enterprise with joy and thankfulness. We were returning from Dacca in the steamer, when I accidentally entered into conversation with a Baboo. I soon turned the conversation upon Christianity; but no sooner had I mentioned Christianity than the young man brightened up, and in a most decided tone exclaimed, "*I will be a Christian.*" He then told me that a brother of his had just been baptized at Jessore, and had written him a most kind, loving letter, urging him to become a Christian. He further told me that he was on his way to Jessore to make a public profession of faith in Christ. After saying this, he ran away to fetch me the letter he had received.

The letter I thought so good that I asked him to allow me to copy some part of it, and here it is:—

"I can no longer keep you in ignorance, dear Rojoni, that my faith in Christianity, and the peace it has been giving my heart since I have commenced to love the Redeemer, have at last compelled me to enrol myself as a follower of Christ under the Lord's banner. Christ says: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'He that confesseth Me before men, Him will I confess before My Father in heaven.' 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me before men, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of the Father with the holy angels.'

"I was baptized the other day at Jessore in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and I feel happy to tell you that I am no more a secret, but an open, professed Christian for the last seven days.

"Christianity, dear Rojoni, is the real religion that God wants us to practise. Of this you will be well convinced if you try to inquire sincerely. The Lord calls us, 'Come;' and why should we delay to accept that kind invitation through fear of society alone, which is only for a few days? We don't require anything else but to believe and accept the blessed invitation.

"I think you will by-and-by come to the Lord who died for us 1,881 years ago, and ascended to heaven. Read the Bible every day. Commence to read

from the New Testament and inquire sincerely, and you shall see what a blessing you shall have for your soul."

This I copied word for word from the letter. It gave both James and myself great pleasure, and we encouraged the young man to go on in the noble course he has chosen. He told us his father was a Brahmo, but is now dead. He said, too, that by caste he is a Brahmin, and was still wearing the sacred thread, but declared that, immediately on reaching Jessore, he would cast it aside for ever.

On reaching Calcutta we heard, to our glad surprise that our native brother missionary at Jessore had really baptized the young, educated, respectable Brahmin.

Thus, dear Christian friends, the Lord is working in our midst. Education and enlightenment are doing marvellous things in this country. The field is ripe to harvest, but the labourers are few.

Are there no devoted men of culture and independent means at home who will come out and take part in this glorious work? I am sure if many of our members of influence could only see the work in all its grand importance they would joyfully give themselves up to the blessed enterprise. And of this I am convinced, that, before our missionary band can be very largely augmented, there must be a movement in this direction. The Lord hasten it in His good time.

A Cry from China.

BY a recent mail we received a deeply interesting report of last year's work in the Province of Shan-Tung, written by the Rev. A. G. Jones, of Tsing Cheu Fu, which will appear in full in the forthcoming Annual Report of the Society. We cannot refrain, however, from quoting at once its closing words:—

"In conclusion," writes Mr. Jones, "you know Mr. Kitts and Mr. Whitewright are here with me in the front ranks face to face with the work, and we have much more hope than ever. The report I send has nothing in it very extraordinary, and yet I don't feel at all discouraged. We stand here back to back, conscious of increased power over things, and without much fear. What we do greatly fear is the unaccomplished, an ill-provided-for future, missed and unused opportunities, ever-slipping-away chances. And why is this? No answer comes but one—we want more MEN; we need more help, hand and heart; help from those who CAN come out here; money help from those who have it and cannot come out. Prayer, earnest wrestling, prevailing from all to the one great God, who looks down as well on the mountains and plains of China, on her teeming villages and her towering temples, as He does on the noble churches and sweet fields of Great Britain.

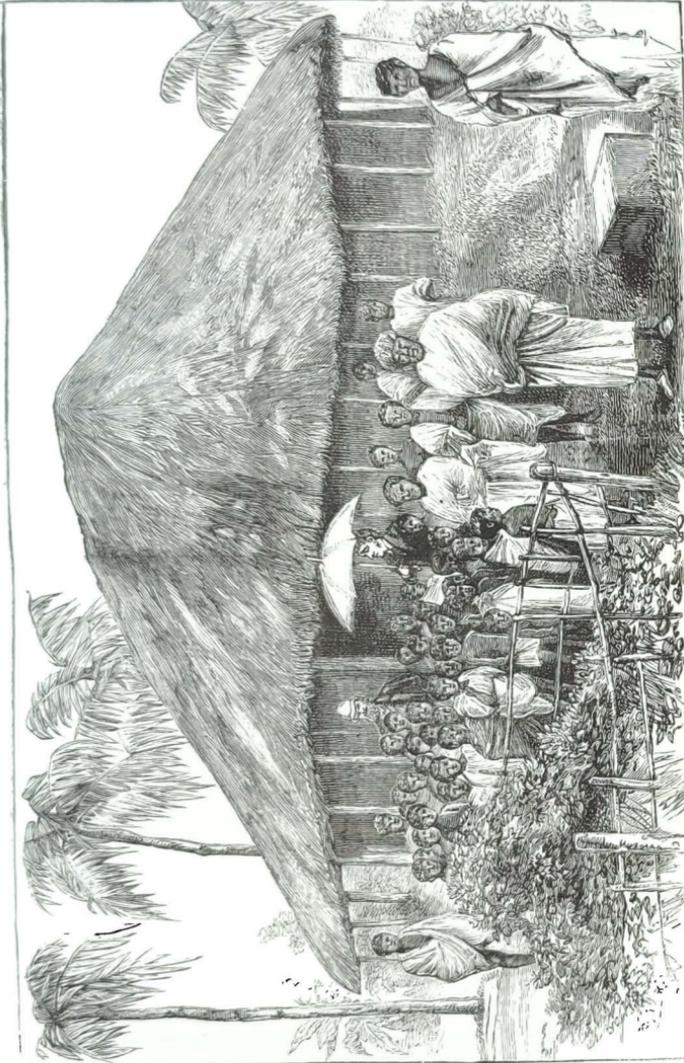
"Yes, the one lesson I would draw from this report, if I may be permitted to do so, is a very simple one, *but terribly real*. It is this—

"WE WANT MORE HELP! WHEN WILL IT COME?"

"Tsing Cheu Fu, *March 23rd*, 1882."

"A. G. JONES.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
JULY 1, 1882.



NORTH LUYANTIPORE CHAPEL. (From a Photograph by the Rev. G. H. Rouse, M. A.)

North Lukyantipore Chapel.

THIS village is about fifteen miles south of Calcutta. The total Christian population in the village is fifty-nine, of whom fourteen are church members. The chapel is, like most of our country chapels, made of mud walls, with an opening, to serve for door, window, and ventilation, on two or more sides. The roof is of thatch, supported by bamboo posts, and the whole is raised four or five feet from the ground, on a platform of mud, to keep out the damp in that moist climate. The only piece of furniture inside is a sort of reading-desk, and it would be well if that were not there, as such a thing is an English and not a native idea. The people sit on mats on the mud floor—the men on one side and the women on the other. The village, like almost all Bengali villages, is surrounded by rice-fields, which, in the rainy season, July to September, are completely flooded. The village then constitutes a little island, which we can reach only in canoes. In the autumn the water begins to subside. In November the country is a mass of mud, and by December it begins to be hard enough to walk on. We can then get to these villages by walking over the fields.

The people presented in the picture consist mainly of the North Lukyantipore Christians and the school-boys (there is a school of seventy boys here). In the forefront is an old pensioner of the Society, Lukhy Narayan. Mr. Baynes and Mr. Kerry are also in the group, as the photograph was taken when they were visiting the south village churches.

Calcutta.

G. H. ROUSE.

Medical Mission Work in China.

THE following report of medical and surgical work during the past year in North China by the Rev. J. Tate Kitts has just been received:—

DIFFICULTIES OF MEDICAL WORK.

“Medical missionary work in China has to be carried on under great and many difficulties, and therefore requires the greatest caution on the part of beginners at the first start. The Chinese are very timid about coming to a foreign hospital at all—this fear probably arising partly on account of the fearful reports that have been circulated from time to time with regard to the nature of the foreign doctor’s

remedies; and partly because of the great fear which the natives have of the surgeon’s knife. I was told of a case at Shanghai where a native pastor’s wife wished to have cured the pain arising from a decayed tooth. She was persuaded to go to the foreign doctor, who told her the tooth must come out, but on seeing the forceps she refused to have that operation performed. She now went to the native doctor, who told her the cause of the trouble was

worms in the centre of the tooth, which must be destroyed. The tooth being at the back of the jaw the doctor found some difficulty in reaching it from the mouth, so drilled a hole through the patient's cheek, and so through to the centre of the offending tooth, and destroyed the nerve of the tooth by means of a hot wire, which was introduced into the tooth through the hole in the cheek and heated by means of a fire lighted under the projecting end. All this was borne by the woman rather than submit to the operation of extraction by the foreign doctor. This will give an idea of the dread of the *modus operandi* of the foreign physician. It will be perfectly understood, therefore, when I say we are not anxious to undertake serious cases where a fatal result is expected; consequently we have often to forego tempting operations, which, under ordinary circumstances, we should immediately perform in the hope of saving life, but which we are afraid to perform here, not being certain of its ultimate success. Many cases that come to us are diseases of long standing, and which have been given up by the native doctor after a long treatment by him, which treatment, I need not say, has in no way tended to help the patient. For example, a case I have in hand now is that of a child, eight years of age (but which looks no larger than a baby of two years), suffering from chronic hydrocephalus, which it has had for seven years of its life; he has not spoken since his birth; has been treated by native doctors, who, besides giving the child an enormous amount of medicine to eat, have run needles into probably every square inch of its body. Again, after spending much time and trouble over some patients, immediately decided improvement commences we see them no more, they either going back to the native

doctor, or thinking further treatment quite unnecessary. The Chinese, having most absurd notions with regard to physiology, and no notion whatever as to the causes of disease, cannot help us the least with the diagnosis of their complaints. We have no end of trouble in trying to get them to follow out our instructions. Sometimes they will not take our medicine at all; sometimes they take it along with native drugs; when immediate results do not follow the taking of foreign medicine they often discard it and take native. When the medicine is beneficial they sometimes take it all at once, hoping to be well the sooner. These difficulties are, of course, much greater with regard to the diseases of women. There are cases where the only means of diagnosis the doctor was permitted to have was by a string tied round the lady's wrist, the other end being passed through the window, by which he was expected to feel the pulse, and so determine the nature of the disease. Mr. Jones, being treated after this manner on one occasion, refused to give any medicine at all. The day following the father of the girl sent word to say the foreign doctor might come now and see the patient, and upon Mr. Jones inquiring how she was, he was told, 'Oh, she died last night!' Our native pastor was once sent for to see an officer, a day's journey from here, who had committed suicide, and who had already been hanging four days, and was not then cut down!"

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

"In spite of all this, however, our dispensary has been and is doing a good work, and is a great influence for good. During last year I was living at Chefoo, and only once came through here to look after the medical work, the trained native being in full charge

of the work. This trained man is a very fine fellow; he was trained at the London Mission Hospital, at Peking, under Dr. Dudgeon, where he spent two years or so, and of whose ability Dr. Dudgeon speaks very highly. Now that I am living here myself, I hope that the number of patients will greatly increase, and the good done be much greater than in the past year. The trained native at the dispensary at Kiang Sü is also a very fine fellow, and has the great advantage over the man here in being himself a Christian. He was also trained at Peking.

“Two of our students from the school at Ting Cheufu are about to begin the study of foreign medicine and surgery; one of them is about to proceed to Peking; the other we hope to send to Tientsin, under the care of Dr. Mackenzie. The great disadvantage these students have is their inability to study human dissection in

their own country. At present nearly all our patients come to the dispensary to be treated, the number of out-patients being necessarily small, owing to the difficulties in travelling. The time for in-patients has not yet arrived; when that time comes, which we hope will be soon, we will have to look out for larger and more commodious premises.

“In closing I have to record the great goodness of God to us in every way, especially in restoring me to health when life was despaired of during a long and most severe illness at Chefoo, and also for again restoring me to health after another illness since coming to this city; and also in keeping my dear wife in health and strength, even when no one thought she would live after the tedious watching and nursing during my illness.

“J. TATE KITTS.

“Tsing Cheu Fu, Shantung.”

The Extinction of the Debt.

WE are thankful to report that since the issue of the June number of the MISSIONARY HERALD we have received several most cheering responses to the appeal for the liquidation of the remaining balance of the debt.

To entirely extinguish the debt without at all drawing upon the Legacy Reserve Fund required at the commencement of last month a sum of

£1,636 4s. 6d.

Towards this we have received, up to the date of going to press with the current issue of the HERALD, the following sums:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White, of Evesham	150	0	0
A Friend	50	0	0
Sir Morton and Lady Peto	20	0	0
Rev. T. G. Rooke, LL.B.	20	0	0
Mr. Thomas Hepburn, of Hele	20	0	0
Other sums	40	0	0

We have also been cheered by the generous efforts of the Revs.

Greenhough, M.A., and Jas. Thew, of Leicester, which have resulted in the collection of

£200 Os. Od.

from kind supporters in that town.

Not a few out of their great poverty have contributed most generously, and many cases of touching self-denial and consecration might be mentioned. One poor widow, out of an income of only ten shillings per week—her all—almost bedridden through painful disease, sends **£2**, “saved little by little for the blessed work of Foreign Missions.”

“A Working Farm Labourer in Dorsetshire” sends ten shillings out of his weekly wage of twelve shillings, having a family of eight children to provide for, “not one of them being able to earn any money for themselves.”

From the far north of Scotland comes five shillings from “A Fisherman,” who, but for bad times and much sickness, would gladly send more, but he adds, “the Lord knows all, and He knows we have all gone without food for one day to send even these few shillings;” while from Cornwall comes a sum of eight shillings from a poor girl, far gone in consumption, “saved by needlework as she was able to do it.”

These, and other like cases, will show what a deep interest is being taken in the work of the Mission by dear friends and helpers far and near. In nearly every such case grateful and encouraging reference is made to the value of the MISSIONARY HERALD as a means of information with regard “to the needs and progress of the work.” We shall be thankful to friends who will promote its wider and more general circulation, and will gladly send copies to any who may be thought likely to become interested in the great mission enterprise, on the receipt of names and addresses.

No *true and intelligent interest* can be excited or maintained *without knowledge*. Our earnest desire, therefore, is to spread broadcast the actual facts and needs of the great work carried on by our missionaries in all parts of the vast mission-field.

It will be seen from the foregoing figures that we still need some **£1,100** to entirely extinguish the debt without drawing at all upon the Legacy Reserve Fund.

Next month we hope to report arrangements that are being made for a general canvass of all the churches, with a view to securing a *large permanent increase* in the ordinary annual income of the Society. Friends on all hands are most cheerfully promising to aid in this great work, and the Committee are much encouraged by assurance of practical support and sympathy from all parts of the country.

The Missionary Herald.

THE following letter has just been received, with a request that it may be inserted in this issue :—

“DEAR MR. BAYNES,—It has given me much pleasure from time to time, in various parts of the country, to find how much the MISSIONARY HERALD and the JUVENILE HERALD are appreciated. During last week two instances of this came to my notice. In one case a lady was so much interested that she determined to do more for the mission than ever before. Many who are not able to attend missionary meetings, and whose day for active service is over, watch the progress of the mission through its accounts and pray over it continually. One aged saint, ninety-two years of age, the widow of a Baptist minister whom we called to see lately, said, as she laid her hand on the last number of the HERALD: ‘*This is what delights me. I always pray for God’s work, and O how happy it makes me when I read about its success! I do praise the Lord for what He has done.*’ She spoke, too, with her eyes full of tears of gratitude about those friends who had come forward to pay off the debt; this debt had distressed her, and she was so glad to see the names of those whom she knew, or whose *parents* she had known in the more active period of her life, and to find they had come forward to help. Who can estimate the extent to which the prayers of such aged believers have been effectual in bringing down blessings on mission work?—Yours sincerely,

“L. M. R.”

Recent Intelligence.

Our readers will be thankful to hear of the safe arrival at Cameroons, Western Africa, of Miss Saker, who, in company with Mr. Butcher, proceeding to the Congo Mission, left Liverpool some few weeks ago.

Miss Saker writes from the Mission House at Bethel Station on “Saturday, April 29th,” and says :—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I write once more from the old home. We arrived on Monday morning at the bar, after a quick and pleasant voyage of only twenty-six days from Liverpool. At half-past seven a.m. we left the ship for a pull, in a small boat without awning, of about nineteen or twenty miles. We were five hours on the way. It was intensely hot; but on our arrival here we had a hearty greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and Mr. Shred, and our people, those who live near the mission. I have not seen all yet; every day there are fresh greetings from some. Mr. Butcher’s visit here was very hurried, and I trust he would not suffer from the exposure of the journey. He had to return to the ship almost immediately.

“To-morrow is the Sabbath, my first Sunday in the old place; I trust we shall have a day of rich blessing. I am thankful once more to be permitted to return to my much loved work, and hopefully look forward to richer blessings for Cameroons and the interior than we have ever had before.”

At the last meeting of the Committee two brethren were accepted for mission

work—Mr. W. H. Doke, of Regent's Park College, son of the Rev. W. Doke, of Chudleigh, Devon, for mission work on the Congo River, and Mr. Arthur Wood, of the Pastors' College, who goes out to India to take the pastoral oversight of the Havelock Church in Agra. Very earnestly do we entreat our readers to pray that both these brethren may prove eminently useful and successful.

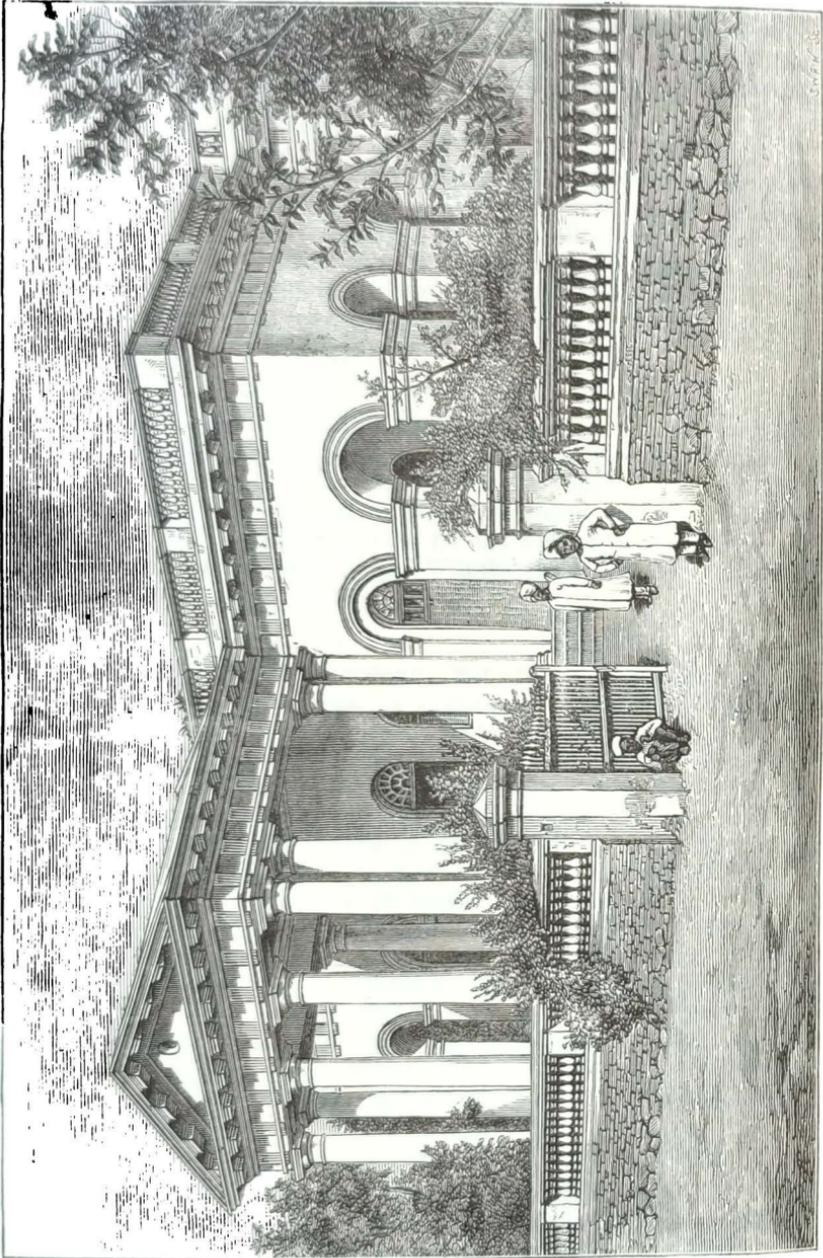
By the appointment of Mr. Doke to the Congo Mission, five of the six new missionaries immediately needed for this field of labour have been secured, and we are thankful to report that there are several applications now under the consideration of the Committee for the one vacant post. In many directions there are indications not a few of growing and deepening interest in this Mission, while assurances of special prayer for a blessing on the new brethren reach us from very many directions.

In the last week of this month it is hoped that arrangements may be made for holding a large public meeting on behalf of the Congo Mission in connection with the departure for Africa of Mr. Grenfell and three additional missionaries, and the completion and dispatch of the new steamer, the gift of Robert Arthington, Esq., of Leeds, and intended for the navigation of Stanley Pool and the vast reaches of the Upper Congo. Will the friends of the Congo Mission please remember this and mention it to others?

THE PROPER PLACE OF MISSION WORK.—Not a few of our church members, and we fear some of our ministers, are in danger of falling into the grievous mistakes of regarding missionary operations as something which a church undertakes in addition to its ordinary work. On the contrary, missions—the work of preaching the Gospel to every creature—are a part of the very life of the Church. One great reason why the church exists is to “evangelise all nations.” This thought ought never to drop out of the consciousness of Christians. But it does. Christian people sometimes seem even aggrieved when the claims of the destitute at home or the heathen abroad are urged upon them. If new lamps are needed—or thought to be needed—in the church building, or a new side-walk required for more ready access to it, the heathen must wait till the “so much to do at home” is attended to. There is need of a genuine and general revival of religion in the pockets of God's people. As paving the way for that there is need that we all learn to *put mission work, whether home or foreign, in its proper place in our regard, not as an addendum, an extraneous thing, but as an essential part of the very life of every church.*—*The Boston Missionary Magazine.*

We learn from Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster Row, that there are still a few copies left of the deeply interesting and suggestive volume of sermons written by the late Secretary of the Mission, the Rev. Clement Bailhache, and entitled, “*Work too Fair to Die.*” Those who desire to be possessed of this memorial volume should at once apply to Mr. Stock, the publisher.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,]
August 1, 1882.



BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHANDNEY CHOK, DELHI —(From a Photograph by Mr. Dannenberg. See page 255.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Recent Appeal for Permanent Increase of Contributions.

IT is with much pleasure we now present our readers with some of the results with which the circular addressed to the pastors and deacons of the churches has been attended. We have had abundant evidence in the past of the warm interest with which the Society is regarded, but we feel particularly thankful for the numerous communications which are now being received from all parts of the United Kingdom expressing afresh the most cordial sympathy, and conveying the most earnest resolves to render larger assistance. It will be remembered that our appeal urges the desirability of raising the income of the Society by at least £5,000; and for this object it proposes that the churches should be visited by special deputations, whose aim it will be to secure new and increased subscriptions, and to encourage the establishment of some systematic method for obtaining smaller as well as larger sums.

We have been much gratified by the receipt of resolutions passed at some of the recent meetings of the County Associations. The following resolutions have been forwarded:—

From the Southern Association.

“The Southern Baptist Association desire to record their gratitude to God for journeying mercies given to their honoured friend the Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. They also hail with satisfaction the extinction of the debt. And, whilst gratefully recording the tokens of God’s blessing which rest on other parts of the field of missions, they are especially glad to see the resolve of the Committee to sustain the work on the Congo. Towards the successful issue of the canvass for subscriptions with this view, this Association pledge their earnest and cheerful assistance.”

From the Norfolk Association.

“This Association of Baptist Churches hears with great pleasure of the removal of the debt from our beloved Foreign Missionary Society, and it hereby expresses its deep sympathy with the contents and purpose of the letter addressed to the churches of the country; it thinks that deputations from the parent Society to the centres will be attended with much blessing and success, but that the expenses of sending such deputations to the country districts

would not be justified by the returns secured; but if from the central towns brethren would visit our rural churches to give missionary information and help on the organisation of auxiliary societies, all the objects aimed at will be realised."

From the Western Association.

"That this Association desires to express its sympathy with the endeavour now being made to increase the income of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society by at least £5,000, and cordially promises its help in the effort."

From the Breconshire Association.

"That this Conference desires to commend the Foreign Missionary Society to the special notice and liberality of the churches, and recommends that the ministers of the respective churches should exchange pulpits on the collecting Sunday."

From the English Association of Glamorgan and Carmarthenshire Churches.

"That this Association expresses its warm affection for the Baptist Missionary Society, and its great joy at the recent extension of its operations in India, China, and Africa. It cordially approves of the effort now being made to increase its annual income by not less than £5,000, and earnestly recommends each of the associated churches to endeavour to augment its present contributions not less than 20 per cent."

From the Old Welsh (Montgomery and Radnor) Association.

"That we earnestly request the churches to arrange for a deputation from the Missionary Society to visit them."

Similar resolutions have been received from Missionary Auxiliaries.

The Rev. T. W. Medhurst writes:—

"At a meeting of the Committee of the Portsmouth Auxiliary of the Baptist Missionary Society, held at Lake Road Chapel last evening, it was unanimously resolved that, in reply to your circular of May 30th, 'We invite a deputation from the Baptist Missionary Society to meet the churches of Portsmouth for the purpose of devising means for increasing the subscriptions to the funds of the Society, and that the meeting be held at Lake Road Chapel, the date of holding which be decided on at a future meeting.'

"I will let you know at the earliest opportunity possible the date we fix on, but it cannot be earlier than January, 1883. We shall, doubtless, further consider the matter at our meetings in September."

The Rev. H. J. Betts sends the following communication:—

"The circular recently issued by you to the churches was submitted to the Committee of the Newcastle and Gateshead Auxiliary on Monday evening last, and the resolution I send herewith was unanimously adopted:—

"That the Rev. H. J. Betts be authorised to reply on behalf of the Auxiliary to the effect that we have conferred upon the appeal received, and, noting that an increment of about 10 per cent. on the current income is asked for, we trust that efforts already initiated, and being vigorously prosecuted, will be productive to that extent, but we do not consider the current season propitious for a more decisive advance."

Mr. Barber, the Secretary of the Bradford Auxiliary, writes :—

“ Referring to your circular of May 30th, the churches in Bradford are anxious to fall in with the suggestions made in it.

“ The delay in answering has arisen from the desire that all the churches here should act unanimously in the matter.

“ At a recent meeting of the representatives of the Bradford churches we have been requested to communicate to you the result of the deliberation.

“ In view of the near approach of our annual missionary services, and the time of the year coming on when many of our friends will be from home, it is thought advisable that you should defer the special deputation until those services are held. The date fixed for them is Sunday, September 10th, and following days.

“ Considering that we have eight churches and ten Sunday-schools here, we do not see that we can efficiently conduct services with less help from outside than at least four.

“ You have already kindly promised us Rev. Gogon Chunder Dutt and Rev. A. Sturge, and we propose inviting some influential man from outside on our own account; if, then, you could kindly send, as the special deputation, someone who would have influence from the known position which he holds, we believe we can do some efficient work for you here towards increasing the annual subscriptions.

“ Trusting that our efforts may benefit the mission cause and the mission spirit amongst us,

“ We remain, yours sincerely,

“ WM. WATSON, Treasurer.

“ WM. BARBER, Secretary.”

The Rev. B. Evans, of Aberdare, responds to our appeal in these terms :—

“ In reply to your circular-letter, I beg to state that Dr. Price and myself have been conferring together on the subject of your letter.

“ We are of opinion that we can work our district, the Aberdare Valley, ourselves, and that having a special deputation as you mentioned would only incur unnecessary expenses to the Society; for an English deputation would be but of very little use in this district save to the two English churches here—viz., Carmel, Aberdare; and Nazareth, Mountain Ash.

“ We shall bring the matter before our monthly meeting, in which the ministers of, and deputations from, each and every church throughout the Valley meet, and arrange there to exchange pulpits or hold special missionary meetings for the purpose of rousing the churches, and try to increase the annual collections and subscriptions, &c.

“ I intend also making a lecture on ‘The Congo Mission,’ which, with the aid of the map now specially prepared and published by your Society (which I mean to have ere long), may prove both attractive and interesting to our young people and congregations generally. I shall give my services in this district free of expenses to the Society, and shall, at the close of any meeting we may have for that purpose, enforce the general claims of the Society on the assemblies. You can calculate upon our hearty co-operation to carry out successfully your proposed plan to secure the additional £5,000 to the permanent income of the Society.”

The Rev. T. J. Hazzard, of Westbury Leigh, describes the effort which will be made in his own church, and those at Penknapp and West End:—

“At the united missionary prayer-meeting held at my chapel last night I took the opportunity of laying before the friends assembled the appeal for increased support to the Baptist Missionary Society.

“Before doing this I consulted my brethren Finch and Laurence about the matter, and they felt, with me, that a visit from the deputation would really be of little use to us, considering the fact that most of our people are unable to give anything like large subscriptions toward the work of the Society. We therefore resolved that for each of our churches the better way would be to bring the matter ourselves before the people, and see if something cannot be done in a systematic and regular way to increase our interest in, and contributions for, the Society. Mr. Anderson (from India) was ready to help us in this matter, and so it was determined that last night the thing should be laid before the united meeting (Penknapp and Leigh), Mr. Anderson following up the matter by urging the people to increase their aid; and that at the earliest opportunity the same should be done at Brother Laurence’s place. Of course you will hear from brethren Laurence and Finch further about it.

“The plan suggested last night by Mr. Anderson was one which I hope will be heartily taken up by both churches. He suggested that collectors should be appointed from each congregation to canvass all the friends, and ask them to give something per week or per month to the Mission. The sum named was simply a penny per month, and it was estimated that if only one hundred in each congregation would do this they would raise our income £5 per annum in each church. This, it seems to me, is the only and the most effective way in a place like this, and I am happy to say that, as a result of last evening’s meeting, I have already seven female volunteers who have promised to go about and do all they can to get promises per month for the Mission. In addition to this, there will, I believe, be a decided improvement in the school boxes this year, as one or two of the teachers are adopting regular giving, Sunday by Sunday, entering each name in a little book and the amounts given. As a result in my wife’s class, the offerings last quarter amount to more than *half* the whole amount from her class last year. This method I shall introduce quietly and slowly into every class if I can. Of course, the whole thing depends upon the interest taken and help given by the teacher.

“May I ask you to send me per return a parcel of collecting-books, some for teachers and some for collectors? A score would not be too many, as they would keep, even though we may not use them all just directly. I hope and pray that not £5,000 but £20,000 will be added very soon to the regular income of our beloved Mission. Surely we ought to be able to do this as a denomination!”

From individual churches we have received about 450 letters.

Whilst several of these churches, owing to their feeble condition, do not hold out the promise of increased help, we are pleased to recognise the kindly spirit in which they reply. We would not, however, omit to state that many of the poorer churches are determined to contribute more to the funds if it be at all possible for them to do so.

Take, for instance, the following letters, typical of many others of a similar character:—

The Rev. J. G. Scott, of Guilsborough, writes:—

“In reply to your circular received this morning, I would say that I entirely agree with its proposals, and shall be most happy to do all in my power to assist the Committee. My own idea was that we must set before us the sum of £60,000 as the income for the present year, [and I believe if this were to be kept constantly before the churches there would be no difficulty in raising the sum. But the thought which must ever dwell with us is that we must be *going on*; whatever the income for one year is, it seems to me that we must be determined that the income for the next year shall be in advance. Last year we considerably more than *doubled* our contributions, and I have little doubt we shall make some addition this year, and I trust the visit of our brethren on Monday next may be productive of great good in the interest of the Mission.

“Wishing you every success in this noble work, and praying that *all* the churches of the land may be influenced to second your efforts.”

The following is sent by a minister in the South of England:—

“Your circular of May 30th is to hand, and has been the subject of our consideration.

“With regard to receiving a special deputation, we deem the step would be unadvisable, as we are expecting our usual (annual) one in September; and, considering the financial condition of our people, we think it would not prove very successful.

“We intend (D.V.) to give the deputation a hearty and cheering reception when he does come, and would rather condense our enthusiasm into the one meeting. All our congregation is made up of hard-working and hardly paid labourers, &c., who are able to give by little rather than by lumps. We have a Voluntary Subscription Missionary Society, which now numbers about sixty members, who give anything between a halfpenny and sixpence per month to the work, as the Lord enables them. I am myself the secretary and treasurer, and, though it involves some amount of time and work, I feel that I can render that as a personal portion of the help required; and I know my acting thus keeps both the people and their gifts well together. We approve of your accepting all the responsibilities the Master lays upon you, and are still determined to do our best to share the honour of the glorious work. We believe that ere long the Master will call the gold-mines of the cities as well as the copper-mines of the villages into use for this purpose. For means and men we continue to pray. I will assure you of every step being taken in connection with our church and congregation for the employment of all our resources. All that I can do in the pulpit and in private I will cheerfully, as I take great interest personally in the Mission work.”

The next letter is from the Rev. B. Clare, of Watchet:—

“I handed your letter of the 30th ult. to my deacons and other friends, who feel deeply interested in the Mission, and anxious to see the income of the Society increased as proposed, but think that a deputation to this small place would scarcely pay the expenses. We propose, therefore, when we hold our

missionary meetings in September next, to make efforts to increase the amount generally sent. At our Western Association the subject was considered, and we promised to give our share of the amount required. I trust this will be fully realised. At any rate, I will do my utmost to bring it about.

“Trusting all our hearts may be cheered by seeing more than the amount named subscribed.”

From the little church at Iwerne Minster, the pastor writes:—

“I have laid your letter before our friends here, and they think the results of a visit would not justify the expense of sending a deputation to so small and isolated a church. We intend to improve our organisation so as to largely increase our contribution to the funds of missions.

“We have some mission-boxes by us which we intend to place in the hands of our members. I brought the claims of the Baptist Mission cause before our congregation last Sunday from the pulpit. And I intend to establish a monthly prayer-meeting, at which I think that some good may be done.

“Wishing you God-speed in the noble work in which you are engaged.”

We feel constrained to find space for two more letters from churches similarly situated. One is from the Rev. F. J. Feltham, of Winslow:—

“The circular of May 30th to hand, for which I thank you. May God's richest blessing rest upon the special effort now about to be put forth to raise the permanent income of the Society, and may He give you abundant success.

“In regard to ourselves, will you kindly allow me to offer a word of explanation? Until four years ago, when I settled at Winslow, little or nothing had been done by our church for the Baptist Missionary Society. We commenced at once to excite and increase the interest of the people in the welfare of that noble institution. The first year we raised about £7; the next year about £10; last year about £13 or £14; and we have made up our minds to do all we can to bring up our contribution next year to £20. Now, dear sir, we are only a small (but, thank God, an *increasing*) church; our members are nearly all poor folks, and consequently our resources are but limited. We are really (and I say it honestly and sincerely) doing our utmost for the Missionary Society. If we could do more we would with all our hearts.

“Therefore, under the circumstances, I certainly think it would scarcely be needful for us to have the visit of a deputation. I am sure you understand my meaning.

“Still, there are many churches at which very little is being done for the Society, and others, perhaps, which could do more. God bless you and prosper you in your proposed visit among these churches, and may there be forthcoming as the result a very large increase of support on behalf of our beloved and honoured Society.

“Wishing you abundant blessing, and assuring you of our earnest prayers.”

The other letter is from the Rev. E. Scott, of Bampton, Devon:—

“I have laid the circular respecting our Missionary Society before our deacons, and hereby inform you of their decision in the matter.

“We have determined to do our utmost by a yearly collection and private

subscriptions, prayer-meeting box, and collections in our Sunday-school; in this way we hope to do more than heretofore.

"Small as we are, we have many claims upon us, locally and denominationally. We number but thirty-six members, and the majority of them are poor. We have our Missionary Society at heart, and help as we can by prayer-meetings and other ways.

"Hoping you may realise the amount required, and praying for an abundant blessing on all your efforts."

From many of our stronger churches equally satisfactory replies have reached us. The subjoined are some of the letters sent by London ministers :—

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon writes :—

"You are aware that all the private subscriptions, or almost all, arose out of an effort to help the former debt. They were promised once, and we succeeded in making the most of them annual. I have the fullest assurance that Mr. W. Olney gets from the people all that zeal for the Mission can obtain, and I do not, therefore, see what more we can do in answer to your circular of May 30th.

"We have some object almost every week, and I feel ashamed to press for more. Mr. Olney is a specially good pleader, and after he has reaped the gleanings are but few."

The Rev. W. Brock :—

"In answer to your circular, we shall be very willing to receive a deputation on the subject of increased contributions; but we think it had better be after the holidays rather than before. Say in October next."

The Rev. C. B. Sawday :—

"We shall be exceedingly obliged if you will send us a deputation in the autumn. I will call at the Mission House about it on my return from my holidays."

Mr. J. O. Woollacott, of Rye Lane, Peckham :—

"I am requested by the deacons of Rye Lane Chapel to inform you, in reply to your circular, that we shall be happy to receive a deputation from the Baptist Missionary Society in January next. We are obliged to fix this late date in consequence of extraordinary efforts we are just now making to reduce our debt, and not from any want of interest in the work of missionary enterprise."

Mr. A. C. Pensam, of Upton Chapel :—

"In reply to yours of the 30th ult., we regret that we cannot *at present* see our way clear to receive a deputation, or make a special effort for the Mission. We shall, however, endeavour to increase the number of subscribers this year, and thus assist the object you have in view."

Mr. J. Halford, of John Street Chapel :—

"Referring to your circular-letter of the 30th ult., I am desired by the pastor and deacons to say they will be happy to receive a deputation as suggested, and they think Tuesday would be the most convenient day of the week.

“Kindly note that the Tuesday next before the first Sunday of each month is always occupied with a church-meeting.”

We may here interject the remark that during the past month important meetings, with a view to increased organisation, have been held at Upper Holloway, Lower Norwood, Onslow, and Kingsgate Street Chapels.

From the provinces the Rev. E. G. Gange, of Bristol, writes :—

“In reply to your circular I will do anything in my power to co-operate with you in increasing the permanent income of our Missionary Society. When your appeal first came to hand I felt that you might as well have omitted Bristol, considering how well the ancient city responds to every appeal. And, for my own church at Broadmead, never in her history has she given to missions so much and so cheerfully as she is now giving. £314 last year is not a contemptible sum to raise for one object, in the midst of such commercial depression. However, on looking through our list, I find that not more than twenty per cent. of our members are giving at all, and if we can only induce the other eighty per cent. to give their fair quota we might, as a church, raise at least £1,000 ourselves. Come and stir us up. We are all one in this matter.”

The Rev. J. Porteous, of Lockwood :—

“Your circular of 30th May arrived too late for consideration at the last church-meeting, and had to be deferred till last night. In answer to it I have now to state our readiness to receive such a deputation as you propose to send. We shall leave with you the arrangement of date, as you may possibly wish to secure a series of meetings in the neighbourhood. Any time you fix upon we shall endeavour to make convenient for us. Personally, I shall be *very pleased* to welcome a deputation to enforce the growing claims of our beloved Mission, and undertake to aid it as far as I can in two ways—viz., by bringing the subject of missions before my people on the Sunday previous to the visit of the deputation, and by giving in future four times the amount of my annual subscription hitherto.”

The Rev. W. Emery, of Ipswich :—

“I have laid your circular of May 30th before my deacons’ meeting, and am happy to assure you that my brethren heartily sympathise in the work of the Mission, and will gladly co-operate with me in doing all we can to promote its interests.

“You will notice that our contributions for the year just closed are slightly in advance of last year, and as, in addition to those remitted to you, we have sent upwards of £30 to the Zenana Funds, we fear there is little probability of our doing more; indeed, that it will require a great effort to maintain the amount we have reached. At the same time we should be glad to see such a deputation as you propose if the other churches here will join in receiving one, and on that point I will consult Messrs. Morris and Mostyn, but, should they agree, the summer will not be a suitable time to hold a meeting.

“Let me assure you that, personally, I warmly sympathise with our Foreign Missionary Society, and if I can aid it in this special effort on its ordinary work it will be a joy to me to do so.”

From Mr. W. Farrow, of Cannon Street Church, Birmingham :—

“In response to the circular of the Society dated May 30th, I have the pleasure to inform you that the church here will be happy to receive a visit from a deputation, and will call a public meeting to listen to addresses from such gentlemen, but would prefer that such visit be postponed till late in autumn.”

From Mr. C. B. Vaughan, of Ebbw Vale :—

“I am directed by the officers of Zion Baptist Church, Brierley Hill, Ebbw Vale, to state that they will be very pleased to receive a deputation from our Missionary Society at a date most convenient to yourselves. As it is very probable that the same delegates will visit the neighbouring churches we will be prepared to fall in with any course proposed by you. I may say there is a manifest desire on the part of the more influential portion of our church to give more substantial aid to the mission cause, and in the present state of feeling I believe that much good will be done by a visit of your deputation. We would be glad to have a date fixed as early as possible, so that every preparation could be made for a successful visit.”

There are other churches where the claims of the Mission are beginning to be felt, and where, consequently, an earnest desire is being excited to come “to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

The perusal of the above communications, we doubt not, will stir emotions of gratitude and hope in the hearts of our readers.

The deputation arrangements for the autumn are being completed. Should any of the churches from whom we have as yet had no reply to our circular be desirous to receive a visit, we would take this opportunity to ask for a speedy application.

We trust that the effort now being made on behalf of this great and blessed work will give such an impetus to the missionary spirit throughout the denomination as that the additional £5,000 required may be secured. In order that this may be so, we cordially invite the earnest prayers of all the friends of the Mission.

J. B. MYERS.

Baptist Chapel (Chandney Chouk), Delhi.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

IN the MISSIONARY HERALD for December, 1880, we had the pleasure to give our readers an illustration of the Zenana Mission-house in Delhi, just then completed, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity of recording a brief account of the rise and progress of the Zenana Mission work there. We prefaced our remarks on that occasion with a few par-

ticulars respecting the history of the town itself, and shall not, therefore, repeat them, beyond reminding our readers that Delhi is "no mean city," for it contains a population of 160,000 souls, and that, under the great Moghul Empire, Delhi was the capital town of all Hindustan.

Fourteen years after its capture by the British Government—or as early as the year 1817—the Baptist Missionary Society occupied this important station, having as its agent Rev. J. T. Thompson, who continued in possession of this field of labour, without a colleague or a rival, till his death—a period exceeding thirty-five years.

With the vast unoccupied fields open to them in Bengal, we can account for the planting of distant stations in the North-west by our Serampore missionaries, partly from the desire to get closer to the sacred places of pilgrimage, such as Benares, Pryag (Allahabad), Muttra, Bindrabun, Goverdhun, and Hurdwār, and chiefly from the longing which evidently existed to give to these people, in their own language, as perfect a translation as possible of the New Testament. It was with this view John Chamberlain, thwarted in his application to the Government to be allowed to settle in Sahārūnpur (within a short distance of Hurdwār), made his way up to Agra in the year 1811; while Thompson, six years later, established himself at Delhi.

The policy pursued by the Government of that day in respect to Europeans in general who were not Government *employés* was put thus: "It is inexpedient that any Europeans who were not actually employed in the public service should be allowed to settle in any of the frontier districts in the then state of the country;" and, in respect to Nonconformist missionaries, as they were not "ordained clergymen or appointed to the station," they could not be "allowed to exercise clerical functions in a garrison." Notwithstanding these restrictions, Mr. Thompson maintained his ground, and seems to have worked alike peaceably, both with the Government officials and the natives of Delhi, although by far the largest proportion of these were fanatical Mohammedans. This must be attributed as much to his tact and judgment as to his admitted abilities. It will not be out of place here to transcribe from Marshman's work the following paragraph, as a tribute to the memory of an almost forgotten missionary:—

"Among those who were thus engaged by the Serampore missionaries was a young man of the name of Thompson, an assistant in one of the public offices in Calcutta, who had recently joined the church, and manifested great ardour and aptitude for missionary labour. He possessed an extraordinary command of the colloquial tongues of Bengal and Hindustan; and he had for some time cultivated his religious gifts in various services from house to house in Calcutta. Dr. Carey and his brethren determined to take him on their own missionary

establishment, and sent him in the first instance to Patna, the populous and opulent Mohammedan capital of Behar, where the graceful fluency of his address rendered his labours very acceptable with all classes of society."

Much of Thompson's time was given to the translation of the Scriptures ; to compiling an Oordoo dictionary and grammar—a great want in Northern India at that time ; to writing tracts ; and to itinerary work in the neighbourhood of Delhi. At Hurdwār, at the annual mela (or religious fair), the largest in all India, Thompson was invariably found. Here, the sacred Ganges, emerging from the lofty mountains, flows down into the plains ; so Hindoo pilgrims, to the number of 200,000, resort to this mela every year from all parts of that great continent, and above a million every twelfth year. At this enormous gathering, for many years, no other voice than Thompson's proclaimed aloud the love of Jesus to fallen man ; and so, from this important centre, many a thousand tracts had been transmitted to the Punjab, Afghanistan, and even to Thibet.

The English community of Delhi was never large. They had presented to them an English church by a Colonel Skinner, who held particularly *broad* views, for, simultaneously, he gave a mosque to the Mohammedans and a temple to the Hindoos ! Chapel there was none, so Mr. Thompson held a service in English on Sabbath evenings in his own house, in the same room where, morning and evening, he held Hindustani services with his family and domestic servants. There was no actual need for a chapel *then*, because the room was commodious and, owing to the strength of Church influence, the attendants at the services were but few. As to the natives of India, they cannot be induced to enter a chapel before conversion to Christianity. Mr. Thompson, however, built a substantial *puckka* chapel on a slip of land contiguous to his own house, probably under the belief that it would draw a congregation ; but in this he was disappointed, and soon after its completion he died. We are sorry to be obliged to add that the chapel was itself low, and that it stood seven feet below the level of the public road—so close to it, indeed, that the heat was often suffocating.

Upon the decease of Mr. Thompson in June, 1850, the chapel was closed ; the only English services held in the town were "performed" by a High-Church clergyman, and missionary work of every kind was suspended in Delhi, and this continued for about *four* years. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, taking advantage of this *hiatus*, deputed two agents there in the persons of Messrs. Jackson and Hubbard, both of whom, we believe, fell in the general massacre of May, 1857 ; and, ever since then, that Society has likewise established itself in Delhi, much to the discomfort of our own brethren. Such was the condition of things in the year 1854, when we first entered Delhi.

Removing thither from Agra, where Dissent was represented by *two* Baptist chapels and a Presbyterian "Kirk," and where, for some years, we were actively associated with kindred spirits in the establishment and maintenance of a prosperous local missionary society, we confess we felt completely lost and unhappy in Delhi. Suffice it to say, little time was lost in re-opening the chapel, and, notwithstanding the avowed animosity of the Chaplain, English services were held twice every Sabbath and on Wednesday evenings. Our kind Agra friends helped us nobly; John Jackson, Thomas Evans, and James Smith travelled for several months alternately by Dāk Gāree—130 miles—at no little fatigue and inconvenience to themselves, to give us two Sabbaths in every month. Those were red-letter days, duly announced to the English public, and often brought a full chapel. Mission-work, moreover, was revived by the advent from Agra of Vilayut Ali, who readily accepted our invitation and settled down with his family as our native missionary at Delhi. An intelligent and well-educated Mohammedan, Vilayut Ali became, like Paul, on his conversion, a bold preacher of Christianity and a formidable antagonist to his former brethren. His fidelity to the truth was severely tested, and proved by patient submission to the daily rancorous imprecations and bitter persecutions to which he was subjected; and, ultimately, by his acceptance of the martyr's death, in preference to the renunciation of his belief in Jesus as his only Saviour.

Such was the state of things when Dr. Underhill reached Delhi in the year 1855, and we must not omit to state, in passing, the great pleasure and comfort that that short intercourse with him gave us and our friends—Mrs. Thompson and her three daughters; nor how it led to the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Mackay as missionary, who got to Delhi at a very opportune moment, when circumstances had arisen to remove us permanently to Lucknow, leaving Vilayut Ali *alone* to battle with Islamism and its persecuting votaries. Then followed that fearful rebellion of the native army in 1857, when the Thompsons, Vilayut Ali, and Mr. Mackay *all* perished, and for six months Delhi remained in complete possession of the rebels, under the nominal sovereignty of Bahadur Shah, the ex-King.

After the restoration of British power, we found, on our return to this battered town, that, during the "reign of terror," all the furniture, and even the doors of the chapel, had been carried away for fuel, nothing but the bare walls were left, and as to Vilayut Ali's house, which stood on the same premises, to signify the savage triumph of the rabble, literally "not one stone was left upon another."

The military authorities now resolved to demolish all buildings within 400 yards of the fort. The chapel came within that distance, but it needed

no demolition, for the level of the finished *glacis* to-day stands three feet above its buried walls! (What a find this will prove to some archæologist centuries hence—the discovery of *the first* Baptist chapel—when Delhi is Christianised, and every Christian a Baptist!) Compensation was, as a matter of course, claimed, as well as a new site, from the authorities; but in India Government officials move even more slowly than they do in Britain, especially when money has to be paid. Meanwhile, to complete the narrative, we must mention the return of James Smith from furlough in 1859; his occupation of Delhi, his abandonment of the “old lines” at Chitoura (where we had what might be designated a pampered, prosperous mission), his determination—and with such signal success—to throw the native converts upon their own resources, both as individuals and churches.

After several years of correspondence and personal effort by Messrs. Smith, Evans, and ourselves, a valuable site was secured situated in Chandney Chouk, the principal Boulevard of Delhi, nearly opposite to the *Khoonee Durwāzā*, or *gate of blood*, leading to the Hindoo quarter of the town where Nadir Shah, in A.D. 1739, ordered the general massacre of the Hindoos while he worshipped Allah in Roshun-ood-dowla's mosque, still used hard by. Compensation was also obtained, but only to the extent of two-thirds the value of the old building. This sum was paid to Mr. Evans on the eve of his departure from Delhi, in 1862, for England, and by him transferred to our care, together with a plan of the new chapel supplied by Mr. W. Ensor Parry. Mr. James Smith was then in Australia, and on his return to Delhi we had the pleasure of handing over to him the completed chapel of which our readers have an illustration, taken from a photograph by Mr. Dannenberg, an old friend of the mission.

It only remains to add that English services are held in this chapel twice on the Sabbath, and it is crowded. Dissenting soldiers are marched thither on Sabbath mornings, and we have seen the accommodation insufficient for *one-half* the soldiers when a Highland regiment was stationed at Delhi. Hindustani services are likewise held during the week; but it is most delightful to be present at the usual grand united service on Sabbath mornings, when native Christians crowd into the chapel both from within and without the city walls. Their demeanour is solemn, their interest unflagging, and their singing most hearty.

After devoting nearly a quarter of a century of his best days at Delhi, our brother Smith will shortly be compelled, from age and weakness, to retire from this loved scene of his labours. It will be a fitting conclusion to this article to give from the pen of his able, trusted, and sympathetic colleague and successor—Mr. Guyton—his own estimate of the work accomplished during that period.

“In 1858 (the year after the Mutiny), when Mr. Smith visited Delhi, no Christian was known to be in the place, or within fifty miles of it; to-day there are 500 church members, and a very large community less or more closely attached. In former days they used to linger long before they could resolve to avow faith in Jesus; they are now ready, and often more than ready, to come forward spontaneously. Had it not been for the caution of the missionaries they might have baptized at least a thousand more than they have done.”

“The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.” Never truer, than it has proved at Delhi. May converts be multiplied a thousandfold to their own eternal good and the glory of God!

J. C. PARRY.

Weybridge.

“Half as much again.”

THE Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A., of Christ Church, Hampstead, in a letter to the Rev. Canon Wigram, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, has, under date of May last, issued a most earnest and eloquent appeal to the friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society for

HALF AS MUCH AGAIN.

The words of Mr. Bickersteth seem so fittingly to describe the position and needs of our own Mission that we venture to make a few extracts from the letter referred to. Speaking of the record of work for the past year, he says:—

“Never has a more thankful Annual Report been presented. There has been an advance, as one speaker said, along the whole line. The fields are everywhere white to the harvest. The Master, in answer to our prayers, is thrusting forth labourers whom He has made willing in the day of His power. More men have offered themselves; but the cry still sounds louder and louder from unevangelised, or half-evangelised, lands, ‘Come over and help us.’ Our brethren in the field are overborne for lack of help. And the voice from heaven rings in our ears, ‘Go forward.’

“The Committee have responded to every call during the last year to the utmost limit of the funds entrusted to them. But they cannot go beyond this limit, and rightly. Surely the question for us at home is, Can we not possibly, by thoughtful self-sacrifice, meet the increased demand?

“Let our watchword this year be—

“‘HALF AS MUCH AGAIN.’

“The effort must be a very great one, and will claim the self-denying love and labour of every member of our Society. The penny-a-week subscribers must be asked if they cannot possibly give three half-pence; and perhaps, if they do this, they will, in the Master’s esteem, give more than all. The guinea-a-year donors—it will be something to get out of the guinea rut—must, if

possible, give a guinea and a-half. Those who give two pounds must be pleaded with for three; those who give ten, for fifteen; and those who give fifty or one hundred pounds or more must still be moved to give *Half as much again*. The motto must be heard in every Sunday-school, and be inscribed on every C.M.S. Christmas-tree, and be repeated in every quarterly meeting, and be urged from every pulpit and platform—" *Half as much again: the Lord hath need of it.*"

Referring to what more may be done, Mr. Bickersteth writes:—

"It is quite true that many of our best supporters are already giving up to their power—yea, and some of them beyond their power—and that it would be simply impossible for them to give more, and wrong in us to urge it. But is it not also true that many of our subscribers, by a watchful economy, could do this thing for Christ's sake and the Gospel's? And if they led the way, and proved the sincerity of their appeal to others by greater personal self-sacrifice, might we not hope to lengthen our cords as well as strengthen our stakes? Are there not many who give little or nothing to the missionary cause because they have not been earnestly and affectionately invited to take an intelligent interest in it? Many most valuable suggestions have already been made of new and increased efforts in our Sunday and upper-class schools; among the servants of the gentry; in enlisting the help of young men as lecturers; in the use of missionary magic-lanterns, &c.; in canvassing merchants and men of wealth. And if all these efforts were patiently and prayerfully carried out, surely it is not too much for us to hope that every association, by breaking new ground and more diligently cultivating the old, might very shortly contribute *Half as much again*.

"Weighing these things calmly in the light of eternity, and of the Master's near return, shall we make this great effort or not? Some of us could reduce our personal and social expenditure without lessening our influence or crippling our local work for Christ. Some of us could forego a customary, but not necessary, domestic indulgence. In the resurrection of Germany (A.D. 1813) Alison says, 'The women universally sent their precious ornaments to the public treasury, and received in return similar *bijoux* beautifully worked in bronze, which soon decorated their bosoms, bearing the simple inscription, "I gave gold for iron, 1813." It must be confessed that chivalry cannot boast of a nobler fountain of honour, or fashion of a more touching memorial of virtue.' Shall the deliverance of heathen lands from the yoke of Satan be less precious in our eyes?

"*Half as much again.*' It stimulates every agency. It sets a definite object before every giver and every labourer, old and young. Let us arise and do it in Christ's name, and, if possible, do it before our next Annual Meeting. And surely, as in the days of Hezekiah, we shall all rejoice, if God prepares the people, that 'the thing was done suddenly' (2 Chron. xxix. 36)."

Beadon Square Illustrated.

THE three photographs accompanying this represent Beadon Square, in Calcutta, and the services held there. The square is situated in the midst of the native city, and is much resorted to in the evenings by educated natives. Preaching was first started here by the Rev. K. S. MacDonald, of the Free Church of Scotland, and has been kept up by him with great regularity. It is unnecessary for me to tell you how the preaching soon became a grand success, and the police tried to put a stop to it, but the missionaries won a complete victory. All this you have heard before.



PREACHING IN BEADON SQUARE GARDENS, CALCUTTA.—(From a Photograph.)

Ever since that interruption, services have been held every evening in the square, and have been crowded.

The largest gathering is on Sunday evening, when between two and three hundred respectable Baboos (young educated natives) attend, and listen, standing for a couple of hours, to hear the Gospel.

The above photograph will give you a fair idea what the preaching is like. It was taken a little before the usual time of meeting, and this accounts for the number of boys and the smallness of the gathering.

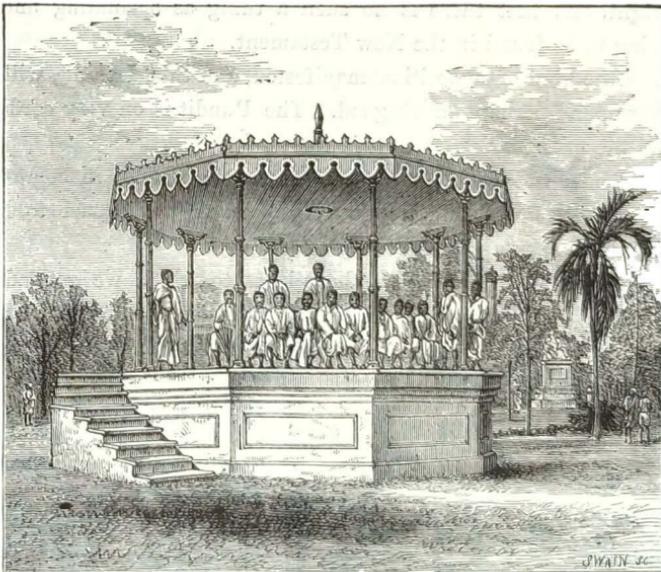
The missionary gets up on a stool or bench, and, to a crowd like this around him, declares the love of God in Jesus Christ.

One very pleasing feature about the preaching here is the efficient help



MARBLE MONUMENT IN BEADON SQUARE, CALCUTTA.—(From a Photograph.)

afforded by two or three highly educated, independent, godly native gentlemen. These take part regularly in the services, and exert a wonderful influence upon their countrymen. Would that we had more men of this stamp!



THE BAND-STAND, BEADON SQUARE, CALCUTTA.—(From a Photograph.)

The other two photographs represent the marble monument which has been lately erected to the memory of a great philanthropic Raja, and the band-stand, which is used by the natives for sitting down in and enjoying the cool evening breezes.

The preaching of the Gospel here has stirred up the Hindoos to hold a regular opposition meeting. This, too, is very well attended. It is conducted by a Sanskrit scholar named Jogendro. But what will surprise you most is that the Christian religion is preached in the name of Hindooism. This Pundit sometimes undertakes to prove that Christianity is true because the Vedas do not contradict it, and, more than that, it is contained in the Vedas.

He advertises himself as "giving solemn lectures on the *grand sacrifice of Calvary*, in Sanskrit, in Beadon Garden." In a short account of his life, he says, "I was moving in the streets of Benares a sad sufferer under a nameless ill. No one was able to staunch the bleedings of my broken heart. I was a sight for pity to pursue. I became wearied and heavy laden; at last the most merciful Khristos [Christ] gave rest to my wearied soul. I believed that Khristos died for me on the hill of Calvary."

Notwithstanding all this, on other occasions he tries to prove to his hearers that *Brindaban* (a great Hindoo place of pilgrimage) and *Bethlehem* are one and the same place, and he has even produced maps to establish his point.

One evening he lectured upon baptism, and declared that Baptists alone were right, and that there is no such a thing as sprinkling and infant-sprinkling to be found in the New Testament.

This is the kind of opposition manifested, and this, I think, will do but little harm, and perhaps much good. The Pundit is on very cordial terms with all the missionaries.

Since I have resided in Calcutta, I go out to preach in company with Brother W. R. James, and we go very often to this square to help Mr. MacDonald to keep up the services.

Besides this, there are many other places to which we go and preach, both in English and Bengali. Pray, dear friends, that God will bless the work of His servants out here in India, and that He will send more labourers to work in this vast field.

Barisal.

T. R. EDWARDS, *Missionary*.

Mission Work in Behar—Patna, Bankipore, and Dinapore.

DURING the visit of the recent deputation to India, arrangements were made for the settlement of Mr. W. J. Price at Dinapore, so that, in association with Mr. Broadway, now grown gray in mission work, he might labour amongst the masses of people that constitute the populations of Patna city, Bankipore, and Dinapore.

Dr. Hunter, writing of the Patna district, says :—

“It contains a population of 1,559,638 souls; it is bounded on the north by the River Ganges, which separates it from Sâran, Muzaffarpur, and Darbhungah, on the east by Monghyr, on the south by Gya, and on the west by the River Sôn.”

Patna city is a place of special interest; it is supposed to have been established more than six hundred years before the Christian era by Raja Udayaswa, a contemporary of Gautama, the founder of the Buddhist religion; and in this district are found some of the earliest remains of Indian Buddhism. Near Patna is situated the town of Behar, the early Mohammedan capital which gives its name to the province. Patna is derived from *patana*—literally, THE TOWN; and Behar is simply the vernacular form of the Sanskrit *VIHĀRA*, a Buddhist monastery.

Patna, next to Calcutta, is the largest river-mart in Bengal, and one of the two places in British India where opium is manufactured by the Government. In the dry weather the dust is beyond belief, while in the rains every place is covered with mud.

The three places, Patna, Bankipore, and Dinapore, adjoin each other, and constitute a line of more than twenty-one miles in length of almost unbroken population. Since the death of Mr. Greenway this district has been occupied by *only one missionary* (Mr. Broadway), assisted, however, by Moulvie Imam Masih, a devoted and scholarly labourer, and John Rahim Buksh, evangelist. *Twenty missionaries* would find ample scope for work in this *the most densely populated district in all India save one*; “the harvest **PLENTEOUS**, the labourers **FEW**.”

Mr. Price writes from Dinapore :—

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Now that you are safely back on English soil once more, we must again resort to pen and ink as the medium of intercourse, and this we do all the more lovingly and cheerfully for your having been out here amongst us, and having acquainted yourself both with ourselves and our labours.

“MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

“In accordance with your instructions, we came here as soon as we had arranged for the disposal of our house, furniture, &c., at Allahabad. We were led to take a house that, in point of comfort and convenience for our work, is all that could be desired. Under this very roof the saintly William Greenway

breathed his last, and many years ago Mr. Lawrence lived here, and I know not how many of our brethren besides have been here from time to time. This bank of the Rivers Sone and Ganges (about here they unite) has long been a watch-tower of the Baptist Mission. Previous to the year 1811 Mr. Moore had settled at Bankipore, Patna, where Mr. Broadway now labours, and a few years later Deegah too was occupied. We find the following entry in the biography of John Chamberlain by Mr. Lewis:—'On the 29th of November he reached Deegah, where his brethren Moore and Rowe had established a missionary station. He hoped to be able to help them in their work among the natives, and during the weeks spent there his services, both in English and Hindi, were highly appreciated, and promotive of much good.' While Chamberlain still tarried at Deegah, he had the joy of witnessing the baptism of four native converts, concerning whom he wrote:—'Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has thus given us a sheaf of the first-fruits of the harvest in Hindustan. Now may His glory appear, and may His work be prosperous!' Other interesting references to our Mission here are to be met with in the book, but I forbear alluding to them. We feel it no small honour to be permitted to touch even the work begun and faithfully carried on by men whose names will ever live in the annals of our Mission, and whose record is on high. And oh, for their spirit, and the mantle of their self-sacrificing zeal!

" FELLOW-LABOURERS.

" Begging you to pardon this digression, I would tell you that we were received by Mr. Broadway with open arms. Having so long toiled on alone, the prospect even of

such help as we could give was of great comfort to him. And this I can honestly say, that, as I realised to some extent the privilege of coming to the help of this veteran in the Lord's service, I felt more than compensated for any trials connected with leaving home. The friends of the English church here—Mrs. Strachan, the brethren Harper, Thorpe, Erskine, &c.—also our respected native brother John Rahim Buksh, have all given us a most hearty welcome, so that we have long since ceased to feel that we are strangers. As soon as we got a little settled, I went with Mr. Broadway into Patna city, where we spent the whole day in preaching and visiting.

" In addition to these journeys I have visited several places in the neighbourhood, as well as attending to the regular bazaar work. The field here is immense, as you well know, but the prospects are encouraging. The history of Christian missions shows that great centres of commerce are not unfavourable to the spread of the Gospel. Corinth was a mercantile city, and the two epistles tell us how mightily the grace of God wrought and prevailed there. Athens, the seat of learning, wholly given to idolatry, and doubtless deriving large revenues therefrom, yielded little Gospel fruit. In the same way I am inclined to think that cities like Patna, wholly given to merchandise, are more accessible to Christianity than centres equally populous, but dependent for support, not on honest trading, but on ill-gotten gains from the votaries of false and pernicious systems of religion.

" TOKENS FOR GOOD.

" You will be glad to know that we have already had tokens of the Divine blessing. When I had been here just a month, a young Hindoo, about twenty years of age, came asking for a Hindi

New Testament. Happily, though my stock of books had run out, I had one copy left, which he gladly bought. Inquiry showed that he was a servant in the employ of a Mr. Brooks, a timber merchant, carrying on business in the Nepal Terai; that he had, on becoming an orphan, been taken into the family, and taught to read and write. More than this, his mistress and her mother-in-law, who, by-the-way, is a daughter of Mr. Moore, one of our old missionaries, had taught him the way of God, and sought to lead him to Christ.

"Nor were their efforts unblest, for conversation disclosed that he was grounded in Christian truth, and very satisfactory testimony was borne by his mistress to the influence of the truth upon his daily life.

"He told me that his name was 'Jack,' that the family had just come from Calcutta, and were proceeding up the River Gandak to their home. He wished to be baptized, but the boat would start in a few hours, and he was then going far away from any missionary. Having so far satisfied myself as to the young man's sincerity, I visited the boat, and upon the most satisfactory evidence of 'Jack's' character, and the promise that the departure of the boat should be delayed so as to afford time, I arranged for his baptism. That evening, just before sunset, in the river, just in front of our house, 'Jack' was baptized in the presence of a considerable number of spectators

—Hindoos and Mussulmans. One interesting feature I must not omit to mention. The old lady, Mrs. Brooks, sen., unable to climb the bank, had the boat so moored that she could witness the ordinance. Her joy was very great that he whom she had sought to bring to Christ should now thus openly profess Him.

"Shortly afterwards the sun set, and with a favouring breeze the boat went on its way, with Jack on board, rejoicing, I would hope, as the Eunuch did, and resolved to be a witness for Christ wherever his lot may be cast. Would that all Christians out here felt their responsibility in seeking the spiritual welfare of their servants, as these good friends appear to do.

"We also had a baptism in our little chapel at Dinapore last Sunday evening. Corporal Manton, of H.M.'s East Surrey Regiment, having for about five months regularly worshipped with us, and having given evidence of change of heart, was gladly received by us. This good brother was brought to the Lord through the earnest labours of that good Christian lady, Mrs. Owens, of Dover. And thus, dear Mr. Baynes, others have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. They have sown and we have reaped, but we can all rejoice in the grace of Him who alone can give the increase.

"W. J. PRICE.

"Dinapore."

Recent Intelligence.

Signor Fasulo, of Civita Vecchia, near Rome, writes:—

"We are most anxious to find a more suitable place for the meetings of our church; our present room is badly situated and ill ventilated, and only capable of holding a very small number.

“The church members are regularly contributing monthly as much as ever they can, in order to raise the needful funds. Will kind Christian friends in England help in this most needy and urgent matter ?

“All contributions should be sent to the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C., to the General Secretary of our Mission, Mr. A. H. Baynes.”

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Committee held on the 19th ult., Mr. William Hughes, of the North Wales Baptist College, Llangollen, was accepted for mission work on the Congo River, thus completing the ten brethren needed for this mission.

We are sorry to report that, in consequence of a strike among the boiler-makers employed at the works of Messrs. Thornycroft, the completion of the steamship “*PEACE*” (the name given by the generous donor of the ship, Robert Arthington, Esq.) has been delayed for some weeks, preventing the fixing of the date for the Congo missionary meeting proposed in the last issue of the *HERALD*.

It seems now most probable that arrangements will be made for the departure for the Congo of Messrs. Moole-near and Hughes by the mail steamer of the current month, leaving Messrs. Grenfell and Doke to follow with the steamship as soon as she is completed.

Full particulars of these plans will be made public as soon as final and definite arrangements can be fixed.

We are thankful to announce the safe arrival in England of the Revs. P. Williams, of Bethel Town, Jamaica, and Albert Williams, of Serampore, Bengal.

The approaching Autumnal Missionary Meetings will be held this year in Liverpool, on Tuesday, October 3rd. At half-past seven in the morning a missionary sermon to young men by the Rev. Charles Stanford, D.D. ; to be followed by a public missionary breakfast on behalf of the Congo and WESTERN Missions. At half-past twelve a public missionary sermon ; at three in the afternoon a meeting of the Missionary Committee for the transaction of business ; and at seven in the evening a public missionary meeting in St. George's Hall, or some other large public building, on behalf of Indian and EASTERN Missions.

Next month we hope to be able to give further and more detailed particulars as to the names of friends taking part in the various gatherings.

Will all our friends unite in earnest supplications that these autumnal services may be marked by special manifestations of the Divine blessing and favour, and be productive of lasting and memorable results ?

At the quarterly meeting of the Committee held last month the cordial thanks of the Society were presented to Robert Williamson, Esq., Surveyor and Assessor to the Municipality of Calcutta, and to J. O. N. James, Esq., Deputy Surveyor-General to the Government of India, for their valuable services in connection with the recent visit of the General Secretary of the Society to India, in undertaking surveys and valuations, and preparing plans and drawings of mission property, free of all cost to the Society.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Africa for Christ.

OUR CONGO MISSION WORK.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GRENFELL.

“**T**UCKEY'S farthest, 1816,” a point less than 200 miles from the sea-coast along the course of the River Congo, marked, up till five years ago, the limit of our knowledge of the country through which that great river flows. Discovered so far back as the fifteenth century, all that was known up till very recently was that, on account of its immense volume, it ranked amongst the greatest rivers of the world, and also that, after a navigable course of about a hundred miles, it entered upon a cataract region where further progress was effectually barred, and which so bristled with difficulties that none of the attempts made to penetrate the mysteries of the Upper Congo had been successful.

In September, 1877, news reached England that Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who had started at Zanzibar on the East Coast, had made his way across the continent and down the course of this river, proving it to be the same stream as the Lualaba, about which geographers had been so greatly exercised, and near the source of which Dr. Livingstone died.

So far back as the close of the sixteenth century, San Salvador, the Capital of the kingdom of Congo, was a walled city, and could boast of its cathedral and seven other churches. It was the see of a bishop (at one time filled by a native), and till the middle of the seventeenth century the rites of the Roman Catholic Church were regularly maintained. So far back as 250 years ago the country was partially civilised and had become nominally Christian. But after the transference of the see to St. Paul de Loando, and after the removal of the military force of the Portuguese Government, the churches fell into ruins and the people lapsed into barbarism, for, while the rites of the Roman Catholic Church are well calculated to appeal to the

native mind, they very evidently fail to accomplish the real changes of heart and life which characterise a vital Christianity.

Looking back upon what San Salvador had been, and contemplating the few, but interesting, remains of a past civilisation, Mr. Arthington's great heart was moved with sympathy for the people, and he generously offered a considerable sum if our Society would undertake mission work in this sphere, so long deserted by the Papal Church.

While our Society was consulting the churches about entering this field of labour, the news reached England of how Stanley had crossed the continent and had found the Congo to be an immense waterway into the heart of Africa. This news settled the question of the Congo Mission, for not only did the needs of the people of the Congo kingdom appeal to us, but we felt the claims of the millions of the great central plateau; and our churches, true to their traditions as pioneers in great and good works, immediately took up the cause with zeal, and "Africa for Christ" became the watchword of the Society.

In the following January (1878), the first missionaries of our Society, and, in fact, the first Protestant missionaries who ever went up the Congo, ascended as far as Mossuco and sent an embassy to Dom Pedro V., King of San Salvador, with a view to making arrangements for the commencement of mission work. In August of that same year, after a land journey of 160 miles, the pioneers were able to reach as far as Tungwa in their attempt to penetrate to the upper navigable Congo, which lay still a hundred miles beyond. Soon after this, Mr. Comber returned to England and secured more help in the persons of Messrs. Crudgington, Hartland, and Bentley, who, together with Mrs. Comber, made up the missionary band of five that sailed in the June of 1879. Before the autumn had set in, a station was established at San Salvador, and this was followed immediately by the great sorrow which fell upon our Brother Comber in the loss of his dear wife.

A year after this, and after twelve different attempts to reach Stanley Pool by way of Kinsuka, Ndanga, Zombo, and Makouta, Mr. Comber was shot by the natives of this last-named place, and narrowly escaped with his life. After this determined opposition it was felt impossible to do more in this direction, so a new route on the north bank was successfully tried by Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley, who reached Stanley Pool in February of last year, 1881.

The great natural waterway into the heart of Africa being proved to be accessible, more help was earnestly asked for, and six new men were voted to reinforce the Congo Mission. It was also decided to

commence the building of the steamer, the funds for which had been so nobly provided by Mr. Arthington. Mr. Dixon, the first of the six new brethren, sailed in August of last year, together with Mr. Crudgington, in the same mail which carried our steel boat the *Plymouth*. Messrs. Weeks and Butcher followed, and are now upon the spot. Last month Messrs. Moolenaar and Hughes set sail in the *Benguela*, and are, we hope, well on their way to help the brethren who look so anxiously for their arrival. Mr. Doke, the last of the six, is now engaged in making himself acquainted with the construction of the new steamer, the *Peace*. He is hoping to sail on the 11th of October, by which time it is expected our little steam vessel will be ready for shipment.

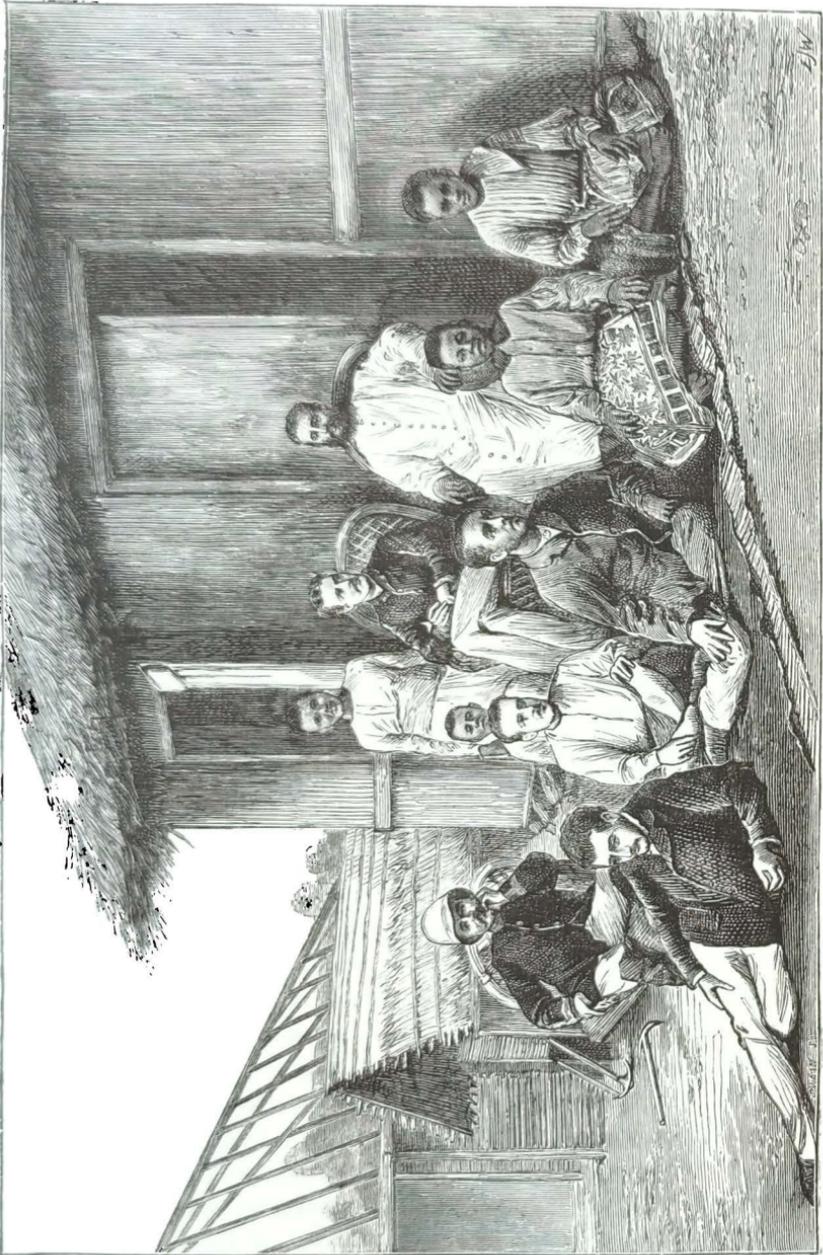
It was hoped at one time that San Salvador would have formed a link in a chain of stations connecting the lower with the upper river; but, the road in that direction being barred, that idea has been relinquished, another route decided upon, and an independent chain of stations formed. As we cannot pass through the cataract region at a single bound, seeing that it extends 200 miles or more, stations have been built at convenient distances. These will serve as depots for barter goods and stores, and also as resting-places for those who are journeying. They are also centres for Christian work, and places from which the kindly influences of the missionary can be brought to bear upon the prejudices that exist in the hearts of the natives against the white man—prejudices which so effectually close their hearts against the messages of love and mercy sent by Christ. In the sight of these poor people we are brethren to those whose dealings with them have been marked by such cruelty; brethren to those who are at the bottom of all the untold horrors of the slave trade. To these natives it is quite inconceivable that we can have any good purpose in our hearts concerning them. They are very naturally suspicious at first, and unwilling to help, lest in helping they find at last they have only been binding yokes on their own necks. It is only by missionaries living amongst these people, and by proving to them what manner of men they are, that these suspicions will be overcome, and a way be opened to their hearts and confidences.

The first link in our chain of stations, hitherto, has been at Mossuco. This has served as our base of operations, and as a depot for all the goods required for the carrying on of up-country work. As all payments are made in cotton goods, beads, knives, or other bulky forms of money, our store-room is necessarily very large, and much more trouble to look after than a cash-box or a cheque-book. From San Salvador, a distance of about ninety miles, carriers come down by land for the needed supplies. From

our station at Isangila, the second link in our chain of riverside stations, and where Mr. Hartland is in charge, the distance to Mossuoo is about seventy miles. Two-thirds of this journey is performed by land; the other third, between Vivi and Mossuoo, by water. From Isangila to Manyanga, our most advanced station, the distance is about seventy-five miles. This distance at first was traversed by land through the Basundi country, where the people are so intractable and unfriendly that they were characterised by Stanley as the worst type of negro he had ever encountered. But since the kind gift of our *Plymouth* boat by a Plymouth friend, this journey is now performed by water, and without coming in contact with the troublesome Basundi. The boat, with a crew of eight or ten men, can do the journey in the same time as would be occupied in going overland, and it can take up as much cargo as forty carriers; and, were it not needful to unload the boat in passing round some of the bad points, and to carry the loads for short distances over the rocks, the journey could be made in much less time—returning takes only a day and a-half. As soon as Messrs. Moolenaar and Hughes reach the Congo, Messrs. Comber and Bentley will be relieved at Manyanga, and they will then proceed inland for the purpose of establishing our station at Stanley Pool, and of preparing for the arrival of the steamer.

At present, San Salvador is our only station which can boast of anything like a permanent building. Here we have a substantial stone house. At our other stations, the houses are built of the same materials as are used by the natives, but in rather a better style, and more roomy. The walls are built by nailing the stems of palm fronds in horizontal rows upon posts fixed in the ground, suitable spaces being left for windows and doors. The roofs are very effectually covered with grass, as will be seen in the accompanying engraving, which will give an idea of what our buildings are like. The small house against which the pickaxes are leaning served as a home for our brethren at Mossuoo during the erection of the larger one in front of which the group is seated. The building to the left is another house in course of construction. We are indebted to a major in the Portuguese army—he is to be distinguished in the picture by his helmet—for the photograph from which this sketch is taken; he had called at Mossuoo, on his way down from San Salvador in company with his friend the Roman Catholic priest, who is represented sitting in a chair in the background, next to Mr. Crudgington. Mr. Comber is sitting on the ground to Mr. Crudgington's right, Mr. Bentley to his left. In the foreground is our good friend Mr. Greshoff, of the Dutch Trading Company, to

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MOSSUCO STATION.—MR. GRENPELL'S HOME.—(From a Photograph.)

whom we are indebted for many acts of kindness and much valuable help. On Mr. Bentley's left is seated his Congo boy Lenvoo; Adongo, a Gaboon boy, is immediately behind Mr. Comber; and standing by the window is a figure supposed to represent James Showers, the captain of our river boat, only it is a very poor representation of not a bad-looking blackman who is our brave and faithful helper from the mission at Victoria.

From Mr. Comber's last letter, published in the June HERALD, it will be gathered how great were the difficulties of land transport between Vivi and Isangila. It was hoped at one time that these difficulties would have been overcome, but instead of this they have gradually thickened, and have decided our brethren to adopt a modification of their route. After due deliberation, it has been found desirable to move our base higher up the river to Wanga Wanga, which, while it is equally accessible with Mossuco from San Salvador, has the advantage of being at the commencement of a south-bank route to Stanley Pool, and this Mossuco has not, with regard to our present route, seeing that twenty miles or so of bad waterway lie between that point and the commencement of the land journey and Vivi, where Stanley's road begins. By starting at Wanga Wanga, and joining the route followed by our brethren of the L.I.M. (Livingstone Inland Mission) at the Mpozo ferry, and passing through their stations at Palaballa and Banza Manteka and on to Bayneston, we reach a point on the river above Isangila, and beyond two dangerous cataracts which lie in the course between that place and Manyanga. In adopting this route we have a few more miles to walk, but we pass through a populous country where both food and carriers are to be obtained, and we save the bad water journeys below Vivi and between Isangila and Bayneston. If the two missions use the same path we shall each secure the advantages of resting-places at shorter intervals than would be possible were the stations spread over two distinct routes. We shall also be nearer help in cases of emergency, and otherwise be able to render mutual assistance, which, we trust, will be of service in carrying on the work so near the hearts of both.

Our latest news of Mr. Crudgington (from Mr. Butcher's letter dated Mossuco, 15th June) tells of his being engaged in building the new premises at Wanga Wanga. Our latest news of Messrs. Comber and Hartland we learn from Mr. Clark, of the L.I.M., who speaks of their having called at Palaballa on the 12th May, when on their way up to Bayneston to arrange for ground and to commence building there. This being accomplished, Mr. Comber was going on to Manyanga, where he intended staying with Mr. Bentley till reinforcements arrived, so as to allow of their proceeding up country. From Mr. Bentley news has been received of several successful

journeys of the *Plymouth*. She reached Manyanga for the first time on the 28th of March. From Messrs. Dixon and Weeks, at San Salvador, the latest tidings are very hopeful. The schools now boast better attendances, but, as the rainy season is interfering with the services held under the King's Council-tree, they are having a meeting-place covered in so that they may be able to hold their gatherings the rain notwithstanding.

Having thus summarised the past history of our Congo Mission, our intentions and future plans now very naturally suggest themselves. It may now be taken for granted that it is decided to maintain San Salvador, and to occupy in addition three stations—Wanga Wanga, Bayneston, and Manyanga, and also to establish a station at Stanley Pool as soon as that is possible.

Now, while the stations along the river are centres from which, we trust, the light of Christian truth will radiate far and wide, they are themselves only a means to an end, that end being the formation of a line of communication between the thinly peopled district of the lower river and the populous region of the Central Congo, where our Society looks for a sphere of much more abundant usefulness. With our pioneer steamer *Peace*, seeing that she draws only a foot of water, we are hoping to be able to push our way up river as far as the Equatorial Cataracts, although the river in its course widens out among numberless shoals and islands, becoming of necessity very shallow. We are hoping she will be the means of carrying the "glad tidings of peace," not only to the inhabitants on the banks of the main stream, but also far away to the north and south along the many large affluents which flow into the Congo from these directions. As our steamer is seventy feet long, and is furnished with two cabins, it is intended she shall be a floating home for the missionary, enabling him to make long-continued and extensive journeys. She is also being fitted with sufficient engine and boiler power to allow of her being driven at a greater speed than that at which the native canoes can be propelled. As a further precaution against attack, she is being protected by a series of wire network screens of sufficient strength and closeness of mesh to intercept slugs from guns, or any spears and arrows that may be aimed at those on board.

One great difficulty in the building of our boat has been encountered in so arranging the weight of each separate part as not to exceed 64 lbs., that being the limit of a carrier's load. After she has run the trial trip, she will be sent back to Messrs. Thornycroft's yard at Chiswick, and there be taken to pieces, and made ready for transport on men's heads. After the 700 loads involved by the steamer and its belongings have surmounted the difficulties of the cataract region, and have safely reached Stanley Pool,

then the work of reconstruction will commence—a work, considering the limited resources available, that will of necessity extend over a very considerable period of time.

The *Peace* is now fast approaching completion, and we are hoping she will be ready for her trial trip in a fortnight's time. After this it is intended that she shall be on view at some convenient point for a day or two, so that friends interested may have an opportunity of inspecting her arrangement.

It will be apparent that the enterprise upon which we are embarking is one of no mean order, and fraught with no little difficulty—but we are looking for God's help. The cost of the steamer has been defrayed by a single gift; and this gift has been supplemented by the same generous donor by a further sum of £3,000 for investment as a maintenance fund. But there are still before us the expenses of ocean and river transport, and the still greater expense involved in carrying some 700 loads over 200 miles of mountain road.

Although it is a great enterprise both in the matter of labour and cost, yet it is also a work from which we are hoping for great results: great results in the way of opening new markets, and of extended trade, matters of no small importance to a country which has so much unemployed and poorly paid labour as our own; matters which our Continental neighbours keenly appreciate, and which by themselves are a sufficient inducement for the sending of expeditions into new lands. But we have a far more potent argument than that of an extended trade, or an advanced civilisation, in the fact that by our going forth we are obeying our loving Lord's last command. We scrupulously obey the dying behests of beloved friends; let us be equally loyal to our Lord, to Him who is our only hope.

Engaged in this work there are eleven brethren—seven on the spot, two on their way, and two to follow with the steamer. But with two brethren to each station—Christ sent His disciples forth two and two—there will only be one really free to push forward and to do pioneering work, and there will be no one ready to stop a gap, a very possible contingency in such a work.

The Congo Mission that has been so well maintained hitherto will need still more the continued, increased, and energetic support of friends at home, for the work is widening out before us. When we shall be able to traverse the long waterways of the basin of the Central Congo it will not be enough that we look at the land; we must enter into it, and live and labour there—we must preach, and work, and wait. We must be content to find our reward in the keeping of Christ's command, and must trustfully look for the harvest, which shall surely come, in God's own good time.

GEO. GRENFELL.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BY REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A., OF CALCUTTA.

AGENCIES AT WORK—(continued).

EVANGELISTIC preaching in India, if it stood alone, would probably accomplish but little in the way of conversion, but it is invaluable as a means of arousing attention, awakening inquiry, and spreading Christian truth. It makes a man feel that the matter is worth looking into, and then other agencies come into play, leading on to actual conversion. The man who has been awakened comes again and again, seeks private conversation with the missionary or the native Christians, and thus is led on to decision for Christ. But this can take place only where there are Christians; on itinerating tours, if we depended only on preaching, we should gather very little fruit, because we should not be able to follow the matter up. But here comes in a most important agency—

BIBLE AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

A missionary goes to a market and preaches; at the close of his address he says to the hearers, "Now I am going my way, and you yours; very likely we shall never meet any more on earth; but if you want to know more about the Jesus of whom we have been speaking take one of these books [holding up a gospel or a tract], read it, and you will learn the way to heaven." People who have been interested in the preaching will readily take the books. Formerly these books used to be given away, but now they are for the most part sold—at a very low price, it is true, much under cost price; but it is getting to be more and more the rule to *sell* these Christian books, because we believe that books paid for will generally be better attended to than those which have been received for nothing. These Scripture portions and tracts are sold through two special agencies, by missionaries and native preachers after preaching, and by colporteurs specially devoted to the work of sale. Some small tracts are still given away, but the Scripture portions and the larger or more interesting tracts are now almost universally sold. It is one of the signs of progress that it is now much easier to sell these small Christian books than it used to be, in many places, to induce the people to receive them as a gift. Within the last ten years as many as *nine million* copies of Scriptures and tracts have been given away or sold in India! Who can tell how great a blessing may come from this broad-casting of the written truth? Little tracts, containing Christian hymns and songs, and sold at a pice ($\frac{3}{8}$ d.) each, are specially popular, and are sold by tens of thousands.

What is the result of this distribution? Its effects are manifold, and many of the greatest successes achieved by the Gospel have been connected with this department of mission work. A torn Gospel of Mark given in Orissa to a man who could not read was one of the most important links in the chain through which the church at Khundittur was formed, which has been in existence some forty years, and from which some of the best Orissa preachers have come. A tract, the "True Refuge," received at Chittagong, led to the formation of the church at Comillah, in Eastern Bengal. This same tract has led many others to Christ. Tract distribution lay at the foundation of the great work in Backergunge. The "Jewel Mine of Salvation," and other tracts, have been wonderfully blessed in Orissa. A gospel and tract given on a tour in Assam to a Garo man led to his conversion, and eventually to the commencement of that promising work of the American Baptists in the Garo Hills, where there are now, we believe, a thousand church members or more. In very many instances Bible and tract distribution has led to actual conversion and baptism, and the formation of a Christian church.

Yet, again, now and then a case occurs like the following:—Some preachers were on tour, and offered Christian books to some boatmen, one of whom said to the preachers, "My brother once got a book like that, took it home, read it, gave up idolatry, and as long as he lived called only on Jesus, telling us that He is the true Saviour." Who can doubt that that man went to heaven, walking as he did according to the little light he had? And yet he never joined any Christian church. Every now and then we hear of incidents like this, but it is only by accident that we do hear of them. Who can tell how many such cases there may have been that we have never heard of? When millions of tracts and Scriptures have been thus scattered abroad, and have gone into remote towns and villages which no missionary has ever entered, it is impossible to say how much good has been done. We believe that in hundreds of cases a man has received a tract or gospel, read it, felt its power, realised how superior Jesus is to Kali, or Krishna, or Durga, or any other of the gods and goddesses, trusted in Christ, and followed Him according to the light he had, and has gone to heaven—his name entered in no church-book on earth, but without doubt enrolled in the Book of Life above.

Occasionally we find that these Christian books have been received by native religious teachers, who, to a certain extent, receive the truth, but mix up with it more or less of their own superstitions and teach their disciples accordingly. This is not to be wondered at, and even such mixed teaching helps to undermine Hindooism and so prepare the way of the Lord.

But these gospels cannot be distributed till they have been translated into the vernaculars, and the tracts cannot be distributed till they have been prepared; and this, therefore, brings us to another most important missionary agency—

BIBLICAL TRANSLATION AND OTHER LITERARY WORK.

The importance of this has been felt by all missionary bodies, and emphatically so by the Serampore and Calcutta brethren who laid the foundation of our own work in India. Bible translation is a work as difficult as it is important. In translating any ordinary work we may adapt it to the people for whom we translate it, cutting out a sentence here and adding one there, to make the matter clearer. But we cannot do so with God's Word; we must be faithful to every "jot and tittle." And yet in many places a rigidly literal translation would be unintelligible, because of a difference of idiom in the two languages. We have to guard, on the one hand, against being unfaithful to God's Word, and, on the other, against being unintelligible or unacceptable in diction to the people for whom we translate it; and to hit the golden mean is a most difficult task, requiring often hours of anxious thought. How important that words like "justify," "holiness," "faith," "flesh," and many others should be rightly translated! We have to express Christian ideas in a heathen language—sometimes a barbarous, unwritten one. The work is very difficult; first attempts are sure to have many defects, and thus revisions are needed, especially where, as in so many cases, the native languages are, under English influences, undergoing a process of development. The Bengali translation, for instance, commenced by Dr. Carey in the last century, is still far from fixed. And Bengali, be it remembered, is only one of some twelve or more distinct languages spoken on the plains of India, in all of which the Bible had to be translated and revised, and Christian tracts and books prepared. As the numerous hill-tribes become evangelised, the Bible, or portions of it, will have to be translated into their languages also. It will be seen, therefore, that Biblical translation and Christian literary work is a most important agency in India.

Another very important department of missionary labour in India is

EDUCATIONAL WORK.

This has for its object, partly the education of Christian children, and partly the bringing of the Gospel to bear upon Hindoo and Muhammadan youth. Some of these mission schools are very elementary, others are good vernacular or Anglo-vernacular schools, and others again are English

colleges, where a thorough English Christian education is given to intelligent Hindoo youths. It is estimated that altogether there are about 2,500 mission schools in India, with 140,000 scholars, of which 200 give a higher education to about 12,000 pupils. In these schools we "preach Christ" as truly as does the open-air preacher in the bazar, or market, the only difference being that in the latter case we preach the elements of the Gospel to a fluctuating congregation of adults, and in the former we preach it systematically to a fixed congregation of young people. The good effects of this educational work have been manifold. All Western teaching tends to destroy Hindooism; but, whereas the Government secular education simply pulls down, our Christian education also builds up that which is to take its place. It is by this means that we can most readily reach the upper classes and bring the Gospel to bear upon them, and that in the formative period of their lives.

The results of this college and school teaching are various. Hardly any youth can leave a mission college with a real heart-faith in Hindooism. The education breaks down the false system, if it does nothing else. In many cases it goes farther, and the young man leaves college, not a Christian, but, on the whole, favourably disposed towards Christianity; and his influence in the future will be on the right side. In many other cases students leave who are "almost Christians," intellectually convinced of the Divine origin of the Gospel, and even with their hearts deeply stirred by its truths; but they have not the grace to take the open step of joining the Christian Church, because of the social consequences that would ensue, and the life-separation which it would involve from the members of their family. We believe that in some cases even true believers keep back from the act of baptism, sincerely believing that under their circumstances it is their duty rather to live at home and confess Christ by their words and actions there, instead of being baptized, and thus cutting themselves off from all their relatives. But hundreds of students from these colleges have had grace to brave all consequences; they have openly, by baptism, joined the Christian Church, and constitute the cream of its membership, many of them occupying positions of great influence in the Christian ministry, as Christian teachers, or in various secular offices.

There are many other agencies in mission work which might be referred to. There is *evangelistic work among the Christian population*, the large and growing number of Europeans and Eurasians (persons of mixed race) living in India. Hundreds of these have been converted through mission agency, and many of them have become themselves honoured instruments in God's service. There is the *superintendence of the native church*, which

still, to a large extent, devolves, in its higher branches, on Europeans, although native Christians are more and more coming to the front as pastors of churches. There is *house-to-house visitation*, which in many places has been found very useful, especially among the upper classes. *Medical missions* have in some places been found very useful, although they are not so important as in countries like China. The *training of native pastors and preachers* is a very important department of work, to which some missionaries have devoted themselves. And last, but by no means least, the great and blessed *Zenana Mission* comes in to aid us. We need not enlarge upon this, as its general operations are so well known, but will only say that in importance it is second to no other agency; directly and indirectly, in past results and in future prospects, it is rich with blessing.

These varied agencies that we have referred to all work together, and it is a mistake to praise up one and decry another. The preaching would accomplish little without the personal talk and the distribution of books. This latter could not be carried on without the work of translation. If the husbands of India had not been favourably influenced by Christian education their wives would never have been allowed to receive the visits of the Zenana missionary lady; and, on the other hand, as the women are favourably influenced, they will influence their sons, and these sons will be better prepared to receive the Christian college teaching. Work among the European population has brought out many who became efficient preachers to the natives, and some native Christians have been the means of the conversion of Europeans. It will very seldom be found that one agency sufficed for the conversion of any native Christian; preaching, teaching, reading, conversation, all worked together. Impressions made in a mission school in youth, and apparently quenched, have been quickened by hearing the Gospel preached or reading the Bible. All agencies combine and dovetail with one another; we cannot spare any one of them; all are needed, and all have had the seal of the Master's blessing.

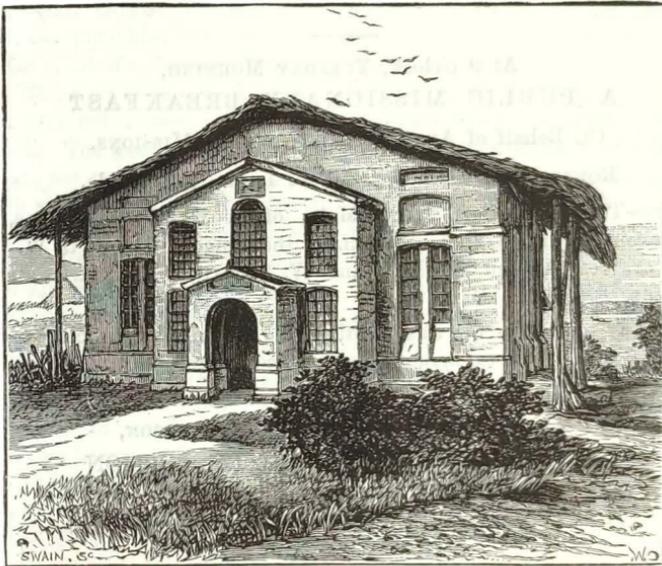
Our West African Mission.

BETHEL CHAPEL, CAMEROONS.

BETHEL is the name given to our first station in Cameroons River. The ground was given by the King Akwa of that day, the grandfather of the present king of the same name. The opposition and struggles of those early days are a story well known to most readers of the HERALD.

There was no necessity then for such a building as that represented in the engraving ; a little temporary erection was sufficient ; but, when that fell down about nineteen years ago, Mr. Saker thought, in preparing a permanent chapel, we should not only provide for the then congregation, but make provision for the enlarged congregations which would gather in after-years.

When in England, Mr. Saker obtained a grant from the Committee for such a building as he wished ; and, immediately on his return to Africa, commenced the erection, first of the school, then of the chapel.



BETHEL CHAPEL, CAMEROONS, WEST AFRICA.

(From a Photograph.)

At first the chapel was certainly too large for the congregation. The school-room contained all comfortably. That cannot be said now ; but for Mr. Saker's forethought and faith we should have had to enlarge or re-build before this. During the first half of last year, the church filled up every available space with new benches, to accommodate the people who attend the services on the Lord's-day.

The chapel is built of bricks, and will seat nearly 400 persons.

Q. W. THOMSON.

Our Autumnal Meetings.

WE desire to call the special attention of all our readers to the approaching Autumnal gatherings to be held in Liverpool during the week commencing Sunday, October 1st.

The missionary services will be held on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER THE 3RD,

and the following is a draft plan of the arrangements that we hope may be carried out.

At 7.30 o'clock, **TUESDAY MORNING,**

A SERMON to YOUNG MEN,

By the Rev. **RICHARD GLOVER**, of Bristol.

At 9 o'clock, **TUESDAY MORNING,**

A PUBLIC MISSIONARY BREAKFAST

On Behalf of **AFRICAN AND WESTERN MISSIONS.**

ROBERT ARTHINGTON, Esq., of Leeds, to Preside.

SPEAKERS—The Revs. **GEO. HILL**, M.A., of Leeds; **WM. LANDELS**, D.D., of Regent's Park; **GEO. GRENFELL**, of the Congo Mission; **Q. W. THOMSON**, of West African Mission; and **W. S. CAINE**, Esq., M.P., and **WM. WILLIS**, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

Particulars as to tickets for this meeting will be duly announced as soon as local arrangements are complete.

At 12.30 o'clock, **TUESDAY AFTERNOON,**

THE AUTUMNAL MISSIONARY SERMON

Will be Preached by

The Rev. **CHARLES STANFORD**, D.D., of Camberwell.

At 3 o'clock a Private Meeting of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society

Will be held for the Transaction of Mission Business.

At 7 o'clock, **TUESDAY EVENING,**

A PUBLIC MISSIONARY MEETING

On Behalf of **INDIAN AND EASTERN MISSIONS.**

SPEAKERS—The Revs. **GOGON CHUNDER DUTT**, of Kholnea, Bengal; **E. G. GANGE**, of Bristol; **HENRY PLATTEN**, of Birmingham; and **CHARLES WILLIAMS**, of Accrington.

May these services be marked in a very special manner by the presence and blessing of the Master Himself, and prove memorable and remarkable for sanctified stimulus and holy enthusiasm.

Mission Stations in Central Italy.

THE following Report is written by the Rev. James Wall, of Rome :—

“TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

“Our *locale* being in the centre of Rome, and surrounded by rich, aristocratic families who both for social and religious traditions are not likely to attend our meetings, we have to resort to other methods of reaching them. One of these means is the tract, the pamphlet, the religious book. The want of these is very great in Italy. Those we have are limited in number, and not always such as we could wish. The weapons of our tract warfare are not very mighty; still we fight with what we have, and, were it not for the Religious Tract Society, we should be badly off indeed. The populations of Italy in the great cities are now purchasing considerable quantities of low novels, and ravenously devouring the halfpenny daily paper, with its list of suicides and murders, and appendix full of immorality. The people do this because it is interesting, cheap, and easily obtained. I find that they read our books in proportion as they find them interesting and can procure them without expense and trouble. Taking these facts into account, we made up six hundred packets of tracts, or small books, which were either stitched together or enclosed in thick envelopes, on which instructions to the reader and notices of our services were printed. This part of Rome was divided in the early autumn into ten districts, and visitors sent to six of these once a week. Each visitor took about thirty packets, and soon found as many families to receive them. He spoke with each family, took the address, and invited them to the meetings. The tracts, which met with general acceptance, were read and

commented on, and thus communications were established between us and hundreds of families, prejudice gradually broken down, and doors of usefulness opened in many directions. Were this part of our work well sustained, and continued for some years, the views of the population would be entirely changed. We are doing this, but this sapping and mining work requires much perseverance, and is not without its drawbacks. For instance, many of the books given out are not returned, and these are generally the most interesting. When one is pleased with the book, he lends it to a neighbour, who in his turn lends it to a third, so that by the end of the month it has disappeared. In this way we found that, after six or seven months' work, our working stock was reduced to nearly half its number. I have no doubt but that the Religious Tract Society will come to my help, as it has done so very generously on former occasions, but the sacrifice seems to be great. It is not the tracts themselves, as the *selecting*, making up, and sending out, and the patient, prayerful pushing of the distributor from week to week in the midst of difficulty. I am so satisfied with this mode of tract distribution, that this autumn I hope to use the present trained visitors to open up new districts while new workers continue the old. My efforts will, of course, be limited by the supply of tracts I can secure. If this is large, and is replenished from time to time, we may hope that thousands in Rome who never enter our meetings may gradually come to the saving light of truth. This covering a large area outside our meetings

is also a great help to the meetings themselves; indeed, in the great struggle for collective existence, which our churches have in this country, some work of the kind is absolutely necessary.

“MOTHERS’ WORKING CLASSES.

“Another branch of our work in Lucina which has become increasingly important is the *Mothers’ Working Classes*. These meet in Lucina and in Trastevere once a week to do work for themselves, for which they pay by weekly contributions. In this way many have been taught to work and to save from their little earnings; they have also regularly listened to the Gospel, which some of them have learnt to love. This mode of working seems to meet a real need, especially among the Catholic poor, whose sympathies are with the Gospel, but who are not prepared to declare themselves *Protestants*. Although a large proportion of these women are still Catholic, the priest is unable to persuade them not to attend. In each mothers’ meeting there are thirty-five members, so that in both we have thus seventy Roman mothers under the influence of the Gospel. If Mrs. Wall had more lady helpers she would extend this effort to other parts of Rome.

“THE MISSION OF THE PRINTING-PRESS.

“Our printing-office, while used for our weekly handbills, and while sending out thousands of notices during the year and an occasional tract, is still in its infancy. Hundreds of printing-machines are serving the devil by ruining the population in Rome, while the one we have is only worked just enough to keep it from rusting. The press in the past revolutionised Italy, and is revolutionising it still. It has swept thrones and

parties and Ministries out of existence, and is, perhaps, doing so still. Its million tongues are blaspheming truth and execrating Christianity in all this land, and I am inclined to think that this state of things will continue until the Christian editor is regarded as the precursor of angels flying through the air with the everlasting Gospel. There is no part of our work that is more worthy of the support of the churches than this of the press.

“ROME TO-DAY.

“The population of Rome is now more than three hundred thousand, and continues to increase rapidly. New quarters, which, for size and beauty, equal many other Italian cities, are now in construction. When one of these is finished it is immediately occupied by new-comers crowding from all parts of Italy. Immense public works, undertaken by the municipality and the Government for the transformation of the whole city, attract workmen in great numbers from surrounding places. This noisy, seething mass of humanity is kept in continual agitation under the influence of social, political, and other great questions. The religious question is carefully avoided by all parties, even by many Catholics; but this reluctance to deal with it arises rather from fear of the result than from real indifference. I refer to this because missionary work in Rome can only be appreciated in proportion as this state of things is known. The crowds have broken loose from Popery and from all religious control; and, if means proportionate to the end were put into operation, masses of them might be brought under the influence of the Gospel; but, when we have concentrated and put forth all our strength, we are constrained to ask—

and that not without occasional discouragement—what is this compared with the work to be done?

“OUR CHURCH WORK.

“We continue to give great importance to the state and work of the *church* in Rome, not only because we believe this to be the Lord’s appointed mode of working, but also because we are continually obliged by the priests to fight for our existence. There is, however, at present a little lull in the storm, in consequence, I believe, of the Vatican having decided to prepare for the next general elections, when the new electoral law, which more than trebles the number of electors, will probably send a parliament to Rome which will not be so patient as the present one with the anti-national priesthood.

“Our worship on the Sunday morning, which has no attraction for outsiders, continues to be well attended. I find that in proportion as the Lord is present with us individually He is present with us collectively, and that His presence creates the church, which observes the Supper, which requires the Lord’s-day, which day, given to the Lord as a portion of our life, insures contribution to the cause and effort in giving the Gospel to others. *We think that every one in the church should be a worker, and not merely be occupied with his own salvation.* The church has recently had long deliberations on these matters, and has nominated one of the oldest members as a ruling elder, and six other brethren as ‘helps’ to the deacons. In addition to the weekly collection they have the monthly subscription. The special calls are a very serious part of the financial work of the church, because the stranger who is passing through, the brother who is persecuted, the sick who is abandoned,

or the body left unburied by Catholic relatives, has claims on charity which must be listened to. In addition to this, the church has raised 100 francs for a Communion-table and promised 125 francs to the Protestant Hospital. Considering that Italians generally are poor, and that most of those with whom we have to do are especially so, this shows at least a desire on the part of the Roman Christians to be Christian in the matter of giving.

“THE CATECHUMEN CLASS.

“We have a number of persons in the *catechumen* class, of whom nine have been baptized during the past six months. One of the baptized is a student at the university, who gives some promise of being useful; and one of the candidates employs a considerable number of men, to whom we hope to preach the Word. We have, however, been so often disappointed in those who have position or wealth that we find it needful to be very moderate in our present expectations of much immediate help from these.

“Both the evangelists, Signor Petocchi and Signor Dalcanto, continue to give the whole of their time both to study for the many services we have and to the various branches of our work in Rome. In addition to the work in Rome, several evangelistic visits have been paid to towns near.

“SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

“The *Sunday-school* in Lucina is very encouraging indeed for Italy. The books, which are revised every quarter, have about 120 names, while the average attendance has been between sixty and seventy. Our success in this department is, in a great measure, owing to the help of several English young ladies who come to Rome in the winter, and who, knowing the language, work with Mrs. Wall, not only in the

classes, but also in the equally important service of visiting the sick and the absent, and in keeping up the interest of the scholars. At first, and for some time, this required so much effort that I thought it would be impossible to continue it; but the children have become so interested in the school that this burden is now much lighter.

"A SCHOOL EXCURSION.

"To develop in them a little *esprit de corps* and independence of mind, I invited the elder scholars to a discussion on matters touching themselves. After considerable deliberation, being invited to do something for themselves, they decided to have a day in the country, and to defray the expenses of it themselves. Little can be done in Italy without a banner, so they resolved to have one. Some enthusiasm was thrown into gathering the needed funds, and fifty francs were soon collected by the scholars. As the banner made was a very beautiful one, discouragement was setting in when it was found that most of the money had been spent upon it, but the English young ladies who teach in the school offered to provide food, and Miss J. Burdon Sanderson, who was in Rome at the time, paid their carriage fare into the country. On a bright May morning the children from both schools began to muster in Lucina, their faces beaming with delight. All told, in number they were about 130. They were formed into five groups in the chapel, corresponding to the five spacious double-horse vans which were waiting on the square. When they saw the new banner there was hearty shouting, which brought the people round the door; and, when the groups marched out and took their seats in the vans, a considerable crowd gathered on the piazza. The city guards were quickly on the spot in force when they

saw the banner, and seemed puzzled about what step to take when they found it made of the national colours, with an illuminated text of the Gospel. The inspector seemed pleased at the colours, and amazed at the number of Protestant children in this section of Rome. He did not refuse to let the banner pass, but, as a large company of Catholic pilgrims had reached Rome that day, and might disturb us, he advised me not to unfold it before reaching the gate of the city.

"The procession passed the Tiber, under the walls of the Vatican, beyond the Porta Angelica, up the slope of Monte Mario, to a cork wood, six miles out on the Campagna. The children spent the day in pleasure bordering on ecstasy. The day closed with letting off a paper balloon, which rose high and then went falling in the direction of Rome. All joined hands in one large circle, listened to a short address, and sang their last hymn as the setting sun threw his falling beams over the valley of the Tiber against the Sabine hills, raising to their highest the glory and beauty of the country.

"It is greatly to be lamented that we are doing so little with the children at our various mission-stations. We are doing something, but it is not what we ought to be doing, whereas it would require but effort and means to raise up an army of Protestant children in Rome. The present Pope has opened more than fifty mission schools in the *Holy City*, and we could do the same, so far as the people are concerned, if we went to work in the right way, and were prepared to make the needed sacrifice. Now that it is pretty clear that much sapping and mining have to be done before the walls of Rome imitate the walls of Jericho, we must make use of all means, and especially,

so it seems to me, of Sunday-schools. If our churches and our Sunday-schools in England were aware of the fact that we get no help for Sunday-school work, perhaps they might feel it laid upon them to assist us to help our evangelists to provide

benches, books, and Bibles for their schools, and to give them an occasional treat in the country, which, unfortunately, the children of Italy appreciate much more than they do abstract truth.

“JAMES WALL.

“Rome.”

Foreign Notes.

ZENANA WORK IN AGRA.

WANTED, A MICROSCOPE AND A GALVANIC BATTERY.

Miss Helen Johnston, one of the Zenana Medical Missionaries in Agra, writes :—

“I have not forgotten, my dear Mr. Baynes, your kind offer to make known my wants through the pages of the MISSIONARY HERALD. Do you think kind and sympathetic friends would give me a good microscope and a galvanic battery for my Medical Dispensary work here ?

“You remember the house that was placed at my disposal, rent free, by the Municipality, just a week or two before you were with us, and in which I opened my Dispensary. The work steadily increases, and I have had more than *three thousand patients*, many of them the ‘very poorest of the poor,’ and many of them ‘purdah women,’ who have no scruples about coming to the Dispensary for women ; their ‘doti’ is brought right inside our yard and their ‘purdahs’ lifted, and they say, ‘We have no objection to this.’ I have also found an entrance into many new houses of late, some of them occupied by people of position where I know I have gained a footing and acquired some considerable influence, and in such places I have opportunities such as no one else in Agra has of meeting the Baboos. Only two days ago two

Baboos were telling me that ‘the greater part of the intelligent men have no religion at all ; they are now too enlightened to believe in their old ways, and as yet they know not the only true and living way.’ Even if they did, their greatest obstacles would be from their women ; socially, they said, they suffered greatly from the want of enlightenment of their women—they hoped great things from the Zenana Mission, and Medical Women’s Missions were the right pioneers to gain their confidence.

“Yes, dear Mr. Baynes, as in the days of our blessed Lord, so now, we are ‘to heal the sick,’ and say, ‘The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.’ May the gracious Lord give us all the wisdom and grace we need.

“I have almost forgotten to tell you that, as soon as the old chapel at the corner of the road you arranged should be put into repair is ready, I am going at least three times a week to see patients in one of the little rooms at the side. This may be pioneer work to bring outsiders in.

“HELEN JOHNSTON.

“Mission House, Agra, N.W.P.”

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND MISSIONARY WORK IN ALLAHABAD, N.W.P.

The Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, writing from Allahabad, says :—

“ Our *Book-room* in the very heart of the city of Allahabad is in full operation, and the very first day received a few sales. We hope for more results from the quiet talks with the people which our native brother Bhagaban Das will have than from the sale of books. This good brother will, I trust, prove a faithful representative of Christianity in the bazaar and amongst the trades-people.

“ We shall have a sign up over the door in four different languages, to the effect that—

‘ Christian books are sold here.’

This will appear in Urdu, Hindi, Bengali, and English, in all of which languages, and in some others also, books, tracts, and Scriptures will be provided.

“ Our ‘ *City Visitor* ’ still prosecutes his work, and we have engaged a room in the city into which he will call the people of the poorer classes—European

and Eurasian—for worship. Numbers of our brethren will help in this work ; indeed, they will undertake sole charge of it, so that it will not add to my labour at all. Our native evangelist, Joseph Chuttree, is hard at work twice every day. We have now four enterprises of a purely *missionary character* connected with the work of our church here, all of which are supported by the church. Besides these, one of the leaders of the church, our good brother Carr, holds evangelistic services every Monday evening in the barracks.

“ It is but the day of small things with us just now, but it is not on that account to be despised. I doubt not the time will yet come, and in the *near future*, I hope, when the missionary and aggressive work of the Allahabad Baptist Church will be both extensive and important. The good Lord speed the day.”

THE ZENANA MISSION.

Very earnestly do we commend the following letter from Mrs. Frank Smith, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Zenana Mission, to the generous consideration of our readers :—

“ DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Will you kindly insert in the *HERALD* a few lines, written at the request of two of our valued workers in the Zenana Mission ? I gladly comply with their desire, fully believing that friends in England only wish to know exactly what is needed in order that they may show those who bear the ‘ burden and heat of the day ’ how truly willing they are to help and sympathise.

“ Miss Thorne, of Delhi, asks for quinine and other drugs, value £20; a

small press to strike off texts—letters in the vernacular. A magic-lantern, with Scripture slides, was included, but this has since been promised, I believe, by a friend at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Last of all, dressed dolls and toys for rewards and gifts to the women and children in the Zenanas. Miss Thorne says she has not hitherto given presents, but on her return from England she knows there will be large expectations, which she should be sorry altogether to disappoint.

“ Miss Johnston writes from Agra, in reference to a kind proposal from friends at Clapton to send out a box of articles for sale for the Medical Mission—‘I shall be delighted to receive a box, or boxes, containing children’s clothes, well made. I would remind you that in the cold season, when they will arrive, pretty warm dresses, such as children wear in England, will sell better than any light things; useful articles of ladies’ dress sell well; collars, gloves, ties, ribbons, stockings, boots (if you like); anything useful and good always commands a sale. Fancy-work, such as antimacassars, cushions, mats, &c., &c., do not sell, and I wish you to beg friends not to send them. Little fancy articles, such as vases, picture-frames, children’s toys, and the little “nick-nacks” that sell so cheaply in the London fancy-shops, gain a ready and good sale here. Many pretty little things that sell for 4d. and 5d. in London will sell here for a rupee. You see I have large expectations. I am hoping we shall have dolls this year again.’

“ After describing most important medical work amongst the higher classes, Miss Johnston remarks—‘Although they are surrounded with every comfort, these women need my help just as much as the very poorest of the poor, a good number of whom are waiting in my verandah every morning by daylight. All alike I make welcome, but I am thankful that I am getting a footing amongst educated men’s families; in that way I gain great influence. The Lord guide us in all we do for His glory. We are the tools in His mighty hands.’

“ I need hardly say, in conclusion, how very thankful and happy I shall be to answer any inquiries, or receive contributions for either of these dear friends. I shall feel it a great privilege in any and every way I can to secure for them the aid they so earnestly seek.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ ELIZA SMITH.

“ Aubert Park, Highbury, N.”

WORK AFIELD.

Mr. Barnett, writing from Dacca, says :—

“ Brother Duffodar has just returned from Independent Tipperah, where he has been preaching to people who have never before heard of the Gospel.

“ He was told by the political agent that he must not preach without a special permit from the Bajah; but he

had been preaching everywhere long before he had heard even of the political agent or of a needful licence. He has a good voice and draws large crowds to hear him preach by this means.”

TWO JESSORE CONVERTS.

Our native missionary, Brojonath Banerjea, of Jessore, writes :—

“ MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—He whose angels rejoice over returning prodigals and repentant sinners has been pleased to bless this mission with two new converts. Their names are Baboo Bapin Baharry Haldar and Baboo Shorno

Komul Chuckerbuttee. The former is a clerk in the registry office at Bong Gong, the latter an excise sub-inspector in the Baggorhaut Khulna sub-division.

“ A few days after my interview

with you in Mr. Barton's house in Jessore, I started off, as you suggested, on a preaching tour to Bong Gong and other places in that district. I remained in Bong Gong for nearly a fortnight, and during that time Baboo Bapin used to attend all the services. I had many conversations with him on religious subjects, and I could see clearly the Spirit was working in his heart.

"Soon after my return to Jessore he came to me, and, after some little time, I baptized him on a profession of his faith in Jesus.

"Immediately after this he was carried away by his father-in-law, who implored him to deny Christ and give up his Christianity. This he declared

he never would do. His father-in-law then kept him by force shut up in a room for twenty-one days; but at last he escaped from his prison, and came at once to his Christian companions in Jessore. His example has done much good amongst Hindoos and Mohammedans.

"The other convert is also much persecuted, and his mother, wife, and relatives are all trying their utmost to induce him to give up Christ and become again a Hindoo. I earnestly hope, dear Mr. Baynes, you will specially remember the two new converts in your prayers, that they may stand fast and remain faithful unto the end."

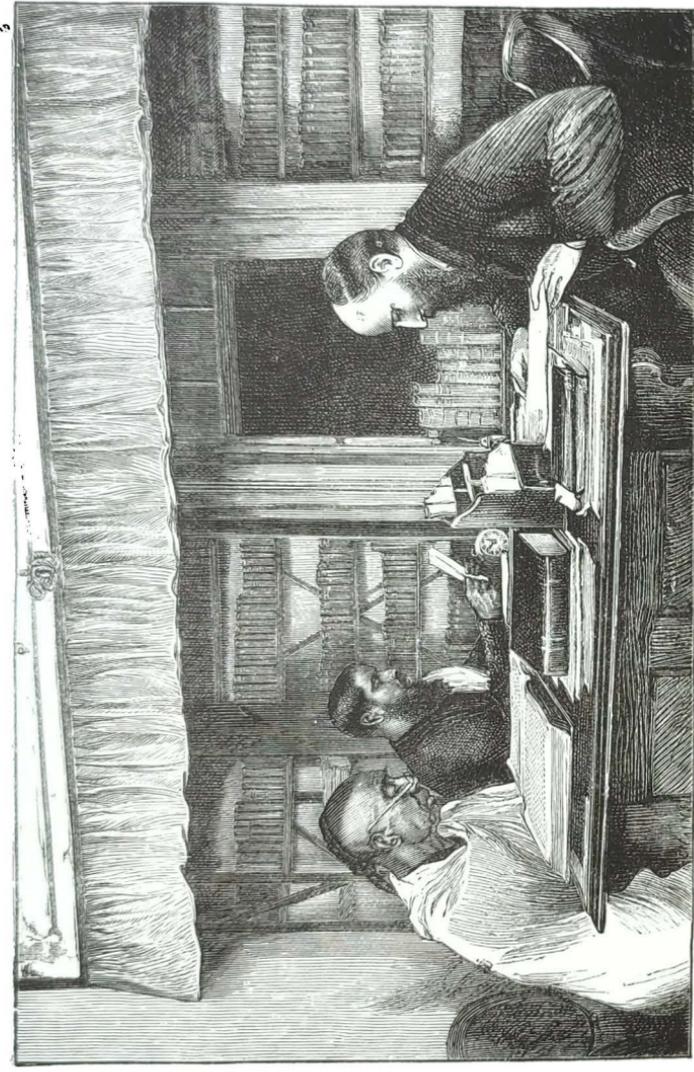
Recent Intelligence.

The Rev. Arthur Wood, Pastor-Elect of the Havelock Baptist Church, Agra, N.W.P., will, all being well, leave England for Agra, *via* Calcutta, on the 20th of the current month, in the s.s. *Duke of Sutherland*. Will our readers specially remember our brother at the Throne of Grace?

Deeply interesting and largely attended services in connection with the departure for Africa of Messrs. Moolinaar and Hughes, missionaries-elect to the Congo, were held at Camden Road Chapel, on Sunday evening, July 30th, when the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., Mr. Moolinaar, and Mr. Baynes, the General Secretary, gave addresses; at Llangollen, North Wales, on Friday evening, August 11th, when the Rev. Dr. Hugh Jones, the President, and the Rev. Gethin Davies, M.A., the Classical Professor of North Wales Baptist College; Mr. William Hughes, the Revs. B. Humphreys, of Manchester, and H. C. Williams, of Corwen; Mr. Baynes, the General Secretary, and others took part; at the Welsh Chapel, Castle Street, Oxford Street, London, on Monday evening, August 14th, J. P. Bacon, Esq., presiding, and Messrs. Grenfell, Doke, Hughes, Moolinaar, and others taking part; and in Liverpool, at Everton Village Welsh Chapel, on Friday evening, August 18th, under the presidency of the Rev. Charles Davies, the Revs. R. Richards, Professor Gethin Davies, and Mr. Baynes, Secretary of the Society, and Messrs. Moolinaar, Hughes, and Grenfell, delivering addresses.

Mr. Moolinaar and Mr. Hughes left Liverpool for the Congo on Saturday, the 19th of August, in the s.s. *Bengula*, a large company of Liverpool friends accompanying them to the ship. Very earnestly do we commend our brethren to the special prayer and sympathy of all the churches.

[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
OCTOBER 1, 1882.



THE REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A., AND HIS HELPERS TRANSLATING THE SCRIPTURES.—(From a Photograph.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., and his Native Helpers.

BY THE REV. C. B. LEWIS, OF CALCUTTA.

THE engraving opposite affords an excellent likeness of our indefatigable missionary, Mr. Rouse, attended by his native assistants. They are all busily occupied in translating the Scriptures and in the preparation of Christian literature for the people of Bengal—a work which God has greatly blessed in the past, and upon which we should all invoke His blessing for the future.

Mathura Nath Nath, the young man who sits at Mr. Rouse's right hand is a native Christian devoted to this special work. The other native is a Brahmin Pandit, not a Christian, and concerning him a few lines may be read with interest.

Thakur Das, Pandit, I believe, received his education in the Calcutta Sanskrit College. He knows no language but Sanskrit and Bengali, but he is a very shrewd, sensible man, and indefatigable in discharge of any work entrusted to his care. He was first employed by the Rev. J. Paterson, an excellent missionary of the London Missionary Society. In May, 1847, I arrived in Calcutta, and Thakur Das was recommended to me as a very efficient Pandit, and thenceforward for a considerable time he became my daily attendant and very helpful teacher. I had very hard work at first, for I knew no Bengali and he no English; but, by dint of perseverance, in a comparatively short time I had gained knowledge enough of some words to understand the explanations given of others, and thereafter progress was easy and more rapid. When sufficient facility in Bengali had been attained, my beloved brother the late Dr. Wenger sent me daily proofs of the Bengali Scriptures as, in the various editions, they passed through the press, and from the first he kindly welcomed such suggestions as I felt myself competent to make regarding them.

From this time, for more than ten years, Thakur Das was almost

wholly occupied with Dr. Wenger and myself in revising the Bengali Scriptures and in carrying the various editions through the press. Then, owing to my taking charge of the Baptist Mission Press on the death of my beloved brother Thomas in 1858, and to the pressure of my other duties as the Indian Secretary of the Mission, I had to relinquish the work in which I had been associated with Dr. Wenger until he left for England, when again Thakur Das spent some hours every day with me in reading the Bengali proof-sheets of the Scriptures for the press.

My short narrative is full of sad interest. For many years Thakur Das has been principally engaged upon the translation of the Word of God. He is most intimately acquainted with its contents. The invitation, "Ho- every one that thirsteth," has addressed itself to him as time after time he has read the sacred page; and the business of his life has been to render the fountains of salvation more readily accessible to his countrymen; yet he himself has never drunk therefrom. He is still a Hindoo—not a bigoted one, but he knows no better hope, and is still without God in the world. So have others in the same employment been before him. Will not my readers earnestly join me in the prayer that before it is too late Thakur Das may be found among the lowly but happy disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ?

C. B. LEWIS.

Rodborough, Stroud.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

CHAPTER VI.

RESULTS AND PROSPECTS.

IN some quarters the "failure of missions" is still spoken of as if it were an indubitable fact. We believe, however, that in India, as well as elsewhere, our work has been eminently successful. But, in order to judge of the matter aright, it is necessary to keep in view the difficulties which we have had to encounter, the preparatory work which has needed to be accomplished, and the fewness of the agents employed. When these points are taken into consideration we believe our success will be found to have been greater than we could reasonably have expected. We must especially remember how much preparatory work has been necessary. The early preachers of the Gospel in Europe and Asia found their way prepared for them by the amount of knowledge of the true God which had been spread by the scattered Jewish communities; in almost all places the "devout Greeks"

or the few believing Jews formed the nucleus of the Christian Church. In India we had no preparation of this kind to smooth our way, and we found but little in the circumstances and beliefs of the people that was helpful to us. A settler in the backwoods of America does not measure his success simply by the amount of corn he has been able to raise; he has had to clear his ground, and build his house, and sow his seed, and then had to wait the appointed time till the harvest. If he had also had to prepare his own implements his success would have been slower still. In India we have had, and still have, to clear the ground of the enormous growth of superstition which would otherwise prevent the Divine seed from springing up; and we have even had to prepare our own instruments, in the shape of a translated Bible and suitable tracts and books. Yet, in spite of this, the success has been marked.

We will speak first of what many clamour for as, in their view, the only sure sign of progress—actual accessions to Christianity. In 1830 the native Protestant community in India, including Burmah and Ceylon, is believed to have been about 27,000; at the present time it numbers probably about 500,000—a very encouraging increase, and one that does not look like “failure”! Still, this statement may convey a wrong impression. We do not mean that there are half-a-million *real Christians*, still less that they are all “converts” from Hindooism; but that the total native Protestant community, men, women, and children, good and bad, numbers about half-a-million. Perhaps the number of communicants may be about 120,000. And even these are not, as a rule, “converts”—that is, persons who were formerly Hindoos; for the most part they are children or grandchildren of converts. It must be remembered that there has been a Christian community for many years in India, and that we have now Christians of the second, third, and even fourth generation; there is steadily growing up in India a nominal Christian community like the inhabitants of England, or any other country, who are technically “Christians;” and as the caste-rules of India keep the Christian community separate from all others, every member of that community, even if he be an Atheist, would be regarded as a “Christian.” Not that there are many infidels in the Christian body; yet there are many worthless, godless people in it, as there would be in any half-million of people taken at random in England. The preaching of the Gospel in all lands results in the formation of a Christian “mixed multitude,” a portion of whom are true believers. And, moreover, the converts from whom the Christian community in India sprang are not all gathered from Hindooism; some come from Muhammadanism, and a very large number from the hill-tribes, or from the degraded devil-worshippers of South India.

In 1862 there were in India, Burmah, and Ceylon 213,182 native Protestant adherents, of whom 49,688 were communicants. In 1871 there were 318,363 adherents, of whom 78,494 were communicants. At present, as we said, there are probably at least half-a-million adherents, with over 100,000 communicants. The increase, both in adherents and communicants, is thus fully fifty per cent. per decade, which is much more rapid even than in Christian England.

It may be asked, What is the character of these native Christians? Here it is most important to distinguish between the nominal and the real Christian, and it is because people do not do so that native Christians have a bad name in India. A person is cheated by a "native Christian," and then thinks that they are all rogues; but the cheat is no more a real *Christian* than the "Christians" who fill our gaols in England. In all communities true believers are in the minority, and a mere nominal Christian in India is often as bad as the heathen, or even worse. It is the steady increase of the *communicants* in India upon which our minds rest with satisfaction; the increase of the nominal Christian community is only cheering as it tells us of the weakening power of Hindooism. With regard to the true Christians, again, if the question be asked as to their character, we must remember their origin and their surroundings, and we must not expect to find in them the same state of spiritual attainment as in England, with all our advantages. But, looked at fairly, we believe the native communicants, as a body, will bear the test. As a rule, they live moral lives (a more important test of character there than in an English Christian atmosphere), attend religious ordinances, and, whilst their spiritual state is low, yet we believe they are really resting on the Saviour. There is often much in them which irritates and annoys us, especially as the Hindoo character is so different from the English; but we believe that, when due allowance is made for their education and their surroundings, it will be found that there is as real Christian life among them as among an equal number of church members in England. No doubt there are many false professors in the Church, as there are amongst us, but for every false Christian in the Church there is a true one outside of it, who has not yet had grace to openly join the Christian community, when such an act involves such dire personal consequences. Many of the members of the Church in India have encountered the bitterest persecution when they became Christians, and many others have been pre-eminent in their simplicity of faith and consecration.

So much for *direct* results; but to consider these only would give us a very imperfect idea of the effects of Christian missions. We must remem-

ber, what we have already referred to, the fact that the Bible has been translated and a Christian literature commenced in so many of the languages of India. We must also remember the change that has been effected among the European population in India. Thousands of persons belonging to this community, soldiers, sailors, and residents in India, have been converted through the labours of Christian missionaries. English Christian churches, in connection with all denominations, have been formed in the various large cities in India, such as Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Allahabad, and a great many besides. The European residents in India, though far from immaculate, yet lead more moral lives as a rule than their predecessors eighty years ago, and this is, to some extent, to be traced to mission influence.

The abolition of cruel rites is largely to be attributed to the efforts of Christian missionaries. Eighty years ago hundreds of widows were every year burned alive with their dead husbands, thousands of children were every year thrown by their own mothers into the sacred Ganges—all these evil deeds have ceased. Men are no longer allowed to throw themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut's Car; a convert does not now, as formerly, lose all his property on becoming a Christian; widow marriage is legalised; the swinging festival is no longer permitted; all Government patronage of idolatry has come to an end.

Hostile forces have been materially weakened. Hindooism is still a mighty foe, but the giant finds that he has not the strength which he had eighty years ago, and that he is getting weaker year by year. The bonds of caste are being one by one relaxed. "Old Mr. Prejudice is being knocked about" pretty roughly in this siege of the Hindoo fortress. The attendance at the large religious *melas* is very much less than it used to be; and the people who still attend them do so more and more for the business and fun connected with them rather than from religious motives. People are much more friendly with the Christians than they used to be; they are in many parts much less ready to defend their own religion, and more outspoken in their acknowledgments that Christianity is the true religion and is destined to prevail. They are much more ready to take Christian books, more willing now to pay for them than formerly, in many places, they were to receive them for nothing. Dr. Hunter says: "The places of pilgrimage still exist, but the people resort to them rather as marts or fairs than as the favoured abodes of the Deity. Education has made havoc of ancient faith, and the most orthodox of the rising generation only abstain from open scepticism. It may be that the Hindoos are entering that dark valley of unbelief which stretches between every old religion of a noble type and

Christianity. The lamps by which their fathers walked during so many ages have burned out, and the more perfect light of the coming day has not yet dawned." A Hindoo newspaper editor writes: "No one who has passed the age of fifty, or is bordering thereon, can be ignorant of the great contrast between the worship of this and a former period. Formerly the worship was really an act of mind; now it is a matter of nothing but outward show and amusement."

Concurrently with weakening faith in Hindooism goes growing enlightenment. Knowledge is spreading. Tens of thousands of natives, with a good knowledge of English, and all that this involves, are scattered about the country, many of them occupying positions of influence. The railroad and the telegraph, and Western science and thought generally, are all shaking the native mind out of the lethargy of ages. With general knowledge, Christian knowledge is spreading too. The preaching of the Gospel and the dissemination of Christian books, are making people better acquainted with what Christianity is. A national conscience is being slowly developed. The vernacular newspapers denounce perjury, bribery, falsehood, and other vices which formerly were deemed almost venial.

We do not assert that all these mighty changes which we have referred to result solely from mission work. English education and Western science have been great factors in all this upheaving. But mission influence has been one of the most important factors. It was missionaries who first stirred up the Government to take up the matter of education at all, and they have all along taken a foremost place in direct educational work. And it is missionary influence alone which supplies the *positive* factor in all this upheaving. The Government pulls down, but it cannot build up. In religion it is studiously—and most properly—neutral; it will drive out the devil of ignorance, and will sweep and garnish the house; but Christianity alone can prevent the seven devils from making that house worse than it was before.

We must also take into account the growing number of "outside Christians," by which we mean those who are more or less convinced that Christianity is the true religion, many of whom, we hope, are real believers, who yet, from one cause or another, have not joined the outward Church. It is difficult to estimate the number of these "borderers," as they have been called; but it is certainly very considerable. In hundreds of Hindoo families there are Bible-readers—men or women who have lost all faith in Hindooism, read the Bible daily, and find in it their only comfort, pray to Christ, and reverence Him as the only Saviour.

One word as to "prospects." It is difficult to gauge the future, but two

or three things must be borne in mind—1. The progress will be at an accelerating ratio. The first steps are the most difficult. It is so everywhere, but especially in India, where *custom* holds such sway. As the movement becomes (as it is becoming) more distinctively *native*, the accessions to Christianity will become more numerous still. Neither in military nor in missionary questions can we settle matters by rule of three. The accessions to Christianity will go on at an accelerating speed, and eventually the great crash of Hindooism will come with startling surprise. 2. We cannot tell how rapidly the work may be going on in secret. Some of the most barren fields have become the most fruitful. So it was in Tahiti and Madagascar, so in Delhi; and so especially in the great Telugu ingathering—for twenty years did the missionaries labour there, and gained some twenty converts; within the next twenty years they gained nearly twenty thousand! 3. Nations live, not by years, but by centuries. It took 300 years for Christianity to overcome the Roman Empire. Parts of Europe were heathen till A.D. 1000. But modern missionary work dates from yesterday. There are people still living who were alive when Carey left England. All the great results of the modern missionary enterprise have been accomplished within one lifetime. We must not be in a hurry. The work is great; the foes are many and mighty; the labourers are very few. Let the Christian Church labour as she ought, and pray as she ought, and she will be astounded at the blessing which God will bestow.

G. H. R.

Cameroons Mountains, West Africa.

BY THE REV. QUINTIN W. THOMSON.

IT has been said, wherever any deadly disease prevails, a remedy has been provided near at hand. Whatever may be thought as to the truth of this statement in general, it is certainly true as regards the swampy, malaria-infested coast of Equatorial West Africa. In the heart of the deadly region, easy of access from all the trade rivers, rises the majestic high lands of Cameroons, penetrating into a clear atmosphere far above the lower clouds to an altitude of nearly 13,000 feet above the sea.

Here is to be obtained all varieties of climate—from the warm, moist, relaxing air of the tropics in the town of Victoria, at its base, to the cold, dry, bracing air of the regions of occasional snow and frost at the summit.

The whole mountain side is covered with a dense forest to some 5,000 feet above the sea. At some points the forest extends to over 7,000 feet. Then, above the forest, there are vast stretches of prairie land interspersed with

streams of old lava—ashes that were poured out of craters which are now extinct—immense boulders of volcanic rock, which present all the appearance of having descended, like a shower of hailstones, from above ; the more ancient rocks covered with a luxurious carpet of green velvet pile variegated with lichen, which would gladden a collector's heart. Then there are patches of heather—the heather of our own Scotch mountains—and among the ravines ferns and bramble or blackberries, reminding us of English lanes and woods. At from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea—out of the world as it seems—with the clouds beneath you, standing on an undulating table-land, with peak after peak rising before you, giving an idea of a mountainous country of unlimited extent—what air you do breathe! If you have climbed a Scotch mountain on a beautiful, dry autumn day, and have experienced the exhilarating, buoyant effect of the delicious breeze which met you as you approached the summit, you have an idea of the delight they have experienced who have been able to surmount the difficulties of the climb and come out on the open country beyond the forests on the Cameroons Mountains.

What a place for a sanatorium! the reader exclaims. Why does our Mission not utilise it? The answer is easily given. We would gladly avail ourselves of its advantages, but the large sum of money required to make roads, provide resting-houses on the way, build and maintain a comfortable house on the high part of the mountain, provide animals and appliances to transport sick and weakly persons up such a height, is far beyond what the Society considers at liberty to spend for such a purpose. A Glasgow gentleman, George Thomson (a namesake, but no relative of mine), an architect, an elder of the United Presbyterian body, conceived the idea some years ago of withdrawing his share from the business in which he and a brother were partners, and investing his fortune in building a sanatorium for missionaries of all denominations. His idea was to build a house for himself, in which he should reside ; and build it so large that he could send invitations to all Christian missions on the coast of West Africa, stating that here was a Christian home to which a warm-hearted, brotherly welcome would be extended to every comer—a noble idea, worthy of one of the most unselfish, Christ-like men it has ever been my privilege to be associated with. But he was only permitted to point the way. His body lies at Victoria, at the base of the mountain, whilst his personal devotion and entire consecration of means to this service for Christ's sake asks for a follower to take up the unaccomplished purpose.

The lower parts of the mountain on all sides are inhabited ; but no very large companies of people gather at any one point. Sometimes they live

CAMEROONS MOUNTAINS, AS SEEN FROM THE BROOK IN VICTORIA.—(From a Photograph.)



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together in small villages ; sometimes their houses are scattered about by ones and twos. There are no habitations higher than about 3,000 feet above the sea. Some years ago, with a hope of spreading the Gospel among the mountain tribes, and also passing by way of the mountain into the interior, we commenced a mission at Bonjongo, about 1,700 feet above the sea. This mission has been so far successful that some of the people have received the Gospel, and are living in harmony with its precepts. Others, over a wide circle, have heard the truth, and have learned to look upon the missionary with confidence as to a friend. And our hope of becoming established in the country beyond has, after many ineffectual efforts, at length been realised by the founding of a new station, some eighty miles from the coast, at a large town called Bakundu, about which more in a future number.

These two houses represent the homes of the mountain people about Bonjongo. The larger of the two is a respectable family house, accommo-



MOUNTAIN HOUSES, BONJONGO.—(From a Photograph.)

dating husband and two or three wives with their children ; also the whole of the live stock, usually consisting of goats, sheep, pigs, fowls, and dogs. The smaller one is a poorer person's house, such as is occupied by a man with one wife, who may be a son or younger brother of the man in the larger house. His children and live stock are not quite so numerous, and he can do with less accommodation. The Bonjongo and other people from the mountain side go down to Victoria Market with heavy loads of plantation on every third day, excepting when it falls on a Sunday. These heavy loads are carried by the women, while men carry a gun when there is war on the road, as is frequently the case, or in times of peace bundles of mats for roofs, or calabashes of palm wine. These things are exchanged for fish, for cloth, and for tobacco to make snuff, of which the Bakwilli are all extravagantly fond.

As in other places where the people appear to be utterly devoid of al^l

sense of sin, and to have no knowledge of their accountability to a Supreme Being, missionary work amongst the natives of the Cameroons Mountains taxes the patience and faith of the labourer. All those who are at present members of the church at Bonjongo are from the boys who attended the school when the mission was begun. Of late one or two of the women give hopes that they have learned to trust Christ, and have been received into the inquirers' or probationers' class. Of these women, and two or three boys from the school, our evangelist, Mr. Wilson, who has been living at



BONJONGO WOMEN GOING TO VICTORIA MARKET.—(From a Photograph.)

Bonjongo for over three years, speaks most hopefully, and I have every reason to believe the change they manifest is of God. Thus slowly, but surely, among the most degraded and superstitious, does the seed of the Kingdom take root and flourish. A few years ago the Gospel had not reached the natives of Ambas Bay and the mountain side. Now we have the township of Victoria, with its schools and Christian church; as an outcome from Victoria, the work on the mountain side; and from there the

way has been opened to Bakundu. To those who labour in the early years of a new mission amongst an uncivilised and degraded people progress is all but imperceptible, but when, after the course of years, we look back and compare what the people were without the Gospel and what they have become with it, our faith is greatly strengthened as we see how truly the Kingdom of God works like leaven and infuses its influence into everything about it, quietly and without observation.

Q. W. THOMSON.

The Lord Loveth the Cheerful Giver.

MRS. FRANK SMITH, one of the Secretaries of the Zenana Missionary Society, asks us to insert the following :—

“Mrs. Frank Smith gratefully acknowledges the receipt of many kind and sympathising letters in answer to her little appeal on behalf of the Zenana Mission. Gifts of clothing, dolls, &c., have arrived from Forest Hill, York, Birkenhead, Enfield, Keighley, and other places. Mrs. Smith thanks all the friends very warmly for what they have done, and for what their hearts design to do. One young friend seems so rejoiced to know that there is something she can do *now*, and hopes that before long she may offer herself for the work ‘if it is God’s will to accept the service of her life.’ May God grant this desire of her heart, and bless the gifts thus consecrated to His holy service !”

A friend at Southsea writes :—

“Herewith I enclose a P.O.O. for £7 10s. for the purchase of a telescope for the s.s. *Peace*. May the *Peace* be under the special guardianship of ‘the Prince of Peace,’ and not only the vessel, but the noble-hearted men who shall use her in their Master’s service. The Lord bless them all, strengthen their faith, courage, and love, and long spare them to work for Him.

“Please do not let my name appear; it often pains me to see how every little offering is made known with the donor’s name; if it were possible none but Christ should know.”

From “Ipswich, Suffolk,” with 10s., comes the following :—

“I am only a poor fisherman, but I send 10s. as a thankoffering to God for His goodness to me in blessing the means used at the East Suffolk Hospital to my restoration from a long and terrible affliction to perfect health.

“I dearly love the mission cause, and when I came out of the hospital I thought I would double my regular contributions to my missionary box, which, when opened, I hope will prove so; but then, I felt, on thinking over the matter last week, that was not enough to give to God, so I then made up my mind to give one night’s fishing to the Lord, and bless His name. He was specially with me that night, and I had a good catch (some nights we are like the early disciples, we toil all night and catch nothing) and I now send you the result. May the dear Master accept it for His name’s sake.”

From Poole, in Dorset, Mr. J. P. Goodwin writes :—

“Your appeal in the September HERALD was read to our Sunday-school, and we have wisely agreed to obtain and forward you a good telescope for the steamship *Peace* for the Congo Mission.”

NOTE.—It will be a great advantage to have a *second* telescope for the Congo steamer.

“A Regular Subscriber of One Farthing Per Week” writes :—

“I am a poor widow with only my own hands to depend upon, with poor health and no strength. I always read the MISSIONARY HERALD, and I am so thankful for the steps taken by the Committee and printed in the June number. If each *poor child* of God would only give one farthing a week, I do believe all the money wanted would be secured. For years I have been able to do this, and I feel there is no saying what great results may arise from little things. Do try, dear Sir, and introduce this plan of collecting the small gifts. They are blessed for the giver, and often surprising in their totals.”

Recent Intelligence.

A farewell meeting, in connection with the departure of the Rev. A. Wood for Agra, N.W.P., was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Monday evening, September 18th; the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Mr. J. C. Parry, Mr. Wood, and others, taking part in the service.

Mr. Wood left London on Thursday, September 21st, for Calcutta, in s.s. *Duke of Sutherland*. Very earnestly do we commend him to the sympathy and prayers of the churches.

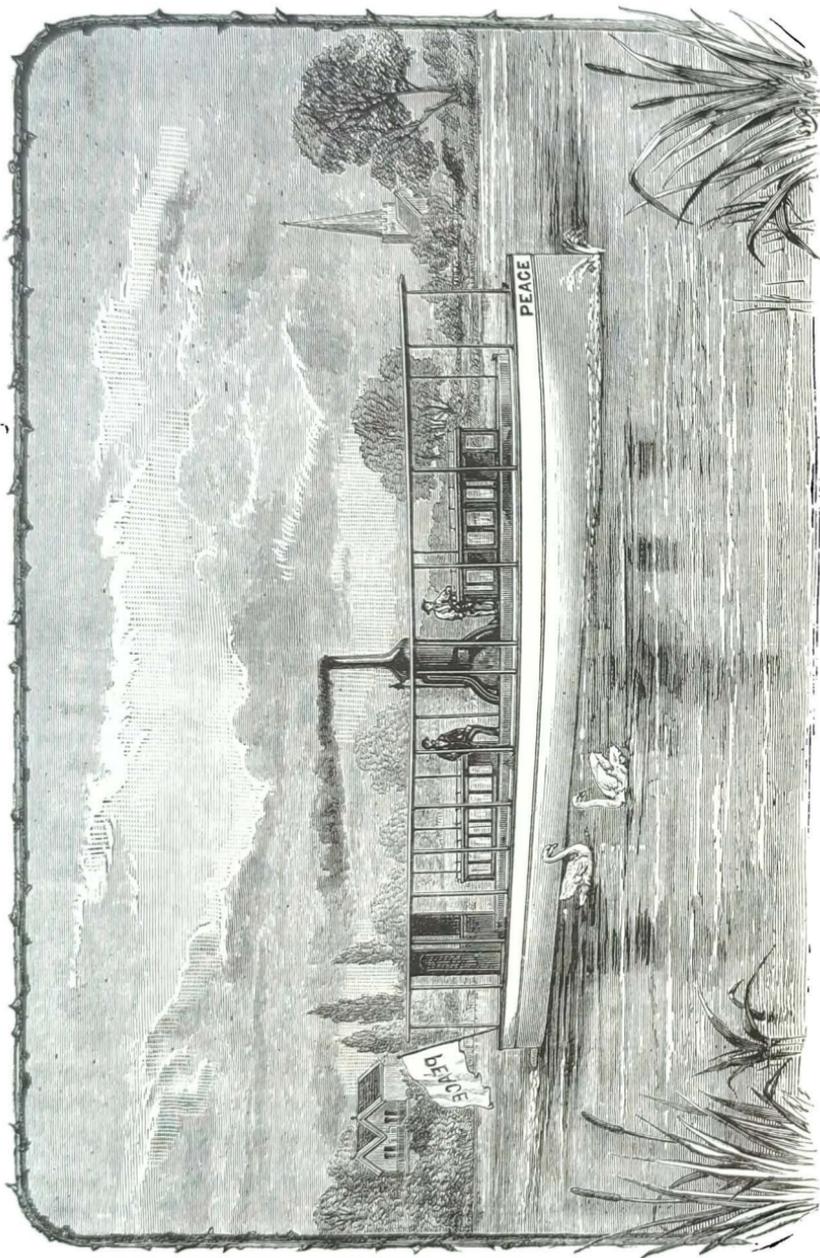
On Monday, September 18th, the Rev. Alex. Papengouth left Southampton for Hayti, in the Royal Mail steamship *Medway*, to resume his missionary work in that benighted Republic.

On the 18th of October, Miss Thorn, of Delhi, intends returning to India to resume her devoted labours in connection with the Zenana and Medical Mission. She will be accompanied as far as Benares by Miss Schriber, who goes out to the East as a Zenana missionary for the first time, and in all probability will be stationed in Benares.

Cheering tidings have been received from Messrs. Moolenaar and Hughes, from Madeira. We trust that by this date they are close to the Congo, and that very shortly they will be actively engaged in the work they have so earnestly longed for, and to which they desire to devote their lives.

It would greatly help the Society, and save a large amount of interest on borrowed money, if local treasurers and others, having funds in hand, would forward a remittance on account, instead of waiting to complete their yearly accounts before sending up.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
NOVEMBER 1, 1882.



THE CONGO MISSION STEAMER "PEACE."—(From a Photograph.)

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The 1882 Liverpool Autumnal Meetings.

IN the August number of the *MISSIONARY HERALD*, our readers were urged to unite in earnest prayer for special manifestations of the Divine blessing and favour in connection with the 1882 Autumnal gatherings in the city of Liverpool, so that they might be productive of lasting and memorable results; and very strikingly have these supplications been answered.

In the retrospect of these services, with feelings of devout gratitude we desire, once again, to thank God and take courage.

One who was present at all the services on Tuesday, October the 3rd, and who has spent many years of devoted service in the East, writes:—

“The Liverpool Missionary gatherings will never be forgotten. Like water on the thirsty ground, my spirit—grown somewhat sad and depressed with long years of lonely work in a tropical climate—has been marvellously refreshed and stimulated, and my old fire of years ago seems suddenly to have blazed again. I thank God for these services, and I feel sure that often in days and years to come, in a land far distant, the recollections of these hallowed seasons will help me on, and lead me to reconsecrate myself with yet far more earnestness to a service that grows increasingly dear to me as the years pass by.

“Friends at home little know what a blessing these Missionary anniversary services are to workers home from the field, who specially need such refreshment to stimulate, cheer, and invigorate their oftentimes sad and lonely hearts.”

The kindness of the Liverpool pastors and friends was most marked, while the business arrangements for the various meetings were so perfect as to leave nothing more to be desired.

Only those who are familiar with such gatherings are at all aware how much of laborious, persistent effort is needful to ensure the pleasant and easy working of the various arrangements connected with so many meetings, and to all the friends upon whose shoulders this work devolved we desire to express our sincere and appreciative acknowledgments.

For the benefit of such of our readers as were not present, we may briefly record the various engagements of the day.

As early as half-past seven a large congregation gathered in Pembroke Chapel, to hear a missionary sermon to young men from the Rev. Richard Glover, of Bristol.

Mr. Glover took for his text, words found in St. Matthew's Gospel, chap. xv. and 22nd verse—

“*And behold a woman of Canaan,*”

and delivered a sermon long to be remembered—strikingly suggestive, and full of tenderness and beauty. It struck the key-note for the subsequent services of the day.

At nine o'clock, in Hope Hall, a Public Missionary Breakfast was held on behalf of the Congo and Western Missions, the large numbers present testifying to the deep interest taken in African mission work. In the absence through ill-health of Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, the chair was occupied by Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., and addresses were delivered by the Chairman; the Revs. W. Hill, M.A., of Leeds; George Grenfell, of the Congo River; Q. W. Thomson, of Victoria, West Africa; and J. P. Chown, of London; and Messrs. Elisha Robinson, of Bristol; John Houghton, of Liverpool; and A. H. Baynes. Early in the proceedings Mr. Baynes read the remarkably interesting letter from Mr. Comber, of the Congo Mission—which will be found at length at p. 358 of this number—reporting his recent visit to Stanley Pool, and his successful negotiations with Messrs. H. M. Stanley and Lieutenant Braconnier, of the Belgian International Society, for the purchase of suitable land at the Pool on which to erect mission buildings and a landing-stage for the new Congo Mission steamer *Peace*, Mr. Comber bearing high testimony to the great kindness and generosity of Mr. Stanley in connection with these negotiations.

In view of perpetuating the memory of the Liverpool Autumnal services Mr. Baynes threw out a suggestion as to the desirability of naming the new station in course of establishment at Stanley Pool LIVERPOOL STATION, and of immediately raising a sum of **£500** for this purpose, this being the amount roughly estimated that the buildings about to be erected would cost.

How warmly and enthusiastically this proposal was adopted by the meeting the public papers have already reported. Not only was the suggested sum quickly contributed, but a further amount of **£700** for a new station in the interior beyond Stanley Pool was also cheerfully subscribed, making a total contribution at the breakfast of **£1,200**.

“FOR THE PEOPLE REJOICED BECAUSE THEY OFFERED WILLINGLY TO
THE LORD.”

In the words of an aged pastor who was present—

“The Liverpool Congo Breakfast did my heart good. It brought back to me the days of William Knibb, when the missionary spirit seemed at red heat.

Mr. Comber's letter touched all hearts, and the sympathetic words that urged it on the consciences of all present drove it home. My heart is full, and I feel devoutly thankful to God, for I know the churches at home will have a true revival if only the missionary spirit pervades them. *More interest in foreign work always means more earnestness at home.*"

At half-past 12 o'clock Myrtle Street Chapel was crowded to the doors to listen to a missionary sermon from the Rev. Dr. Stanford, of Camberwell, who took for his text words found in Acts xv. 26—

"Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

This sermon has been published in a pamphlet form, and very earnestly do we urge our friends to obtain it and read it. Those who heard it will long remember it, and those who read it cannot fail to derive hallowed stimulus from its living words.

We thank God for such a preacher, and for such a message.

At three o'clock the Missionary Committee met for the transaction of mission business, and at seven o'clock the engagements of the day were brought to a close by a large public missionary gathering in the Philharmonic Hall under the presidency of the Mayor of Liverpool, when addresses were delivered by the Chairman and the Revs. C. Williams, Accrington; J. P. Chown, London; Henry Platten, Birmingham; Q. W. Thomson, Victoria, West Africa; and Gogon Chunder Dutt, of Koolnea, Bengal. And so closed the 1882 Autumnal Missionary Services rich in blessing and fraught with many sacred resolutions for the future.

A generous contributor writes:—

"I feel sure these Liverpool Missionary Services will do much to make us all really feel that it is no self-denial, *but highest joy and privilege, to give with the utmost liberality for the spread of the Gospel amongst the heathen.* May this spirit be communicated from heart to heart, from church to church, from continent to continent, until the whole Christian world shall be aroused and every soldier of the Cross come gladly to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

As these words were passing through the press, we received the following:—

"October 20th, 1882.

"DEAR MR. BAYNES,—I am passed eighty-five years of age, and I cannot keep the enclosed any longer. I therefore hand it over to the Baptist Missionary Society, with every wish that a blessing may go with it. You will please to notice it from 'Y. Z.'"

Enclosed in this letter was a cheque for ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

"But whom am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort, for all things are of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee?"

Africa for Christ.

LATEST TIDINGS FROM THE CONGO MISSION.

THE following letter was read by Mr. Baynes at the Congo Missionary Breakfast in Liverpool on October 3rd.

Mr. Comber writes from Manyanga Station, Congo River, under date of July 24th, 1882:—

“MANYANGA STATION.

“MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—In my last letter, dated the 6th of this month, I told you of my interview with Mr. Stanley, and of our contemplated journey up to Stanley Pool to secure ground for our station there. Although it is very unwise and unsafe to leave our station at Manyanga in charge of only coloured assistants, yet it seemed such a great pity that a good opportunity for securing ground at Stanley Pool should be lost, and a chance be given for Roman Catholic missionaries to be before us, that I decided to go, and so once more our Manyanga station has been in considerable jeopardy from our absence. We really must not do such a thing again, and while our numbers are so few we must restrict our operations accordingly. The extent of ground we cover must depend greatly on the number of men we have. If we spread too far, and leave our stations unoccupied, some disaster of a serious nature may be expected. I am very thankful to say, however, that our gracious Father in heaven has averted any catastrophe to our Manyanga station, and this for the second time. And now about Stanley Pool.

“STANLEY POOL.

“Taking Mr. Stanley’s advice we went up in company with a caravan of forty Zanzibaris. With us we took ten of our boys. Following the north side of the river as far as the Inkisi Falls, we there crossed to the south by

native canoes, and passed through the Basessa tribe to Ntamo. The journey up occupied eight days. In returning we were only five days on the road. The people all along were friendly, except perhaps in the neighbourhood of Zinga, where they seemed disposed to oppose us. For this general friendliness and absence of opposition we have certainly to thank Mr. H. M. Stanley, whose work in opening the road has made it an easy journey to go to the Stanley Pool. Eighty or a hundred of his Zanzibaris are constantly passing between Manyanga and the Pool, and this tends amazingly to quiet the badly disposed people along the road. With but very few exceptions these Zanzibaris were on the best possible terms with the people, and seemed to have made friends in nearly every town. Our Congo dialect served us throughout, many people even in Ntamo understanding it. With some few differences the language of Congo, of the Baseendi, the Babwende, the Basessa, and the Bawumba, are one and the same, and only when we come amongst the Bateke do we find the language spoken at San Salvador fail us.

“THE BAWUMBA.

“You will be pleased to hear that only fifteen miles short of Stanley Pool we came amongst some people (Bawumba) who were more kind and gentle in their manner than any people I have ever before met in

Africa. It was at a small town or village called Ngoma, which we reached early in the afternoon of the seventh day. After putting up our tent, and spreading our blankets on our grass bed, the chief came into the tent and made himself quite at home, examining everything with great interest, but begging for nothing. My boys thought he was a good deal too free, as he came and extended his red-ochred body on my bed, and covered himself up in my blanket, his head included, declaring it fine and warm. It amused rather than annoyed me. Later on in the evening, he came again with his wife and two children, all of the party lounging and lying half-in and half-out of the tent. For nearly two hours they were there, while we talked to them about England, about our object in coming to their country, our station at San Salvador, our message to them from the Great Nzambi (God), for whom we were ambassadors. Very joyous and light-hearted were we as we lay down to sleep and wondered what the next day would bring forth. If only Stanley Pool people would be as tractable and mild, what a fine sphere of work we should have. Wearing disappointments of past years were forgotten. Five years seemed to be but a brief preparatory initiation into mission work which was now to commence in earnest, and all was *couleur de rose*.

"KINDNESS OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.

"At twelve o'clock the following day we reached the Pool, and were kindly received by Lieut. Braconnier and the five other gentlemen whom Mr. Stanley had left in charge of the station, M. Braconnier being left by Mr. Stanley in charge of the expedition. The view from this Belgian station or garrison

is very fine, as it faces the upper river, broad and free from the terrible reefs and cataracts which make it so dangerous below. Leopold Ville, as the station is called, is built immediately above the Ntamo Falls, and is situated on the only high ground to be found in the district. By the kindness of Mr. Stanley and Lieut. Braconnier, two and a-half acres of this ground—a large plot leased from the Bawumbu chiefs—has been allotted to the Baptist Missionary Society, and a provisional contract has been drawn out, signed by M. Braconnier and myself, which will need to be ratified by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society and the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo, of Brussels. By the next mail I hope to send a copy of this contract for your approval.

"NGA LIEMA.

"Of course, one of the most important things to be done at Stanley Pool was to see the great Nga Liema in his own town at Kintamo, five minutes from Leopold Ville, to tell him of our intention to come and teach his people, and to find out how he would receive us. Most of the people at Kintamo, and Nga Liema himself, are Bateke, and are real savages, quite untamed. Wild and ferocious in appearance, with eyebrows shaved off, and eyelashes pulled out, streaks of red and yellow ochre and chalk encircling their eyes, they were indeed to me an altogether new type of African. I had never seen such men before. We were obliged to give Nga Liema a good present of cloth, and, having satisfied his voracious maw, he became a little more affable, and seemed much interested in what we said. He seemed glad that we were coming, and especially that we practised the healing art, which, at

Stanley Pool, as at San Salvador and Manyanga, must be put into the forefront of our work. Nga Liema must be something awful when he is worked up into a passion; and it must be our work to try and get an influence over him, and make his savage nature tame and tractable. May the Lord help us in this, give us this influence over him, and by His Holy Spirit soften and humanise the spirit of Nga Liema. There are a few nice boys in the town, whom we shall try as soon as possible to get under our influence. Our ground being chosen, and having had this interview with the Kintamo people, we hastened back to Manyanga, leaving one man of our party behind to clear the ground selected, and so our Stanley Pool station is at last commenced.

“WAITING FOR REINFORCEMENTS.”

“With our few numbers it seems rash to have done what we have, but we have been relying upon the support of the churches at home, and the promised reinforcements, and we are now attempting great and difficult things. If the reinforcements come we can carry on what we have begun, but, if not, we must simply withdraw from Stanley Pool and wait until such time as the hearts of Christians in England are sufficiently alive to the importance of such a position as Stanley Pool to interior African missionary enterprise. I am almost weary of writing strongly and urgently on the subject, and can only say that we will do all we can, and cover as much ground as our numbers will possibly permit. Strong, earnest, and urgent words upon the subject will, I trust, come from your lips and pen, dear friend. Our present programme is as follows:—Mr. Bentley goes down tomorrow straight through to the coast, and is, if possible, to arrange for a

telegram, to be sent *via* [Madoira or the Cape] to tell this news about Stanley Pool, and to request that any men accepted shall be sent out immediately. Then he goes 100 miles up the coast to Loango to endeavour to procure some more Loango men as carriers, with whom he hopes to return in a month. Meanwhile Crudgington will probably leave our depot station below to Butcher and come to Baynesville station, while Mr. Hartland comes up here to Manyanga. Immediately on the return of Bentley with new men I hope to start for Stanley Pool to build, but it must be alone, as two men are absolutely necessary for this station—one to stay here, the other to go backwards and forwards to Baynesville with the *Plymouth*. So then in one month from now I expect to be up at the Pool commencing work.

“A CRY FOR MORE HELPERS.”

“For some time I shall be there alone—how long must depend upon the churches in England. I am most thankful to hear that number three of our promised reinforcements, as we call our brother Butcher, is now in the field, but I long, oh, so intensely, for numbers four, five, and six. Perhaps you think I am not so thankful as I ought to be; but out here it sounds almost like a romance to read in the London Missionary Society's *Chronicle* of twenty-five men going out in one ship to the South Sea Islands, and yet for Africa a reinforcement of six brethren promised in June, 1881, is but half supplied by June, 1882. Is it wrong to feel a little sad or to cry shame on our young men and on our churches? The words will rise to many lips, ‘God in His Providence is calling them forward.’ We wait only for men and means. We have already a footing at Stanley Pool, and all the vast district is open to us into the heart of

Africa. I have as yet said nothing about the teeming tribes beyond Stanley Pool, but almost immediately after the arrival and safe launching of our steamer *Peace* at the Pool, a new station could be founded at Uyansi, above the Iburi Khuta. That is, of course, if the churches at home are prepared to extend their work into the

interior, and will find men and means for the work afield. We hope to found the station at Stanley Pool at once. Then we must wait for the voice of the churches at home to say 'Go forward' or not. Pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth more labourers into this grand harvest field.

"T. J. COMBER."

GENERAL REPORT OF CONGO WORK.

The following letter from Mr. Comber gives a detailed narration of the work on the Congo River since the last published accounts down to the date of the letter read at Liverpool by Mr. Baynes announcing Mr. Comber's settlement at Stanley Pool:—

"THE 'PLYMOUTH.'

"First, as to the *Plymouth*, in which I have made three trips from Isangila to Manyanga. The first time we were eight and a-half days, and the second and third five and a-half days, in doing the journey. Although she is not so strongly built as we could wish, and the occasional unavoidable bump on one of the ten thousand rocks and reefs along the road causes an immediate leak where the steel plates are joined (whereas Mr. Stanley's boat can smash about on reefs to almost any extent without seeming the worse), yet it is satisfactory to know that she has already earned a reputation. Her shape is splendid, and she is a very safe boat in bad water. Eight of our trained Krooboys in her will, at any time, 'walk her round' Mr. Stanley's somewhat larger boat, manned by ten Zanzibar watermen. Our boys are getting well used to her, and, with a wild ear-splitting shout, will pull her through very strong water, where Mr. Stanley's boat has to use a rope. But it is not by any means all oar-work with us. There are several cataracts and rapids to pass, and reefs running out five or six hundred yards from the shores of

mile-wide reaches. These reefs throw off the swift-running river from and far beyond their visible extremities in large and dangerous waves, which, even with our specially built *Plymouth*, emptied of its cargo, sometimes surge above the bow and gunwale, as our half-score of boat-boys haul her past. The water has to be seen for its force to be appreciated. In some places it is terrible. The helm 'hard over,' and four sixteen-foot oars backing, is of no use if a current has caught her bow. She must yield to the current. On arriving at a place impassable with oars, we make the anchor chain fast to a rock, and our two best waterboys, Ben and Africa, pass out the rope (fifty fathoms long, and four inches round). Girding the rope round their waist, or holding it in their teeth, when they have to struggle out of their depth, carrying it in their hands where they can, they take it past the obstruction, and 'make it fast' to tree or rock. It is hauled tight by the boys in the boat, the chain is loosed, the boat's head pushed out of its shelter into the boiling, rushing water, tearing and foaming over and between nasty rocks, and the eight or ten strong fellows pull

and haul. Frequently during this process the current irresistibly forces the boat on a jagged stone, and three or four boys have somehow to find foothold in the mad, whirling water to push her off. Sometimes there is a series of these reefs and rocks, and, having passed one bad place, the chain has to be immediately used as a grapple, and the rope is 'paid out' again. On some occasions if the rope was to break, or was carelessly tied, we should be dashed against a rock with such violence as to perhaps upset the boat. The whirlpools and cauldrons I will say nothing about. As yet we have not seen many dangerous ones; but I have so often wished I could sketch, so that I could give you a more graphic idea of the Congo in some of its wild places for the HERALD. I am glad to be able to send you something in this way from the sketch of another. A passenger in my boat one morning was M. Amelot, a Belgian gentleman, of Mr. Stanley's party (the African International Association). He very kindly has given me a sketch which he made of the *Plymouth* passing the Kilolo Rapids, which I accompany with a short description for the HERALD. It will, I think, give a good idea of our boat-work in some places.

"NEW STATIONS.

"And now let me tell you of our new or altered stations.

"As you well know, our stations number four: Mussuca, our river base depot station, 100 miles up the river, and on the south bank; San Salvador, our first and interior station situated 80 miles inland from Mussuca; Isangila, fifty miles up the river beyond Mussuca, but on the north bank, and which we reached *viâ* Mr. Stanley's road from Vivi; and Manyanga, 103 miles still farther up the river, and also on the north bank.

"Since the formation of the station at Isangila, three great drawbacks have been felt as to the road *viâ* Vivi:—First, towns were very scarce and little food attainable; second, all the native carriers were swallowed up by the African International Association, we having no station at Vivi so as to be able to secure them for our portorage; and, third, our communication with Mussuca was very unsatisfactory, because, in descending, we had to take to the river at Vivi, and our boat is of course kept at Mussuca. We could not remedy this last by transferring the house from Mussuca to Vivi, as we then should break off our necessary line of communication with San Salvador. So we decided to remove our Isangila station to some good site upon the south bank so as to have land communication with Mussuca, and also to move our Mussuca station to a point higher up the river, so as to avoid the Noki Mountains which, coming to Mussuca, we should have to cross.

"About twenty-five miles above Isangila (one and a-half day's journey), and on the south side of the river, is a most remarkable buttress of rock-girt high land. It runs out half way across the river and forms a *cul de sac* of almost still water. Below it are the Mavungata rapids—the second series from Isangila, Kilolo being the first. There is no place I know of on the river so finely conspicuous and so generally desirable for a site. A flag hoisted on it is seen for about five miles either below or above. The soil gives evidence of being vigorous in the coarse grass which covers its top. This buttress varies from 500 yards to nearly a mile in width, and is about a mile in length. In fact, it is the same great rocky point forming the *cul de sac* described by Crudgington and Bentley, which they passed

in coming from Bemba to Isangila by canoe, and which appears in an engraving in our HERALD of December last. It is on this great buttress that we have decided to erect a new station in the place of Isangila. A month ago, leaving our boat in charge of four boys at a place called Ndiike, just below the Mayungata rapids (Ndiike being the place where we understood our brethren of the Livingstone Inland Mission had taken to the river to reach their Bemba station), we walked over the hills for about four hours, and, assisted by a guide, found the Banza Manteka station of our friends. Here, while prosecuting inquiries as to routes, carriers, &c., we were kindly entertained by Messrs. Richards and White in their well-constructed station. Obtaining a dozen carriers, and with our Krooboy, we went a distance of about thirty-six miles to Palabala station, and thence, after breakfasting with Mr. Harvey, to Wanga-Wanga, where by appointment our Mussuca gig was waiting for us, and in another hour we reached Mussuca. From Ndiike to Wanga-Wanga is a twenty-three hours' march, or about four days, and the road is very fair in the dry season. With us, raining every day, it was very bad.

"It was indeed pleasant to see my colleague, Crudgington, again, and to hear that in two days our new comrade, Mr. Butcher, was due at Banana. Messrs. Crudgington and Hartland went down the river to meet him, while I stayed at Mussuca.

"Afterwards, Crudgington and I went to look about higher up the river for a suitable site, and decided on a piece of ground above Wanga-Wanga. To this new site our Mussuca station is to be moved.

"ADVANTAGES GAINED.

"Returning as we came, Hartland and I found our boat, the *Plymouth*, all

safe at Ndiike, ascended the Mavungata rapids, and took possession of our newly chosen ground, to which we have ventured to give the name 'Baynesville,' after our highly esteemed General Secretary, to whom our Congo Mission owes so much, and who has, I trust, returned in health and safety from India. It being necessary to look about for the supposed owner of the ground, we shortly afterwards went in search of a landlord, and found a very respectable one in the chief of the nearest town, half an hour away. A week or two spent at Baynesville showed us that we were far better positioned in point of towns, people, food, &c., than at Isangila. Food came in almost abundance, and the people gradually got over their shyness in their desire to get our knives, beads, bells, &c. My week's acquaintance with them made me think they were very pleasant and agreeable folk. Like Isangila, Baynesville is of course a necessary *en route* station, and a stepping-stone to Stanley Pool. There is very little scope for mission work at such a station. The scope has to be *made*, the people attracted round about the station, a school to be instituted, &c., in the same way as with the Scotch Mission on the Nyassa, or the stations of the Church Missionary Society on the Niger. I think, we shall be able to get a fair number of carriers on the road. Besides the numerous small streams, there are two respectable rivers requiring canoes to cross. These canoes are to hand on the river banks, although the ferrymen and owners are sometimes absent. An occasional present to these owners secures to us the use of their canoes. Our stations, then, at present, stand thus:—San Salvador, Wanga-Wanga, Baynesville, and Manyanga, the last only being on the north side of the river. As Mr. Bentley has

written you, we are hoping to get some ground close by a populous cluster of towns (Ngambi) opposite this place. We went together a few days ago, by appointment, to see the chief. Since leaving San Salvador, I have not seen such a numerous and pleasing gathering of people. I very much enjoyed my visit, and seeing and speaking with the people. About 100 women and children flocked to the beach to see us land, and (at a distance) to accompany us up. We could not get what we wanted this time; the people seem so shy, and the chief afraid of us. I am sending over again to-morrow to try again, and I *hope in my next to be able to report the Manyanga station, also upon the south side of the river.* Please specially note that with our stations on the south side, and the road along the south bank open, as I believe it shortly will be, to Kintamo, our Stanley Pool station, there will be no need of a station at *Ibiu*, or *Mfwa*, on the north bank of the Pool.

“WORK AT MANYANGA.

“And now, to the third part of my letter. As to our station at Manyanga and its work. Various circumstances have led to the association together of Bentley and myself as the advance party. In March last we came up together in the *Plymouth*, and decided to divide the boat work between us, I to take the first ‘spell,’ while he stayed at Manyanga. Now we have changed places, and for about two months Bentley will do the boat work, and I shall look after the station. During Bentley’s two months, there was a small battle between Mr. Stanley’s people and the foolish wild natives at *Makwekwe*, a little higher up the river on the south bank. Details of all this have been reported by Mr. Bentley, who, by his careful

diplomacy, and his efforts to have the matter settled-up peaceably, has earned for himself and for our mission a golden name amongst the people. This has been assisted not a little by the genial intimate relations we all try to cultivate with the people, and by our acquaintance with their language—a most important point.

“DAILY CARES.

“Our mission station at Manyanga has at the present three prominent aspects, all of which are matters of anxious care and thought from week to week, and from month to month. The easiest described and explained—and therefore it is I mention it first—is the question of food. With a staff of a dozen people—boys in training, Krooboys, &c., a most important petition in our Lord’s prayer is with us—‘Give us this day our daily bread’—or rather ‘pudding’—cassava puddings being the staple food. Think of it, boys and girls, pudding three times every day! These cassava puddings are something like batter pudding and glue mixed together. Unfortunately we have not yet been able to persuade the people to bring the puddings to our mission station, and we have to send every eight days to the market, four miles away, to purchase the puddings. Each boy, then, has to go on market day these four miles to purchase sufficient pudding to last him for eight days—from thirty to forty pounds.

“Most things in Manyanga are terribly dear, and people very frequently go away because we will not give them twice or three times as much for their goats and fowls and plaitain as we should give at San Salvador, *Mussuca*, or *Isangila*. It is the same, we hear, at Stanley Pool. The rule is that the farther one goes into the interior of Africa the cheaper

does the food become—cloth, beads, &c., increasing in value. But it seems the reverse here, and cloth appears to be scarcely at all appreciated. Probably the influx of 200 Zanzibaris under Mr. Stanley explains the dearth of food, and the difficulty of obtaining it. During the last week, however, things have been better, and twenty women and children have been down every day to sell nuts and indescribable little messes in pots, which the boys like and which ekes out the pudding. Having a good stock of fowls and goats too, I have been able, by constant refusal to buy, to bring down the price a little. The people will sometimes spend three or four hours in chaffering over two fowls or a goat, they having nothing else to do. I am glad to see my cabbages, salads, turnips, &c., coming up nicely in my garden, sown with Sutton's excellent seeds. Every morning, too, we get about half a pint of milk from our milch goats. So much for the food palaver.

“MEDICAL AND SURGICAL WORK.

“The second aspect of our Manyanga Mission life is the medical and surgical one. Some three hours every morning are spent in dressing large and loathsome ulcers, which, under the stimulating and healing influence of our lotions, rapidly assume a healthy appearance. One would think that the healing up of these sores of five years' standing, or more, in as many weeks, would elicit some sign of surprise or wonderment from the patients or from onlookers. One would almost expect that this medical attention carefully, kindly, and constantly bestowed, and combined as it generally is with board and lodging, and constant genial efforts to win confidence and attachment, would inspire here and there a little gratitude. But neither astonishment nor gratitude are visible, al-

though the temperament of the people is by no means phlegmatic. One begins to question very seriously whether gratitude is with these people a natural instinct, except very occasionally. I think that without doubt the sentiment can be introduced and cultivated, but, except in rare cases, I don't think it is natural to them. A Manyanga youth, without a single friend, has two terrible and foul ulcers. He wanders about from place to place begging, stealing, and getting far more kicks than pudding. He finds his way down here, and Mr. Bentley takes him in, gives him a cloth to wear, food to eat, and a house to himself (as the other boys complain of the fetid smell of his sores). Every morning, from half an hour to an hour is spent over surgical dressing. At first he was in such a loathsome condition that the people seemed to wonder at our bad taste in uncovering the places, and would turn away with an ‘ugh’ of disgust. Even the youth himself would scarcely put his hand to bandages soaked in offensive discharges. It is necessary for the white man to smother down his disgust, naturally so far stronger than theirs, and to do everything for the patient. The poor fellow's ulcers are now in a healthy condition and rapidly healing. Now it is very difficult to get this boy to answer when we call him, a daily trouble to persuade him to wash his ulcers ready for dressing; liberal allowances of pudding, savoury messes, bits of fowl, goat, &c., are received with perpetual grumbling; send the youth to market to buy food for himself, he will come back drunk, having stolen your beads to buy palm wine. Inquiries or remonstrances make him threaten to run away, and you would lose your case, which is going on so

well, and with it lose also your faint chance of winning confidence and attachment. Such is a strong specimen of our Manyanga material. Our only chance of getting boys to teach and influence is at present to advertise for those boys who are useless in their towns from sickness and disease. There is a perhaps that, when cured, they will stay with us. About ten days ago the chief brought me a pitiable-looking object in the shape of a boy, with a pleasant face, but with a body full of disease. He came while I was at breakfast, having two visitors from the African International Association. The sight of this boy considerably upset the appetites of my visitors. Morning by morning I have dressed the twenty or thirty sores on his body, and given him daily three doses of iodide of potassium, and his sores are healing with marvellous rapidity. Thus you can judge a considerable and important element in our Manyanga work is that of surgery and medicine.

"SCHOOL WORK.

"And last, about Manyanga work, I will speak of our efforts to train boys. Besides two Kroo boys and our few Loango boys, I have here our Victoria Mission assistant, Jose Silva, supported by Brompton Sunday-school (Onslow Chapel), who is very useful indeed to us; a Gaboon boy, who does our cooking, and is joint property of Bentley and myself; my San Salvador boy, Mantu, who has become very useful to me, and makes great progress in his reading and writing—to Mantu I have become very much attached; and four Manyanga boys, under surgical treatment. These boys are like unbroken colts. To harness them is out of the question. They steal and lie on occasion, have no respect for a white skin, and seem uninfluenced by kindness. The most difficult thing for

them to understand is obedience. The respectful ready response of boys at Congo, Makuta, Mussuca, 'nzambi,' or 'ngeta,' equivalent to 'yes,' or 'yes, sir;' or the 'ndweki kwami,' 'Here am I,' is never heard. You may call a boy a dozen times before he will answer or come. As idleness is the curse of these people, we try to get them to do such light work as we can find. In the afternoon Mantu or I teach them, and, in the evening, as many as are willing come in to singing and a little talk.

"I am wondering if ever again in Africa we shall have such a pleasant and varied sphere of work as at San Salvador—the large congregation at a Sabbath service, a king who has some kingly influence and authority over his people, and whose heart, together with the hearts of his people, is inclined toward good. More and more does it force itself upon us that our great hope is in training boys, and getting them as young as possible, before evil habits are strongly formed. We have earnest and great hopes of our San Salvador boys, who develop splendidly. Bentley has one with him; Crudgington, one at Mussuca; Hartland has two; Dixon and Weeks, of course, have several; I have the one I have mentioned—Mantu. To us, who know all the circumstances, it is a very great thing, and shows great confidence and attachment, for these, our dear San Salvador boys, to follow us to far-away countries, known only by name to San Salvador, and to which 80 per cent. of Congo men would fear to go.

"WAITING FOR HELP.

"And now we simply wait for men to go forward and get a footing at Stanley Pool. My dear brethren, Hartland and Bentley, don't need and don't want a furlough—in fact, the idea of leaving their work would cause

sincerest regret—but it is a question whether or not the ‘intensely practical’ men of the Congo Mission (as we have been called) will not find it necessary to depute one of their number to make a special visit to England on behalf of the Congo Mission, to advocate its claims, and to seek for the necessary and promised rein-

forcements—that is, if we are to carry out our programme at Stanley Pool, to say nothing of beyond. On Mr. Stanley’s return, we hope to go together to visit Makitu and Lutete, the chiefs of the important Makwekwe district, who disputed the passage of Mr. Stanley’s Zanzibar caravans.

“T. J. COMBER.”

ESTABLISHMENT OF NEW STATIONS.

The following letter from Mr. Crudginton, dated Wanga Wanga, or “Underhill,” June 13th, gives full information as to the abandonment of the old Musuka station in favour of the new station of Wanga Wanga higher up on the south bank.

Mr. Crudginton writes:—

“The experience of the brethren in conveying the *Plymouth*, together with the very large cargo they had, to Isangila, proved very clearly to us all the impracticability of continuing on the road between Vivi and Isangila. In the first place, they were unable to get any native carriers, and with the amount of cargo which we necessarily have to carry up in a year, this is a very important matter, as Kroo boys are not only very expensive but very difficult to obtain. Then, again, in the second place, no native food is to be obtained, or very little indeed, and this entails carrying up a large quantity of rice; together with the above, there are two or three very bad pieces of water just above Isangila, which, it was thought, could be avoided by striking above them from the south bank. The advantages we felt by removing our Musuka station higher up were very many.

“It would make no difference to our San Salvador station, whereas we should have the base of our operations

up to taking the river for Manyanga on the one side, thus avoiding the boat journey to Vivi, which was very difficult sometimes to arrange, not being able to fix exact dates for the boat to meet our Kroo boys sent down for cargo. Moreover, accounts seemed to indicate that we should be able to procure a great many more, if not as many carriers as we should require, on the south side, besides plenty of native food. Mr. Comber and Mr. Hartland took a journey over the road to prospect, and the result was that when they visited me at Musuka it was decided that I should secure ground as near Wanga Wanga as possible, and remove our station there. Mr. Comber and I went up in our boat looking for a suitable site, and we have decided upon a very good position above Wanga Wanga, opposite a place called Boca de Inferno, from the numerous whirlpools and currents at that part of the river. Having decided upon our position, I opened negotiations with

the chiefs and kings and secured the ground. The last three weeks I have lived in my tent, making occasional journeys to Musuka, and have now cleared the grass away and built a very small house to live in pending operations on the larger house.

"Our new ground is called Tunduwa, and is about ten miles above Musuka. By reference to the larger map of the River Congo, you can easily make out pretty nearly our position. We are between Wanga Wanga (by the map) and Point Tundono, opposite Noi Kissi Point, which is the Boca de Inferno above referred to. Now that the river is low it takes me about two hours to pull in the boat from Musuka, but about three-quarters of an hour to drop down with the current.

"Our other station, to take the place of Isangila, will be better described by Mr. Hartland, who is on the spot building.

"I need not say I regret having to remove our Musuka station, as I had just finished a large comfortable house forty-two feet by twenty-eight feet, with an extra five-feet veranda all round. But this house I am now pulling down to rebuild up here, though bamboos and much of the timber will necessarily be spoilt in the process.

"I omitted to mention about distance overland from here compared

with Vivi and Isangila side. It is about the same, in point of fact, with all the advantages above enumerated. It takes five days from here right to our new station above Ki Solo. It used to take us say three and a half or four days (including boat journey from Musuka to Vivi) to reach Isangila, and then there was the journey over bad water from Isangila to Rocky Point, which brings it to perhaps nearly the same.

"I am thankful to say I am in excellent health and have not yet had fever since my return from England, now nearly ten months. The last I heard of Mr. Bentley he was very well indeed; and Mr. Comber and Mr. Hartland were quite well when they were down in April. I heard from Mr. Dixon last week, and he and Mr. Weeks were also very well, and gave very favourable accounts of San Salvador.

"HENRY E. CRUDGINGTON.

"P.S.—Last week a canoe of six people turned over very near to our place, Tunduwa, but before we could reach them with the boat three (two women and a child) were drowned. We brought three safely to shore. I cannot tell you how thankful this makes me feel for preserving mercies vouchsafed to us, amid all our many dangers."

Of the new station called Baynesville, in place of the Isangila station, Mr. Hartland writes, under date of June 28th:—

"You will see by the heading of this sheet that I am writing from a new station. I trust that in naming it 'Baynesville,' you will not consider we have made too free with your name without permission, but will

accept it as a small token of our appreciation of the deep interest you take in the 'Congo Mission,' and of the respect, esteem, and love we feel towards you.

"Friends will naturally wish to know

where this new station is, and when you hear that it is below Manyanga, will inquire why we have built another station on this part of the river so near to Isangila. The answer can be put briefly: this station is to take the place of our Isangila, which was found rather unsuitable for our operations. Food was a great difficulty at Isangila; here we can buy plenty. There we had to depend upon our own men for carriage; here the natives are willing to carry for us; we have already employed some fifty or sixty of them. But perhaps the greatest advantage is the saving of nearly two days' hard work on the river, and avoiding several bad places, among them one of the worst on the whole journey. The people here are very well behaved, though, like most of the people in this part of the country, they are foolish and want dealing with

carefully. They are not so 'rowdy' and quarrelsome as the folks at Manyanga, and I see no reason why we should not get on well with them.

"As to position, I do not think we could have fixed upon a more favourable site for our new station anywhere on the river. We are on a promontory, which in the flood season is cut off from the land by a small creek, but in the present state of the river is connected with it by a ridge of stones. Our view up and down river is most extensive; there is plenty of good garden land waiting only cultivation to bring forth abundantly, and a fair quantity of timber is to be found on the island for building purposes. The promontory ends in the picturesque bluff cliffs of which a picture was given in the *HERALD* not long ago under the name of 'Rocky Point.'"

In a subsequent letter Mr. Crudginton writes from Wanga Wanga or Underhill station:—

"We now propose to name this station 'Underhill,' which happens, by-the-way, to be very appropriate from its situation. We are surrounded by very fine hills, and in front of us, across the river, is a very steep cliff of rock and red earth, rising abruptly from the water to a height of about 200 feet. The red clayey earth and rocks are beautifully relieved by luxuriant foliage, while the river being shut in

by the surrounding hills has quite a lake-like appearance.

"I am very glad, also, to say, that I anticipate much good and real mission work at this station. The people are much better than those about Musuka, and this station will, therefore, in the future, when perhaps at first a school may be formed, give the pleasure of combining mission work with the more business needs of the station."

For want of space we are compelled to postpone until next month the publication of deeply interesting letters from Messrs. Dixon and Weeks, of San Salvador.

The Congo Mission Steamer "Peace."

IN the September HERALD we gave a brief description of our Congo steamer, which was then in course of being built; but as she is now completed, and as matters which were then more or less problematical are now ascertained facts, a fuller and more definite account of the *Peace* may perhaps be of interest to our friends. Those, too, who paid her a visit while moored at Westminster, may be glad of some details over and above the general idea carried away on that occasion. The accompanying woodcut, which is taken from a photograph, will be recognised by our friends who saw the *Peace*, as a faithful "likeness;" and those who have not seen her will be able to gather some notion of her appearance.

She is 70 feet long, and 10 feet 6 inches wide. She is nearly flat at the bottom, being three inches deeper at the keel than at the sides, and draws less than a foot of water—that is, she will be capable of going wherever a channel furnishing a foot of water is found. Her speed being twelve miles an hour, she can travel much faster than any canoe on the river which might possibly be giving chase. The weight of hull and machinery is about six tons; the cabins, awnings, and fittings, make the total considerably above that figure.

The boat is divided into seven watertight compartments, and a hole could be knocked into any part of the bottom, and the injured compartment allowed to fill without danger of sinking. She is built of Bessemer steel, coated with zinc to prevent rust. These plates being of a very "mild" temper, are tough, and would merely yield to a blow sufficient to start or penetrate a thicker and more rigid plate.

She is propelled by two screws, each driven by a small high-pressure engine; the diameter of cylinder is $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the stroke 8 inches. To drive at the full speed of twelve miles an hour the engines make 460 revolutions per minute, but at the ordinary speed of seven or eight miles would not exceed 150 or 250 per minute. All the bearing surfaces have been made unusually large in order to reduce wear and tear of the machinery, and a complete set of the wearing parts, and of those parts most likely to be damaged by accident, have been fitted and supplied. This will allow of repairs being effected on the spot, and without the delay involved by sending to England. But if even one of the engines should entirely fail it will be possible to maintain a speed of over ten miles an hour with the remaining engine. At full speed the engines develop together fifty indicated horsepower.

The propellers are of a type patented by Mr. Thornycroft, and already

applied to one of H.M. torpedo boats with great success. Each propeller works inside a tube, and is thus protected from the danger of striking the ground when in shallow water, and from coming into contact with floating objects. The diameter of the propellers is 16 inches, but in order that these should not lose power by working partly in the air and partly in the water, and at the same time to arrange for their not extending below the bottom of the boat, the following curious device has been resorted to:—Two tunnels have been formed, one on each side of the centre line, commencing a little aft of the middle of the length of the boat, and by a gentle slope these rise to a height of 5 inches beyond the level of the water at a point about 7 feet from the stern. From there they slope down again, and the roofs of the tunnels just dip under the water at the stern. The propellers are situated where the tunnels reach their greatest height, and consequently have 5 inches of their diameter above the level of the water outside. As soon as the propellers start working, the air is driven out of the tunnels, and on the principle of the syphon these latter are filled with water, and the propellers work completely immersed. In case of either of the screws becoming choked with weeds, an air-tight door can be removed from the top of the tunnel, and the screw cleaned, even while the other continues working.

The boiler is also of a new type designed by Mr. Thornycroft, and can be taken entirely to pieces, only two of which pieces exceed the weight a man can carry, and these two do not exceed a hundredweight each. It is formed of a number of steel tubes, any one of which can easily be disconnected or replaced by a spare one. All danger of explosion is avoided by a boiler of this description. The furnace is adapted to burn wood, and all the trials have been made with this fuel. Steam sufficient to start the boat can be raised from cold water in ten minutes. Fuel is carried for 100 miles at full speed, and about 250 miles at a slower and more economical speed.

She is covered from end to end by a mahogany sun deck, or awning, and this, when covered with a layer of painted canvas, will furnish very good protection from sun and rain. Curtains also are furnished to prevent rain blowing in board from the sides, and these, on being let down at night, will protect from the harmful effects of the heavy dews. Wire network screens (not shown in the woodcut), of sufficient strength to prevent damage by slugs, spears, or arrows, protect the midship section, covering the man at the wheel, and whoever may be in charge of the engines. There are two conveniently arranged cabins fitted in mahogany, one forward and the other aft of the engine room. Two sleeping berths can be made up in each cabin; the top of the cabins will be enclosed by sets of curtains, and will

furnish sleeping accommodation for as many more. In the tropics, during fair weather, these latter furnish the more agreeable sleeping places.

On the 16th ultimo, the general arrangements were inspected by the sub-committee, consisting of Dr. Underhill, Mr. Chown, and Mr. Baynes, and accepted as satisfactory. On the same day a very successful run was made, and the capacity of our boat thoroughly tested. The speed, the smooth and easy working of the engines, the absence of vibration, and ease of manipulation, were particularly apparent, and reflected the highest credit upon Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., who have produced such satisfactory results, although crippled by unprecedented conditions as to weight of sections and draft of water. During this trip General Sir Arthur Cotton, Mr. Barnaby, Chief Constructor of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Rendall, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, were present, and these eminent authorities were exceedingly well pleased, and complimented our Society upon having obtained in the *Peace* what promised to be such a valuable auxiliary in the carrying out of our great enterprise.

While this is going through the press, the work of taking our steamer to pieces will be going on. It is hoped she will be packed and ready for shipment from Liverpool by the 6th December; and, if all goes well, may be expected to reach the Congo by the middle of January. May our good Lord speed the work.

Our Annual Subscriptions.

BY J. P. BACON, ESQ.

IN the year 1872 an abstract of the number of annual subscribers to the Mission was drawn out, which showed a total of 4,003, providing an income, in this way, of £5,493 18s. 6d. In 1878 another abstract was made, showing more in detail the progress then attained. It was found that the number of subscribers of 10s. and upwards had increased to 5,682, and the amount subscribed to £9,117 4s. 10d.

To these figures were added the subscriptions contributed in smaller amounts than 10s., and, an allowance being made for the probable number of such contributors, it was estimated that 10,766 of our members subscribed some definite amount to the funds of the Mission, the total being £10,152 14s. 10d.

The membership of our churches at that time (exclusive of our General Baptist brethren, who have a Mission of their own), was about 235,000, so that it appeared that $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. only were regular subscribers. The

subject of personal subscriptions having been frequently urged since 1878, it was thought desirable to examine the figures for last year, in order to see if we were making substantial progress in this direction. The result is shown in the tables following :—

	No. of Churches.	Subscriptions of 10s. and upwards.	Amounts.			Smaller Subscriptions	Churches col- lecting for Widows and Orphans.	Sunday Schools collecting.	Collections at Missionary Prayer Meetings.		
			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.			
Bedfordshire ...	21	28	30	0	4	5	4	8	15	7	2
Berkshire ...	16	114	201	18	0	9	17	0	15	10	2
Buckinghamshire	24	35	33	13	6	5	12	2	19	10	1
Cambridgeshire ...	23	87	478	11	6	16	7	0	11	4	3
Cheshire ...	15	15	11	3	6	1	11	6	10	7	1
Cornwall ...	11	25	45	5	1	2	4	8	6	6	1
Cumberland ...	4	1	5	0	0	—	—	—	2	1	—
Derbyshire ...	8	7	5	3	4	1	12	0	2	1	—
Devonshire ...	57	183	464	8	0	10	17	0	36	18	7
Durham ...	21	49	53	18	0	18	17	9	9	3	1
Essex ...	27	99	103	18	0	14	4	11	20	9	5
Gloucestershire ...	39	115	123	17	0	10	9	0	24	18	4
Hampshire ...	36	86	81	16	0	11	13	1	20	18	6
Isle of Wight ...	9	10	12	0	0	0	5	0	4	6	2
Herefordshire ...	13	16	16	5	0	0	10	0	8	4	—
Hertfordshire ...	17	125	194	7	0	16	5	9	11	11	2
Huntingdonshire.	17	44	79	16	0	1	17	6	15	3	—
Kent ...	52	197	225	0	6	27	5	2	31	36	4
Lancashire ...	108	579	937	11	0	68	14	2	57	40	5
Leicestershire ...	18	180	241	4	7	18	3	6	13	9	—
Lincolnshire ...	8	15	12	6	0	1	7	6	4	4	—
Norfolk ...	30	100	210	15	6	1	11	6	12	7	—
Northamptonshire	40	129	163	6	10	24	1	0	24	15	7
Northumberland..	7	142	187	10	1	24	3	4	4	4	—
Nottinghamshire.	11	69	75	7	6	6	7	0	8	16	—
Oxfordshire ...	14	52	59	15	9	1	17	6	8	12	1
Rutlandshire ...	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	1
Shropshire ...	16	20	26	4	0	0	13	6	5	5	1
Somersetshire ...	50	385	468	5	6	3	10	6	35	22	4
Staffordshire ...	12	23	32	3	6	1	15	4	6	5	1
Suffolk ...	18	90	97	4	0	6	5	6	12	8	6
Surrey... ..	29	163	192	19	0	14	2	4	18	21	—
Sussex... ..	10	61	51	12	0	14	18	4	7	6	1
Warwickshire ...	38	280	329	12	0	36	4	7	12	7	—
Westmoreland ...	5	5	4	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Wiltshire ...	26	130	157	17	6	12	18	8	19	15	5
Worcestershire ...	14	62	61	13	6	1	2	0	7	5	2
Yorkshire ...	85	452	744	15	1	67	16	7	57	33	2
London ...	125	1366	3181	17	11	184	0	8	65	77	15
Wales ...	454	619	792	15	4	117	4	2	25	30	14
Scotland ...	64	212	1097	14	6	22	17	10	19	24	2
Total	1594	6370	11292	11	10	784	9	8	676	533	108

Total number of churches contributing in some shape to the Mission ... 1882. 1879.
 1,594 1,493

	No.	Amount.
Subscriptions exceeding £100 ...	8 ...	£1,065
" of £100 ...	3 ...	300
" of £50 ...	9 ...	450
" between £20 and £50 ...	12 ...	349
" of £20 ..	21 ...	420
" between £10 and £20 ...	9 ...	134
" of £10 ...	69 ...	690
" between £5 and £10 ...	13 ...	89
" of £5 ...	176 ...	880
	320	4,377
" between 10s. and £5 ...	6,050 ...	6,915
	6,370	£11,292
Total full subscriptions ...	6,370 ...	£11,292
Subscriptions under 10s. (English),		
say 5s. ...	2,772 ...	668
" under 10s. (Welsh),		
say 2s. 6d. ..	936 ...	117
" without list (20s.) ...	356 ...	356
" paid quarterly ...	170 ...	86
	10,604 ...	£12,518

From these figures it will be seen that while the total amount is more by £2,366, the number of subscribers is less by 162 than it was in 1878. This, however, is probably accounted for by the decrease of the smaller subscriptions from Wales, owing to the slackness of trade. Had these been as large as usual, there would have been an increase of 900. But inasmuch as the membership of our churches has increased during the four years by 24,000, it appears that only 4 per cent. of our members now subscribe, so that there has actually been a falling off of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., instead of a large increase as we had hoped. It is evident, therefore, that the churches do not believe in the power of small annual subscriptions, for, if they did, we feel assured they would provide them. It may be asked why we lay so much stress on this particular mode of helping the Mission. We answer, for three reasons.

First, because they are the backbone, and the only *promised* source of income to any society. The other channels of contribution are mainly (a) congregational collections, which are affected by the weather, and the popularity of the preacher on the Missionary Sunday, while the wants of the heathen are all the time unaltered; and (b) the collections of the young in Sunday-schools and Juvenile Associations. These last, in the present state of things, are a most valuable aid to the funds, constituting

about one third of the whole—but surely it is not reasonable that the *collected pence* of the young should more than equal the “*deliberate offerings*” of their elders?

The phrase “*deliberate offerings*” suggests the second reason for urgency. Is it possible that we as church members—as individuals redeemed by the blood of Christ, who loved us, and the great desire of whose heart in dying was that a company should be redeemed by His death sufficient to satisfy *Him* for the travail of His soul—have ever *deliberated* on the subject, and have made up our minds (96 out of every 100 of us) that there is no reason why we should contribute to the Mission, except now and then, when a plate is put in our way? We say nothing here of the amount to be systematically given, but we plead that each should consider the point carefully—prayerfully, “What ought I, under the circumstances, to agree to give periodically to support those who are doing *my work* and *their own* in heathen lands?” Of course, if this were done, the result would be that those who possessed much would give accordingly; but the trouble is that most of us (ninety-six per cent.) do not *subscribe* at all. But a third reason for urgency is that the method recommended is so simple, and so certain of success. Our Secretary, for whom we devoutly thank God, tells us that we need an additional £5,000 per year to prevent the recurrence of debt, and to meet our present expenditure in the Congo and elsewhere. There are in our churches, exclusive of the General Baptists, 259,000 members. If we deduct from this total 10,600 as the number who now subscribe in some shape, there remain 248,400 who do not undertake to contribute at all. Now, if these were to give 1d. each a-year it would provide £1,035; or if they should give 1s. per year it would reach nearly £12,500. These figures are simply startling, and show that if those who felt that they were able to contribute thus, were to do it, the income of our Society would be such as to seriously embarrass the Committee by their abundance.

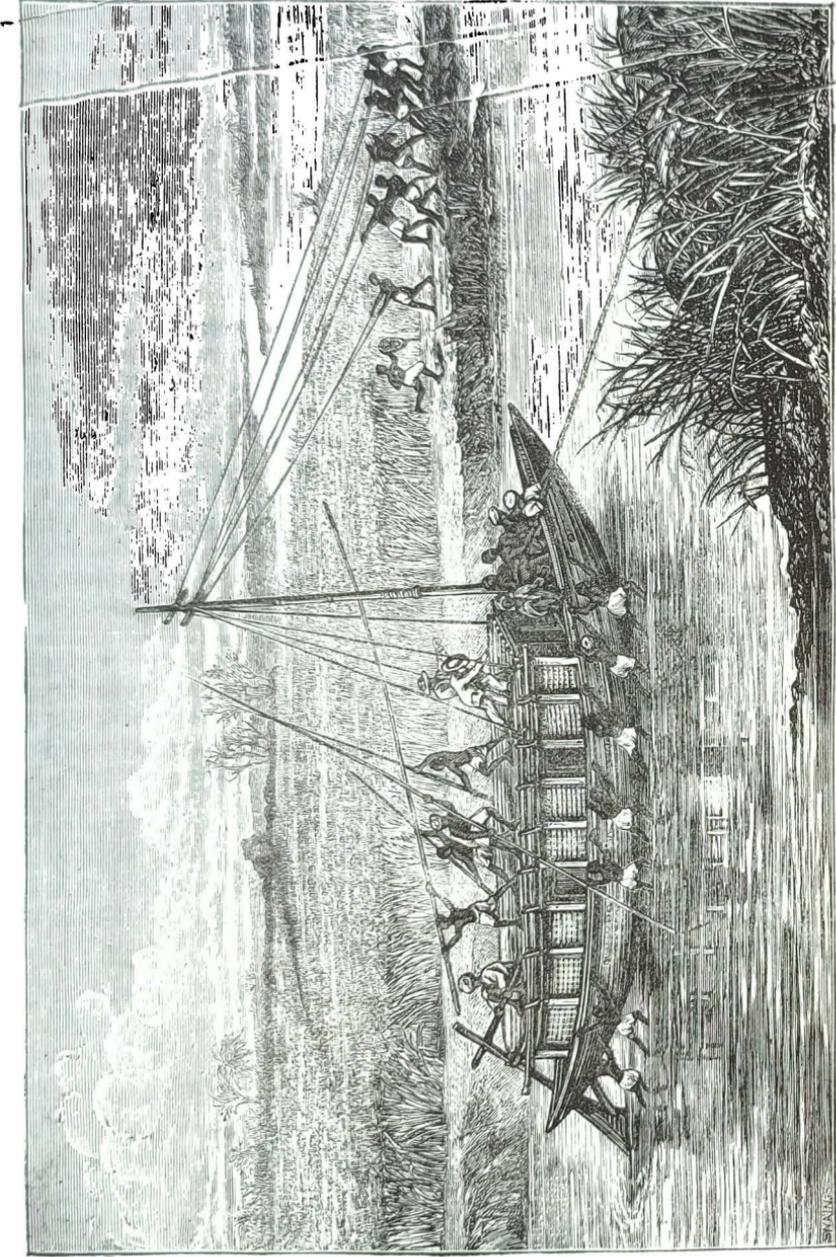
After all, the question arises, “Whose work is the Baptist Missionary Society endeavouring to do?” Is it answered, “The work of Christ, who said ‘Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature’”? Such a reply only removes the question a little farther back. In whose name is the Baptist Missionary Society trying to do this great work? Is it the *four per cent.*, aided as they certainly are by many who are not members of the churches? Then do the rest look on and applaud, occasionally dropping a 6d. or 1s. into a collection? Is it not rather *our Mission*, the Mission of the Baptist denomination? Then let us act accordingly. If it is our Mission, let us support it systematically, each as

we are able. But how is it to be done? Let the pastor or Mission secretary in each church publicly and persistently urge that all should subscribe, of course heading the list himself, and appoint collectors to look up the sums promised, however small or large.

Oh that we, as a denomination, not to say as disciples of Our Blessed Lord, realised that this was His work, and therefore the work of each one who loves Him; then would our prayers for our missionary brethren and sisters be a source of power to them, and our contributions be like those of old when the people willingly offered until "they had brought much more than enough for the service of the Lord." It may be said that all cannot be expected to give; and yet who is willing to be shut out when a testimonial is promoted for a favourite *minister* or *teacher*? It may be also said we are not agreed in our aims and expectations. Many speak of the *conversion of the world* as the mission and the duty of the Church, while others only read the Commission of the Master as bidding them to *publish the good tidings* to every creature, and to leave the results to Him. But, any way, we all preach the same salvation; we find that in whatever land it is preached saving results follow; and we none of us think that those who accept it and believe in the Redeemer will be rejected, and therefore we can all work together until the time comes when it *has been* preached in every tongue; then we can consider whether we shall abandon the work because we have exhausted the commission, or go on to seek to build up the churches in their most holy faith.

Meanwhile, the veterans are falling on, or retiring worn out from, the field. Stations are occupied, single-handed, by brethren who ought everywhere to be assisted by one other at least; and vast tracts of country are either sighing for teachers of that Gospel, of which they have heard just enough to make them long for more; or of which they know nothing, and, consequently, are literally perishing for lack of knowledge. May ours be the joy of hearing from the lips of our Great Captain the testimony: "He (she) hath done what he could."

[THE MISSIONARY HERALD,
DECEMBER 1, 1862.



BOAT AGROUND IN NYAPARA KHAL, EAST BENGAL.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Sacramental Collection for Widows and Orphans' Fund,

ON THE FIRST SUNDAY IN THE NEW YEAR.

THE appeal on behalf of this most important fund has been prepared and will be issued early during the current month, so as to be in the hands of pastors in good time to permit of the needful announcements.

Very earnestly do we desire to call special attention to the needs of this fund in view of the increasingly numerous claims of the widow and fatherless, and of missionary brethren who, by reason of long and devoted service in the heat and burden of the day, and oftentimes in shattered health, are compelled, amid the shadows of the evening, to withdraw from active work and quit the field. At the close of the last financial year there was a debt upon this fund of more than

£700.

This, by the generous contribution of the Treasurer, was entirely liquidated ; but, as the present expenditure is more than **£500** in excess of the ordinary receipts, unless the gifts of the churches are increased by this sum, a fresh debt will be contracted by the close of next March. Amid the glad associations of the new year we plead for a place for the widow and fatherless.

Our brethren on the field are greatly cheered by knowing that, in addition to the affectionate sympathy of personal friends, they are specially remembered at such a season throughout all the churches.

They call for our tenderest sympathy ; they claim our constant prayers ; and, as the messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ, they demand our cheerful and generous support.

Mission Work in Eastern Bengal.

By THE REV. T. H. BARNETT, OF DACCA.

THE following account of an evangelistic journey in Eastern Bengal will, we are sure, be read with interest by all friends. It is written by our brother, Mr. T. H. Barnett, who left England for his work in India in the autumn of 1880 :—

Lakhmia River, Dacca District, *August 11th*, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,—When I wrote you last I told you, I think, that Mr. Bion and myself were about to start on a missionary tour to the Garo Hills. We are now journeying homewards. Thinking you would like to know some of the details of our trip, I will copy a few extracts from my journal for your perusal.

July 18th.—Left Dacca by boat this morning at eight o'clock, in company with Mr. Bion, for Mymensing. Leaving the River Buriganga at a point a few rods east of the town, we entered the Dolai Khal, which is navigable only in the rainy season, and which shortens very considerably the journey to Mymensing. This Khal pursues a winding, zig-zag course in a northerly direction, and connects the Buriganga, Babu, and Lakhmia rivers. Now it wends its way through fields of rice, and jute and sugar-cane, and now through jungle so dense that the heat in the boat becomes insufferable and the mosquitoes intolerable. The turns in some places are so sharp and narrow that it is only with the greatest difficulty that the boat can be pushed and pulled through them. What additional knowledge in the science of navigation to-day's experience has afforded me! I thought I knew something of the manner in which boats are propelled; but evidently I had not learned how boats were floated before paddle-wheels, propellers, and canvas were adopted. Now, I know that they must have been, as now, propelled by men who wade through the water, at times neck-deep, or pushed along by long poles; or pulled along by ropes, pretty much as barges are drawn along the canals in England; only in this case, we are drawn, not by horses that walk a well-trodden path, but by men, who have often to walk through water up to their waist, and to swim from one side of the river to the other in order to obtain a footing. This evening, at six o'clock, we arrived at the end of the Khal, where we decided to anchor for the night. And well we did; for an hour afterwards a violent storm of wind and rain swept over the Lakhmia, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, and which rages now, at 10 p.m. with no sign of abatement.

July 19th.—This morning, at daybreak, we moved into the Lakhmia. It was evident, however, that we could not proceed on our journey, for the wind, which was still blowing a gale in our teeth, together with the swiftly-running current, now lashed into chopping waves by the winds, drove us with much force against the banks. The boatmen declared they could not move in the face of such a storm, and dropped the anchor. We have been lying-to all day, hoping that every hour would bring us a favourable turn in wind and tide. Towards evening it became apparent that the storm had not reached its height.

The clouds grew denser and blacker, the winds louder and wilder, and the river more turbulent than ever. Not caring to remain in the open river exposed to the storm, with a native crew that sleeps through the night, we weighed anchor, returned to the protection of the Khal, and decided to wait till the storm was over.

July 20th.—This morning we left the Khal and once more entered the River Lakhmia. Threatening clouds still hung overhead, and the river heaved and throbbed as before; but Boreas was in a pleasanter mood—indeed, what wind there was blew in our favour; we therefore hoisted a sail and as much speed as we possibly could. What a beautiful river the Lakhmia is! Surveyors state that it is one of the most beautiful rivers in East Bengal. Its banks, unlike the banks of the Buriganga, on which Dacca is built, are high and well-wooded, and it never overflows them. It runs for about fifty miles through the red formation, and is remarkable for the purity and coolness of its water. At nightfall we anchored at Balace. We had no sooner brought the boat to anchor than we were attacked by an army of mosquitoes and other equally obnoxious insects. A short contest convinced us that it was best to retreat and take shelter behind the mosquito curtain that surrounded our bed, which we accordingly did.

July 22nd.—This morning at nine o'clock we left the old Lakhmia, a very winding river, varying from thirty feet to threescore yards in width, and in which we were sailing all day yesterday, and entered the old Brahmaputra. In the evening we reached Pethelgange. Here a market was being held, and we decided to attend it. The Gospel was preached to a large crowd of listeners; but the hubbub was so great that we fear little was heard. The day has been distressingly hot; the glass standing at 96° in the boat with a determination that seemed to defy anything to dislodge it from its altitude, and not a breath of air stirring. To-night we have had a thunderstorm, and now the temperature is lower.

July 23rd.—We left Pethelgange at daybreak. A stiff breeze was blowing. Crowding on all sail, we sped along in splendid style, "made the fastest time on record," and reached Mymensing at four p.m.

July 25th.—We have been here at Mymensing (or, more correctly, Nasirabad, for Mymensing is the name of the district) two days. The time has been occupied in settling matters connected with our work in the district, distributing tracts, selling books, and in examining candidates for baptism. Nasirabad, although not the most important or most populous town, is the civil station and administrative head-quarters of the Mymensing district. It is scattered over a wide area of ground situated on the west bank of the Brahmaputra River. It has several broad avenues and carriage drives, and not a few malarious swamps. As the river is only navigable for large boats in the rainy season, the town is of no great commercial importance. Nasirabad possesses good English and vernacular schools. With the exception of two Hindu temples, it contains no buildings of any antiquity or particular interest. There is a small English church, the pulpit of which used to be open to Christian missionaries, but now closed against all but those who have been ordained by bishop-hands; two small places of worship belonging to the two sects of Brahmas; and a pretty little Baptist chapel for native Christians (a sketch of

which I have taken and herewith enclose). It is about eighteen feet long, and twelve feet wide. The native pastor, Gandha Charan (the only pastor that resides in the place, the other places of worship being supplied from Dacca), is a good, effective speaker, and well able to hold his own against Mohammedans or Brahmas. Last evening Gandha Charan brought a Kulia Brahmin (one of the highest caste) to see us. The young fellow was in our Dacca College, and, like scores of others whom I have met, received his first impressions of the Christian religion from our friend Mr. W. B. Livingstone, who for several years was a professor in the college. His parents, on learning that he was given to the reading of Christian books, and that he was inclined to embrace the Christian religion, removed him from Dacca to Mymensing. He says that



NATIVE BAPTIST CHAPEL, MYMENSING.

he is privately a Christian, and that when he is of age he will openly confess his faith in Christ by baptism. This evening Mr. Bion has held a church-meeting in the chapel and given an address. After the meeting, Gandha Charan and myself walked through the town distributing English tracts. By the time we reached the river-side we were surrounded by a good number of English-speaking gentlemen, to whom I spoke of the Way of Life. Some of them promised to secure a building in which I could give an address on my return to Mymensing. I have promised to speak to them either in a hall or in the open air. (This promise I was too ill to fulfil on my return to Mymensing.)

July 26th.—We left Mymensing this morning *en route* for the Garo Hills. It has been a very trying day. The glass has stood at 90° nearly all day, and the smell from the river, which is fast drying up, has been horrible. At six o'clock we stopped at Duhardoorpoor, where there was a small market, at

which we preached the Gospel. The people listened attentively, but no books were sold.

July 27th.—To-day, at noon, we reached Depulya. Hearing that a large market was to be held at three o'clock, we decided to attend it. When we reached the bazaar the people gathered around us in large numbers, gave us stools to stand or sit upon, and listened very attentively to what was said to them. No books were sold. The people said they could not read. Proceeding on our way we anchored for the night at Gooluttah. This evening I was playing on a concertina. The music brought some of the people down to the boat. I asked them if they had ever heard of Jesus? They answered, No. Had they heard of Mohammed? No. Could they read? No. Before I could ask another question they had gone, lost in the darkness. Mr. Bion says they are afraid to say they can read, lest they should be taken from their homes.

July 28th.—Reached Churreea at 4 p.m. A small market was being held. We went ashore and proclaimed the Gospel. Only a few books were sold. The people here also, especially the young men, complained that they could not read, and that no schools were provided for them. Anchored this evening at Kakoreea. Temperature 92° in the shade. With gratitude to God I record a providential escape from the effects of a terrific thunderstorm. Early in the morning the thunder commenced to roll peal upon peal, and the lightning to flash across the sky. At ten o'clock, as we were going through a narrow river, a flash, more vivid than any that had preceded it, and which was followed immediately by a fearful clap of thunder, seemed for a moment to have struck the boat, for the boat shook from end to end, and the windows and glasses rattled as if broken to pieces. Mr. Bion and I were in separate rooms, and we both sought each other, fearing that something had happened. Instantly we heard a loud sad wail of sorrow, coming from the bank close to our side; and we at once concluded that some one had been struck down by the lightning, a conclusion that was immediately verified. A poor fellow was hurrying home to escape the storm, but was overtaken by the lightning's withering flash. [On our return journey, we saw a piece of white cloth flying at the top of a long bamboo stuck in the ground on the river-bank to mark the spot where the poor man had been cremated; and there, too, lay the fishing net and cooking utensils the earthly goods of the deceased, the use, or even the touch, of which would make a person unclean.]

July 29th.—We left Kakoreea at five a.m. At four p.m. we entered Nyapara Khal, through which we hoped to be able to get into the Durgapoor River, by which the Garo Hills are reached. For a long time, owing to the rapid and unexpected decrease of the water, we had feared that the Khal was not navigable. Some men said it was not; most men said it was. We resolved to try it. We had not made more than an hour's journey, when the boat stuck fast upon a char, the only shallow place in the canal. We suggested the damming of the river from behind, and in this way raising the water sufficiently high to allow of our floating over the char; but this the men would not do. Getting together a large number of men, we did our best to get over the difficulty. Some stood on the boat pulling at the anchor secured on the right bank; others stood on the opposite bank pulling at a rope fastened to the boat's prow; others, again, stood on the top of the boat, trying to push it along by long poles stuck into

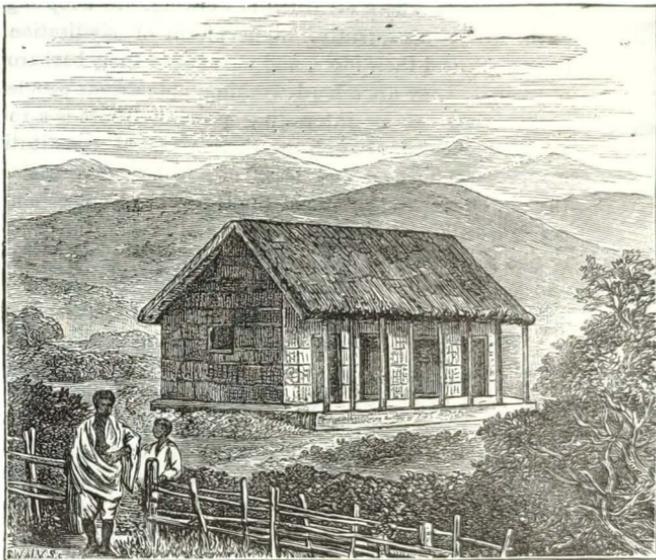
the river bed; while all around the boat there were men bending their shoulders to the difficult task. But it was all in vain. After many a pull altogether, and after hurting myself in the attempt, it was found that the boat could not proceed. We were very disappointed to be so near the end of our journey, and yet not able to reach it. But we had come too far to fail now. We determined to get back into the river, and make for a point of land that is about ten miles from Bērēsērē, the village we desired to reach, and from that point journey by land. But it was by this time as difficult, apparently, to go back as to go forward. The boat had become embedded in mud. To make matters worse, our men had gone. We sent to the village and got eight men; and by their assistance we at last managed to push the boat back into deep water. We then offered to pay the men for their trouble; but they flatly and persistently refused to take anything, saying they could not take anything from the Sahib, and were only too glad to be able to help him. In what other country could one find eight men so generous at so short a notice? We have left the khal, and are now anchored in the river.

Sunday, July 30th.—At 2.30 p.m. we reached Deotukund, where for three hours addresses were given to the large crowds attending the market. Here we sold a good number of books. At first the people would not buy; and it seemed as if I were to walk through that stinking bazaar, under a broiling sun, and wet through with perspiration, for nothing. But at last I got a young man to buy, and then I had no difficulty to dispose of all I had with me. In selling these books our Mohammedan boatmen gave me much assistance, as, indeed, they have at all the bazaars we have visited. They not only carry the books, but actually recommend them, and seem to be as desirous of selling as if they made a profit on the copies sold. Mr. Bion tells me that on one occasion a Mohammedan read a passage from the Bible he was trying to sell, and then told his hearers that the Bible contained many such-like passages. Once a young man complained because I asked him four annas for an English Bible; and the Mohammedan with me told him that he ought to be glad to get a Bible so cheap.

July 31st.—This morning we arrived at the point referred to above. We are now awaiting the conveyances for which we have sent.

August 1st.—The men from the Garo village, Bērēsērē, arrived early this morning, bringing a palki—a pony had been brought late last night. We understood that the road was pretty good, and that we should only have to cross one swamp. Wishing to make the journey in the cool hours of the morning, we drank a hasty cup of tea and started. But, alas! we failed to get the easy morning ride we had anticipated. For full three hours we went bumping and jolting along, up and down steep embankments, across swamps waist-deep, of which there were no less than eight, through miles of mud and water. To avoid getting wet, we were both carried over the swamps, either in the palki or on men's shoulders. In one place we had to cross a khal which was not fordable; and this we crossed by means of a ferry-boat which we constructed by tying together two canoes that were lying in the khal. The last part of the journey was the most trying. This lay across a rice-field covered with water; and through this men and pony had to walk, knee-deep in mud, for about two miles. Just before reaching Bērēsērē the rain came on, and, being on horse-

back, I was made wet through. Well, we arrived at the village, lying at the foot of the Garo Hills, bespattered with mud, and found the Garos rejoiced to see us. We took possession of the chapel (a sketch of which I enclose), a large building made of mats, and destitute of church furniture of the most primitive kind. This building we converted into a dressing-room, dining-room, lecture-room, and bed-room, just as occasion or circumstance required. Soon after our arrival I was seized with cold shivers, and shook like one in the cold periods of an ague fever; and although I wrapped myself up in rugs and blankets, I could not get warm. The wetting I had got in the morning had done its work. I could do nothing but wrap myself and lie on the mud floor and wait for breakfast. At about one o'clock the natives brought us breakfast—a fowl and curry. Although very fastidious (absurdly so, perhaps) about diet and cooking, I ate



GARO BAPTIST CHAPEL.

with an appetite and zest as keen as that of Esau when he ate his birth-right. A native bedstead—something like an English dining-table with the legs cut off a foot from the top—had been brought into the room for our use at night, and upon which native mattresses had been spread. This bedstead we converted into a dining-table by turning up the mattress at the foot, and spreading out a copy of the *Indian Daily News* for a cloth. But we enjoyed that meal, albeit we were without the paraphernalia modern civilisation demands. What strange people these Garos are! They present a combination of barbarism with the semi-civilisation of Bengal. They dwell in villages at the foot of the Garo Hills, their proper home. Their houses are raised some distance from the ground, and are supported by props. In their habits they are very uncleanly. They eat dogs, jackals, foxes, frogs, snakes, &c.; of clothing they have next to none. They have no special religion

of their own, but their intercourse with the Hindus has led them to adopt many of the rites and conceptions of Hinduism. Herewith I send a sketch of one of their objects of worship. It is an ordinary piece of bamboo about six feet long. The fringes hanging at the side are supposed to be the god's whiskers, and they are made by simply scraping the rind of the bamboo upwards, and allowing it to hang loosely from the top. The two leaves are added for decoration. On



the top there is a receptacle, formed by splitting the bamboo vertically, and into which the entrails of fowls are placed as an offering to the deity. Looking at this stick, as I hold it in my hand, it seems impossible that men could worship it. One cannot wonder at the barbarism of a people that has such objects for its worship. Cheering, indeed, it is to find that the Garos among whom Mr. Bion is working, are adopting a purer faith, and, consequently, higher form of civilisation. They have abolished their idols, and abandoned their barbarous mode of living. They are a hard-working, industrious people. Altogether, they are an interesting people. There is a robustness in their mental as well as their physical constitution that inspires confidence, and leads one to expect great things of them. One characteristic of the Garos must not be omitted, for it is too striking to be overlooked; and that is, the Garo women, unlike their Bengali neighbours, lord it over their husbands; and yet not with a high hand, I should think, for the men are very willing subjects. In the evening we had an in-

quirers' meeting. The large room was well filled, the audience, all men, sitting on the floor. Twelve men were reported ready for baptism, nine of whom were present. We examined these men, and were surprised to find how clearly they seemed to understand the teaching and requirements of Christianity. Twelve others are said to be desirous to be baptized, but they have to secure the consent of their wives. And, unfortunately, the Garo women are not favourably disposed to Christianity. At 10 p.m. a baptismal service was held, and the nine men referred to made a public profession of their faith. I shall never forget that service—the procession through the jungle by the light of lanterns (it was a cloudy night, and the moon gave us but little help) to a swamp half-a-mile distant from the chapel, the dusky skins that crowded the margin of the water, the impressive hymn, the solemn, dedicatory prayer by Gandha Charan, the baptisms, the closing hymn and prayer, and walk back to the chapel. Mr. Bion and myself were too ill to undertake the ceremony, consequently the rite was performed by Gandha Charan. Mr. Bion and I remained in the chapel all night; but it was useless to think of sleeping in a place where there were swarms of mosquitoes and ants. Mr. Bion dozed at intervals. I walked and read, and smoked all night. A native had been deputed to keep guard over us during the night, but he was very soon missing. In the morning an unearthly sound called our attention to the palki lying on the chapel verandah; and there, rolled up inside the palki, was our vigilant guard fast asleep.

August 2nd.—This morning, at six o'clock, we drank a cup of tea, and commenced our return journey to the river. But that pony seemed to have learned

quite enough of the country and of the distant river to last her for a lifetime, for she was decidedly unwilling to leave the stable behind her again. When she found that go she must, she determined to choose her own course, and away she went, through slush and water, hedges and ditches and jungle, reminding me at times rather painfully of a certain young man who was lifted from his mule by the bough of a tree. When we came to the rice-field, which was softer even than the day before because of additional rainfalls, the poor pony went into the mud so deep that, with my weight on her back, she could not extricate herself. Dismounting, and giving the reins to a native, who, by arguments moral and physical, induced the pony to follow him, I waded through that paddy-field, first one foot and then the other, in a deliberate dot-and-carry-one fashion; and at last, half covered with mud, I reached *terra firma*, where I again mounted the pony. The journey to the boat was much like the journey from it, only we were now less careful about getting wet, and waded through that which we had before been carried over. At 9 a.m. we reached the boat, and at once started on our journey home.

August 9th.—Mymensing. Here is a long ellipsis. From the date of my last record until now I have been unable to write. Soon after we returned from Bēiēsērē I was laid up, or rather down completely; but now, thank God, I am on my feet again. Mr. Bion has stopped at various places on the way back to Mymensing, to preach the Gospel and sell our books. He has just held a baptismal service on the river side. Two young men were baptized. Many men have come to the boat to buy copies of the English Bible; but our stock is exhausted.

August 18th.—We reached Dacca last Sunday at noon, tired and jaded; but grateful for the opportunities we have enjoyed for doing the Master's work.—With very kind regards, I remain, my dear Mr. Baynes, affectionately yours,
Dacca, Eastern Bengal. T. H. BARNETT.

Christmas and New Year's Cards for Native Preachers' and Evangelists' Fund.

THE Christmas Cards have already been sent out, and we now desire to call the special notice of our young friends to this most valuable Fund.

The native preachers enable the missionaries to form new stations, to take long journeys into the country where they live, to visit fairs, markets, and heathen festivals, to which great multitudes come to pay honour to their false gods. To these people our native brethren declare the Gospel, and distribute amongst them tracts and copies of the Scriptures.

The Society now sustains a very large number of native preachers in

India, Ceylon, China, Japan, the West Indies, West and Central Africa, and Europe.

In 1877, the sum contributed amounted to £842. Since then, each year has shown a decrease, the sum raised last year for this purpose amounting to only £712. Will our young friends try this year to raise at least ONE THOUSAND POUNDS? Let all do what they can, and this work of God will be advanced.

We shall be thankful to supply friends with cards who may desire to assist in this most important effort.

New Year's Day Prayer-Meeting.

ON Monday morning, January 1st, 1883, we hope to meet at eleven o'clock in the Library of the Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, for special prayer in connection with mission work all over the world.

Many will doubtless recall with thankful joy hallowed memories of similar occasions in years gone by, and will join in earnest and repeated supplication that the approaching gathering may be rich in blessing and memorable in result.

The esteemed Treasurer of the Society, Joseph Tritton, Esq., has kindly promised to preside at the meeting.

Preaching in Backergunge.

THE following account of work in this district was written in Bengali by our devoted native brother, Nilumber, and translated by his son, Shotshoron, a student in the English school, and we give it here just as it was written by our good native brother:—

“We left Barisal on the 29th of June, and arrived at Nalchitty that night and spent the night there. Early next morning, leaving the boat, we went to preach in the bazaar. When we were preaching by the roadside a number of men assembled to hear the Gospel. After we had finished a native doctor begged Mr. Spurgeon to go to his medical hall.

We were glad to go and speak to him of the Saviour. He listened attentively to all that we said to him, and bought three of our books. We saw a New Testament upon his table among the books he used daily. We also met a village schoolmaster, who was very eager to hear our message. When we were leaving they entreated Mr. Spurgeon to fix a day for the

delivery of a lecture, and promised to invite the educated men of the village. Mr. Spurgeon said, 'We will call on our return, and will inform you a day before so that you may be ready.' They were very glad, and gave us their names. We again went into the bazaar. This time nearly a hundred men came to hear our preaching, and bought some books. We left Nalchitty and arrived at Jhaloghatty the same evening. There, too, we went to the bazaar and preached to those who came to hear us, and sold a few books. We could not find many hearers, so we went from shop to shop, preached to them, and sold Scriptures.

"On the 1st of July we arrived at Bough Khaly, and preached in that bazaar. When we were preaching some wicked men from the village came near us and made such a noise that we could not do much. We only explained to them the folly of Hindooism, and sold three gospels. We left the place and went on to Naha Gram at mid-day. We went into the market as usual, and nearly 200 men heard us attentively. The people at this place are very ignorant, and bought only one book. In the evening we went to the market of Pancha Coron. Nearly 300 men gathered from all parts, and heard about the Saviour. A Mohammedan asked Mr. Spurgeon if there is anything written in the Bible about Mohammed. He told him that there is nothing except what Jesus said to His disciples, 'Many false prophets shall rise and shall deceive many.' All the Mohammedans there became very much ashamed at this, and went away.

"On Sunday, the next day, we went to the Christian brethren of Darpara. In the morning Mr. Spurgeon delivered a good sermon on 'The one Cross and the three Crucifixions,'

and took as his text the fourteenth verse of the sixth chapter of Galatians. We took leave of the brethren, and departed about noon to go to Bhamna, and preached in the market there. Nearly 300 men heard about the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We were exceedingly glad to see the eagerness of the people to hear of the Saviour.

"On the 3rd of July, early in the morning, our boat touched at Banonipara. We went to the bazaar and preached for more than two hours. The people of this place heard about Jesus Christ so attentively because no one has been there to preach for a long time past. They gladly bought many books from us, especially 'The Life of Jesus Christ.' The number of men present could not have been less than 500. After that we went to the bazaar of Basu. Nearly a hundred men heard there and bought many books. In the evening we went to the village of Sahud. In a small boat some gentlemen of the village came to our boat. We spoke to them about Jesus Christ, and explained to them their error in worshipping idols. The next day they came again to our boat. We saw a gospel with one of them, who asked Mr. Spurgeon to explain the passages which he had not been able to understand. Mr. Spurgeon explained those passages, and talked with him for nearly two hours. After that we went into the market. Nearly 300 men heard the Gospel, and bought books of us there also.

"On the 5th of July we preached in the market of Chall Katty. Some heard attentively, others laughed at us. But many came and bought books from us, and we sold a good many there. In the morning the owner of the market came to us and said—'I do not believe in Hindooism at all, as I find no reason in it; so I

wish to know something about Christianity.' Mr. Spurgeon talked with him and gave him an English book. He also bought a few other books before we left.

"On the 6th of July we went to the bazaar of Ujirpur, where not less than 200 men heard our preaching and bought some books. In the evening we went to the bazaar of Khalsya Kotta. Nearly 200 men heard about Jesus Christ there also, and purchased many books.

"Leaving Khalsya Kotta we turned in the direction of Nalchitty. Mr. Spurgeon, as he had promised, sent a letter to the doctor there, informing him that we should arrive on Friday. We expected to be able to reach Nalchitty on Friday between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, but, on account of contrary winds and heavy showers, we did not arrive till

three o'clock. We found all the people waiting for us. We went with them to the school-house, and when one of them asked us to explain the 'Parable of the Prodigal Son,' Mr. Spurgeon commenced with it and explained to them all the important doctrines of Christianity for nearly three hours. Most of them heard attentively, but a few asked questions, which being explained, they did not say anything more. When we took leave one of them humbly begged Mr. Spurgeon to see them whenever he passes by that way; and he promised he would do so. I am glad to say that all our boatmen were Christians. They helped us as much as they could, and one of them, named Dasaratha, who can read a little, almost always went with us and sold books, and preached as well as he could."

Mission Work in Naples.

THE following report is from the pen of the Rev. W. K. Landels, and will doubtless be read with great interest by friends of Mission work in Italy:—

"It is always a very difficult thing to prepare a report for the quarter ending September 30th, principally because these are the three months in which our work is at its lowest ebb. The students are all out of town, and the heat is so excessive that those of our congregation who live in the city itself can scarcely be induced to attend our services. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that most of the effort put forth, beyond that required for their every-day occupation, is employed in visiting the baths.

"ENCOURAGEMENT.

"In looking back, however, on the past quarter, we find a great deal to

be thankful for and to encourage us for the future. In the first place, we have had two baptismal services at which three persons made public profession of their faith. A short description of the first of these two services may be of interest. It was held on Thursday evening, July the 13th. At half-past eight there was the usual public meeting, and Signor Greco preached a very suitable discourse to a congregation of about thirty persons. After the sermon, a hymn was sung, after which the two candidates went with me into the 'grotto' to prepare for the ceremony. Here we were shortly joined by the thirty witnesses. Before going down into the water I read a few passages bearing on the ques-

tion of 'baptism,' and spoke shortly on the meaning, subject, and mode of the ordinance. Among those present were a number who openly declare that they have no faith or belief in Christianity, but some of them said afterwards that they had been greatly impressed and moved by the service. One of the candidates, a young man, a student from a village near Campobasso, was converted through the influence of Signor Testa, of whom mention has often been made in former reports. The other, an old man, a tailor, was converted as far back as 1860, and during all these years he has borne unwavering testimony to the truth. It was only lately, however, that he was convinced of the unscripturalness of infant sprinkling under the name of baptism. Often has he been to our meetings to argue with us against our mode of administering the ordinance, but he was finally overcome by a remark that I happened one evening to make, viz., that those who christen infants in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, are guilty of violating the Third Commandment, inasmuch as they take the name of God in vain. That very night he asked to be baptized.

"Another encouraging feature of our work has been the success of a class for the study of English, which I commenced soon after taking possession of our new premises. It has always been well attended, and by a superior class of men to any we have been able to reach before. Some of these have taken great interest in the preaching of the Gospel, and have, as a rule, attended the meetings after the class was over. I trust that during the coming winter such classes will prove of the greatest service to us.

"SUNDAY SERVICES.

"Our most important service is

undoubtedly that of the Sunday morning, and I look upon it as the index of our whole work. If it is well attended, I conclude that the mission is prospering; if it languishes, I feel as though the work were under a cloud. Now, I am happy to be able to say that during the summer months, especially August and September, these meetings were exceedingly well attended — often counting between thirty and forty.

"We have also been greatly cheered by seeing one or two entire families occasionally attend our meetings. From the very beginning our work has been principally among the students, and our congregations have, in consequence, been of a fluctuating nature. For this reason we have always felt the need of drawing to us a number of families. Two have, during the past few months, been attending pretty regularly, and we trust that ere long others will follow their example. If our hopes in this direction are realised, we may confidently look forward to a bright and prosperous future.

"FUTURE PLAN.

"And now a few words in regard to our plans. Up to the present we have not had a fair chance of testing the value of our new premises as a centre of missionary, evangelical labour. We only commenced our work here far on in April, and the hot weather intervening so soon after rendered it impossible to put forth those efforts we could have desired. The coming winter, however, will give us the wished-for opportunity, and with the blessing of God and with His help we will make the best of it. The longer I live in Italy the more I feel the need of hard, untiring work and of constant earnest prayer. Without the former nothing can be done; and, if we fail in the latter, the Holy Spirit does not

manifest Himself with power, and, in consequence, our efforts, having too much of the human and too little of the Divine, are utterly useless. During the coming winter we intend both to work and to pray.

"Our meeting and classes are to be held as follows:—

"Sunday, at 10 a.m., Sunday-school; 11, public worship; 6.30 p.m., upper English class; 7.30, preaching of the Gospel; Monday, at 6.30 p.m., French class and night-school; Tuesday, 6.30 p.m., lower English; 7.30, public meeting for study of the Bible; Wednesday, 6.30 p.m., night-school; Thursday, 6.30 p.m., upper English; 7.30, preaching; Friday, 6.30 p.m., French and night-school; Saturday, 6.30 p.m., lower English; 7.30, meeting for young men.

"In addition to these, we are about to start four classes for young ladies, each meeting twice a week—viz., English, German, freehand drawing, and water-colour painting. These classes will be held by day. The classes for young men and the free night-school are already in operation, and are promising well. We have now taken seven names for the superior English, eight for the inferior, and ten for the French; and we are expecting that, during November, the numbers in each class will reach from twenty to thirty. For the night-school, fifteen working men have given in their names. Out of this we are hoping that a mothers' meeting may spring. At all events, we shall do all that we can to gather together the wives of the different scholars.

"OUR WANTS.

"And now, in conclusion, I must

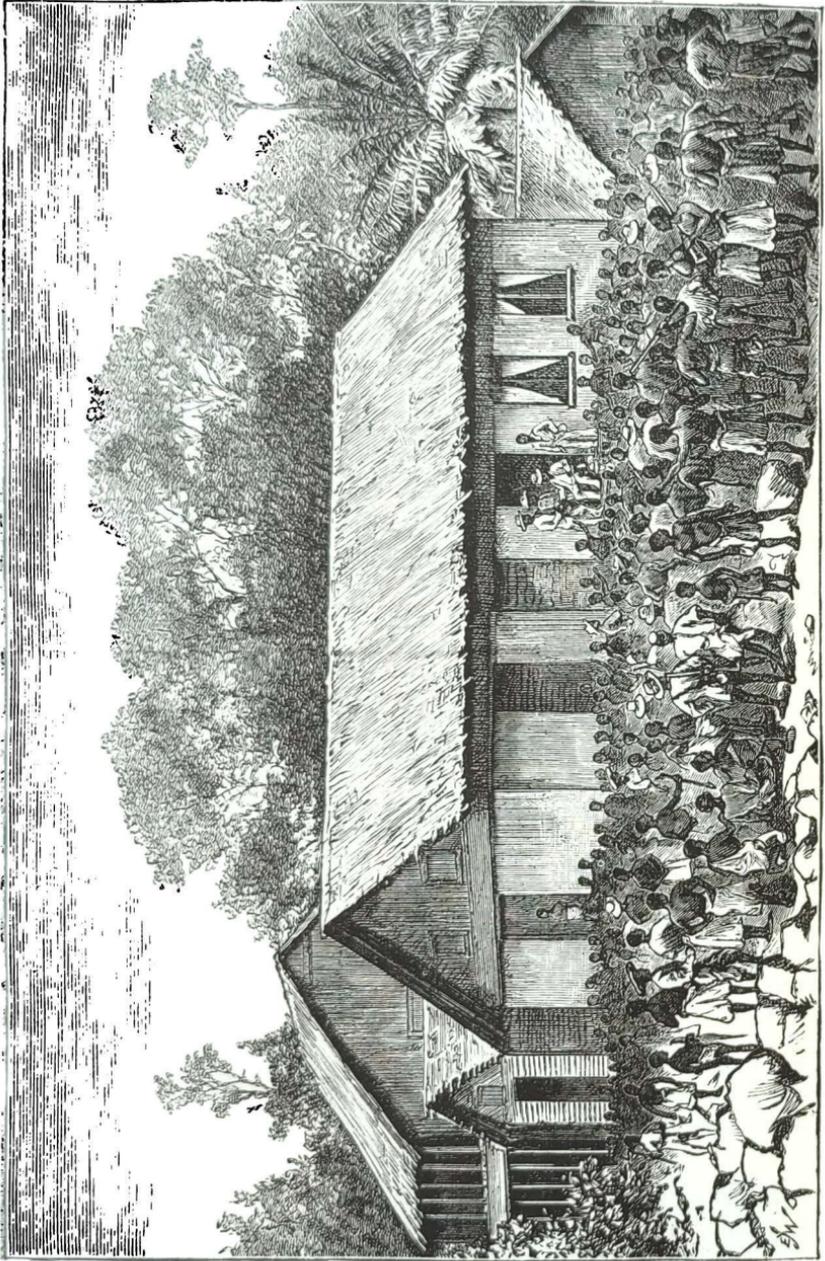
draw the attention of our friends in England to the wants and needs of our work. I could mention a large number of things which would be very useful to us in our mission here; but inasmuch as my experience has been that in asking for too much little is obtained, I will confine myself in this report to the 'printing-press,' which to my mind is indispensable to the efficient development of our work. Our position in Italy is a very peculiar one. We are not allowed to preach in the streets, and, consequently, the only way open to us for reaching the masses is by means of the press. But, unfortunately, this method of working is very expensive, and, therefore, cannot be thoroughly carried out. Had we a press of our own, our difficulties in that direction would be at an end. The only expenses we would have to meet would be those of the paper and ink, and I think that with careful management these two might be obviated, and the press be made to pay its own way. In the last two or three reports I have written of this, but without result. I trust, however, that this time some one will be stirred up to help us in the matter.

"There is one thing that weighs very heavily on my mind, and that is the debt that still remains on the property. There is little chance, I fear, of this being wiped off without some special effort being made; and if, later on, I find this to be the case, I shall ask the Committee to allow me to visit England next summer or autumn, and to canvass some of the churches, with a view of clearing away the remaining debt.

"WILLIAM KEMME LANDELS.

"Naples, Nov. 1st, 1882."

THE MISSIONARY HERALD,]
DECEMBER 1, 1862.



A. NATIVE PALAVER AT VICTORIA, WEST AFRICA. (From a Photograph.)

A Native Court or Palaver at Victoria, West Africa.

OUR Mission settlement at Victoria, being neutral ground and a market town, has become the place of meeting for the settlement of differences between the coast tribes and those of the mountain side. Sometimes small matters are arranged by the natives themselves, but very often the members of the Victoria Court are requested to settle the disputes. The accompanying picture represents a meeting of an unusually important and animated character. A murder had been committed by a Bakwilli tribe residing some distance up the country. The Bakwilli chief (with whom I am well acquainted, and who has been of much assistance to us in lodging our men, and often finding carriers for our Bakundu Mission journeys) thought he was being unfairly dealt with by a Bimbia chief; he sought redress, and not being able to obtain it, sent some armed men down to the coast to hide in the bush and watch their opportunity to take the life of any Bimbia gentleman. The King of Bimbla passing that part of the coast in his canoe at night went on shore to rest at a friend's house till daylight, little suspecting the enemies who were near. As day was breaking he left the house where he had slept, and on passing through the bush to the beach was shot dead for a quarrel in which neither he nor any of his family had any part. His people were naturally very greatly exasperated, and there was great danger that many innocent persons would suffer, as I fear really was the case. The Bimbians tried to implicate some of the Bakwilli towns which were in the habit of attending the Victoria market by saying they must have received payment to allow the murderers to pass through their towns. This was denied, and it was arranged that the Bakwilli, who were innocent, should send their head men to meet with the principal Bimbia men at Victoria to prove their innocence. There was much fear at Victoria lest this meeting should terminate in bloodshed, but every precaution was taken, and it passed without the peace having been broken, and with the result that all the people represented were declared innocent, and their safety assured to them on coming to the Victoria market. In the excited state of the Bimbla people there was no other place where the Bakwilli would have ventured to meet with them. It is most gratifying to see the confidence of the heathen on all sides in the security to life and property, and in the equity of the judgments given, in this little Christian settlement.

Q. W. THOMSON.

Decease of the Rev. Wm. Sampson, formerly of Serampore.

OUR readers will already have seen the sad announcement of the decease of the Rev. Wm. Sampson, at the residence of his brother-in-law at Rhyl, North Wales, on Saturday, the 11th of November, after many weeks of prostration and suffering.

At the first meeting of the General Committee after this mournful event, the Treasurer in the chair, it was resolved that a resolution recording the heavy loss the Society had sustained by the death of Mr. Sampson, should be entered on the minutes of the mission, and a copy forwarded to the bereaved widow and family.

In pursuance of this resolution, the following minute has been recorded:—

“REV. W. SAMPSON.

“The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society desire to record their deep sense of loss in the early removal, by death, of their beloved colleague, the Rev. W. Sampson. From 1855 to 1865, he was one of the most esteemed and devoted of their missionaries in India—labouring during these years chiefly, but not entirely, in the college at Serampore. His peculiar adaptation for the work in which he there engaged—and his devotion to it—contributed greatly to increase the importance of that Institution, and his removal from it was to all its friends matter of great regret. His clear intelligence on matters of practical importance—his sympathetic interest in all kinds of missionary work—the geniality of his disposition—the unselfishness of his spirit—the persistency of his application, and the devoutness of his piety, endeared him greatly to those with whom he was closely associated, and gave him much influence beyond his own denomination. After failure of health had obliged his return to England, and necessitated his remaining here, he continued to render much service to the Mission, both as a deputation to the churches—to whom his advocacy of its claims was ever acceptable—and as a member of the Committee, to the business of which he gave constant and interested attention. The confidence inspired in this last relation led to his appointment, with the Rev. J. Aldis, as a Deputation of the Society to India in 1879; and in conducting the business—of no small difficulty or importance—devolving on him, the affection of his brethren was increased, and the confidence of the Committee justified.

“Within the last three years our brother had entered on a new and greatly enlarged sphere of labour, bringing him into more prominence and responsibility—with good ardour—and with many indications of providential direction—but, in the midst of his days and usefulness, it has pleased our heavenly Father to remove him from us. The Committee reverently bow in submission to a Will ever wise and good; and they gratefully acknowledge the valuable service rendered by our brother while with us. They rejoice to know that he was sustained through his long illness by the truth he had delighted to teach; and they affectionately commend their bereaved sister and her fatherless children to the tender sympathies of Him who can make all grace abound to them in this time of their deep sorrow.”

The Steamship "Peace."

GO, Messenger of God,
 Fulfil thy peaceful duty,
 That regions yet beyond may see
 The King in all His beauty.

Bear thou the lamp of love
 To Afric's sons and daughters,
 That light may in thy train appear
 Upon the troubled waters.

And may the God of Peace
 Stand at the helm in danger,
 To calm the rolling of the waves,
 The malice of the stranger.

Go, with our prayers and love,
 The Prince of Peace revealing,
 To bear to wounded Africa
 The blessed balm of healing.

A Sketch of the Late Ramkumar Barol.

WE give below a literal translation of a brief and appreciative, though somewhat imperfect, account of the life and death of this good man. This sketch was published in the *Christiya Bandhob* ("Christian Friend"—a monthly magazine in Bengali, printed at the Baptist Mission Press in connection with our Society), and was written by the present pastor of the church at Askor, of which the late Ramkumar Barol had been a member for about thirty years. This man, unlike many of his countrymen, was baptized, and became a member of the church, soon after he cast in his lot with the Christians. As we practise believers' baptism, and wait for evidences of a change of heart, there is, of course, in connection with our Mission in India, a considerably large nominal Christian community, some of whom are not baptized for years after they come in among the Christians, and others remain indifferent to the claims of religion all their days, and are never baptized. But Ramkumar Barol was not a man of this order. He embraced Christianity, not for worldly gain, or from sordid and unworthy motives, but from a sincere desire to be saved, and to be the means of saving others. In his case the good seed fell into good ground—into an honest heart—and brought forth fruit. He soon proved himself to be an upright man, a zealous and energetic Christian. Like his Master, he went about doing good. He was a man of an earnest mind and an enthusiastic nature. His life and character are accurately described by one verse of Scripture: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might. In the numerous disputes which arose affecting church discipline, land tenure, and other matters that needed to be settled, Ramkumar's

services were often required, and, though an illiterate man, his head and his heart were trusted to lead him to a right decision. He might err, but at any rate his judgment would be honest and impartial. Among his heathen as well as Christian neighbours, he had the reputation of a good man and one that feared God, and this was a tower of strength to him. His influence in the church at Askor was unbounded. Conduct unworthy of a Christian on the part of any of his brethren grieved him sorely, and he would weep like a child. It may truly be said his "love was without dissimulation, he abhorred that which was evil." He excelled all his brethren in zeal for the honour of his Master and in love for the souls of his fellow-men. When it was decided to build a brick chapel at Askor for the accommodation of the church and congregation, he entered into the scheme with all his heart, and he laboured with all his zeal and energy until the work was completed. He, himself, gave a hundred rupees towards the building, and he did what he could to induce others to give on the same liberal scale. It was about this time that one of our predecessors, in his wisdom or unwisdom, made him an agent of the Society on a salary of eight rupees a month, which he retained until his death. We have always considered this a great mistake. Ramkumar Barol was always well off, and, if there was any man in the Christian community who would have served the Lord without pay, he was the man. It was a great pity that a man in his position and with his zeal should have been made a paid agent of the Society. He would have been an example to the Christian community of devoted and independent labour. However, money did not spoil him. He continued to go regularly every Lord's-day to the village of Poitihar, and to minister to the little flock of Christians who assembled there for the worship of God. These services he kept up with great regularity and acceptance until God interposed and laid him aside from his work. In the month of August, nearly six years ago, he had a paralytic stroke, which affected one-half of his body, and almost deprived him of the power of speech. It also weakened his mind. The sad news was brought to us at one of the Christian villages which we were visiting. We at once brought him into Barisaul, and called in the aid of the European doctor of the station. It was soon found, however, that the disease was incurable. After a few weeks Ramkumar Barol longed to return to the circle of his large family, consisting of his wife, a daughter, and three sons with their wives and children, all living on the same homestead. We often visited him in his own house, and were refreshed by the strength of his faith and the depth of his piety. He was always delighted to see us, and, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, he would lift up his eyes and his one whole hand towards heaven to indicate his willingness to depart and be with Christ. The word "Jesu" was always on his lips. He would repeat it over and over again. He had forgotten almost everything else, but that word "Jesu" he never forgot. It was a part of his being, and God had stamped it, like His own image, upon his soul. Though he was confined to his couch from the day he was struck down until the day of his death, yet he did not give up the services of the sanctuary. He was brought every Lord's-day to the chapel, and was delighted to join in the worship of God with his brethren and sisters. His suffering did not appear to be great, but those weary years of helplessness and confinement must have brought along with them much distress to a man of his active mind and habits. But there was no indication of impatience. He was resigned to the will of his

heavenly Father, and now he is in the full possession and enjoyment of the rest and peace which he longed for. Can such a life be in vain? Though dead, he will speak for many years to those who knew his worth and recognised the genuineness and beauty of his character. To those who ask the question (and there are many such), "Can Bengalis be real Christians?" we would say, Look at the life of Ramkumar Barol. If he was not a real Christian, God pity you! Nor is he an exception. There are many of like faith and holiness in the native Christian community. The Gospel is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and with such illustrations of its power before him the missionary may well thank God and take courage.

Barisal.

THOMAS MARTIN.

The translation referred to is as follows:—"Ramkumar Barol.—Before the conversion of this our beloved brother, he was foremost among the Hindoos of this place. He was a bigoted Hindoo, and, as such, he could not bear to hear the name of Christ. So much so that when his brothers and relations became Christians he manifested towards them unmistakable feelings of hatred. If he went to the house of a Christian, he would not come home without bathing. He was the chief enemy of the church at Askor, and a persecutor of Jesus. In this condition our very humble, sincere, loving, very benevolent, and truly devoted pastor, the late Boikunthonath Sircar, began to show the net of Christ's love for the purpose of catching this persecutor of Jesus. He was wont to go to the house of our brother Barol almost daily, and make known to him the love of the Lord. In this way, by degrees he brought him to the knowledge of the Lord. Our brother Barol was attracted by the fragrance of the holiness, good conduct, and all the virtues with which our pastor, Boikunthonath, was adorned. In truth, he became a firm believer with all his house. When he experienced a change of mind the feeling of enmity departed, and now he became the friend of the Lord. 'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.' After he became a Christian he rose up to be the right hand of our pastor. These two, uniting, began to work in the Lord's field with great earnestness, and by the Lord's blessing many conversions took place. They, being adorned with the virtues of religion, began to diffuse their beauty in the village like two palm-trees. Hindoos and Mussulmans were wont to pay great attention to them and listen to their words with respect. Our brother Barol was entirely devoted to the duty of helping others, and to giving people good advice. Towards his own countrymen he exhibited great love and upright conduct. Indeed, he was a true friend of his countrymen. He was an object of affection to all who knew him on account of his guileless religious feelings, Christ-like gentle disposition, and good behaviour. He was a preacher of the Gospel in connection with our Baptist church, and was devoted to this work with excessive zeal for about thirty years continuously. Through his great zeal and exertion a brick chapel was built for our church at Askor. Two hundred date-trees were planted on the banks of the tank belonging to our chapel—the fruit of the very hard labour of his own hands and of those of all his family. From these trees a yearly income of twenty or twenty-five rupees has been the result. At the present time we are under obligation to him for sufficient help for all expenses connected with our

chapel by means of this money. We have seen with our own eyes that he regarded time as invaluable. He could not remain for a moment without work. In the midst of the bustle of this kind of spiritual and earthly work he is suddenly attacked with paralysis for the purpose of giving him rest from his very hard labours. In this condition he lived nearly six years. During the time he made no effort to say anything, except one word. He abandoned almost all expressions, except that one word; the reason of this we do not at all know. Being attacked in a fearful manner by the disease, he became devoid of external knowledge; so much so, that, whether he is wearing these or not, to this he not only gave no attention, but did not even cast one single glance towards his own body. Then, we suppose, this state of mind must have been brought about by the agony of the disease. But how wonderful that he was in so much love with that word that he could not forget it even in his severe pain! We universally see that there can be no [such love anywhere as towards a friend. Then it seems brother Barol's friendship was with the Son of the Great King, and this will certainly be the case, for Jesus had told our brother Barol, 'I have called you friend.' Then, as his friendship was with Jesus, he could not forget that word by any agony whatever. What was that word? It was nothing less than the name of the great Friend—the name of Jesus. "O world! give whatever pain you can. I lay my breast open to bear it; yet I will never forsake the Lord of salvation. I will bear all for that life. If you demand even life I will give it. The edge of the sword, an ocean of fire, can never make me forget that name.' And in very truth Barol could not forget that name for a moment, even at the time of death. On Friday, the 18th of November, at eight o'clock, he departed this life while repeating the sweet name of Jesus. All of us, members of the church at Askor, are exceedingly grieved at his death. None of all the people belonging to the Baptist community at this present time in Backergunge will ever be able to forget him and all his excellent qualities."

THOMAS MARTIN.

Barisaul.

Recent Intelligence.

☛ Letters have been received from Mr. H. K. Moolenaar and Mr. W. Hughes, announcing their safe arrival at the Congo River on September 22nd. They unite in reporting that "they enjoyed a splendid voyage all the way from Liverpool, and felt thankful and happy." They were met by Mr. Butcher at Banana, Congo River, and were glad that he was able to report all the Congo missionary brethren "well, hopeful, and in good spirits."

Recent letters from China report the alarming illness of Mr. Richard, Mr. Kitts, and Mr. Whitewright. The tidings by the last mail, however, are that "the worst is past."

Mr. Jones writes:—"All are now much better, but show the marks of the fight. We are yet happy with the supremest dower that God can give us in distress, for HE is with us even to the end."

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

JANUARY, 1882.



We bid all our readers a very happy New Year. The year calls to renewed work for Him who has so guided and helped us in the past. May His gracious hand lead us every step of the journey of life during the coming year! May He fit us for our work, and then give the blessing that will make the work we do abundantly successful!

We intimated in the last month's CHRONICLE that the Committee had very cordially and unanimously invited our friend Colonel Griffin to accept the vacant post of Treasurer of the Mission. It is now our great pleasure to announce his acceptance of the post. We are sure the friends of the Mission will be gratified in reading the following letter:—

“Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., Dec. 2, 1881.

“MY DEAR MR. SAMPSON,—Your very kind letter of the 16th ult., with enclosure of copy of resolution inviting me to accept the Treasurership of the Home and Irish Mission which was so heartily and cordially passed at the last meeting of the Committee, was duly received.

“Having been present at that meeting, I was not unprepared for this communication, but it found me unrecovered from the surprise which this expression of confidence on the part of friends whom I so highly esteem created.

“I could not reply without serious consideration. This I have now given, and, having learned of the work and the requirements of the office, in humble reliance on Divine aid and the kind forbearance of those who have, so unexpectedly to me, called me to this position of trust, I accept the

responsibility, and will do my utmost to meet the expectations of the Committee.

“ In this decision I am largely influenced by the feeling that we can work together in harmony, and that, together with the support of the Committee, we may be able to help on that good cause which now so greatly needs the sympathy and support of the churches.

“ With assurance of sincere personal esteem, and a hearty willingness to co-operate with you in all connected with the Home and Irish Mission,

“ I am, very truly,

“ JAMES T. GRIFFIN.”

Is it too much to ask all interested in the welfare of the Mission to make it a matter of special and earnest prayer that the new Treasurer may be pre-eminently blessed of God? The name of the former Treasurer, so familiar as it has long been, will be missed from our pages, and his face and presence missed in our Committees. His great experience and painstaking ability will be distinct losses to us. But, though one servant may feel called upon to retire, the Master's work must go on; and now that the vacant post is filled, we ask from all our brethren kindly, loving sympathy with, and earnest prayer for, him who has so cordially responded to the Committee's invitation. We are sure we shall not ask in vain.

That the post of Treasurer in Colonel Griffin's hand will not be a sinecure is very evident. With great pleasure do we insert the following letter from him. Will our pastors and the members of our churches read it, and respond to the earnest appeals it contains?

“ To the Pastors and Members of the Baptist Churches of Great Britain and Ireland.

“ DEAR BRETHREN,—By the kind and unexpected preference of the Committee I have been selected to succeed your esteemed and valued friend J. P. Bacon, Esq., in the Treasurership of the British and Irish Home Mission. Knowing something of the working of the Society for the past few years, and the difference of opinion existing as to its scope and action, I hesitated to accede to the flattering request of partial friends, and it was not until the possibilities of what might be accomplished were made apparent that I ventured to assent.

“ This I have now done, and, in assuming the office, may I be permitted to make a personal appeal?

“ I find the Committee under existing obligations which will demand fully £1,000 beyond the legitimate income of 1881. Now, the question is, will

the friends of the Mission supply the means necessary to fulfil honourable obligations, or must the Committee withdraw successful labourers and reduce expenses? In accepting the office of Treasurer I have been largely influenced by the feeling that the churches would not permit the Mission to suffer from want of funds, and that, as Treasurer, I should not be compelled to withhold payment of just claims because of empty coffers. In justice to the cause, we must not diminish the active force now in the field; and the calls for assistance in new districts ought not to be answered by a cry of 'No funds.' Can we not, for 1882, raise our income to at least £10,000? Surely this is not too much to do for the work at home. Foreign missions appeal strongly to our sympathies. We hear of China, India, Africa, and Italy; but let us remember that, if we rightly answer the 'Come over and help us' from distant lands, we must not forget the 'beginning at Jerusalem.' Support the Home Mission, create an increasing interest in home work, and the means will not be wanting for abroad. Remember that, in order to be free from debt in 1882, we must have fully £1,000 more collected than in 1881; that, without largely increased contributions, no new work can be undertaken, and that the Committee must coldly say *No* to many pressing and deserving appeals for aid.

"I am, very truly,

"January, 1882."

"JAMES T. GRIFFIN.

In connection with this appeal of our Treasurer we would draw special attention to the gratifying feature in last year's Report referring to the increase of the contributions from the churches. While the contributions from legacies had fallen off, the general income had increased, and the increase arose from the larger subscriptions sent up by the churches generally. This we look upon as being most satisfactory—for it is from this source mainly that the increase of income must come—and we draw special attention to it now in the hope that, at the beginning of the new year, our pastors and churches will determine to do their best for us during the coming year. We are confident that much more might be obtained from the churches if the pastors would give us, as so many do, their kindly help. May the Lord induce them to do so!

The Sub-Committee to whom was referred the resolution passed at the Autumnal Session on Mr. Humphreys' paper have met and given the whole question involved very serious attention. It will be further considered at a future meeting, and we trust a report presented on it at the next meeting of the Committee.

The following communications have quite recently been received from the brethren whose names they bear. They will, we are sure, be read with great interest by all our friends.

The first is from our agent Mr. Duffin, working away in the remote district of the Mourne Mountains. Last year our brother suffered much from severe illness, brought on by exposure and overwork. We are glad to say that, though far from strong, his health has greatly improved. We visited him last year. At the time of our visit, a terrific storm was raging, but the little place where the service was held was crowded. It was an evening not soon to be forgotten. Right glad, therefore, are we to read our brother's letter.

“Moneyslane, Castlewellan, Co. Down,
“December 14th, 1881.

“DEAR MR. SAMPSON,—Allow me to say that at no time since I came to Derryneil have our meetings been so well attended, or so much interest manifested, as has been the case for the last four or five months. Not only are our meetings crowded, but the Lord is manifestly blessing the Word preached.

“Our weekly meeting in Moneyslane has so increased that numbers have to go away for want of room. In consequence of this, a gentleman has offered me the site for a wooden house; also a liberal contribution towards its erection; but whether we shall be able to accomplish this I cannot now say.

“The monthly meeting held near the place where I now live is one of the best of all the sub-stations. My landlord kindly gives me the use of a large storehouse. The last meeting we held here there were fully 120 present.

“Since I wrote last we have had four additions to our church membership, and one to be added next week.

“We had a visit from Mr. John T. Mateer. We had three weeks' evangelistic meetings in the chapel, which were attended with much blessing.

“I am, dear Mr. Sampson, respectfully yours,
“R. C. DUFFIN.”

The next is from our brother Ramsay, of Clough. From several letters we have had the pleasure of receiving from him of late, it is evident there is a stirring in the district. May it be like that in the Vision, to be followed by a large outpouring of the Spirit, and a great ingathering into the Church!

“Clough, Co. Antrim, Ireland, December 13th, 1881.

“MY DEAR BROTHER SAMPSON,—I feel constrained to drop you a line for your comfort, that you may share in the joy we now have in the good work begun in Clough. Brother Mateer has been with us since Monday, the 5th. On that and every other night since, except Saturday night, we have conducted meetings in the chapel. The congregations on some nights have exceeded our expectation. On some occasions every available spot has been filled. Indeed, the congregations have been all good, except one night which was very stormy. There have been two conversions respecting which we have not the smallest doubt. One had attended

one of my out-stations for more than nine years, and seemed of late to be under deep conviction. But the other had had no thought about her soul whatever till last week. I baptized one of them at the close of our meeting last night. There are four or five others seemingly in deep concern. The after-meetings find out those impressed by the Word; so that not fewer than four or five are hopefully awakened. Also, many have come to these meetings I never expected to see attending our place. So bitter and full of prejudice have they been that there was no ground to even hope they would come to a Baptist chapel. But the Lord *liveth*, and can do beyond our thoughts. We purpose to continue these meetings for four weeks, or thereabouts, in case the interest continues.

“Yours in Christ,

“W. RAMSAY.”

Some four months ago the Committee requested the Rev. F. J. Ryan, of Brannoxtown, to undertake the charge of the work in the Athlone district. Through circumstances of a very painful character, our work had there been very greatly hindered. Scarcely could a more difficult field be found for any man to work in. Mr. Ryan has set about his work in an admirably devoted and Christian spirit. He sends us the following

“REMARKS ON WORK.

“Rahue district is wide and the people scattered, living long distances from one another, so that to visit them even occasionally entails great fatigue and expense. Some of those whom the Baptist minister should attend to are at present very ill. In Rahue I have held four services, and paid some twenty visits. It is a district that has been much neglected; and yet a good work could be done there if I could visit the people more than I do, and hold services somewhat oftener, say twice a month; but I do not know if you can permit the extra expenditure. At the same time it is well to remember that this was once a distinct Baptist church, having its own pastor, so that at present it is the cost of travelling about that you have to consider. I am anxious that the best efforts that the Society can make be made for Rahue. We can gather some thirty friends together. Many young people *could be, and ought to be, gathered in*. I will not spare myself in this work, but am anxious to go as far as you can allow.

“Moate is at present well worth the expense of working. I have held upwards of twenty services, and they have increased in numbers a little. We get a nice company of about twenty people together on Sunday mornings and alternate Wednesday evenings. I am happy to say I have not missed one Sunday or Wednesday service since I commenced work. There are a few families in this district living some three or four miles from the town—two of these families have drifted into the Episcopal Church. I hope we may yet have them back with us. One, Mr. Greene’s, of Moyornchley, has had great trouble lately; the son, Mr. Benjamin Greene, was recently shot, and received some injury about the face and head, but nothing fatal. I am visiting there at present. We had a very happy season of communion there last week, the whole family joining. Doubtless, out of evil the Lord will bring good.

“At Ferbane our meetings have been very fairly attended. I go there once a month.

"In Athlone we have much to encourage. I have held between thirty and forty meetings. We have at present two regular services on Sunday—9.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.—beside our effort among the young at 3.30. We hold a Bible-class on Monday evenings, and a service on Tuesday evenings. Our Sunday services are very steady, between thirty and forty friends attending, the other meetings averaging a dozen. In Knockinea our meetings keep up well, and I hope soon to make an effort in another outlying district. I have held at Knockinea some eight meetings during the quarter. We have one baptism here in connection with the work at Moate. I am working in harmony with the other ministers of the town, as far as principles permit. The Methodist minister and myself exchange friendly services. You will see in this brief account that, as far as possible, we are pressing on the work, and, by the earnest attention to the Word spoken, we are hoping for the best results."

Mr. McKinley, who writes the following letter, is a brother who renders us good service by occasionally assisting in Sunday work and in other ways as opportunity offers. His testimony to the earnest, simple work of a most devoted brother we consider as of great value.

"5, Ferndale Terrace, Lower Malone, Belfast,

"December 19th, 1881.

"DEAR MR. SAMPSON,—It has occurred to me that a line from me for THE CHRONICLE might not be out of place just now regarding some of the places where mission work is done which comes more immediately under my own observation. Quite recently the sixteenth anniversary of the settlement of Mr. Banks at Banbridge was celebrated. The meeting was in every respect a gratifying one. The congregations on both Sabbath and week-days are good. The pastor and people are united, and are working with considerable earnestness. There have been some baptisms lately. Mr. Thomas Card, B.A., at his own expense, has had the portico of the chapel floored with ornamental tiles. The school-room at the back of the chapel has been newly painted and done up. Dr. McClelland is procuring a fine harmonium for congregational use. Love and peace prevail. Altogether, the cause at Banbridge never was more hopeful. Lurgan is in a very prosperous condition. The congregations are both interesting and large for the place. The mission chapel has recently been renovated and cleaned, and presents a very beautiful appearance indeed. A friend (A. McK.) has presented the congregation with a harmonium, which is played by a young lady who kindly volunteered to do so. The congregation averages between sixty and seventy persons. The collections are good. There is a spirit of deep spiritual inquiry amongst the people. There will be a tea-meeting held on the 27th inst., when it is expected to begin a series of evangelistic meetings. Mr. Simpson, myself, and others have laboured in the place; but it is to the judicious, thoughtful, faithful labours of Mr. Banks that the success, under God, is due. I have all along taken a deep interest in the work at Lurgan, and I assure you I am glad in heart that faithful toil for God has not been in vain there. Dromore, too, is under the care of Mr. Banks. He conducts a weekly service in as nice a little place as any one need enter, which belongs to J. Dickson, Esq., solicitor. The audiences on Sabbath and week-days

are very excellent. I went on two occasions, and was greatly gratified to see the character of the congregations and the attention that was paid.

"I could say much of the work in other places where our dear brethren are quietly labouring with much self-sacrifice and faith to be the means of leading souls to Christ, but need not do so, as, doubtless, you will hear from themselves. I would not dare to venture to do so in this case, but Mr. Banks, I know, does not like to write about any work that refers to himself. Of course, I write this entirely without his knowledge. The work of God in the county in many places of which I may write again is prospering. To God be all the glory!

"I am, yours very truly,

"A. MCKINLEY."

The last is from our brother Lorrimer, an earnest, devoted, simple-hearted servant of Christ. Though advanced in years, and by no means strong, his labours for the Master are most abundant.

"Coagh, December 20th, 1881.

"DEAR MR. SAMPSON,—Since my last I have had much to cheer me in the blessed work on the whole, though there have been some discouraging occurrences. In my private visits among the people, in which I take great pleasure, there is everything to cheer, the poor people, most of whom never attend any place of worship, being greatly pleased that any one should take notice of them. In one case the Lord's hand was cheerily seen. A young woman came to ask me to visit her father who was very ill. The poor man seemed to be totally ignorant *even of the letter of Scripture*. I attended him regularly till his death, which seemed to be peaceful and happy, the Lord having evidently blessed the Word to him. And I had a very favourable opportunity of speaking to the people at his funeral about the love of Jesus to poor sinners. I have many such openings, which are very precious, and generally followed with special blessing.

"Our work in the tent at Cairndaisy in October last has raised a mighty stir in that neighbourhood. The people were so pleased with what they heard at those services that it was suggested the school-house in the neighbourhood should be opened for occasional meetings, as I hinted in my report of the tent work there. It appears that when the school-house was finished the committee made a rule to the effect that it should be open to any Christian minister to preach the Gospel in, and the ministers in the neighbourhood had been in the habit of occupying it without restraint from the time it had been erected. On this ground our brother Kenedy, who corresponds with you, and who is a member of the school committee, announced that I would preach there (D.V.) on a certain evening. I made my appearance at the hour appointed, and a considerable number of people assembled at the place, though it was piteously dark, and the rain pouring down in torrents; but we could not get in, as the patron—one of the ministers—had given the teacher orders not to give the key, because he and the committee had not been consulted. So we all got a thorough drenching because of this little informality, which was never acted on in any other case. The friends, however—our brother Kenedy especially—did not allow the matter to drop. A meeting of the committee was called. The patron and another minister were there, but, after a long, hot discussion, it was ruled by a small majority that I should not be allowed to preach there, simply because I am a Baptist, and our brother Kenedy is the only Baptist

on the committee. Those members of the committee who are in favour of my occupying the house are greatly indignant; and as soon as a private house can be obtained we will be at work, notwithstanding; so that I expect this will turn out more for the furtherance of the Gospel.

“But is not this the spirit of persecution with a vengeance? How should we do had we not the protection of British law? Thanks be unto God for civil and religious liberty!”

*Subscriptions received at the Mission House from November 21st to
December 20th, 1881.*

LONDON AND VICINITY—		SOMERSETSHIRE—	
Dicks, Mr. W. (Donation)	0 5 0	Bath—	
Hammer-smith, West End (Collection)	6 19 0	Hay Hill (Collection)	1 12 11
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Hawley Road (Collection)	15 1 2	Bristol, Buckingham Chapel, Subscrip- tions, by Miss F. E. Leonard	8 9 6
Norwood, Upper, by Mr. H. H. Heath—			
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		Gudersome	7 7 3
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Dover, Salem Chapel (Coll., moiety)	8 10 0	Bright Place (Collection)	11 4 2
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Collection	8 0 0	Collection	2 0 10
Subscriptions	1 10 0	Contributions	1 13 6
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W. terbath—		Sale of Books	0 5 0
Collection	2 18 2		
Subscriptions	0 15 0	Total for the Month	215 13 6
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—			
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Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

FEBRUARY, 1882.



WE are again indebted to the *Freeman* for a very friendly notice and an earnest appeal to the churches for renewed help to the Mission. The *Freeman* compares the balance-sheet published in the Report recently issued with that of the previous year. Two points noticed in the Report are worthy of being reiterated. The income received from legacies, &c., last year was less than that of the year before, but the deficiency was more than made up by the increased contributions from the churches. The amount spent on mission work was more, but the working expenses were less, and on these two statements the friends of the Society may be fairly congratulated. But the point which the *Freeman* urges is one to which we would draw special attention. The normal expenditure is nearly £1,000 more than the income, and most earnestly do we join in the appeal that that amount may be made up during the coming year. We are grateful to God for any signs of increased interest in the Mission, and certainly those signs are not wanting. But we would again remind our friends that we have no reserves. They have been parted with, and a deficiency of income over expenditure will mean, therefore, a real debt; and unless our income is increased by about £1,000 we shall have to face a debt to that extent. We have always believed the best plan is to let the facts of the case be known, and very earnestly do we join in the appeal that the churches will increase the income of the Mission.

For there is a need of increase. Our wish is not merely to bring up the income to the expenditure, but largely to extend the work of the Mission. To do anything like that which is needed to be done we shall require even the amount which the *Freeman* tells us the Baptist churches ought to give us—viz., £15,000. Unquestionably that sum could be advantageously and wisely spent in strengthening our churches and in extending our Mission. Nor can there be any doubt that, unless these weaker

churches are strengthened and the Mission extended, the denomination must suffer—and when we use the term denomination we do not mean mere sectarianism, but Evangelical religion itself. Within the last few days we have received from the deacons of one of our rural churches the following letter. We give it *in extenso*, though two or three references in it do not bear upon our present point, but we should like our friends to see it as it is.

“As one deeply and practically interested in the struggle to keep afloat our village churches in the agricultural districts in these trying times, I watched with interest the course taken at the autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union, and was deeply pained by the shelving of the consideration of a question of such vital interest. The urgency of the question is my apology for troubling you with this; and, perhaps, you will pardon me if I give you in brief a few items in the history of this church, of which, as senior deacon, I have to bear a large share of the burdens. Founded in the early part of this century, in a parish dominated by a wealthy rector, it has struggled on its way with many fluctuations, but always poor; when some twelve years ago, on the retirement from the pastorate of my beloved friend the late pastor, a persistent effort was made to make the place capable of sustaining a minister with a young family (up to this time the sum raised had been from £50 to £60 per annum); we managed to get an income of something over £80, besides the chapel-house. In 1875, by an effort of one of our members, a subscription of £10 was sent to the Augmentation Fund, by which a much-needed grant of £20 was secured. For the four following years, by a little extra generalship, the necessary subscription was obtained from the congregation, and the grant continued; but, after the disastrous season of 1879, there came an additional trouble in the prospect of losing four of the chief supporters of the place, and with them half of the minister's salary would drop. The prospect of this calamity barred the attempt to raise the needed subscription to the Augmentation Fund, so an application was made for 1880 to the Association for help, and a grant of £10 was liberally made. Happily, the fear as to the large loss was not fully realised; still a breach of ten guineas was made in the pastor's small income. Our last financial year, just closed, gives the minister, with a family of five young children, an income of £87 10s. 4d., in the place of from £109 to £110 in former years. This amount is chiefly given by a few farmers, in seasons of heavy loss, aided by the smaller sums of the rest of the people, who are, in the main, agricultural labourers.

“It does but tantalise us to be told that if, by an effort, we make up another £10, we may have the Augmentation grant. The rope has been strained to its utmost tension to do what is being done. Other churches in more favourable situations may secure the grant by an easy contribution from those who can give without sacrifice.

“Our pastor makes appeal to me to ask for help outside; he cannot make ends meet. What can be done? Would God our wealthy money-making friends in the large business centres could place themselves in our position! We are here in a rural population of 830 souls (with no other Nonconformist place within four miles), in a parish with an ultra-ritualistic rector, with a living worth £1,200 a-year, the greatest joy of whose heart would be to stamp out Dissent. Cannot

our denominational organisations do something to help keep us alive, or must we succumb in the struggle, and let the wave of sacerdotalism, with all its mummeries, sweep unchecked over the place? Our prospects for the future are gloomy in the extreme; fresh losses are pending, with no prospect of fresh comers; and it is a doubtful matter if others of us can long continue the unequal struggle; but I know our experience is that of many other churches, who, with ourselves, would be glad to have a little light of hope shed upon the path. As a personal member of the 'Baptist Union,' I have been compelled for the past year to withhold my subscription in order to meet home claims, and fear I must do the same this year."

In a brief reply we pointed out that the question had not been shelved at Portsmouth, but was put into proper training for its due consideration, and we were glad to be able to say that the Committee were even then considering it. But we took advantage of what we felt to be a favourable opportunity of bringing to the notice of our correspondent what we knew many were saying—viz., this case which he describes is a type of many. It is a village of which the population is gradually declining (the census returns place that fact beyond a doubt). Many of our friends are asking—and those who are asking it are the very men whose sympathies with our struggling churches are deep and warm, and who have the best interests of the denomination at heart—Are these the places that we ought to assist? With the limited resources at our command, ought we not to concentrate effort upon the places to which people are flocking rather than upon places which they are leaving? We put this before the writer of the letter. We consider his reply most important, and a valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject. It is as follows:—

"While thanking you for your courteous reply to mine of the 16th inst., I cannot refrain from making a remark upon one point in which you intimate the drift of opinion in connection with the absorption of an increasing proportion of our rural population by the towns. There is one point in this movement which is worthy of some weight in considering the claims of the rural districts—viz., that the draft from the country to the towns is in the main of young people in their teens, or say between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five. The roll book of our chapel Sunday-school for, say, the past thirty years, shows some hundreds of names, a large number of whom have gone townwards, the girls chiefly as domestic servants, and the stronger and more active lads to better paid work than is to be had at home. Do our town families and churches gain no benefit from the early training and Christian influence under which these young people have been reared? Some of these leave us as church members, and we are gladdened by hearing from time to time of others joining churches where they are located.

"In agricultural and horticultural matters we deem it important that the seed-beds and rearing ground of our herbs and plants should have our best attention, although the young plants are not long to remain in the native spot; and surely it will not be unwise to foster and help on the work that bears morally and

religiously on the minds of these juvenile members of the community, who will, in the natural order of things, be drafted from our villages into the towns.

“If our dissenting bodies lose sight of this, our ritualistic church neighbours do not, but show increased activity in fostering ‘girls’ friendly societies,’ ‘church guilds,’ and any other scheme by which to gain and keep a grip upon them. How shall we cope with this influence single-handed, if it is not considered desirable to help our village churches on the plea of decreasing population?”

“Hoping the spirit of wisdom and Christian charity will rule in the deliberations of our worthy committees, with kindest regards, &c.”

At the Committee meeting held at Portsmouth in October last a very important resolution was adopted by the outgoing Committee, “instructing the officers to take an early opportunity of drawing the attention of the incoming Committee to the importance of taking measures to bring the claims and needs of the Mission before the churches, with the object of increasing its income and so enabling it the more efficiently to do its work.” At the first meeting of the new Committee the officers submitted this resolution to it and moved that it should be referred to the Sub-Committee for consideration, and report at the next meeting. It was likewise resolved that “the attention of the Sub-Committee should be directed to the paper read at Portsmouth by the Rev. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., and the resolution adopted by the Assembly in connection with it, so that the whole question might be laid before the Committee.”

After very careful deliberation the Sub-Committee presented a report at the last meeting of the Committee. It is due to our brother the Rev. W. Woods, of Nottingham, to say that the burden of drawing up the report was undertaken by him, and our warm acknowledgments for his services are made to him. The Committee very carefully considered the report, and adopted it, the substance of it being as follows:—

In preparing any plan, the Committee consider that the following facts must be remembered:—

1. That a large amount of Home Mission work is already being done both by the churches and by the Associations in the several counties represented by them, and that it is most undesirable, in any way, to interfere with their work.

2. That there are districts and towns available for Home Mission work to which, for want of funds, the aid of the Associations is quite inadequate. These districts and towns are the appropriate sphere for the work of this Society, acting, as far as possible, with and through the Associations.

3. That, in dealing with the churches and districts which may seek help, or to which, for purposes of evangelisation, it may be desirable to offer it, no one plan of proceeding, and no one set of conditions, can be uniformly observed.

4. That, apart from the active co-operation of the members of the General Committee, and the Secretaries and Committees of the several Associations, the work proposed and needing to be done cannot be undertaken.

With a view, then, to immediate practical work in accordance with the terms of the resolutions already referred to, the Committee recommend :—

1. That all the Associations be requested to furnish the number and names of the churches and stations constituting the sphere of their present County Home Mission work, and the gross annual amount the Associations are already expending in this work.

2. That they supply the names and particulars of those churches and districts where, in the judgment and upon the recommendation of their Committees, work should be done by this Society, so soon as its funds will allow.

3. That, in giving this second return, the Secretaries of the Associations be asked to point out the names and particulars of those churches which, in the judgment of the Association Committee, should or might be affiliated with large neighbouring churches, be placed under a lay pastorate, become regular stations of the Associations, or be grouped and supplied under one pastorate.

4. That, in order to deepen the interest in the work of this Society, all the Associations be urged to become real Auxiliaries ; and, in addition to the doing of their own county work, hold Annual British and Irish Home Mission Meetings wherever practicable, and adopt such other means as shall tend to secure regular and larger contributions to the funds of this Society.

The Committee feel specially justified in recommending that this appeal be made to the Associations, as it will be on their recommendations that the chief funds of the Society will be expended, and it is only through their co-operation that the necessary or any sufficient funds can be raised.

5. That in order to secure funds for carrying on the enlarged operations of the Society, the Associations be requested to appoint local Sub-Committees to make arrangements for all the larger churches to receive a deputation, consisting of one member of their own Committee or other influential gentlemen residing in the district, and one member of the Committee of the British and Irish Home Mission, or of the Baptist Union, such arrangements to be made and carried out as soon as possible.

6. That communications be opened with the Committees or Managers of the various Baptist Societies whose funds are employed to sustain preaching among the poorer churches, with a view to future co-operation in making grants to such churches as may be helped by this Society.

In regard to Mr. Humphreys' paper, the Committee wish to express their general concurrence in the suggested remedies to meet the needs of the rural districts and village churches. In their judgment, the great want of the village churches is sympathy, management, and better supplies. Without forgetting what they have already said as to no one plan being suitable or even best, they would urge strongly that, in all future applications from churches which have no reasonable prospect of being able to sustain a separate minister, all such churches be recommended and aided to affiliate themselves with some larger church. This, when it can be done, secures to the smaller churches all the advantages of real and local independence, combined with the presidency of an experienced pastor, gives them to feel that they have some one to aid and counsel them, and causes the larger churches to feel that they have work devolved upon them which their own more favourable position enables and binds them to undertake.

Where, from circumstances, the plan of affiliation with larger churches, or the grouping of smaller churches, is impracticable, the Committee would strongly

recommend that such churches become regular stations of the Associations, whose Committees shall undertake to supply, by lay or other agency, the best preaching in their power, and who shall, by the regular appointment of one of their members, take charge of such churches and preside at their meetings for business. This last plan could readily be carried into effect by the appointment in every Association of a Supply Sub-Committee to search out, and make appointments for, suitable men as preachers; and still more by the appointment, where sufficient funds can be raised locally, of a well-qualified evangelist, whose work would consist in holding special services among these churches, and visiting their members and persons connected with the congregation. The Committee think that, in some instances, the Association Supply Committees might work in harmony with the Students' Preaching Institutions connected with our Colleges.

The Committee earnestly endorse the Proposed Representative Meeting to be held in London before or at the Spring Meetings of the Union, to consider the question of the rural churches. And they would suggest that, if it be practicable, the views of the several Associations should be collected beforehand, their various suggestions summarised, and recommendations based thereon be prepared for the immediate consideration of the delegates who may attend.

We are now engaged in preparing the report for issue to the secretaries of the Associations, and we trust it will be helpful to them in the discussions on Mr. Humphreys' paper.

In our last CHRONICLE we gave a brief account of the special meetings that were being held at Clough by our brother Mr. Ramsay. God has been very manifestly present in these assemblies, and most earnestly do we pray that our brother may gather in a glorious harvest for the Master. In continuation of his narrative, he writes, under date December 19th, as follows:—

“ December 19th, 1881.

“ I send you another short account of the work here, which has been carried on night after night in our chapel since the 4th, and which we purpose to continue till Thursday or Friday next. The average attendance at these meetings has been above 200 each night, most of them young men and women, the percentage of children and aged being about twenty. Although the snow was drifting, and the ground deeply covered last night, yet the chapel was crowded. All sects and parties have come to us from far off and near hand. There has been no trouble given by even the roughest worth naming. Mr. Mateer and I both addressed each meeting, and conducted an after-meeting each night. The present fruit from the work, so far as we can judge, is the conversion of at least three, and a goodly number made hopefully anxious, with two or three, whose convictions seem deepened, who have given signs of some anxiety at my meetings for some time past. One of the converted has been baptized and was added to us *yesterday*. Mr. Mateer thinks this is a hard soil to work, and so it is. But then, most of the converts here are, as a rule, as good and faithful to our principles as at any place in Ireland. If we only could hold them in the neighbourhood, we might soon have a strong church. I have aimed at putting something good into

the hands of all who came to our meetings ; amongst other things, not a few of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, I have just got an additional lot of his 'Baptism a Burial.' May the Lord bless this effort to the leading of very many to decide for Christ,"

On the 16th of January he testifies to still continued and growing interest :—

"January 16th, 1882.

"I write to let you know that the interest in our meetings in the chapel is almost as deep as ever. Last night a goodly number were obliged to stand, although the house was very closely seated. Since I last wrote to you, two more have professed to have found peace in believing ; one of those two I have baptized. There are three or four for whom we feel much ; they have given evidence of *conversion*, but their own people seem to be *mad* over their coming to us, and they are suffering very much for their attending the meeting."

May the Lord give them grace to stand firm !

Of the great poverty of many of the districts in Ireland where our brethren labour, friends in England have but little idea. Our brother Phillips sends us the following communication. Many others are working in the midst of similar distress :—

"January 2nd, 1882.

"I am not in a position to give you a very glowing description of our work, for the year just closed has been a most trying and eventful one to many of the people at the Grange. The continued depression in the weaving trade has caused quite an exodus out of the neighbourhood, such as perhaps has never taken place since the potato famine, and those who are left behind are for the most part such as are bound to the neighbourhood by social considerations, or are compelled to remain, not being able to get sufficient to enable them to emigrate. I am thus made painfully familiar with an amount of poverty which I am unable adequately to describe. Providentially provisions are very reasonable—at least, such as the poor weavers are accustomed to, which are principally potatoes and meal. I trust that very speedily, if it please God, the industry of the people may be revived, that there may be no complaining in our streets. As may be imagined, these circumstances have told upon our congregations, especially at the central place of meeting, although the last three or four Sabbaths have shown a very marked improvement ; last night's service especially was one of unusual solemnity and power. The sermon being intended for the young, a great number of youths and maidens assembled, the house being well filled. After the sermon there was a short prayer-meeting, to which all remained. At the close, Dr. Eccles, who was present at the service, made a few well-chosen and impressive remarks ; thus closed our New Year's Day, and thus closed one of the most happy and enjoyable meetings it has been my privilege to attend since I have been in Ireland. I sincerely hope and pray that we may this year have many such, that it may be a commencement of better days, and that the set time to favour this hill of Zion may be near at hand. We are not left without signs of God's blessing. Some have received Christ, and others are anxious ; and in some quarters there are not wanting signs of uneasiness on the subject of baptism, even among the Presbyterians. This is a leaven that *will* work, silently and slowly, no doubt, but withal effectually, and God will be

glorified. Our out-stations are well sustained in every direction, and the attendance is good. I have engaged our brother Simpson to fill my place in January and February, during my absence on deputation work in England, and trust that the prayers with which the people are anticipating his visit may be answered in abundant blessing on the services during his stay. May the good Lord visit again with His reviving and converting power this land of commotion, superstition, and strife, and thus heal her wounds and calm by His word of power the angry passions of her people, saying, 'Peace be still.'"

In that earnest prayer we trust all our readers will devoutly join.

We are glad to read the good news contained in the following letter from our brother Duffin, and that his health is so far restored as to permit him thus to work for Jesus :—

"January 11th, 1882.

"No doubt you will be glad to know that the Lord is continuing His blessing with us. During the last month we have had *four* additions, two of whom I baptized on 25th December. In all, we have had *eight* added during the last six months. In Pædobaptist circles great agitation prevails, and opposition meetings are being organised. But the Lord reigneth.

"I drop this note particularly to ask if it would be possible for you to allow us the tent in spring. I am persuaded that it would do as much good to the denomination here as it has done in many places where it has been. I might say that the leading brethren here are anxious that we might have it for a few weeks at least. You will kindly let me know your mind on the matter as soon as convenient, so that arrangements can be made for it.

"On last Thursday evening I opened a new station at a place called Shanaghan, about four miles from where I live. The schoolhouse was crowded; we had a very interesting meeting. On the following evening I preached in a large barn about two miles from Shanaghan, where we had about 110 present. Last week I conducted six services, and although I feel a little exhausted yet I am thankful to say my health continues good.

"I am, dear Mr. Sampson, Respectfully yours,

"Rev. Wm. Sampson."

"N. C. DUFFIN.

We need not say we shall be delighted if arrangements can be made for our friend to have the tent, and we doubt not it will be of great service.

NOTICE.

Mr. Banks, of Banbridge, desires very thankfully to acknowledge receipt of a box of clothing for distribution from the Ladies' Working Society of the church at St. George's Place, Canterbury.

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W. and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

MARCH, 1882.



THE arrangements for the Annual Services of our Mission are nearly completed. Our friends will be pleased to know that the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., of Leicester, has consented to preach the Annual Sermon at the City Temple on Friday evening, 21st April, and we feel sure that the subject, with the preacher, will command a large attendance.

On Wednesday, 26th, in the following week, the Annual Meeting will be held, at Bloomsbury Chapel, with Colonel Griffin, the newly appointed Treasurer, in the chair. The Committee congratulate both themselves and the Society on having one so well known and so highly esteemed to take the place of Mr. Bacon, who filled the office of Treasurer devotedly, and with great ability, for many years. The speakers at the Annual Meeting will be the Rev. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., of Wellington, Somerset, the writer of the paper on "The Condition and Prospects of our Rural Churches," read at the Autumnal Session of the Union held at Portsmouth last October; the Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A., of Newcastle; and the Rev. James Owen, of Swansea. We trust we shall have good gatherings, and that the blessing of the Great Head of the Church will rest on these and on all the approaching meetings of our denomination.

FUNDS.

This subject we must press very earnestly on the churches. We are thankful to note indications of growing interest in our Mission; and, although we cannot report any substantial increase in the contributions, we are not without hope that the Report at the close of next month, when our Annual Meetings are held, will not be less satisfactory than last year.

To meet the demands made upon our funds for the adequate support of stations and various evangelistic efforts already under our control, the income must be greater than that which we have been accustomed to

receive. Until our income balances with our expenditure, we cannot extend those efforts. We are being constantly urged to enter on new fields, and the reasons with which such appeals are enforced cannot be lightly set aside. They are weighty, and they would be imperative had we the means with which to respond. Gladly would we help to support the plans of churches just struggling into life, and promising in a short time to become independent; but we cannot, through lack of means. We know the importance of the local schemes for evangelistic labour and church extension within the areas of our several Associations who have wealth and ability to prosecute their own admirable ends; but the vast sphere outlying such areas is that from which the call comes to us, and it is for such places as are thus necessarily left to the help of our central Society we plead. We know that the question as to the sphere of operations as between the Society and the Associations is under discussion, but this, after all, only affects the details of our one purpose; and cannot—is not meant to—touch the question as to whether the work shall be done or not. It must be done by the Associations as Associations, and by us as covering ground the Associations cannot reach. Let us not imperil the cause dear to all our hearts, the cause of those who are “ready to perish,” and who, except through means like these, can hear but little of Christ. While other denominations are doing their part to overtake the want in our land of religious Gospel teaching, we cannot but share the labour, as we hope to rejoice in the success and the reward.

The Committee hope that our friends who have themselves subscribed, and have induced others to subscribe, could do something more towards the increase of the funds by adding to their subscription lists. We shall be glad to supply “Family Mission Boxes” and “Collecting Cards” for the use of friends able and willing to render us further help.

The Committee would refer to the necessity for a period of rest for their esteemed and beloved Secretary, Mr. Sampson. A few weeks' cessation from work will, they trust, under the blessing of our heavenly Father, restore him to his usual health. They would express their sincere regard for him, and their earnest prayer that he may be long spared to them and to the denomination for whose interests he has, in many ways, so long and efficiently laboured.

IRELAND.

Our record of work for the past month is cheering and hopeful. But the state of the country in many parts of it, though not where our agents are labouring, is still dark and threatening. There are some signs of breaking clouds—promises of a better day at hand. The action of the Government in attempting remedial legislation, while upholding law and repressing agrarian crime and incentives to crime, must sooner or later, we hope and believe, work a political and social regeneration in that land. We trust that ere long—there must be time to set right the wrongs of many past generations—the efforts of our statesmen will be followed by the happiest results.

But what of Ireland's spiritual regeneration? When, and how, will that be brought about? We would not say a word to wound unheedingly the conscience of any whose views of duty differ from our own; but, thinking, as we do, that Roman Catholicism is at the root of much of Ireland's sorrow, we cannot help the opinion that the Gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord, taught without the intervention of a priesthood, whether Anglican or Papist, is the true remedy for Ireland's wrongs. No doubt Catholicism has been the religion to which a conquered people have clung, since Protestantism has ever been the badge of their oppression. But with the disappearance of the wrong, the hatred of the wrongdoer will open a way for the interchange of opinion on all questions affecting Ireland's social and moral well-being.

The duty which the Lord lays on us who profess to be His faithful disciples, is to do all we can to meet the spiritual wants of all men, wherever they are found. On this general principle all work for Christ rests. Every argument which we use to prove our obligation to care for the souls of men on this side of the St. George's Channel is equally cogent as to our duty to our countrymen in Ireland; and there is the special plea which the darkening influence of Roman Catholicism on that land suggests to every lover of the "truth as it is in Jesus." If we had the means, we could indefinitely extend our work in the sister island. With the money, the men also would come; the resources of the Church are alike in His keeping whose is "the silver and the gold," and who, at His pleasure, can qualify labourers to send into the harvest. When the Church awakes to her sense of responsibility, prayer will be "made continually." Then will the Divine Spirit break through the darkness which covers so much of that land, and life and immortality will be brought to light there through the Gospel.

The story of our work during the past month in Ireland is pleasant reading. Our brother Mr. Ramsay sends

GLADSOME TIDINGS FROM CLOUGH.

“Clough, Co. Antrim, Ireland, *February 8th*, 1882.

“MY DEAR BROTHER SAMPSON,—I am again able to report progress, and to speak of blessing in our work at Clough, for which we all feel thankful to God. Some have been led to decide for Christ, and I have already had the pleasure of baptizing four persons—two men and two women. All these have come out in the face of strong opposition—especially one woman; her husband would not let her into the house on her return home after baptism; but he has since sent for her and allowed her an entrance. To be a Baptist, in most cases, in this place is to suffer for Christ. Nevertheless, we increase. The Lord adds to us, and we trust in Him for yet greater things.

“We had Pastor Usher with us two nights last week. The congregations were very good, and the people were much interested in his preaching. We hope soon, if the weather continues so fine, to set up the *tent*, that we may do as much work as possible with it this year.”

Our brother goes on to speak of financial progress, as well as spiritual prosperity. May he see, indeed, greater things than these. From the same neighbourhood, where our brother Phillips lives and labours for the Master, we have, from our blind evangelist, who has been doing duty for Mr. Phillips during his absence on deputation work in England,

NEWS OF A GRACIOUS WORK

now in progress among the stations in the Grange Corner district. Here is the story :—

“Kilnock House, near Randalstown,

“*February 13th*, 1882.

“DEAR MR. SAMPSON,—I was suffering from a severe cold when Mr. Phillips wrote to me desiring me to supply the pulpit at Grange during his absence. I complied with his request, hoping soon to be in my wonted health. But when the time came I was still poorly. I lifted my heart to the Lord in prayer that He would strengthen me for the intended campaign, and I am thankful to say He wonderfully assisted me, so that from the 15th ult. to the 13th inst. I was enabled to preach twenty-one times in the chapel, six times in Tully district, and twice at Castletown.

“The meetings increased nightly in numbers and interest; the largest week-evening service was attended by 100, and double that number on Sabbath nights. This is certainly remarkable, considering the poverty that reigns throughout the neighbourhood, and the exodus continually taking place in consequence thereof.

“At the close of each meeting in the chapel I conversed with those who remained about their spiritual state. It is difficult to determine how many were blessed; however, there are ten who confidently affirm they have received Christ as their Saviour, and, as they are children of church members, it is believed they shall be

added to the church. A deep solemnity prevailed throughout all the services. Many are still under great spiritual concern, for whom prayer is made by the brethren to the Lord that He would in mercy reveal Himself to their hearts. Another result of the mission is, the people of God have been revived, which is a matter for devout thankfulness.

"It is but fair to mention that Mr. Phillips, jun., helped me in my work, by singing Gospel songs (some of which I composed), accompanying himself on the harmonium, which he brought to the chapel for the meetings.

"The farewell service at Tully was so large that many were compelled to stand outside, and, although it rained, they would not go away, while those inside were obliged to occupy the tables, meal barrels, and beds, and, withal, some had to stand, which they were quite content to do. The Word was not without power, tears being seen on many faces.

"Though I feel much wearied, yet I must say I never spent a more pleasant month anywhere.

"With kind regards,

"Yours in the faith,

"M. SIMPSON."

The poor cottiers of the "honest North" are worth preaching to. Nowhere in the four kingdoms can a more appreciative people be found; and throughout the district the priest has but little power. May God in His infinite compassion lead these poor dear people to know "Jesus and His love"! Travelling eastward, we come to Belfast. One of the good deacons of Regent Street Chapel, when remitting a contribution, added a postscript, which was, as such matter generally is, the more interesting part of the letter. It reveals an

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN BELFAST.

"I don't know if you have heard of the work we are doing in this church under the leadership of our esteemed pastor. We have taken for three months a large hall, situated in the principal street, capable of holding about 1,500 people, and are holding evangelistic services at 3.30 and 7 o'clock on Sundays with most blessed results. Last Sunday night the area was quite full, and the gallery about half filled. The success of these meetings has cheered us very much. I believe our pastor has been better known to the public during the past four weeks' services in the hall than by the whole of the past year's labour in our chapel. I trust we shall be able to continue the work in this hall, which is admirably suited for it, and that the Master will continue to bless.

"J. Y."

Not less happy is the report from Mr. Whiteside, who labours at Ballymena and in the surrounding district. This is the record:—

"DEAR MR. SAMPSON,—You will be interested to hear something of our work in this corner of the vineyard during the past few months. Although our success is far from being all that we could desire, or the increase so great as we could wish, yet we have no reason to be discouraged, for we are not without some indica-

tions of good, for which we thank God. At the ordinary services on Lord's-days our numbers have not increased much, but the attendance has been steadily sustained. Although many of our people come from a distance of from four to six miles, they are usually found in their places. During the past six months five have been baptized and added to the church; and we have reason to believe that others are on the way. This increase, small as it is, gives us great joy and encouragement, while we have brighter hopes for the future.

"Our country meetings—as to numbers and attentive hearing of the Word—are all that we could desire. At every meeting, whether the house is small or large, we have a full attendance. At one of our stations, some six miles from here, the cottage was found to be too small for the numbers who flocked to the meeting; and a friend, who was then present, kindly offered us a larger house, which offer we gladly accepted. A good work seems to be going on in that immediate neighbourhood. At a short distance from this place another friend offered his house for meetings, which he keeps up weekly. Here we preach once a month, and our brother Rock preaches frequently. We regard this as being the most hopeful of all our meetings. The workshop in which the meetings are held would accommodate about a hundred people; and it is always crowded, whether the night is foul or fair. And we have had the pleasure of baptizing and receiving into church-fellowship the brother at whose house these meetings are held. These tokens of good call forth our gratitude, while we thank God and take courage."

While telling the story of his work and of the prosperity vouchsafed to his labours, he has to tell of some difficulties too. The November gales injured his chapel somewhat; and, though nobody was hurt, the people have been put to considerable expense to repair the damage done to the building.

But, refreshing as the above items are, perhaps the following from our dear friend the Rev. J. Taylor, speaking of

PROGRESS AT TANDRAGEE,

is as interesting as any. Here is the story as our brother tells it:—

"Tandragee, *February*, 1882.

"DEAR MR. **SAMPSON**,—It is with sincere pleasure and heartfelt gratitude to God that I forward you the following communication.

"In the autumn of last year Mr. J. T. Mateer conducted a series of evangelistic services in our meeting-house, on which the Divine blessing largely rested. Some fourteen or fifteen individuals professed to be awakened; and now, after the lapse of several months, the large majority of them continue to give evidence of a real change of heart.

"Our brother also conducted a series of meetings in a large room in Gilford, which were the means of leading several to the Saviour.

"In addition to the above, a very real work of grace has been going on at Laurelvale, an out-station of mine, for some months. For several years I

preached monthly at this place, with apparently little result. Last summer our services there, which had for some time been discontinued, were resumed; and, notwithstanding a strong effort on the part of some to 'Boycott' them, the attendance gradually increased, and great blessing has attended them. I do not think I have seen so deep and widespread an interest in spiritual things since I came to Tandragee. I believe I am safe in saying that, as the result of Mr. Mateer's and our own services, quite *thirty* souls have been led to the Saviour since the latter end of last September. In one case a *father, mother, and three daughters*—the entire family—profess to be saved.

"Other ministers and evangelists are reaping fruit also in this neighbourhood. I have had the pleasure of baptizing *six* as the first of our brother Mateer's labours, and an equal number as the result of the awakening at Laurelvale. Of course you are aware that only a *portion* of those converted to God through the labours of Baptist missionaries in Ireland submit to immersion and join our churches. Yet, notwithstanding, we have baptized *seventeen* since our Association meeting in July.

"Yours in Christ,

"JOHN TAYLOR."

These touching tales of labour for the Lord call for devout gratitude from us all to the Giver of these precious blessings. They tell us, also, that no labour honestly done for Christ can ever be a failure. Would that we had the means to multiply the number of these agencies manifold, till the story of redeeming love was freely preached in every part of that unhappy land.

*Subscriptions received at the Mission House from December 21st, 1881,
to February 20th, 1882.*

LONDON AND VICINITY—		DEVONSHIRE—	
Cumming, Mr. J. S.	0 10 0	Exeter, South Street Chapel	I 0 7 0
Edwards, Rev. J.	2 2 0	Plymouth, George Street (Weekly Offerings).....	I 4 0 0
Francis, Mr. J.	1 1 0	" Mudley Chapel.....	I 1 10 0
Parry, Mr. J. O.	1 0 0		
Powell, Rev. A.	0 5 0	ESSEX—	
Voelcker, Dr.	1 1 0	Harlow, Collection	4 5 6
Camberwell, Denmark Place Chapel...	6 17 6	" Subscriptions	2 2 6
" Arthur Street Chapel ...	1 9 4	Writtle, Mr. Dawson	1 1 0 0
Brookley Sunday School.....	I 6 10 0		
Clapham Common (Contributions).....	3 0 0	GLOUCESTERSHIRE—	
Clapton, Downs Chapel	14 2 6	Cheltenham, Cambray Chapel (Coll.)...	10 0 0
Dalston Junction (Coll. after Lecture by Rev. G. H. Malins)	3 0 0	Cirencester	I 1 13 8
Hackney, Mare Street (Collection) ...	13 6 9	Nailsworth, Shortwood Chapel.....	I 3 11 0
John Street Chapel (Subscriptions) ...	8 0 0	Stroud (Collection)	5 5 0
Maze Pond Chapel, by Mr. J. Easty	2 2 0	Wotton-under-Edge	1 11 3
BERKS—		HAMPSHIRE—	
Faringdon	I 1 2 6	Southern Association	H 69 0 0
Wantage	I 1 12 6		
CHESHIRE—		HERTFORDSHIRE—	
Birkenhead, Sunday School	I 2 2 0	Markyate Street, Mr. Cook	I 0 10 0
DORSETSHIRE—			
Dorchester	0 12 4	KENT—	
Weymouth	I 4 14 0	Brabourne	1 0 0
		Bromley, Mr. and Mrs. Luntney	2 2 0

Dover, Mr. Hills (Don.)	..H	5	0	0
" " " "	..I	5	0	0
Folkestone (Coll. and Subs.)	10	0	0
		10	18	6
LANCASHIRE—				
Bacup, Ebenezer Chapel—				
Vote of ChurchI	10	0	0
SubscriptionI	3	1	6
" Irwell Terrace Chapel—				
Vote of ChurchI	2	0	0
Cloughfold (Collection)I	5	2	2
(Subscriptions)I	0	16	0
Colne (Collection)I	3	6	6
Kirkham, Mr. K. CatterallI	5	0	0
Liverpool, Myrtle Street (Weekly Offerings)I	5	0	0
Lamb, Rev. H. Abraham—				
Vote of ChurchI	2	0	0
Waterfoot, Rev. J. S. Lane (Collection)I	2	9	0
LEICESTERSHIRE—				
Leicester, Belvoir Street (Collection)H	24	0	6
" Victoria Road, by Mr. H. ChargeI	0	10	6
MONMOUTHSHIRE—				
Pontypool, Crane Street ChapelH	3	18	6
NORFOLK—				
Swiffham, by the late Rev. Geo. GouldI	5	0	0
Worstead (Collection and Subs.)I	4	18	2
NORTHUMBRLAND—				
† Northern AssociationH	215	0	5
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—				
NewarkH	18	15	0
Notts, Derby, & Lincoln AssociationH	9	12	2
OXFORDSHIRE—				
Burford and Shipton, by Mr. MaddoxI	4	13	0
Little Tew, Rev. W. CloakeI	0	5	0
SOMERSETSHIRE—				
BuckingtonI	0	15	1
Chard (Collection and Subscription)I	6	2	6
CrewkerneI	1	16	8
Frome, Sheppard's BartonI	6	15	7
" Badock LaneI	4	3	4
Wellington (Moieties of Collection)I	2	13	8
WincantonI	1	3	0
YeovilI	10	3	10
STAFFORDSHIRE—				
Staffordshire AssociationH	16	13	4

SURREY—				
Redhill, Mr. T. Radford HopeI	1	0	6
" Mr. B. GriegsI	0	5	0
Sutton, Mr. F. HepburnI	2	2	0
WARWICKSHIRE—				
Birmingham, Mrs. T. AveryI	2	0	0
WILTSHIRE—				
Bradford-on-AvonI	1	16	6
DevizesI	11	6	6
MelkshamI	1	0	0
Swindon (Coll. and Subscriptions)I	9	0	0
Trowbridge (Donation), A. FriendI	1	0	0
" (Coll. and Subscriptions)I	15	3	4
WarminsterI	3	10	6
Westbury LeighI	0	12	3
WORCESTERSHIRE—				
BlockleyI	2	1	5
Melvern, Miss Selfe PageI	5	0	0
RedditchH	3	0	0
YORKSHIRE—				
Bradford, Gillington Chapel (Subscriptions), by Rev. G. J. KnightI	3	12	6
Brearley (Subscriptions)I	1	15	0
Halifax, Rev. W. DysonI	0	10	0
Leeds, Blenheim ChapelI	1	6	0
Sutton-in-Craven (Collection)I	1	11	6
SOUTH WALES—				
Carmarthen Tabernacle, by Mr. J. HodgesI	2	2	0
SCOTLAND—				
Dunbar, Mrs. RuncimanI	0	10	0
Edinburgh, Bristo Place, Mr. W. MercerI	5	0	0
" Charlotte Street Chapel, by Miss WaicottI	2	17	6
Glasgow, Dr. Alexander (Don)I	2	0	0
IRELAND—				
AughaveyI	1	15	8
Ballynamore, Mr. PaveyI	1	0	0
BallymooneyI	6	0	0
CairndaiseyI	1	7	0
Belfast, Regent Street ChapelI	2	10	0
DonaghmoreI	5	0	0
Dublin, Lower Abbey StreetI	6	8	0
TandrageeI	10	0	0
Waterford, RentsI	24	13	5
SUNDRIES—				
Sale of BooksI	0	5	0
Total for the two months	£718	4	8

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W. and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

APRIL, 1882.

THE SECRETARY.



OUR readers will be pleased to hear that the health of our dear friend Mr. Sampson, our honoured Secretary, has somewhat improved. But it has been thought right to advise his taking a lengthened period of rest, in order to his perfect restoration.

He will, therefore, not attempt to resume his duties in London until after the Annual Meetings. He has been greatly cheered by the expressions of generous sympathy towards him from many friends, and he wishes gratefully to acknowledge their kindness.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The arrangements for the public meetings during this month remain as announced in last month's CHRONICLE. The Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., of Leicester, will preach the Annual Sermon at the City Temple on Friday evening, 21st April.

On Wednesday, 26th, in the following week, the Annual Meeting will be held, at Bloomsbury Chapel, with Colonel Griffin, Treasurer of the Society, in the chair. The speakers at the Annual Meeting will be the Rev. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., of Wellington, Somerset; the Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A., of Newcastle; and the Rev. James Owen, of Swansea.

In looking forward to the meetings representing the various sections of Christian workers of our own and other denominations, our earnest desire is that the Spirit of grace and truth may be present with the messengers of the churches to give wisdom and sound understanding in all matters affecting the life and prosperity of the Free Churches in this land.

FINANCES.

There is one question which occasions the Executive of the Home and Irish Mission great concern. The income of the Society has not for several

years past been equal to the demands made upon it. This state of things cannot continue. It has been fully discussed by the Finance Committee, and in response to their request our Treasurer prepared, and published in the denominational papers, the following statement and appeal :—

“DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly permit, through your valued columns [the *Freeman* and *Baptist*], an urgent appeal on behalf of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission ?

“The existing obligations of the Mission amount to about £1,450 per quarter. To meet this we are wholly dependent upon the contributions of churches and friends, all securities having been disposed of, and we are without any reserve fund on which to fall back. At present we have in hand about £1,000, leaving a deficiency of fully £450 for the quarter ending March 31st. Should contributions come in as in previous years, we can meet all claims for the current quarter, but we cannot but feel anxiety as to the future.

“We are pleased to state that we have most cheering reports from Ireland and elsewhere, and that contributions are in excess of 1881. Still, unless largely increased, they will fall at least £600 below our obligations for the year ending September 30th.

“The question is, What shall be done ? Shall we retrench, remain simply stationary, or go forward ? It remains for the friends of the Mission to answer. The claims are many and most pressing ; but the Committee are compelled to refuse all further aid. Our esteemed Secretary, Mr. Sampson, is now absent through ill-health, therefore I make this appeal, and feel that the churches only need to know the facts in order to provoke a ready and liberal response.

“Very truly yours,

“JAS. T. GRIFFIN, Treasurer.

“19, Castle Street, Holborn, *March 15th.*”

We cannot too strongly urge on our friends the necessity there is for immediate and liberal help, if our stations and general work are to be maintained. The deficiency in former years has been met by the sale of stock, the proceeds of past legacies. These reserve funds are now exhausted. Taking the last year's accounts as the basis of calculation, the estimated expenditure for the current year, ending 30th September, is £5,800, and the estimated income, including a balance in hand of £450,

£5,200. Our subscribers will see from this statement the gravity of the position. A comparison of receipts shows a gradual increase, since last year, in general contributions, indicating, as we hope and believe, a growing disposition to support this department of Christian service. But it has not yet reached the level below which we can meet our pressing obligations. We frankly state the case, trusting that the churches will not withhold the supplies when they see the necessity for prompt and generous action.

STATEMENT OF FACTS.

We would remind our friends of the facts which justify this appeal.

The object of this Mission is to aid in establishing and sustaining Baptist churches in Great Britain and Ireland, in employing evangelists and colporteurs, and in distributing the Scriptures and religious tracts.

In Great Britain, sixty-five churches are aided by the Society, about twenty of which are comparatively new, and, but for the Society, could scarcely have existed. Others are in rural districts, where they are especially needed, but are utterly unable to support themselves. The total number of ministers and colporteurs connected with the Mission is sixty-four.

In Ireland, the Society employs about twenty missionaries, most of whom are pastors of churches, as well as evangelists regularly itinerating over large tracts of country. There are nineteen principal stations, and about one hundred and forty sub-stations, for the most part in districts wild and poor, sparsely populated and spiritually destitute.

The churches connected with the Mission have an aggregate membership of four thousand two hundred and fifty-nine. Ten thousand persons are under regular religious instruction, and the ministers, evangelists, and colporteurs conduct over fifteen thousand six hundred meetings annually, within walls; beside the large number of open-air meetings conducted by them during the summer and autumn months. In the Sunday-schools there are over seven thousand two hundred children, instructed by seven hundred and fifteen teachers, without reckoning the Bible-classes conducted by the ministers themselves. During the past year four hundred and fifty-nine converts have been baptized and added to the churches, and there is every reason to believe that very many more have been brought to Christ.

THE CONFERENCE.

At a meeting of the joint Committees of the Baptist Union and the

Home and Irish Mission, held on the 21st ult., it was decided to hold the Conference after the Associations have had an opportunity of discussing the question about our rural churches which was referred to them by resolution of the autumnal session held at Portsmouth in October last.

That resolution was as follows :—

Moved by Mr. S. A. Daniell, of Birmingham, seconded by Rev. H. Hardin, of Montacute :—

“That copies of this paper be forwarded to the secretaries of the Associations, with a request that it be discussed by the Associations, and that representatives be appointed to represent their views at a general meeting to be summoned to meet in London, which meeting shall prepare a report for the autumnal session of 1882.”

Before this CHRONICLE is in the hands of our readers the secretaries of our County Associations will have received detailed suggestions as to the necessary arrangements for this Conference. It will be held as soon after the annual meetings of the Associations as practicable. As our friends are well aware, the object of the Conference is to discuss the question, how we may best attempt to help our rural churches under the pressure of the times, which have for so long a period been diminishing their resources ; and then it will deal with the proposals of the Committee embodied in the series of resolutions which appeared in the February number of THE CHRONICLE. We have requested the Committees of the Associations to supply us with certain data, which we propose to tabulate, to assist the Conference in its discussion. Whether or not the deliberations of the pastors and delegates of the Baptist Union at the coming meetings of the assembly should result in a closer identification of the work of the Mission with the Union itself, any such possible change in the methods of management will not materially alter the conditions under which the Conference will be held. In any event, the questions which will have to be discussed are such as the Committee for our Home Missions must most certainly take up, for they involve vital points in relation both to our weaker churches and to evangelistic work in destitute parts of the kingdom.

It is intended to arrange for the accommodation of delegates appointed from the Associations to attend the Conference, and to raise a fund to meet the necessary expenses. It is expected the Conference will be held early in July.

THE LATE MR. BEAL.

Since we last wrote, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to call home to Himself our friend and co-worker the late Mr. W. E. Beal. For many years he was a member of our Committee, and he took an active part in the management of the Mission. His kind disposition, his business habits, his knowledge of the details connected with our mission-stations both in England and Ireland, and his wise counsels, made him a valuable helper as well as an honoured friend. His loss will be felt by all who knew him in days gone by. And by none will he be missed more than by our Irish missionaries. Some years ago he visited the stations of the Society in Ireland, and was so interested by all that he saw, both of the men and of the Mission, that a strong feeling was created in favour of the work there which time only seemed to deepen and increase. For many years he was in the habit of sending a loving Christian greeting to the brethren known to him in Ireland on New Year's-day. But we rejoice to know that, although he is no more with us on earth, he has been gathered to the "general assembly" of all the Lord's faithful servants in heaven.

IRELAND.

Arrangements are in progress for a series of tent-meetings through the spring, summer, and autumn months, which commenced on the 26th of March at Derryneil. We intend to give an itinerary in next month's CHRONICLE. The reports we received of last year's work in connection with the tent were very satisfactory. The applications for the use of it for the coming season are twice as many as can be met by one tent only. The Committee enter on this work again with much hope, and, if they had the necessary funds, they would at once purchase a second tent—convinced that the openings for the use of it are not only numerous, but promise good results. The cost of a tent complete is about £75, but, in the present state of our finances, the idea cannot be entertained unless contributions are specially sent for this purpose. Mr. Murphy mentioned this matter at a meeting at Abbey Road Chapel last week, and a few friends at once contributed about £3 towards it. Should our friends desire to help this work forward, the contributions should be forwarded *at once*.

As to the value of the work done in connection with the tent services, we have but one opinion from the brethren themselves, and that is of unqualified satisfaction. From two letters just to hand we make the following extracts, as showing how the movement is appreciated. One brother says:—

“Allow me to say that more particularly of late has it pleased the Lord to grant us much blessing in this place. Many have been brought to a knowledge of the truth; as a result, ten have been added to the Church. More than ordinary interest prevails among the people; this is manifest from the fact that everywhere in the district our meetings are crowded. Seeing the circumstances are such, I thought that a *series of tent-meetings* would be calculated to do good both to the people and to our denomination.”

The other missionary writes as follows:—

“Tent work, when wisely managed, by earnest, loving, simple preaching of the Gospel, would be the greatest blessing to the country. It was rather late last season when I got the use of it at Cairndaisy, but it was perfectly marvellous the attraction of the people to it.”

From the Rev. R. Carson, of Tubbermore, we get this record of a good year's work done there for the Master:—

“Tubbermore, Co. Derry, *March 3rd, 1882.*

“MY DEAR MR. SAMPSON,—My report last year, as you will remember, was of a rather sombre cast. As a matter of fact, I had not a single addition to our membership to record. Besides, I had to speak of great social depression, and, as a consequence, much poverty among our people, affecting very considerably the attendance at public worship. I bless God I am in a position this year to speak more encouragingly. Though we are socially far from having surmounted our difficulties, we are yet seeing our way somewhat better, and are beginning to look forward to brighter days. By-and-by, we trust the crisis of our straitness shall have passed, and our people, without exception, be in a position to wait publicly on the Lord. Already there is an improvement in this direction. The attendance of late is very much better; and I have observed, with great thankfulness, that some who could not meet with us for want of suitable dress are now coming regularly to the gatherings of the church.

“But, my dear Mr. Sampson, there is something still better to place on record. God has added to us *twelve* precious souls. Some of these are the fruits of my own ministry, and some of special evangelistic services.

“Our Sunday-school continues to prosper. Not only is it keeping up its numbers on the roll, but its attendance is most encouraging, and its spirit excellent. I am looking for much blessing from this source.

“I have formed two Bible-classes—a male and a female. There are in attendance on the former from fifteen to twenty boys, and on the latter from twenty-five to thirty girls. They might be much larger, but our people are so scattered it is

difficult to bring them in numbers together. Even as they are, however, if I am enabled to carry them on, they will do essential service. I feel more and more that we must get our people brought into still closer contact with the Word. If we are to have a future, it must be as the result of living Bible teaching. To this great end I am striving to direct all my labours here. Our contribution to the Mission I hope to be able to forward before the end of the month.

"I am, my dear Mr. Sampson, ever yours,

"R. H. CARSON.

"Rev. Mr. Sampson, London."

Thus unostentatiously, but healthily, the cause progresses, and we think it is as much due to Mr. Carson for us to say, as it will be gratifying to our friends to know, that the church at Tubbermore raises, year by year, more for the Mission funds than their pastor receives from them. In fellowship they have two hundred and twenty-nine members.

Subscriptions received at the Mission House from February 21st to March 20th, 1882.

LONDON AND VICINITY—		DORSETSHIRE—	
Butterworth, Miss	1 0 0	Poole (Contributions, by Miss Julia Poole).....I	3 5 6
Butterworth, Rev. J. C.....	0 10 0	GLOUCESTERSHIRE—	
Benson, Mr. J.....	2 2 0	Chalford (Coll. and Subscriptions).....	8 2 0
Carrington, Mr. John	1 0 0	Kingstanley, by Miss King	2 19 6
Cox, Mrs.....	1 1 0	Stow-on-the-Wold (Collection).....	2 2 0
Cox, Miss (Don. 10s. 6d., Sub. 10s. 6d.)	1 1 0	Woodchester	0 16 2
E. K.....	0 5 0	HAMPSHIRE—	
Farley, Rev. E. J.....	1 1 0	Lyndhurst, Rev. W. H. Payne	0 5 0
Greenwood, Mr. T.....	5 0 0	HEREFORDSHIRE—	
Hazledine, Mr.....	1 1 0	Hereford (Collection)	6 3 5
Foote, Mr.....	0 5 0	HERTFORDSHIRE—	
Foote, Miss.....	0 5 0	Hitohin, by Miss Forster	6 0 6
Small, Rev. G., M.A.	0 5 0	Watford, Sir S. M. and Lady Peto ...	5 0 0
Webb, Mrs.....	1 1 0	LANCASHIRE—	
Battersea Chapel, Miss Brawn.....	1 0 0	Liverpool, Myrtle Street Chapel, Mr. W. F. Davies	0 10 0
Brentford (Collection).....	2 10 6	" Pembroke, Sunday-school...I	2 4 5
" Rev. W. A. Blake	1 1 0	" " Mr. H. Greenwood...I	1 0 0
Harrow-on-the-Hill, Mr. Walduck.....	1 0 0	" Richmond Chapel (Coll.) ...I	6 5 0
" " Mrs. Walduck ...	0 10 0	" " Mr. Bourn.....	0 5 0
" " "	0 10 0	" Soho Chapel (Collection) ...I	1 1 9
BEDFORDSHIRE—		MONMOUTHSHIRE—	
Dunstable (Collection and Subs.).....	11 3 0	Ponthir (Church Contribution)	1 0 0
BESSHIRE—		Tredegar, Church Street	2 0 0
Reading, Carey Street	I 5 6 6	NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—	
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—		Peterborough, by Rev. T. Barras	3 11 6
High Wycombe (Church Contribution)I	10 0 0	NORTHUMBERLAND—	
" Clarke, Mr. D.....	0 10 6	Barwick-on-Tweed, Mr. R. Dodds.....	1 5 0
" Thompson, Mr. G.....	0 10 0	Northern Auxiliary	I 102 11 6
" Unite, Mr.	1 0 0	Hexham, Mrs. Imeary	2 0 0
CAMBRIDGESHIRE—			
Cambridge, A Friend	5 0 0		
CHESHIRE—			
"A Cheshire Friend"	10 0 0		
Chester, Mr. Geo. Sayce.....	1 1 0		
DEVONSHIRE—			
Plymouth, George Street (Weekly Offerings).....I	3 5 0		
Tiverton (Collection).....I	1 13 8		

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AUXILIARY—Home.

Burton-on-Trent	3	18	2
Billingboro'	1	18	2
Boston	2	9	0
Gainsboro'	0	10	10
Collingham	0	10	0
Grantham	0	8	8
Holbeach	1	10	10
Horreastle	2	13	5
Lincoln	2	10	0
Nottingham, George Street Chapel	5	14	10
Southwell	1	4	9
Swanwick	0	10	0

OXFORDSHIRE—

Banbury, by Miss Warmington	I	6	8	6
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SOMERSETSHIRE—

Burnham (Collection)	I	1	4	10
Hatch (Collection)	I	1	15	3
Isle Abbott (Collection)	I	0	19	6
Keynsham	I	1	0	0
Stogumber (Collection)	I	1	0	6
Taunton, Albemarle Chapel	I	1	1	0
" Silver Street	I	6	12	8
Wellington	I	2	5	6

SUFFOLK—

Ipswich, Stoke Green Chapel, by Mr. W. Smythe	I	5	6	0
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SURREY—

Sutton, Mrs. Hepburn	2	2	0
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SUSSEX—

St. Leonards-on-Sea, Miss Champion	0	10	0
" Dr. Harvey (Don.)	0	10	0

WARWICKSHIRE—

Edington, Mr. J. C. Guest	0	10	6
" Mrs. Guest	0	10	6
" " (box)	0	4	9

WILTSHIRE—

Bratton, by Miss Pocock	I	8	10	7
Calne	I	2	0	2
Trowbridge, Mr. Attwood	I	1	0	0
North Bradley (Collection)	I	1	15	10

WORCESTERSHIRE—

Astwood Bank (Coll. and Subs.)	I	7	9	1
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YORKSHIRE—

Bradford, Sion Chapel, by Miss E. W. Wilcock	I	2	15	0
Leeds, by Miss Barran	I	13	7	6
Rawdon, Rev. T. G. Rooko, B.A.	I	0	10	0

SOUTH WALES—

Cwbridge (Church Contribution)	I	0	10	0
Haverfordwest, Bethesda Church	I	9	13	0
Neath, Mrs. Curtis (box)	I	2	10	8

SCOTLAND—

Aberdeen, Academy St., Sunday-sch.	I	0	5	0
Edinburgh, Mr. Jas. Scott	I	1	0	0

CHANNEL ISLANDS—

Jersey, St. Heliers	H	15	0	0
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IRELAND—Irish.

Aughnacloy	6	2	6
Dublin	30	0	0
Knockconny	4	0	0

Total for the month.....£390 8 3

The Rev. H. Phillip, of Grange Corner, acknowledges with grateful thanks the receipt of a bale of useful left-off clothing from Mrs. D. Haddon and Friends, of Wellington, Somerset; a parcel of the same kind from Mrs. Kidgell, of Reading; and also a box of clothing from the Rev. T. Maine and Friends at Stogumber, Somerset. Mr. Phillip adds: "These things have been a comfort to many of the Lord's poor. Several have been enabled to get out to the means of grace by these helps who, for want of clothing, have been for some time prevented from doing so."

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

MAY, 1882.



AS we are preparing for the issue of this CHRONICLE, the public meetings in connection with this and kindred Societies of our denomination are in progress. It is not in our power, therefore, to write of them. By the time this paper is in the hands of our readers, they will have seen the full account of these gatherings in the public press, and will be in possession of exact and detailed information respecting them. Preparations are being made for the approaching Conference on rural churches by delegates to be appointed by the associations at their approaching annual meetings.

A meeting, therefore, of the secretaries of the county associations was held during the Union meetings at the Mission House, to arrange for the date of holding the Conference, and to arrive at a general understanding as to the best way in which the Conference should be conducted; and it was then settled that the Conference should meet on Tuesday, the 4th of July, the details of which will be announced in due course. The objects of that Conference will be, as already stated, to consider the condition of our churches in rural districts, and also as to what means would be best adapted to meet their acknowledged wants; and then the duty of the Conference will be to report their views to the Autumnal Session, which will meet in Liverpool during the first week of October.

ON RURAL CHURCHES.

This CHRONICLE contains, from our friend, the Rev. W. Woods, a report of work being done in our rural districts, and will serve to prepare the

minds of our readers for the consideration of the question to come before the Conference in July.

“NOTTS, DERBY, AND LINCOLNSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

“This Association has hitherto received help from the funds of the Society. According to the new arrangements, the committee of the Association have undertaken to do their own work, and, by annual public meetings and other means, to seek to raise increased funds for Home Mission work generally. A portion of the amount raised they will vote to the ‘British and Irish Home Mission,’ and so become a *contributing* auxiliary to the Society.

“Owing to the Midland counties being the head-quarters of the General Baptist portion of the denomination, the Particular Baptist churches in the counties of Notts, Derby, and Lincoln are, for the most part, small and weak, and widely separated. Many of them are unequal to the support of a separate pastor, while they are too far from one another to be easily united under one pastorate. Their existence is largely maintained by grants from the Association, the funds of which are mainly contributed by four or five of the town churches, supplemented by collections from other of the churches, who, out of their straitened resources, generously try to help those who are weaker than themselves.

“The churches thus helped by the Association, and indirectly by the Home Mission, are Collingham, Southwell, and Sutton-on-Trent in Notts; Billingborough, Gainsborough, and Horncastle in Lincolnshire; and Green Hill at Derby. The work in each of these places is carried on in circumstances of considerable difficulty, but with some amount of success. The small grant given to the church at Collingham is to enable it to maintain preaching in the village of Carleton-le-Moreland, where a Baptist church has existed for nearly a hundred years. The congregation is small, and in the changed conditions of the village, and its occupation by livelier sections of the Christian community, it is doubtful whether the energy given to this place might not now, with advantage, be transferred elsewhere. The church at Southwell, though labouring under the shadow of the minster which is soon to become the cathedral of the new bishopric, is doing a good work. The pastor is energetic and painstaking; and, in addition to his ordinary Sunday labour, does real evangelistic work by means of cottage-meetings and special services. Sutton-on-Trent is on trial as a mission-station. The good brother whom the people were anxious to have amongst them, with a view to evangelistic effort, partly supports

himself; and the Association, in addition to what the church raises, gives a small grant on condition that mission work, outside of that which properly belongs to the pastorate, is done in the neighbourhood. Billingborough is under the care of a good and earnest lay pastor, who travels to and from Grantham to do his work. The people are earnest, and the work done has been encouraging. They are now striving to reduce a heavy debt, and, because they help themselves, are worthy of being helped. Horncastle is suffering very much from agricultural depression, and is one of those churches which could scarcely hold on its way but for the help by which the minister's income from the people is supplemented. Gainsborough is at present supplied by lay agency, and as the entire resources of the people are in demand to meet the interest of their very heavy debt and incidental expenses, an amount equal to the cost of their supplies is given to enable the church, as soon as possible, to put itself into a position to obtain a pastor. At the request of the committee of the Association, the friends are under the guidance of the Rev. G. P. Mackay, of Lincoln, who reports that, in his opinion, if a suitable man could be placed at Gainsborough, and sustained for one or two years by the Home Mission, a congregation could readily be gathered, and the church in a short time be rendered self-supporting. The church at Derby is progressing, not rapidly, but hopefully. At present it lacks the kind of helpers called for by the character of the neighbourhood in which the chapel is situated. Until these can be secured the work must be hard, and will need patience for its development.

“In addition to these churches which have received direct monetary help from the Association, the Society, on the recommendation of the Association committee, has continued its help on a slightly reduced scale to the church at Newark, where, amidst depressive influences, attributable also to agricultural causes, a large amount of Christian agency has been sustained, and some blessing received.

“There are other places in each of the three counties where the committee would at once be glad to render help, and which, in the hands of suitable men, with God's blessing, would prove better centres of evangelistic work than those which are now occupied. Until, however, a deeper interest in the work of our country churches, and the necessities of our rural districts, can be awakened, and some of our plans for meeting them modified; and until contributions on altogether an enlarged scale be forthcoming,

the Society and the Associations can only keep to their present sphere, and do the work they have already on hand."

The following reports which we have received from St. Leonards and Herne Bay, are from Churches which have been recently established by the aid of the Home Mission, and will soon become self-supporting :—

HERNE BAY.

"17, High Street, Herne Bay, April 11th, 1882.

"DEAR MR. MURPHY,—I gladly comply with your request, and now send you a brief report of our work here. It is now six years ago that we felt that the need existed for further evangelistic effort in this town—seeing that, with a population of 3,000 souls, which in the summer is doubled, and sometimes trebled, by seaside visitors, only one Nonconformist chapel existed, with seating for about 500 persons only. We therefore commenced preaching services in the Town Hall, and had, at first, to contend with a good deal of prejudice and opposition; but the simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ crucified soon won its way, a good congregation was gathered, and souls were saved. We soon felt the need of having a building of our own, that we might be free to extend our operations, and, by dint of persevering effort on the part of the people, the liberal help of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and other kind friends, we were enabled to erect a chapel with seating for 350 persons, which was opened in August, 1879. Soon after we entered the chapel, a church was formed, numbering nineteen baptized believers, and since then the blessing of the Lord has been constantly with us, and many have been led to receive the truth. During the past year we have received twenty new members, fifteen by baptism, and several others are now candidates for membership. During the summer months, we hold open-air services by the seaside; they are always attended by large numbers of persons, many of whom are Sunday excursionists, and we have frequently received testimony of blessing attending that work.

"We have also started a Sunday-school; the number of scholars in it is now 120; and various other branches of work are maintained.

"We have still, however, to struggle with a heavy debt on the chapel, and we very much need accommodation for the Sunday-school, but 'His love in time past' encourages us to believe that 'The Lord will provide' for that also.

"I venture to think that this is real home-mission work, and we are thankful for the assistance the Society has rendered us during a time when it was much needed. I sincerely wish that the funds of the Society were such as to enable them to commence and assist many such efforts in other home towns, where they are surely as much needed as ours were in this.

"With kindest regards,

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

Rev. J. M. Murphy."

"W. PETHMAN.

ST. LEONARDS.

"About two years since a few Christian friends residing at St. Leonards, in membership with the Wellington Square church at Hastings, felt the importance of taking steps to establish a new Baptist church in this rapidly increasing town. The recent census showing an *increase* of about 14,000 in the two parishes, they resolved, after prayerful consideration, to secure the newly erected Concert Rooms in Warrior Square, and for this purpose they first took the rooms for twelve months, at a rental of £100, and opened them for Divine worship on Sunday, November 16th, 1879, when the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., of Camden Road Chapel, preached to large congregations.

"The work was carried on, with more or less success, till the following October. A meeting was then held, when it was unanimously resolved to continue the work, and take steps to form a Christian church, which was done on Wednesday, November 4th, the Rev. W. Barker and Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., being present. Nineteen persons were received into Christian fellowship, ten from Wellington Square Church, and nine from other churches, who had attended the services during the year. Since then fifty-one others have joined, and we are pleased to say others are waiting to be received.

"The expenses for the first year were £274, and this sum was fully met by the weekly collections and donations of friends.

"On March 18th, 1881, a unanimous invitation was sent to the Rev. W. W. Haines, the pastor of the church at Eye, Suffolk, and he commenced his labours on Sunday, May 8th, 1881.

"For some time great difficulty was experienced in getting a suitable site, but now an eligible plot of land has been secured, and a substantial chapel is *in course* of erection capable of seating on the ground floor 450 people, at a total cost of about £4,000."

BURNHAM.

Our friends have sent us the following interesting account of their work :—

"A very gracious work has been going on in this place since the commencement of the year. In the first week the pastor announced a series of special meetings, which were held the following week. Night after night he gave short, earnest Gospel addresses, interspersed with Gospel solos and melodies, and the meetings were so largely attended that they were continued for a fortnight afterwards. A free tea was also given, the purpose of which was to gather in those who did not attend any place of worship, upwards of 300 being present, and the building was afterwards filled to its utmost capacity. At the close of each meeting Mr. Hudgell invited any who had found blessing to give testimony, and there were many who stood up to tell what the Lord had done for them, while at the last meeting nearly the whole congregation rose to their feet in token of the enjoyment they had had, and the increase of spiritual life which they had received. As the result, a large number of inquirers have seen the pastor, twenty were received into the church

at the February communion, twelve in March, and as many more were to have been received in April. A heavy domestic affliction, however, befel the pastor, necessitating his absence for a time ; but the work has been going on, the meetings have been well sustained, the congregation largely increased, and much interest excited, and now that he has returned there is every prospect of a continuance of the great blessing. To God be all the praise !”

IRELAND.

The following statement has been widely circulated, and it will not only be read with interest, but will, we are sure, be sufficient to secure the necessary funds to enable us to carry out our purposes :—

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS AND A PLEA FOR TENT WORK IN IRELAND.

In the summer of 1879 a tent was procured for evangelistic work in Ireland, and it proved to be a step in the right direction. The tent speedily filled at the first place in which it was pitched, and, though the season was very wet, the brethren who preached in it continued to secure the attendance of larger crowds of people. At every place visited more people attended than could be accommodated inside the tent ; frequently much larger numbers were preached to outside than could get in to the services. The missionaries and evangelists, in the after-meetings, were cheered by the assurance that many were brought to decision for Christ. Our own centres were quickened, the congregations were increased, and several new stations were formed, and have been permanently occupied by the brethren since. The work was confined, for the first year, to the districts where our churches are located in the north of Ireland.

During the year 1880 the movement was extended so as to embrace a wider area, and the Northern, Eastern, and Southern parts of the country were visited, going from Londonderry to Waterford ; and in no place were the services more profitable and interesting than in the latter-named city. Though, at the first, the movement was met with opposition so great that the missionary there had to obtain refuge for a night, from the hostility of the people, in the police-barracks, yet the services were regularly maintained, and Protestant friends outside our own body came forward and cheerfully met the expenses of the movement in their district, and many Roman

Catholics who ventured within hearing of the preaching gave willing testimony of good received.

The work was resumed early in 1881, and continued till the beginning of November. So great was the anxiety to secure the tent for evangelistic services, and so numerous were the applications from different parts of the country, that we could not visit nearly all the places that were opened to us for the preaching of the Word.

This year, also, the openings are already more than twice as many as we can accept with our present means. Ireland, with her sins and her sorrows, calls for the Gospel. *If we could get a second tent*, we might, to some extent at least, answer the calls she is making to us to come over and help her.

Here is one response to an appeal made by Dr. Eccles at the meeting of the Pembrokeshire Association at Bethlehem, near Haverfordwest, a few days ago :—

“That this Conference, having heard Dr. Eccles, of Dublin, give such a clear and striking account of the present state of Ireland in its political and religious aspects, and especially the position of our missionary work there, do give the Doctor and his message a most cordial welcome. And that Pembrokeshire Baptists promise to raise £30 to buy a preaching tent for Ireland, to be named Bethlehem. The money to be sent to the treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. Rowlands, merchant, Haverfordwest, before the next Association meeting in June.”

Generally, it is easier to carry resolutions than to carry them out ; but, in this case, the friends present raised on the spot £17 towards the promised total. Both the secretary, the Rev. O. Griffiths, of Clynderwen, and the Rev. T. Witton Davies, B.A., classical tutor of Haverfordwest College, gave valuable support to the appeal, and Mr. Davies has engaged to look after the matter among the churches of the Association.

The campaign for this season was opened as soon as the weather would permit. Derryneil, in County Down, was selected as the starting-place, and Sunday, 26th of March, the day. The Rev. R. C. Duffin gives the following account of the first week's work there :—

“DEAR MR. MURPHY,—No doubt you will be anxious to hear from us with regard to the tent services. As I informed you, we started the meetings on the 26th ult. The weather on that evening was anything but favourable—the wind blew high, accompanied with heavy showers of hail. However, by six o'clock the tent was literally packed from end to end, and upwards

of forty persons were necessitated to remain outside. Brother Simpson preached with great power; his earnest appeals to the unconverted manifestly told upon his hearers. No night since the 26th has the tent been sufficient to accommodate the people who attended. We introduced the inquiry-meeting on Tuesday night, which, I am thankful to say, has increased both in numbers and interest.

“As to the result of last week’s effort, we have great cause to praise the Lord. There have been at least four decided cases of conversion to God, and the anxious increase in numbers every night.”

With such facts before us, we are encouraged to believe that the work so signally blessed will be faithfully and abundantly supported. We propose to start at once a much larger tent, and to get the best help we can, both here and in Ireland, to go with it. Several gentlemen of influence, and who take great interest in evangelistic work, have both spoken encouragingly of the movement, and promised their own personal support to it. We want now, to make this movement effectual, both the liberal help and the earnest sympathy of all lovers of Evangelical truth. We therefore confidently appeal to the friends to whom this circular may come to render us substantial help.

I am, yours truly, on behalf of

WM. SAMPSON, *Secretary*,

SAMUEL HARRIS BOOTH.

We would add that since the appeal has been made, and those interested in the work have heard of our intentions, we have received most encouraging promises of help, beyond those mentioned above. Mr. Tilly and his friends at Tredegarville, Cardiff, have promised liberal help. The expenses of the tent work for the season will be about £260.

We are compelled to hold over our list of contributions for the present month owing to press of matter.

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.’s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

JUNE, 1882.



SINCE the last issue of the CHRONICLE the nation has been appalled by the murders in PHOENIX PARK, Dublin. The sad and solemn emotions which this particular crime has evoked are deepened and intensified by the serious reflection that it is only the crowning act in a series of dastardly and cruel outrages which has moved and agitated Ireland for a long time past. This blow at law and government has come at a time when Parliament was devising measures of justice and relief which, whether right or wrong, were conceived in the deep-seated conviction of most of the leaders of public opinion, that Ireland had wrongs of which to complain, and that the long years of ill-government should give place to more enlightened legislation. The views which members of the Baptist Union cherish on this serious and atrocious deed are seen in the resolution which the Vigilance Committee passed on the 11th inst., the Rev. J. P. Chown, Vice-President, in the chair :—

Resolved—“That the Vigilance Committee of the Baptist Union record their profound indignation at the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke; that they most respectfully tender their sympathy to the families thus so grievously bereaved, and to the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, on whom this blow has fallen with such severity, but that they trust and believe that the Government will not allow the horror which has so naturally convulsed the nation to turn them aside for a moment (while adopting all necessary measures to uphold law and order) from their policy of conciliation and of justice to all classes of the people of Ireland.

“ (Signed) SAMUEL HARRIS BOOTH, Acting Secretary.

“ 19, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C., 11th May, 1882.”

The condition of things in Ireland thus suddenly revealed to the world brings home, with singular and intense force, to the minds of every disciple of Christ the question as to what we are to do to meet—more earnestly than ever—Ireland's deepest need. Such outrages as those we have for a long time past had to deplore affect to a very serious extent our attempt to gather in converts and to hold them in fellowship with our churches there. Reports show that many of our most promising church members leave for other parts of the world, partly because emigration opens a field for enterprise, and our young people are undoubtedly among the intelligent and thrifty; but partly, also, because of the unsettlement and terrorism which the present state of society has engendered.

Their loss to Ireland is gain to other parts of the world. The Church of Christ may possibly gain by the removal of faithful men and women to more hopeful fields of Christian labour; but the churches they leave behind are to a like extent impoverished, and this, in the present state of Ireland, lays an additional burden on those with whom the duty rests of doing what they can to meet and subdue the spiritual evils under which such a large portion of the land suffers. The following extract will illustrate these remarks:—

“Since my return from England, an unprecedented number of young people have left the Grange for America, and some of the most useful and promising, among them six or seven recent converts whom we had hoped to have received into the church; but our disappointment, I trust, will be the joy of others, and that they will reap with gladness what we have sown with tears. May our gracious God raise up others to fill the ranks, and that this scattering may be to the advancement of His glory and extension of His Kingdom!”

The call to work for Christ was never so urgent as to-day. We are not to rush under the influence of panic on any ill-advised schemes, but we ought to take advantage of the feeling awakened by the present juncture to extend our work in any direction where the door may be opened before us. Many of our friends feel this, and we have great pleasure in calling their attention to a letter which we have received from Mr. Taylor, of Bradford. It was communicated to the denominational papers in the following form immediately it came into our hands:—

“EVANGELISTIC WORK IN IRELAND.

“DEAR SIR,—Will you do me the favour of inserting the following letter, just received from Mr. Richard Taylor, of Bradford?—

“I have pleasure in informing you that a friend of mine offers to the

Irish Missionary Society £50, on condition that nineteen other gentlemen give a like sum, for the purpose of sending missionaries to the disturbed districts in Ireland. Let me know as early as possible what your Committee decide as to this matter.'

"The Committee will meet next week, and I shall be rejoiced to be able to announce that other sums in response to this appeal have been sent in.

"In what way the intention of the generous donor can be best carried into effect will be matter for careful deliberation. But if in this or in any way we can do something more than we have hitherto attempted to spread the Gospel in our sister island as our response to the sad experience through which Ireland is now passing, it will be one means of turning the sorrow into joy.

"I am, yours truly, for Wm. Sampson,

"SAMUEL HARRIS BOOTH.

"Baptist Union, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C., *May 16th, 1882.*"

This appeal has resulted in two responses. As yet we have had no opportunity of doing much in carrying into effect Mr. Taylor's proposal. The subject was laid before the Committee on the 24th, and they resolved to raise, if practicable, the amount named, under the conviction that those who may contribute to it will join cordially with them in the adoption of any plans which may in their judgment tend most wisely to secure the end our generous friend has in view.

TENT-WORK IN IRELAND.

The services at Derrynail have been successful both in numbers and spiritual results. We content ourselves this month with quoting the letter from our missionary under whose charge the tent has been for about five weeks:—

"Moneyslane, Castlewelan, Co. Down, *May 4th, 1882.*

"DEAR MR. MURPHY,—Our tent services came to a close on Sunday evening April 30th. I can truly say that the last five weeks have been the happiest of all my life. No doubt to many the memory of the tent-meetings will be immortal. Praise the Lord that many who, five weeks ago, were the 'children of wrath even as others' through this effort have been brought to the happy consciousness that now they are the sons of God. For the last few days we have heard of conversions, and come in contact with cases of deep anxiety of which we knew nothing, even when among the people in the tent. Oh, how good and faithful is our God. He has been pleased, in a very signal manner, to prove Himself to be a God who hears and answers prayer. One evening a brother and sister jointly wrote a

request for prayer and sent it to me. They told me they were convicted of sin two nights before, and how they were troubled about the salvation of their souls. There were no names to the letter, but, strange to say, the Lord directed my attention to the young woman. I did not know it was she who wrote the request. I found her in deep anxiety, and conversed with her for a considerable time, and at the very time I was speaking to her Mr. Simpson came in contact with her brother. Next night this young woman came to me and said, 'Our conversation last night has been the means of bringing me into the knowledge of Jesus as my Saviour. Thank God, I can say my sins, which were many, are all forgiven me, and my brother has decided through the conversation he had with Mr. Simpson.' Many cases might be recorded as to how the Lord has blessed and guided in connection with this movement. I may say I have baptized seven since these meetings commenced, and there are others inquiring.

"As the brethren left me on Friday and Saturday I had to conduct the last two services myself. On Sunday evening there were fully 700 present. After the first service terminated we announced an after-meeting, but all kept their seats. After singing a hymn I explained to the people that the after-meeting was for the anxious. It was evident they did not want to understand me, for still they sat. After singing a few hymns they began slowly to leave, but on commencing our after-meeting the people crowded the tent almost as full as before. I therefore found it impossible for one to conduct a conversational meeting, and so I gave a second address, and thus our tent services came to a close. About half-past eight o'clock, the people now realising that all was over, many of them, I can assure you, wept as bitterly as if a dear friend had bidden them an eternal good-bye."

This old tent is now at Clough, and will remain there until the end of this month, and then will be removed to Grange.

We are happy to say that the new and larger tent has been purchased, and the whole of the cost has been promised by friends in South Wales. It will involve an expense of £100 at least to work the tent, in addition to the expense of the other tent. The two together will cost for working expenses about £160 for the season from March to November. We have no doubt the denomination will heartily respond to the appeal which this most successful and promising department of our work makes to their sympathy and generosity.

AMENDED CONSTITUTION OF THE BAPTIST UNION AND OF THE HOME AND IRISH MISSION.

At the Annual Session of the Baptist Union the final change was effected in the relation of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission to the Baptist Union, as representing the churches in affiliation with that Union. To this consummation the events of the past few years have been tending.

In order to this amalgamation the "object" of the Society was incorporated in the laws of the Baptist Union, and now forms the 2nd Article in the new Constitution of the Union. The affairs of the Baptist Union are now directed by a Council consisting of 100 elected members, and by certain other members who have official relations with the Council. The Council appoints of their own number the various Committees in whose hands the executive management of the various Union interests is placed. The Committee of this branch of the mission work, to which has been added the evangelistic work, which has for several years been under the direction of a separate Committee, was appointed under the new rule on the 23rd ult., and held its first meeting on the following day.

We have great pleasure in announcing the names of those who were appointed on this Committee, which is now designated "Committee for British and Irish Mission and Evangelistic Work."

EX-OFFICIO MEMBERS OF ALL COMMITTEES :

President—BROWN, Rev. J. J.
Vice-President—CHOWN, Rev. J. P.
Treasurer—PATTISON, Mr. S. R.

Secretary—SAMPSON, Rev. W.
 BOOTH, Rev. S. H.

COMMITTEE FOR BRITISH AND IRISH MISSION AND EVANGELISTIC WORK.

<i>London</i>	Bacon, Mr. J. P. Baynes, Mr. A. H. Brown, Rev. A. G. Cooke, Rev. J. H. Cope, Rev. W. P. Cuff, Rev. W. Flint, Mr. F. L. Griffin, Col. J. T., <i>Treas.</i> Inglis, Rev. W. J. Kirtland, Rev. C. . Landels, Rev. W., D.D. Olney, Mr. J. T. Olney, Mr. W. Roberts, Rev. R. H., B.A. Tymms, Rev. T. V. Wigner, Rev. J. T.	<i>Lancashire</i>	Brown, Rev. H. S. Lockhart, Mr. W. P. Snape, Mr. W., J.P.
		<i>Northamp.</i>	Brown, Rev. J. T.
		<i>Northumbr.</i>	Stephens, Rev. J. M., B.A.
		<i>Notts</i>	Woods, Rev. W.
		<i>Somersetsh.</i>	Humphreys, Rev. G. W., B.A.
		<i>Suffolk</i>	Morris, Rev. T. M.
		<i>Surrey</i>	Hope, Mr. T. Radford.
		<i>Sussex</i>	Barker, Rev. W.
		<i>Warwicksh.</i>	Daniell, Mr. S. A.
		<i>Wiltsh.</i>	Short, Rev. G., B.A.
		<i>Yorkshire</i>	Brooke, Mr. J. Haslam, Rev. J. Stock, Rev. J., LL.D. Upton, Rev. W. C.
<i>Cambs.</i>	Nutter, Mr. J.	<i>Wales</i>	Tilley, Rev. A. Cory, Mr. R.
<i>Durham</i>	Hanson, Rev. W.	<i>Scotland</i>	Culross, Rev. J., D.D. Flett, Rev. O., D.D.
<i>Gl'shire</i>	Penny, Rev. J.		
<i>Hants</i>	Trestrail, Rev. F., D.D.		
<i>Kent</i>	Drew, Rev. J.		

Want of space prevents our discussing at any length the bearing of this altered relation of the Society to the churches of the denomination. It is sufficient to say that this new relation must become the source of increased power to the Mission through the increase of responsibility which this closer relation to the churches of the Union necessarily lays upon them.

DEPUTATION TO IRELAND.

At the recent meeting of the Committee, the Treasurer and Mr. Murphy were requested to visit the stations in Ireland, and to attend the Annual Meeting of the Irish Baptist Association.

CONFERENCE ON THE CONDITION AND NEEDS OF OUR CHURCHES IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS,

In conformity with the resolution passed at the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union held at Portsmouth in October last :—

“That copies of this Paper be forwarded to the Secretaries of the Associations, with a request that it be discussed by the Associations, and that representatives be appointed to represent their views at a General Meeting to be summoned to meet in London, which meeting shall prepare a Report for the Autumnal Session of 1882.”

During the recent Session of the Baptist Union, a large proportion of the Secretaries of the County Associations met for breakfast and conversation. The question of the approaching Conference on our churches in the rural districts naturally came before them, and they requested Colonel Griffin, the Revs. T. M. Morris, J. M. Murphy, W. C. Upton, W. Woods, and S. H. Booth to confer together and prepare a very short statement, which might possibly be of some service to the Associations when considering the instructions they should give to their delegates for the Conference in July.

The following points were selected as those to which the attention of the Associations should be directed :—

First,—In the opinion of your Association, is the statement which Mr. Humphreys laid before the Assembly at Portsmouth last autumn respecting our churches in the rural districts sufficiently complete as, that it may be thought, to cover the ground of inquiry? If not, what additions would they suggest to that statement?

Second,—Do your Association consider the remedies proposed by Mr. Humphreys such as would, if adopted, help to improve the condition of such churches? And

Third,—What suggestions would your Association make in order to give effect to the plans which they themselves consider wise, practical, and sufficient?

It was also decided to hold the Conference on Tuesday, July 4th, at the Mission House, and that each Association shall be at liberty to appoint one or more delegates to attend it, and that the travelling expenses and accommodation in London for two nights should be provided for one delegate only from each Association.

The Conference will, therefore, be opened at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, July 4th, and it will have to prepare a report for the consideration of the Assembly at the Autumnal Session at Liverpool. Our desire is that some practical views may result from their deliberations by which the necessities of the weaker churches in our Associations may, in some measure, be met, and we earnestly pray that the Lord of the churches may be pleased graciously to pour out His Spirit on those who may then assemble.

Subscriptions received at the Mission House from March 21st to May 20th, 1882.

LONDON AND VICINITY—		DEVONSHIRE—	
A Hampshire Friend, per J. M. M.	1 0 0	A Friend, "Special for Tent"	0 10 0
Ba nister, Mr H. C.	2 2 0	Barnstaple (Collection and Subs.)	7 12 0
" " (Don.)	1 1 0	Torquay (Collection and Subs.)	115 3 6
Caiger, Mr " "	1 1 0	Plymouth, George Street	10 11 0
Gurtis, Mr J. A.	0 5 0	" Mutley (Subscriptions)	5 1 0
J. A. C.	0 10 0	" Weekly Offerings	1 10 0
Mote, Mr J.	1 1 0		
Myers, Rev J. B.	0 5 0	ESSEX—	
Rawlings, Mr E.	5 5 0	Colchester, Sunday-school	1 0 0
Rooke, Mr E.	2 0 0	Romford, Mr J. Templeton	1 1 0
Room, Rev O.	1 1 0	Waltham Abbey (Collection)	1 15 0
Steane, Rev Dr (the late)	1 1 0		
Abbey Road, by Miss Rogers	25 7 4	GLOUCESTERSHIRE—	
Acton, Mr C. Hall	0 10 6	Cirencester, Mr C. Walden (the late)	
Bloomsbury Ch., by Mr G. J. Pavitt	13 3 0	(Don.)	I 0 5 6
" (Coll. at Public Meeting)	10 16 5	Gloucester, by Mrs. Organ	1 9 6
Brixton, New Park Road, by Mr A. Rixon	3 14 0	King Stanley (Additional Subs.)	0 4 6
Brixton, Gresham Chapel, Miss Korby	1 1 0	Lydney	H 2 1 6
Camberwell, Arthur Street	1 2 4	Stow-on-the-Wold, Sunday-school	0 10 0
" Cottage Green (Coll.)	4 3 3	Stroud, by Mr J. R. Yates	2 15 0
" " "Special for Tent"	2 0 0		
" Rev J. Sears	1 1 0	HAMPSHIRE—	
City Temple (Coll. at Annual Sermon)	9 4 2	Andover	I 2 5 0
Clapham Common (additional)	0 0 11	Beaulieu, Rev J. B. Burt	1 1 0
Clapton, Downs Chapel	17 18 0	Broughton, Two Friends	I 0 5 0
Commercial Street	5 0 0	" Mr Smith	I 1 0 0
Greenwich, South Street	3 3 0	Isle of Wight, Newport	I 6 2 1
Hackney, Mare Street	9 15 6	Romsey, by Miss George	I 3 7 6
Lambeth, Upton On. (Sac. Coll.)	5 12 4	" "Special, for Tent"	I 3 15 6
Lee, High Road	8 6 6	Southern Association	H 69 0 0
Lewisham Road Ch.	6 0 6	Whitchurch, Miss Godwin	0 10 6
Maze Pond Ch.	2 10 6	" Mrs Roe	0 10 6
Metropolitan, (Collection (Moisty))	30 0 0		
Notting Hill, Cornwall Road, by Mr E. Hooper	20 1 2	HEREFORDSHIRE—	
Tottenham	1 6 0	Ewias Harold	H 1 3 5
		Hereford, by Mr G. King	1 2 6
BERRKSHIRE—			
Abingdon	1 15 0	HERTFORDSHIRE—	
Wallingford, Mr Jno. Powell	I 2 2 0	Tring	I 2 10 0
" Mrs T. Powell	I 0 10 0	Watford, Beecher Grove Ch., per Mr W. Langley	7 3 0
		Ware, Mr B. Medcalf	1 1 0
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—			
Chesham, Subs.	H 1 2 4	KENT—	
" " " "	I 3 13 0	Ashford, Rev T. Clark	0 5 0
	1 13 4	Deal	2 0 0
Great Brickhill	H 3 0 0		
" " " "	I 3 0 0	LANCASHIRE—	
	6 0 0	Liverpool, Mr E. Owen	1 1 0
		Manchester, Union Chapel	10 0 0
CAMBRIDGESHIRE—			
Cambridge, Mr W. E. Litley	50 0 0		

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

JULY, 1882.

CONFERENCE ON RURAL CHURCHES.



THE arrangements are nearly complete for the Conference, which will meet at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, on Tuesday morning, the 4th of this month, at ten o'clock.

Most of the delegates have been appointed ; but a few of the Associations, whose meetings are only just being held, have, of course, not yet sent in their nominations. We shall, no doubt, receive these also in due time. The communications which have accompanied the nominations indicate an earnest desire, and hope that suggestions may arise which the Assembly at the Autumnal Session at Liverpool may be able to carry into practical effect, at least as the beginning of a more prosperous state of things in the churches of our rural districts. The question under discussion is undoubtedly one of magnitude, and will tax very greatly the resources of every kind of our body.

The Committee have done all that is in their power to prepare for the meeting of the delegates ; and their thanks are specially due to the friends who have most kindly and cordially responded to our request to provide for the accommodation of such of the delegates as may require it during their stay in London.

DEPUTATION TO IRELAND.

As we mentioned in the June number of the CHRONICLE, the Treasurer and the Assistant-Secretary were appointed to visit the stations of the

Society, and to attend, as a deputation from the Committee, the Association of Baptist Churches, which was to be held at Carrickfergus on the 14th and 15th of last month. Business engagements prevented Colonel Griffin from being in Ireland at that time; but we hope that his journey is only deferred, and that he will be able to visit the brethren and their churches and stations before the end of the summer.

Mr. Murphy visited most of the stations, chiefly in the north of Ireland, and reported fully to the Committee the results of his inquiries. In respect to some of the lesser stations, Mr. Murphy recommended some changes and readjustments, which will be considered by the Committee without delay.

The Assistant-Secretary further reports respecting the stations which follow :—

ATHLONE.

The missionary at this centre is working vigorously, and with evident marks of success, in re-organising the whole of the stations in this field of the Society's work. Athlone is an important town, and is the military centre for the west of Ireland. Here the Land League have worked with great energy, and found many of their most enthusiastic supporters. This has had an influence over the whole district, and every institution has been affected by it. One of our own friends, because he had paid his rent, was ruthlessly shot; and though the bullet penetrated to the brain, yet providentially his life has been spared, though it hung in the balance for a very long time. At Moate, about ten English miles from Athlone, the chapel that we have rented of the Primitive Methodists for many years is now for sale, and our brother Ryan is anxious to secure it for the denomination. Just now the largest congregation is obtained at this station, and many marks of encouragement are given to cheer him in his efforts to serve the Master in this priest-ridden and politically disturbed district.

DERRYNEIL.

Here Mr. Duffin, though not physically strong, is working with energy and self-denying zeal. For the first time the old tent was taken to this district at the end of March, and the readers of the CHRONICLE know with what good results. The greatest difficulty was experienced in getting the tent away again; and, when at last the people found it must be removed, they determined to erect a "Gospel Hall" of wood on the spot where the tent had

stood, and where so many of them had been blessed. To this the good friend who lent the field for the tent readily consented, for his own family were among the number who had received good at these gatherings. The building is nearly completed, and, though the structure will be one of the plainest kind, it will give to the district of Moneyslane a meeting-place where the people can worship God and hear the Gospel faithfully preached. This must not be looked upon by our friends as a "chapel" belonging to the denomination, and where a church is to be gathered. The church is at Derryneil, and this "Gospel Hall" is being built to meet the necessities of the case arising out of the Tent Movement here, and at the expense of the people themselves. The prayers of God's people will be given for Mr. Duffin that his strength may be equal to the demands that the work here makes upon him.

BANBRIDGE.

In the same county is the scene of our brother Banks' labours. Here is a hearty, united, and well-organised church—both peaceful and prosperous. And for the few hours we were privileged to be here we found it a quiet resting-place. Here the new tent was pitched. Mr. Banks and Mr. J. T. Mateer were anxious lest the stormy weather would interfere with the meetings. The tent was opened on the 4th of June, and was found to be too small for the number who, notwithstanding the weather, came to it. Seats were provided for 300 persons, but Mr. Banks had to get seats and forms from the Town-hall and school-room to fill up, and then had to secure a number of planks and fit them up as seats for the people, and so seated some 700 people on the first night. But let the brethren speak for themselves. The following extract is from a letter written by Mr. John T. Mateer :—

"Banbridge, June 5th, 1882.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Safely arrived here on Saturday. I am greatly pleased with the tent. It is just the thing, but I fear some mistake has been made in reference to the seating; the seats are not half sufficient, and we had to borrow from the meeting-house and town-hall.

"As regards the meetings yesterday, I am thankful to say in the afternoon the tent was full, and in the evening crowded, insomuch that it is said many went away for want of room.

"The Word was with power, and we hope the Master will save many souls during its stay."

On the night of the visit of the deputation it was very wet, and the

people had to get through the field to the tent with much difficulty ; yet the congregation was a really good one—much to the surprise of all the friends. The weather in Ireland, during June, has been both wet and stormy, consequently very unfavourable for tent services, as the following note from Mr. Banks incidentally illustrates :—

“ Banbridge, *June 20th*, 1882.

“ MY DEAR MR. MURPHY,—Our tent services at Banbridge have been a success. The attendance from the first has been good, and great attention given to the Word spoken. Our evangelist, Mr. John Mateer, has, with much earnestness and simplicity, preached the Word, and we have reason to believe the services have been made a blessing to souls—that the unconverted have been convinced and the backslider led to return to the loving Saviour. We know good seed has been sown, and trust it will bring forth fruit, both present and future, to the glory of God.

“ The very heavy rains and strong winds have carried off the brightness of our beautiful tent, and the gale of Wednesday last brought it to the ground, in some measure damaging it, though not to any great extent. It is now repaired and again fixed.

“ On Sunday last we had good congregations both at four and eight o'clock. At the latter, the tent, though not crowded, was fairly full.

“ Our usual congregations in the chapel at twelve and six o'clock were also encouraging, both being good, though so wet. My hope is that the Irish mission may be greatly blessed by the tent services, and that the Lord may open the hearts of our English friends deeply and practically to consider the importance of this new feature of our work.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ S. J. BANKS.”

Under the superintendence of Mr. Banks is the station at Lurgan, opened about three years since. Here a dwelling-house has been fitted up as a “ Baptist Assembly Room,” as the notice-board intimates. The principal room will seat eighty persons, and is filled every Sunday evening, and several are waiting baptism. Lurgan is a town of some importance, with 10,000 inhabitants. It is the centre of a good district, much business is done in it, and it gives one the idea of its being a busy and thriving place, and well fitted to become a good centre for missionary operations. Mr. Banks has for three years preached more or less frequently, and has gone patiently from house to house to tell of the services and to invite the people to attend them, till they have secured a regular and full congregation ; thus the work has grown. We must not omit to say here that in this work Mr. Banks has been well supported, both by the Rev. A.

McKinley and by our blind evangelist, Matthew Simpson. It is arranged that our new tent shall go to Lurgan on leaving Banbridge.

GRANGE CORNER.

The church in this place has been shaken by emigration during the past year. Mr. Phillips, the missionary, is working with commendable zeal, and has the old tent at work near Randalstown. The deputation spent a night here, and the night was so cold and the wind was so high that it was considered not at all unlikely that there would be no congregation, especially as the day had been very wet and the tent was two miles from the town; yet that night over 100 people came out to the service, many of them having walked over four miles to be present, and a more appreciative audience a preacher never had, though, in this case, the preacher had to preach in his overcoat, and the people sat shivering in the tent, which, by reason of the roughness of the season, was certainly the worse both for the weather and the wear.

Mr. Simpson is now with Mr. Phillips, and is labouring acceptably to the people. But in this case, as in the former, we will let the workers tell their own tale :—

“ On the 4th inst. the first service was conducted in the tent at Ballytresna, about three Irish miles from the Grange. Since then the weather has been most unfavourable, largely preventing the people from attending the meetings as otherwise they would have done. However, we were thankful to God to have the privilege of addressing 100 most attentive hearers on week nights, and about 200 on Sabbaths. On the 16th there was decidedly a change in the weather for the better, and with it came a considerable increase in the attendance. On that evening the tent was almost filled, and on Lord’s-day evening it was packed from one end to the other. It is a matter for thankfulness that upon some have been made spiritual impressions which we believe will never be obliterated. May the good Lord grant that past mercies may be but signals of greater good yet to come! We were glad to learn that several *Roman Catholics* listened outside the tent to the Gospel of Christ, the only ‘Catholicon’ for Ireland’s woes.”

On the 20th June, Mr. Phillips writes on the same subject as follows :—

“ It gives me much pleasure to inform you that the services in the tent are steadily improving both in numbers and interest, and this notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. During last week there was a visible improvement in the congregation each night (except Tuesday, which was a pouring wet day) until Friday, when the tent was nearly full. But there was a grand meeting on Lord’s-day evening, the tent being literally packed. By means of planks

considerable extra accommodation was provided, and yet many had to stand all the time. The speakers had scarcely room to stand upon the box, it being encircled by human beings. Mr. Simpson and myself addressed the meeting, and a deep feeling pervaded the assembly. As yet we are unable to speak of any definite results ; but the good seed has been sown, and God will not allow it to be lost. Last evening I was alone in the service, Brother Simpson having gone home for a few days, to return on Saturday and stay until the conclusion of the campaign."

BALLYMENA.

Mr. Whiteside is labouring both in Ballymena and at the out-stations, of which he has seven. The congregations in the town are slowly increasing, but in the country they are large and well kept up. We are pleased to know that both Mr. and Mrs. Whiteside take a lively interest in Sunday-school work. Doubtless much of our future usefulness in Ireland will depend upon the way in which we look after the young, and we are anxious that our denomination should take its place in the development of this department of Christian usefulness in that country. The chapel here is about the largest that we have in Ireland, and the town is in a flourishing condition, though the present disturbed state of parties in the country has a most injurious effect upon all parts of the land and all classes of the community ; yet this part, being mostly Protestant, has felt it least.

Sunday, June 11th, was spent by the deputation in Belfast. At Great Victoria Street, where Mr. Usher labours, a fair congregation was found. The pastor was away for his holiday, but a kind letter from him was read to the church, and he evidently lives in the hearts of his people. Our readers are, of course, well aware that this church has been for a long time self-supporting, and the visit of the deputation was one of good-fellowship and out of respect for "Auld lang Syne," rather than as representatives of this Society. We are pleased none the less, however, to bear testimony of the growth of this church both in numbers and in influence.

The church at Regent Street is prospering under Mr. E. T. Mateer. The friends at Regent Street have determined to renovate their chapel and to improve their baptistery, so that with more comfort and decorum the ordinance of believers' baptism may be administered. Meanwhile, the services of the church are held at St. George's Hall—a large place in the best part of the town—where already the evening services had been held for some months past. Here was found a large congregation, and, for the most part, composed of tradespeople and of the better part of the artizan

class. This was the more satisfactory, as this day was "Assembly Sunday"—that is, the Sunday that comes in the middle of the sitting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland—so that every Presbyterian church had a special preacher, and each service well advertised; and, added to this, the Salvation Army was making a special attack upon Belfast that day, so that all who would be influenced by mere excitement would not be attracted to St. George's Hall. Notwithstanding, there was a large congregation.

During the year there has been added to the church eighty-three persons; and though there was little to encourage our brother when he started on his work at Regent Street, he has managed not only to meet his engagements, but also to raise sufficient funds to pay all the extra expenses connected with the movement at St. George's Hall. Now it is in contemplation to have services for five or six weeks of a special character in Belfast, in which both the churches will join, and brethren from England unite with Messrs. Usher and Mateer.

THE CARRICKFERGUS CONFERENCE

was most happy and healthy. All who could be were present. The only regret we felt was that brethren allowed any engagements to be made that could have the effect of keeping them away from the councils of their brethren. Where our numbers are so few, and our difficulties are so great and so many, every opportunity must be taken that offers itself of strengthening each other's hands in the work of the Lord, if we are to succeed in our great enterprise of winning Ireland to Christ. But, besides the brethren M. Simpson and John T. Mateer, who nobly stuck to the tent-services, the absentees only numbered four.

The gathering clearly convinced one that the majority meant business. They were not triflers. There was neither sermon nor communion service provided for; but on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings evangelistic services were held, and several addresses given at each service. On Thursday the meetings were finished up with a missionary meeting on behalf of both Foreign and Irish Missions. Those were the public gatherings. As to the Conference itself, whether thought of in regard to the brethren themselves, to their speeches and addresses, or to their papers, the spirit, tone, and power displayed were alike excellent. Some productions were, of course, far superior to others; but all were good.

From the reports of the churches given in, it was cheering to find that the stations not visited, from want of time, by the deputation were among the most flourishing. Mr. Carson, of Tubbermore, had to tell of a year of happy work and peaceful prosperity. Similar stories were told by brethren Dickson, of Donaghmore, and Taylor, of Tandragee; and, when the totals were given in, it was found that the baptisms for the year numbered 189, showing an increase of 100 to the churches. Devout gratitude to God pervaded every mind for this record of His goodness.

During the meetings, Mr. Murphy had the privilege of reading to the brethren a loving message from the Secretary, which evoked a most cordial and sympathetic response; and it is not too much to say that Mr. Sampson has succeeded in securing the affections of all his brethren in Ireland.

*Contributions received at the Mission House from May 21st to
June 20th, 1882.*

LONDON AND VICINITY—		WARWICKSHIRE—	
A. C.	1 0 0	Alcester (Coll.)	2 11 0
Cuff, Rev. W., Evangelistic Work	0 10 0	Leamington, Clarendon Chapel (Coll.) ..	4 1 0
Inglis, Rev. W. J., Evangelistic Work ..	0 5 0	" Nutter, Mr. (Special) ...	0 10 6
Abbey Road Chapel, by Miss Rogers...	9 15 9	" Warwick St. Chapel (Coll.) ..	4 0 0
North Finchley (Coll. and Subs.)	7 13 7		
Norwood, Upper (Coll. and Subs.), by Mr. H. H. Heath.....	10 8 8		
Wood Green (Collection Moiety)	2 17 1		
Watson, Mr. S., Evangelistic Work ...	1 1 0		
BERKSHIRE—		WALES (Irish)—	
Abingdon (Collection)	2 19 2	Cardiff, by Miss Edith Tilly, for Tent	40 0 0
		" Bethany Chapel, Mrs. Thomas ..	0 5 0
CORNWALL—		Llanelli, Greenfield Chapel	19 3 3
Falmouth (Collection).....	1 18 0	Carmarthen, Lammas Street	2 3 0
		" Priory Street	1 1 0
DEVONSHIRE—		Clynderwen	0 13 1
Plymouth, George Street (Weekly Offering)	3 0 0	Pembroke	1 7 0
		Neath, Orchard Place Chapel (Subs.), by Mr. R. H. Snook	2 5 10
		" Oudis, Mrs.	1 1 0
HAMPSHIRE—		SCOTLAND—	
Broughton, by Rev. G. E. Buckridge...	5 6 0	Cupar Fife, Church Contribution	1 0 0
		" Cooper, Mr. A.	1 10 0
HERTFORDSHIRE—		IRELAND—	
Watford, Beechen Grove (Coll.)	13 13 9	Carrickfergus (Moiety of Collection)...	3 5 3
Peto, Sir M. and Lady.....	5 0 0	Grange Corner	1 13 0
" " " Evangelistic	5 0 0		
MONMOUTHSHIRE—		JERSEY—	
Newport, Stow Hill Chapel (Collection and Subscriptions)	4 2 7	St. Heliers	15 0 0
SUSSEX—		Total for the month.....	176 11 0
Eastbourne	0 16 0		

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

AUGUST, 1882.

THE SECRETARY.



YOUR readers will be pleased to have some intelligence about our esteemed Secretary, Rev. W. Sampson. At the meeting of the Council of the Baptist Union held on Wednesday, 19th of last month, a letter was read from him, expressing a hope that he might be able to resume work within a short time. The Council, however, thought it both right and kind to suggest that Mr. Sampson should not return to his public duties until his health was fully re-established, and passed very cordially the following resolution:—

“That this meeting begs to express its sincere and affectionate sympathy with Mr. Sampson in his long-continued affliction; and, having heard of his intention to return to duty early in the coming month, resolves that he be earnestly requested to take at least other three months of entire rest from suspended obligations, and avail himself of all possible means of recovery.”

Very earnestly do we pray that the great Head of the Church will speedily restore Mr. Sampson's health, and spare him to serve the churches to whose interest he has been so long and zealously devoted.

CONFERENCE ON RURAL CHURCHES,

The Conference on our Rural Churches was held at the Mission House, on Tuesday, July 4th. Sixty-eight delegates were appointed by the Country Associations, of whom sixty attended. The President of the Baptist Union, Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown, of Birmingham, was in the chair. There were present, also, Rev. J. P. Chown (Vice-President of the Union), Colonel Griffin (Treasurer of the British and Irish Home Mission Committee of the Council), Dr. Landels, Mr. J. P. Bacon, and Mr. T. Radford Hope, and several others, members of the Home Mission Committee, who were cordially invited to take part in the Conference. The spirit and tone of the meeting were excellent throughout. Discussion was general, most members of the Conference taking part in it. The following resolutions were passed:—

1. "That, in the judgment of this Conference, the remedies suggested in Mr. Humphreys' paper would, if wisely and generously administered, and with modifications to suit particular localities, greatly help to relieve the more pressing necessities of the case."

This resolution was discussed in connection with the several points of Mr. Humphreys' paper, and was adopted, except as to the last point (relating to the action of other denominations), which was passed over.

2. "That, in view of the facts which have been elicited and re-affirmed by the delegates at this meeting, it is the judgment of this Conference that the work of seeking out, receiving applications from, grouping and affiliating where practicable, and rendering help and counsel to the village churches, can be best accomplished by the Associations, and this Conference therefore urgently recommends that such work be remitted to them."

3. "That, in order to the Baptist Union being able to render to weak and struggling churches anything like the help they require, it is indispensable that its income be greatly increased; and that this Conference strongly recommend to the Assembly of the Baptist Union that for this purpose steps be taken forthwith in connection with the Associations."

4. "That, in addition to the plans recommended in Mr. Humphreys' paper, the two other methods named in the Report of the late Home and Irish Mission Committee are worthy of encouragement—viz., the plan of lay-pastorates and the plan of Association stations."

5. "That the following gentlemen be a committee to prepare and present a Report of the Conference to the Autumnal Session at Liverpool—with power to add to their number—Revs. Dr. Landels, W. C. Upton, W. Woods, W. R. Skerry,

G. Short, B.A., G. W. Humphreys, B.A., T. M. Morris, and T. Watts ; and W. Snape, Esq."

These resolutions indicate the lines on which the Report will be drawn for the Autumnal Session to be held in Liverpool in October.

The first resolution is intended to leave the duty of preliminary inquiry respecting the number and position of the churches in rural districts, whose admitted wants led to this Conference, and as to willingness to receive aid, to the Associations within whose limits such churches exist. It was admitted by the delegates—delegates who were nearly all official members of the various Associations represented—that this matter could be better dealt with by them than by any central body. It was also considered better that whatever help of a pecuniary kind might be rendered, whether from a central fund or otherwise, should pass through the hands of Association treasurers.

The question as to whether churches needing help will be willing to accept it, under the conditions which may be deemed essential, is one which rural churches themselves alone can answer. There are some churches who may be prepared without delay heartily to discuss whatever plan the Assembly of the Union may adopt, with a view to a practical solution of the difficulties which beset them ; but there are others who may decline such discussion.

The real difficulty will be the raising of funds. A scheme may be devised for a wise and cordial co-operation for increasing the resources of the Council for the enlargement of our Home Mission work. The problem will then have to be solved, how best to give effect to such a plan. It is not, however, our duty to indicate what the Report of the Committee appointed under resolution 5 should be.

Home Mission Work in the London District.

The value of timely and generous aid given to churches, in order to their becoming more speedily self-supporting, may be illustrated in the cases of Poplar and Erith.

POPLAR.

Mr. Lambourne writes :—

"Permit me to again thank the Committee for their kind grant of £12 10s. I am aware that this completes the two years of their temporary aid. As our chapel

will not be opened, however, until the middle of September, we should feel truly grateful if the Committee could continue their kindly aid for one more quarter, when we hope to be able to 'run alone.' "

This request the Committee have met by an additional grant of £25 for the ensuing half year.

ERITH.

A letter from Mr. Martin tells its own pleasant tale.

"Two years ago, owing to various causes, our prospects did not seem by any means encouraging. We had lost by removal some liberal helpers, and the remainder of the congregation, consisting almost entirely of working people, were almost exhausted by the efforts we were making to liquidate the debt on our new chapel. In the midst of this discouragement, being unwilling to give up the work, I was led to apply to the Home Mission in the hope that some help might be given to tide us over a difficulty which I felt sure would prove only temporary.

"My application was received by our respected Secretary, Mr. Sampson, with his accustomed kindness, and by him laid before the Committee, by whom a grant was voted for two years. By this timely assistance I felt greatly encouraged, not only by the grant itself, but by the kindly sympathy of which it was the expression, and the work has gone forward from that time with greatly increased success.

"Many have been added to the church, so that our membership—then under fifty—is now just 100; our congregations have increased proportionately, and our chapel debt has been entirely liquidated. These joyful results we attribute in large measure to the kind help of the Home Mission, given us in a season of need and depression, and for this help I desire, personally, as well as in the name of the church, to render sincere thanks. I have no doubt that such times of difficulty often occur in the history of many of our smaller churches, and only wish that more liberal support were accorded to our Home Mission to enable them to assist such churches in tiding over their seasons of depression."

We may add that Mr. Martin has repeatedly written to say that, without the help we have given, he would have been compelled to give up the work, but during the two years we have helped they have had times of blessing. The church is enlarged and the chapel freed from debt.

Cases like the foregoing show in what direction the Home Mission work of the Council of the Union ought to be strengthened and extended. The work of supporting smaller churches, which otherwise might become extinct, is no doubt important under certain conditions, but there can be no doubt as to our duty to take up new ground and to give a helping hand to those who are attempting to occupy such fields. A grant of £150 or £200,

judiciously spread over four or five years, will sometimes enable a newly formed church to emerge with life and power. We are looking forward to the Autumnal Session at Liverpool, as we have already said in reference to the Conference, with the earnest prayer and hope that, with the cordial co-operation of the Associations and the Council, funds will be gradually raised that will give to this department of our Christian work a definiteness and vitality it never yet possessed.

Our rural churches present a problem difficult of solution in one direction, and our urban populations a problem equally difficult of solution in another. Every other denomination is stirred by these questions which are under discussion by ourselves; and we, who have been always ready to take our share in the spread of Christian truth in our land, cannot now refuse to listen to the call for larger gifts, which the exigencies of our times demand.

Ireland.

Towards the cost of the new tent we have received £60 18s. The tent itself has cost £51, and the furnishing £49. The subscriptions we have received from Miss Edith Tilly, of Cardiff, and other friends have met the cost of the tent, and we only want £39 2s. to complete the rest. To the friends who have so generously aided in this work, and especially to Miss Edith Tilly, the Committee tender their sincere thanks.

RANDALSTOWN, CO. ANTRIM.

The following extract is from a letter by our agent, Mr. Phillips, who thus speaks of the meetings held in the old tent:—

“We closed the meetings on Lord’s-day, 2nd July, with a deeply interesting and impressive service, which will not soon be forgotten, and which was attended by the largest number of any. Brother Simpson spoke with much power and evident feeling, and it was clearly manifest, by the rapt attention of the hearers, that some impressions were made which, I trust, will never be obliterated. Then followed an address by myself, on Acts xiii. 26, ‘To you is the word of this salvation sent,’ which fully sustained the interest of the meeting till its close. We gave an opportunity to the people to contribute as they were able towards the expenses of the tent; £1 7s. 7½d. being the result, which, together with subscriptions from a few friends, amounted to £2 17s. 7½d. This will show that the

interest taken in these services was of a practical nature. It is not in our power to speak of any cases of striking conversion through these services, but some profess to have been saved by them, and many to have received great blessing through them. But the general opinion is that benefits of a lasting character have been conferred upon the neighbourhood by these services, as many who attended them were persons unaccustomed to attend any religious services at all. Surely God will yet give us some seals to our ministry in this department of labour, and fill our hearts with the joy of a spiritual harvest. The seed has been sown; may it yet be watered by 'showers of blessing,' nourished by the sun of righteousness, and made to bring forth fruit in some thirty, in some sixty, and some an hundred-fold.

"Will our brethren in the Baptist churches in England and Wales remember with sympathetic feeling and earnest prayers the difficult work in which we are engaged? Shut out in very great measure from the advantages of fraternal intercourse, and surrounded in many instances by superstition, prejudice, and indifference, we may well say, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Happily, however, 'our sufficiency is of God,' and we have not lost the sweetness of that promise, at once so appropriate and helpful, 'I will help thee,' or that other comforting assurance, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' We have need more than ever to bear Ireland upon our hearts at the throne of grace, and pray that the set time to favour her may soon come."

LURGAN.

At Lurgan our brethren, Messrs. Banks and Mateer, met with opposition in attempting to commence services in our new and larger tent. Mr. Banks writes:—

"I was at Lurgan on Sabbath-day, and present in the tent at the four o'clock service. It was not large, about 120 present; but at the same hour there was an 'Orange sermon' in the Episcopal church, and I have no doubt they had 2,000. The attendance at the tent was therefore good under these circumstances. I expect the after-service, at eight o'clock, was larger.

"I am waiting, watching, and praying for happy results from the services held at Banbridge, hoping yet for a large blessing. Several have professed conversion; but it is too early to speak positively on so important a matter; yet I should be sorry to think otherwise. May the Great Spirit send down a plenteous shower of heavenly blessings on the work, and men of earnest hearts and lives to help on and encourage this great work, so that God may be glorified and souls won to Jesus. That Jesus may, as of old, put forth His hand and lift up the fallen is my prayer.

"Mr. Rock asks for some Gospel tracts."

Mr. Mateer, writing on the same matter, says:—

"Temperance Hotel, Lurgan, 17th July, 1882.

"DEAR BROTHER,—As I dare say you have been informed by Mr. Banks, we

had much difficulty in the opening of our campaign in Lurgan. The field in which we first pitched the tent belongs to a Roman Catholic tradesman, but we imagined, as the neighbourhood was said to be Protestant, that this would not materially affect our situation. However, on the very day of setting up our 'canvas church' we were disagreeably disappointed. The Roman Catholic roughs gave us great trouble while putting it up. We thought this would, like a summer gale, 'blow over,' until we were again disconcerted by finding our friends of the previous evening on the spot the next night, whistling and hooting, and throwing stones and turf on to the roof of the tent, and otherwise causing disturbance.

"A number of people were assembled, but we had to send them home; the uproar was too great for any prospect of holding a successful meeting.

"We therefore fetched a policeman, who soon cleared the field, and we then took down the tent (the men working up till two or three o'clock in the morning), decamping during the midnight hours to the new quarters, where it is now safely standing.

"Last week being the anniversary celebrated by Orangemen of the Battle of the Boyne, the attendance was comparatively small, but since Friday last I am thankful to say the tent has been filling fast, and, above all, am grateful in being able to add, sinners have been converted to God, and Christians of all denominations are thoroughly aroused and interested.

"To-day we started a noon prayer-meeting, which I trust will be a success.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together!

"Mr. Dickson has just arrived, and will be a valuable assistance; and next week I am getting my brother to give a helping hand."

Before closing the *CHRONICLE*, we are pleased to acknowledge a letter from Rev. John Douglas, of Newport, Mon., who wishes to modify the statement in last month's *CHRONICLE*, that the station in Lurgan was opened "about three years since." Mr. Douglas reminds us that, as

"an agent of the 'British and Irish Home Mission,' I opened preaching stations in the town of Lurgan and its immediate vicinity more than fourteen years ago, and had the satisfaction of baptizing several persons on their profession of faith in Jesus as the results of those services. In 1867 I opened a monthly service in Lurgan Orange Hall, paying the rent from my own income for three months. At the termination of that period the agent of the hall declined to renew the contract. A Presbyterian, on hearing this, placed his own residence at my service, and in his house I continued to preach once a month till 1875, the date of my settlement in Newport. Some time after this meeting was commenced, a nephew of this man, residing in a different part of Lurgan, opened his house for a monthly service on Sabbath afternoons, thus giving to Lurgan two monthly services on Lord's-days. Besides these, I held, on week-evenings, two monthly services in the immediate vicinity of Lurgan, one of which was distant about one Irish mile, the other one mile and a half from the town, which, with the Sabbath services

named, gave four religious meetings to Lurgan in the month, free of any rent charge to the Mission Funds."

After Mr. Douglas left Ireland for Newport, these stations were closed, and the work was re-commenced by Mr. Banks about three years since. This is all that the writer of the paragraph in the July number of the *CHRONICLE* intended, and not in any way to show discourtesy to our friend Mr. Douglas.

*Contributions received at the Mission House from June 21st to
July 20th, 1882.*

LONDON AND VICINITY—		NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—	
Baynes, Mr. A. H.	1 1 0	Newark	18 15 0
Baynes, Mrs.	0 10 6	SOMMERSHIRE—	
Gover, Mr. H.	1 1 0	Bridgwater (Collection).....	4 3 6
Murphy, Rev. J. M.	0 10 0	Bristol, Buckingham Chapel (Subscrip- tions), by Miss F. E. Leonard	9 0 0
Dunbar, Miss	5 0 0	" Don., Nil Desperandum	20 0 0
Bow Chapel Sunday-school	3 0 0	" Broadmead Chapel (Collection)	13 15 3
Regent's Park Chapel (Special, for Conference)	5 0 0	WARWICKSHIRE—	
DEVONSHIRE—		Birmingham, Mr. S. A. Daniell (Special, for Conference).....	10 0 0
Appledore, the late Mr. J. Darracott	1 1 0	YORKSHIRE—	
HAMPSHIRE—		Cotherstone, Mr. P. Bainbridge	0 10 0
Portsmouth, Lake Road (Collection)	11 16 0	SOUTH WALES—	
Southern Association.....	100 0 0	Cardiff, by Miss Edith Tilly, for Tent	9 0 0
HEREFORDSHIRE—		IRELAND—	
Peterchurch	0 12 0	Aughavey	2 3 3
KENT—		Ballymens (Contributions), by Miss Jane Gowdie	2 3 0
Dover, Salem Chapel	2 7 6	Clough (Tent Collection)	1 13 0
LANCASHIRE—		Carriekfergus	0 12 0
Bootle, by Mr. J. W. Scholefield	5 16 6	Donaghmore.....	5 0 0
LINCOLNSHIRE—		SCOTLAND—	
Lincoln, by Mr. W. Bausor	2 15 0	Lochgilthead, Mr. D. Frazer	1 1 0
NORTHUMBRELAND—		Total for the month	<u>£241 9 5</u>
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr. Geo. Angus...	3 3 0		

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THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

Autumnal Session and the Close of the Financial Year.



AS the accounts for the current year must be presented by the Council to the Assembly of the Union at the Autumnal Session, it is very important that all subscriptions and collections should be remitted early this month. The Session will be held in Liverpool during the week commencing Monday, October 2nd, and this will oblige us to close the accounts of the British and Irish Home Mission not later than the 25th inst. A letter from the Treasurer, Colonel Griffin, appeared in the *Freeman* and the *Baptist* strongly appealing to local collectors, in whose hands probably some moneys are held on account, to remit such amounts without delay. Unless we receive the sums we have been accustomed to do at the close of each financial year, we shall have to report a serious deficit. We require at least £1,000 from the sources we have indicated—viz., personal subscriptions and congregational collections—to equal the contributions from those sources last year. We trust there is no reason to fear, judging from experience of former closing months, that we shall realise this amount, or more, before the close of this current year. It is the custom of our churches to keep back their contributions till the very last. We wish this were not the custom; but we will not quarrel with it

this year if our exchequer be well replenished in the end. We entreat our friends at once to see to this, for we earnestly deprecate having to present a financial statement at Liverpool which must, in the nature of the case, should there be a large deficit, tend to discourage the Council in arranging operations for another year.

The Mission Work in England and Ireland.

ENGLAND.

THE POPLAR AND BROMLEY TABERNACLE.

Last month we called attention to the work of Mr. Lambourne, on the Poplar side of Bromley-by-Bow, as illustrating the value of timely aid being given to important work ; and just as we were going to press with this number we received the following letter from our brother, which we feel sure will be read with interest :—

“You will be pleased to learn that, notwithstanding the almost insuperable difficulties which abound in this neighbourhood to all spiritual effort, the Lord in His mercy is still enabling us to achieve some measure of success.

“The services, which at present are conducted in the school-room, are well sustained, and not a month passes without our having the joy of receiving into fellowship some additional fruit to our labours.

“Without such blessed results, the work would be most discouraging ; for the scenes of poverty and crime which present themselves at every turn are most appalling.

“All around us, there is a great dearth of evangelistic agency ; there being no place of worship within half-a-mile of our building, with the exception of a Ritualistic church. By means of our open-air work and tract distribution, however, the Gospel is weekly carried to the people’s doors ; and to such instrumentality, I am happy to say, we are much indebted for the numbers attending our services, and the conversion of not a few.

“The Sunday-school also now assumes rather large proportions, the building being crowded with scholars every Sunday, which will quickly necessitate more accommodation being provided. We find it not a bad way of reaching the parents to secure the attendance of their children.

“Thanks be to God, the work is receiving His gracious smile, and we are earnestly praying for much greater things. It is encouraging to be able to state that our new chapel is now nearly completed, and the opening services are arranged for September 13th. Dr. Landels has kindly consented to preach at noon, and we trust many friends will be disposed to favour us on the occasion with both their presence and practical sympathy. The chapel is to seat 1,000 persons, and its cost is £3,700. Towards this sum we have already received

£2,100, and I need scarcely say how extremely anxious we are to open with as little debt as possible.

"The support of the work, and my continuance in the neighbourhood, I feel are both mainly due to the kindly aid afforded me by the Committee of the Home and Irish Mission.

"Having to conduct both our services and the schools in the same place, we were unable to let seats, consequently were left with but little means of support. This, with the humble circumstances of the people, made it impossible for me to remain in the neighbourhood without extraneous aid. These difficulties were, however, instantly removed when the Committee kindly offered the grant of £50 per annum. I am now thankful that we shall soon be able to 'run alone;' meanwhile, I should like to tender to the Committee my deepest gratitude for their timely aid."

IRELAND.

The tent work in Ireland continues to meet the sanguine expectations of our friends. Letters which we append are plain, unvarnished statements of what we know to be facts. The tents, with the brethren who have accompanied them, have been welcomed wherever they have come. In the face of so much to encourage, opposition is not worth mentioning. At Donaghmore Mr. Dickson is working with the old tent successfully, Brethren Duffin and Whiteside giving what time they can spare from their own districts to help in the work there. Simultaneously with this, Mr. Taylor at Tandragee is having two or three weeks of special services in his district; the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, will conduct the opening week's services, and Mr. J. T. Mateer the following week, and we are hoping to have good things to report from these districts at no distant date.

LURGAN.

The month's work with the large tent here has been, on the whole, successful. Four of the brethren took part in the services during the month—viz., Messrs. S. J. Banks, E. T. Mateer, J. Dickson, and J. T. Mateer, the burden of the work falling principally upon the two last named. The following extract will give the workers' own view of the progress of the movement there. Mr. Banks says:—

"I am glad to write you that during the last three weeks of July all the services in the tent in Lurgan were well attended, and much of an interesting nature followed. One feature was the holding midday meetings for half-an-hour—i.e., twenty-five minutes past one until five minutes to two o'clock—and on most of

those occasions about sixty were present, consisting of the factory operatives, who from their dinner-hour spent this portion of the time in the tent.

"I visited Lurgan as often as I could during the month, and felt thankful, after the somewhat stormy beginning, to see so much order and serious attention.

"The eight o'clock services excited considerable interest in the town, and about 300 were in attendance each week-evening service.

"I had the pleasure of preaching on two of those evenings, when about the number stated were present.

"On the Sabbath, however, the attendance was much larger, and on the last Sabbath the tent was quite full.

"Visiting Lurgan since the removal of the tent, I have listened to many regrets on account of its short stay. We wish it could have stayed there a fortnight longer."

And Mr. John T. Mateer's testimony, though brief, is to the same effect :—

"I am thankful to say the meetings in Lurgan ended successfully. On the last Lord's-day evening the tent was crowded out, and on the Monday night, our edifice being *en déshabillé*, we had an open-air meeting in the market-place, which was attended by several hundreds.

"It is rather venturesome to enumerate results, but I took down the names of some twenty-six who gave evidence of conversion to God. The people were very sorry we were going, and begged hard for another fortnight's stay."

Being anxious that nothing should be lost, we arranged that Mr. Simpson, our blind evangelist, whose work in Lurgan had been so useful aforesaid, should follow up the visit of the tent by open-air meetings and evangelistic services in our meeting-place, and, if God so willed it, to garner the fruit of the labour expended there, the station being still under the superintendence of Mr. Banks. Here is Mr. Simpson's first return :—

"I drop you a line to say I came to Lurgan on the 6th inst., and preached three times in the open-air and twice in the assembly-rooms. The attendance at the former exceeded three hundred, and at the latter there were over twenty in the morning and ninety in the afternoon; the attention was all that could be desired. On the 7th I preached in Cumberland Street, in Crossby Street on the 9th, and in Craig's Terrace on the 11th; the doorways of the cottages were filled with most appreciative hearers.

"At Mr. Banks' request I went to Banbridge on Lord's-day, 13th, and he came to Lurgan. There was a fair representation of the church and congregation in the morning; but at night the chapel was filled. I also addressed a large open-air meeting there.

"On Monday, 14th, I preached twice in the open air at Lurgan; then left for the assembly-room, where I expounded the way of life to a crowded house. Tuesday, 15th, held an outdoor meeting; afterwards preached within

doors, the attendance still increasing and the interest deepening. Wednesday, 16th, I took my stand at the large factory gate as the workers were coming out. The simple recital of the Gospel story arrested their attention, and, though they were obliged to return in half-an-hour to resume work, they waited twenty minutes while I addressed them. Again, at night, the mission hall was filled. Thursday, 17th, I preached to the workers of the small factory at 7 p.m., and at 8 p.m. found myself once more before a hundred eager hearers in the hall.

"Friday, 18th, the outdoor meeting was the largest of the series. So also was the service inside. I may, add I held an inquiry meeting every night, and had the pleasure of conversing with several deeply concerned about their spiritual state. I also came in contact with some who attributed their conversion to the tent services."

In a letter just to hand, Mr. Banks says of the present movement there :—

"I visited Lurgan last Friday. Mr. Simpson conducted services in our assembly-room there each night last week, which were well attended, every seat being occupied and great attention given to the Word spoken. I think the step taken is the right one. In my visits I find the tent-services have been a blessing, and several have professed conversion to God."

BELFAST.

For the success of the effort at Belfast many prayers were offered, and not a little anxiety felt. The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, on the morning after his arrival, kindly sent us a post-card saying :—"Commenced last night in tent. Crowded congregations. Bright promises for good meetings. Friends are hearty, earnest, and confident of blessings from the services." And since then he has sent the following account of his first week's experience with the tent :—

"We commenced the services in the tent last week, and they are being abundantly blessed. I joined our brethren on Wednesday (August 9th), when we had the tent quite full, and at the close a number remained to the after-meeting, and several professed to give themselves to the Lord. We continued the meetings each evening during the week, and the interest seemed to deepen and increase each night. On Saturday night the Word was attended with great power, and great expectations were aroused for the coming day. On Sunday I enjoyed my holiday amazingly, though my only rest was additional work. Preached in the morning at 11.30 to a large congregation, at St. George's Hall, from Heb. ii. 10, and afterwards 'broke bread' with the Regent Street church, which is meeting in the Hall while its chapel is being improved and renovated. Brother Mateer, the pastor of the Regent Street church, has been holding evangelistic services in the St. George's Hall for some months past ; these services have been very largely attended, and many souls have been con-

verted. In the afternoon, at 4.15, we had a capital gathering in the tent, where I endeavoured to preach the Gospel from 1 Tim. i. 11. At seven o'clock we had Victoria Street Chapel full, and preached from Josh. xxiv. 27, exhorting the church to be faithful to the Lord their God. At 8.15 the tent was densely packed; the sides were thrown open, and hundreds stood outside who were unable to get admission. This was a glorious gathering. The power of the Holy Spirit was manifestly present; many wept during the service, and at the close a large number of anxious inquirers remained to the after-meeting and were personally spoken to by the earnest band of Christian workers who were present. On Monday evening, notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents, the tent was again crowded with an attentive audience, and a number of anxious ones were spoken with at the close. At this meeting the Brethren Mateer and Usher, and Mr. John Mateer, your evangelist, read the Scriptures, preached, and prayed, while I was engaged at another part of the town, in a school-house, preaching the Gospel and explaining the work of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Union to a crowded audience. We took sixty-four Total Abstinence pledges, and sewed on sixty-four blue ribbons at the close of the meeting. We shall continue these tent services and the services at St. George's Hall during this month. The Master's presence is with us, sinners are being converted unto God, and believers all testify they are being spiritually quickened. I am fully persuaded these evangelistic services are being abundantly owned by God in the ingathering of precious souls, and in the arousing and reviving of the people of God. Ireland needs the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and, in those districts where the Gospel is most fully preached, the people are loyal, peaceable, prosperous, and law-abiding. Next Saturday I go on to Tandragee, to help our brother Taylor for a week; then return here to continue the blessed work in conjunction with the brothers Mateer and Brother Usher."

Equally emphatic and valuable is the testimony of Mr. Usher, of the Great Victoria Street church:—

"I may say, the Lord's-day evening meetings have been *crowded*, and afternoon meetings very well attended. When Mr. Medhurst preached, the side of the tent had to be taken down, and it is computed that 500 or 600 people stood outside and heard the Word, and I suppose as many more were inside.

"The week evening meetings steadily increased as to attendance from the first, and when Mr. Medhurst arrived the tent became packed and remained so each time he preached. Mr. J. Mateer and he have worked hard at the preaching, and Mr. J. Mateer is still doing so in Mr. Medhurst's absence. Mr. E. T. Mateer and self read, comment, give out hymns, &c., and with other friends speak to anxious ones, of whom not a few have remained after the congregations dispersed. I am sure that twenty is inside the number of those who have professed to receive the blessing of decision for Christ, and of these we are very hopeful that the profession is genuine.

"I proposed yesterday for baptism four young persons of my own congregation to whom the meetings have been blessed, and singularly God gave *me* the privilege of speaking *the Word* to each of these.

"Each one of us engaged in the work could narrate interesting cases of conversion; some who have been seeking for years have now realised peace in believing. Mr. E. T. Mateer told me of one person who believed she was converted in 1859, but for a long time past had lost assurance. She has now regained it, to her great joy. A young man, who says he had 'little concern or thought of coming to the meeting,' stayed behind that we might speak with him. He confessed that he was a prodigal, 'both from earthly friends and from God,' but that now as a poor sinner he would just rest on Jesus.

"He professed a long time since to believe on Christ, and was then anxious to commence a prayer-meeting in his own house. He did so, and continued it for some time, but a neighbour (not a Baptist) argued with him on Rom. viii. 30: 'Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.' This was so used as to persuade him that God could and would gather in His own without the help of such meeting, &c. Yet the neighbour helps to *support a minister* in a Christian church.

"Satan made a stumbling-block of that truth; the young man gave up his meeting, became careless, and worse than that.

"We were enabled, I trust, to show him a more excellent way, and to convert that text into a friend for *him* instead of a foe, and to pray for his *neighbour*, who had also asserted that the 'tent meetings' are got up by the devil, and are only attended by his children.

"We have not time for an inquiry meeting after the four o'clock services on Lord's-day, but say a word here and there to the people as they pass out. One young woman thus spoken to said she had been for years 'praying for a new heart.' On being asked *how* she expected the answer would come, she was non-plussed. We referred her to God's Word, and His replies to such seekers, showing that it is by 'trusting to Jesus' we are to be saved. The light broke in and she rejoiced, thanking God she came to the meeting. We are asking for and expecting still more, and shall receive it.

"I have not time to write a formal report—what I have written is un glossed fact; no doubt each brother engaged could give cases as interesting, though unknown to me."

The need of Ireland is the Gospel. We rejoice at any opening for preaching Christ. If the challenge which was thrown out by our friend at Bradford, offering £50 towards a special subscription of £1,000, were taken up, we could enlarge our itinerant efforts to carry the Gospel in the direction of those parts of Ireland which appear to us to need it most. (The offer from Bradford was £50 if nineteen other amounts of £50 each were subscribed to make up £1,000. Towards this we have received promises of less than £100.) No doubt there are indications which encourage our statesmen, and may also encourage us, to hope that remedial legislation is beginning to quiet turbulent passions which have so long

disturbed the island. Should these hopes be realised, it is not unlikely that opportunities will offer for the extension of evangelistic work there never before known. If this opinion be justified by facts, the churches of our denomination must be prepared to do their part.

Contributions received at the Mission House from July 21st to August 20th, 1882.

LONDON AND VICINITY—		Dartford, Rev. A. Sturge	1 0 0
Bacon, Mr. J. P.	5 0 0	Eythorne (Collection and Subscriptions, by Mrs. J. Harvey)..... I	9 9 9
Bloomsbury Chapel (Donation for Conference Fund)	5 0 0	LANCASHIRE—	
Idlington, Cross Street Chapel (Collection).....	5 3 0	Liverpool, Texteth Tabernacle (Subscriptions, by Mrs. Lockhart)	I 5 2 6
Walworth Road (Subscriptions, by Mrs. Beal)	8 14 4	" Pembroke Chapel (Collection)	I 3 13 9
Maze Pond Chapel (Collection)	5 1 0	SOMERSETSHIRE—	
BEDFORDSHIRE—		Bristol, Tyndale Chapel (Subscriptions, by Mr. J. L. Daniell)..... I	4 13 6
Houghton Regis (Collection and Subscriptions)	9 6 0	SURREY—	
BERKSHIRE—		Sutton (Contributions, by Miss Holmes, for Tent)..... I	1 0 0
Newbury, Miss E. Rotton	0 10 0	YORKSHIRE—	
DEVONSHIRE—		Haworth, Mr. John Haggas.....	0 10 0
Plymouth, Mutley Chapel..... I	1 10 0	Hebden Bridge (Collections and Subscriptions, by Mr. John Clay)..... I	8 4 6
HAMPSHIRE—		IRELAND—	
Southampton, East Street Chapel (Subscriptions)	I 0 10 0	Cairndaisey	1 0 0
" Portland Chapel (Collection and Subscriptions)	I 6 10 6	Carrickfergus, Miss Hilditch	1 6 0
" Carlton Chapel (Collection)..... I	3 1 11	Grange Corner	1 15 0
Southsea, Elm Grove Chapel (Moiety of Collection)..... I	2 0 0	" (Collection and Subscriptions, for Tent)...	2 17 7
KENT—		Waterford Rents	27 8 0
Ashford (Subscriptions, by Mrs. M. E. Young)	1 0 6	" Mr. H. J. Beeston...	0 10 0
		Total for the month	<u>£121 11 10</u>

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

OCTOBER, 1882.



By the time the CHRONICLE is in the hands of our friends, the Meetings of the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union at Liverpool will have commenced. On the evening of Monday, the 2nd inst., there will be a public reception of the Ministers and Delegates at the Town Hall. Tuesday, the 3rd, will be devoted to the business of the Baptist Missionary Society. On Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th and 5th, the Session of the Baptist Union will be held. That part of the Session in which our readers are most interested is that in which the Report of the Conference on Rural Churches will be presented and a statement on the position of the British and Irish Home Missions made to the Assembly. We can now only refer our friends to the reports of the Session which will very soon follow in the public Press the issue of this paper. It is within our knowledge that a large number of Delegates have signified their intention of being present at this Autumnal gathering, and we pray that a devout and earnest spirit may mark all the proceedings of the Session, and that a stimulus to renewed consecration to the Master's service may be the outcome of these meetings.

Work of the Mission in England.

The annual returns from the different stations of the Mission both in

England and in Ireland are nearly complete. Referring to the stations in England first, we begin with those sent from churches in the

NORTHERN ASSOCIATION.

The principle of grouping churches near enough to each other to be united under one pastorate, and unable otherwise to support a stated ministry, has been applied with apparent success. A staff of lay preachers is associated with the ministers to supply the pulpits and superintend the spiritual interests of these churches, and is an evidence of the practicability of a plan of operations which has been advocated for other counties also.

At West Hartlepool, under the ministry of the Rev. H. Gray, the people are anxious to erect a new chapel. Mr. Gray writes:—"Our great difficulty in the way both of effort and success is the smallness of our chapel. It is well filled, but with a stereotyped congregation. Could we enlarge our area, we should have, as it were, new ground for the good seed, and we should work with better hope of more conversions." We think this is reasonable, and are glad to find that the people are taking the matter in hand themselves, and are both working and giving to secure the erection of the desired new and larger chapel.

At Jarrow-on-Tyne, where the Rev. James Barker has recently settled, they have, in connection with the branch at Hebburn, three services weekly, besides a Sunday-school. At both these churches there is a record of a good number of converts added to their communion.

GATESHEAD.

The church at Gateshead, under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. F. Riley, was formed in 1877 and has now 250 members. They have a mission station at Oakwellgates, two Sunday-schools, with thirty-seven teachers and 400 scholars. During the past year thirty-eight have been added to the church. This is one of the congregations which has received substantial help from the Home Mission funds. The grants were made in connection with the committee of the Northern Association in the hope that such a movement in an important place like Gateshead would soon become self-supporting. That hope has been so far realised that the church under Mr. Riley is now independent of help from the Mission, and

we wish them a large outpouring of Divine influence that they may be more and more prosperous as the years go by.

THE MIDLANDS.

In the Midland district the church at Newark is prospering under the ministry of the Rev. E. B. Shepherd. Twenty-three have been added to the church during the year. They have reduced the debt under which they have so long struggled to £100, and hope soon to get rid of the whole. This, like Gateshead, has been liberally helped from the funds of the Home Mission, and there is a reasonable prospect of this church also becoming self-supporting.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The church at St. Helier's, Jersey, has been for many years a pensioner on our funds, but under the pastorate of the Rev. H. Wallace they have made successful efforts to increase their own resources, and there has been a corresponding reduction in the grant from our Society.

THE KENT AND SUSSEX ASSOCIATION.

At Herne Bay the church reports gradual progress. It has been established about three years; they have now fifty-four members, nineteen of whom were added during the past year. They have built a neat chapel, but the debt of £400 must remain a burden upon them until they have succeeded in removing it. We wish them and their minister, Rev. W. Pettman, all possible success in what they do for Christ.

The church at St. Leonards, in the same Association as the church last mentioned, has also been recently formed. It has seventy-six members, of whom thirty-six have been added during the past year. Last August the memorial-stone of a new chapel was laid, which will, with the land, cost £4,000. They have raised about £1,200, and they are striving to obtain at least one-half of the entire cost by the time the chapel is opened in the spring. Their pastor, the Rev. W. W. Haines writes:—"We have been greatly encouraged by the practical sympathy shown by visitors in our very arduous work."

Ireland.

Last month's CHRONICLE was issued while the evangelistic services were being held at Tandragee and Belfast, in which Mr. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsea, and others were engaged. Judging from the communications we have received, these services appear to have been very successful. They were certainly attended by numbers of earnest hearers, and we cannot but think that much spiritual blessing will follow.

At the close of the services in the tent in Belfast, meetings were held for a week in St. George's Hall, which were conducted by the pastors of the churches in Victoria Road and Regent Street, assisted by Mr. Medhurst throughout, who preached every night.

Some extracts follow from communications we have received respecting the work both in Belfast and Tandragee.

TANDRAGEE.

Mr. Medhurst writes :—

"I greatly enjoyed my visit to Tandragee, where our brother Taylor is labouring assiduously, and not without signs of the Master's approval. Our brother has uphill work, owing to the scattered district he occupies. Several of the congregation come regularly a distance of five Irish miles to attend the services. During the week I spent here, we had each night large congregations, and all the friends expressed themselves grateful to the Mission for arranging the special services, which had been to them a season of quickening and encouragement. They expressed a general wish that they might receive a similar visit next year. I gladly bear testimony to the excellent self-denying work our brother Taylor is doing in Tandragee, and at the various stations which he regularly visits to preach the Gospel."

BELFAST.

At the close of the week's service at Tandragee Mr. Medhurst returned to Belfast to continue with Mr. John Mateer and the pastors of the two churches the evangelistic work in the tent. And, when writing of these services, Mr. Medhurst speaks kindly and sympathetically of Messrs. Usher and Mateer, the pastors of the Belfast churches. Their work is, no doubt, arduous, and probably there are difficulties peculiar to all Christian work in Ireland, but our brethren must have been very much cheered by the success which has attended the special services lately closed in that town. Mr. Medhurst says :—

"The services in the tent at Belfast continued to increase in interest up to the end of the month, the tent being crowded to its utmost capacity each night, and

on several occasions as many people gathered outside who were unable to crowd into the tent as were accommodated inside, and, most cheering of all, each night a considerable number of inquirers were spoken with, many of whom professed to find peace by believing. So great was the desire manifested to hear, that we were compelled to continue the services a week after the tent had gone to Omagh, at St. George's Hall, High Street. Here the congregation continued to increase nightly, and on Sunday night there were nearly two thousand persons present. Several cases of apparent conversion took place at the services in the hall, and a large number of requests for prayer were handed in each night. Several of the requests were for sons, husbands, and brothers, the slaves of strong drink. Our brethren, Pastors Usher and Mateer, are earnestly doing the Master's work in Belfast, and the Lord is adding to their churches. Their work is arduous, and they greatly need the sympathy and prayer of all the members of our churches, that they may abide faithful, notwithstanding the many discouragements they have continually to encounter. Our brethren in England know little of the difficulties in the way of success that our brethren in Ireland have to overcome. If our denomination is to make headway in Ireland, our Mission must be more heartily supported by the churches in England and Scotland than it is at the present."

Mr. Medhurst closes his letter by saying :—

"During my five weeks' holiday in Ireland I had the pleasure of addressing forty-five public meetings, forty-two of which were services at which I preached the Gospel. I have now resumed work amongst my own people, and am greatly refreshed, both in mind and body, on the result of my Irish evangelistic work under the auspices of your Mission."

The following is an extract from a letter from one who attended the services held in St. George's Hall, Belfast :—

"When the tent was removed from Belfast to Omagh Mr. Medhurst continued the special meetings in St. George's Hall. It is the largest and most central place in the town available for such services. It was thought by some that the enthusiasm of the tent meetings would soon die, and that the interest, which was certainly very great, could not be sustained in the hall. The large attendance, the earnest desire to hear the Word, the numerous requests for prayer, the many anxious inquiries, and the manifest spiritual results soon proved that the meetings in the hall were, for deep feeling and spiritual power, if anything more remarkable than those held in the tent. I attended several meetings in the hall. I was not at first prejudiced in favour of the meetings. I am bound, however, to say that any meetings more calculated to awaken sinners to a sense of their danger, or to lead men to accept the truth as it is in Christ, it has rarely, if ever, been my privilege to attend. There was the entire absence of everything like an attempt to produce mere excitement in the people. Mr. Medhurst preached night after night, just as he preaches, I presume, to his own congregation.

"He was earnest in his appeals, forceful in his general remarks, and direct in

his exhortations. Over and over again he asked the unsaved to decide there and then for Christ, which many of those present did. The preliminary part of the meetings was usually conducted by the Revs. Wm. Usher and Ed. T. Mateer. It is due to these brethren, their deacons, and the members of their churches to say that they, one and all, seemed to unite in heart as well as effort to bring sinners to know Christ as their Saviour.

“In some respects the meetings at the tent and St. George’s Hall have not been equalled since the year of the revival of 1859. They infused amongst Christians a sense of universal gladness; all seemed pleased, and few who attended them were unblest. These meetings have excited attention in influential quarters. The press gave good notices of them, and some leading ministers and laymen eagerly sought information regarding them. They have been both a success and a blessing as regards numbers and spiritual benefits. It is hoped that similar meetings may be held in Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Derry. If the Gospel be preached the people will hear. The pastors who have toiled with earnest patience for so long in these different fields will hail, we are sure, with pleasure brethren like Mr. Medhurst who may come to help them. The English churches will be doing an immense service to civilisation and religion if they sustain these evangelistic efforts.”

Finances.

We are constrained to make another appeal to our friends to send in their annual contributions. At the time of writing we cannot tell exactly how the accounts will stand for the year, as at the time of going to press the books have not been closed; but it is a matter of certainty that personal subscriptions and collections from churches, corresponding to those which were included in last, cannot be reported in this, year’s statement. This is partly owing to the fact that the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union is held this year in the earlier, and last year it was held in the latter, part of October. Practically, this means that we have little more than eleven, instead of twelve, months’ receipts to report. This fluctuating method of keeping accounts greatly disturbs calculations of income and expenditure, and the Acting-Secretary of the Union is strongly of opinion that it would be far better to close these accounts on the 31st of December each year. In respect to the income for the financial year on which we now enter, it is impossible to use words too strong with which to urge our friends to increase the income of the Council of the Union for mission work. Excluding legacies, we require £600 a-year more than we now receive to maintain the stations of the Mission and to supplement the

work of the various Associations in co-operation with us at the present rate of expenditure. Legacies should be regarded, not for sustaining old plans, but as a trust for entering on new fields of work. We cannot at present tell what may be done for the increase of our Mission resources during the Autumnal Session at Liverpool arising out of the discussion of the Report of the Conference on Rural Churches; but, whatever special response may be made to that Report, it will not affect the question now under review; except that the determination of the Assembly to increase the resources of the Council, with a view to carrying out the objects contemplated in that Report, will evoke a new spirit in our churches. This is what is needed, and this is what we desire.

*Contributions received at the Mission House from August 21st to
September 20th, 1882.*

LONDON AND VICINITY—		DEVONSHIRE—	
Booth, Rev. S. H.	0 10 6	Chudleigh, Mr. W. Rouse.....	5 0 0
Dowson, Rev. H.	0 10 6	Exeter (Subscriptions, by Miss Tuckwell) 0 19 0	
Harvey, Mr. James	10 0 0		
M. C.	0 5 0	DORSETSHIRE—	
Neal, Mr. John	1 1 0	Gillingham (Subscriptions)	1 18 0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	2 2 0		
Osborn, Mr. George	1 1 0	ESSEX—	
Rocke, Miss A. E.	1 1 0	Halstead	3 5 0
Stiff, Mr. James	1 1 0		
Battersea Chapel (Collection and Subscriptions, by Miss Soule).....	12 12 0	GLoucestershire—	
Bloomsbury (Subscriptions, by Mr. Pavitt)	2 4 6	Cnipping Rodbury, Mr. A. F. Foxwell	0 10 0
Camberwell, Arthur Street Chapel.....	7 6 0	" " " " (don.)	0 10 0
Camden Road Chapel (Collection and Subscriptions, by Mr. W. C. Parkinson)	39 6 0	Stroud, Rev. C. B. Lewis	2 2 0
Deptford, Octavius Street (Collection)	1 10 0		
Metropolitan Tabernacle (Subscriptions, by Mr. W. Olney)	47 12 0	HAMPSHIRE—	
Paddington, John Street (Collection)	4 0 0	Portsea, by Mr. R. R. May.....	I 1 10 0
		" " " "	H 1 0 0
		" " " "	H & I 3 19 6
		Southampton, Mr. W. Jones.....	0 10 6
		Southern Association.....	30 0 0
BEDFORDSHIRE—		KENT—	
Amphill, Mr. G. Claridge	0 7 6	Chatham (Collection)	4 10 0
		Woolwich, Queen Street (Collection) ...	4 0 0
BERKSHIRE—		LANCASHIRE—	
Wallingford, "A Servant"	0 5 0	Accrington, Cannon Street	10 16 6
Windsor (Subscriptions)	0 15 6	" Barnes Street	1 17 9
Wokingham (Subscriptions, by Miss Brignahaw)	4 6 0	Bacup, Zion Chapel	5 5 5
		Burnley (Subscriptions)	10 2 6
		" Angle Street (Collections).....	3 2 16
		Church	0 15 0
CHESHIRE—			
Sile, Mr. J. Edmeston	1 0 0		
CUMBERLAND—			
Whitehaven, Mr. J. A. Jackson	1 0 0		

Colne	7 6 0	WORCESTERSHIRE—	
Hilgates	2 10 4	Evesham, Sunday-school	2 11 0
Hastings, Trinity Chapel	3 14 10	" Mr. Warrington	1 1 0
Goodshaw	0 14 8	" Mrs. Warrington	0 10 6
Oswaldtwistle	4 0 3		
Rabden	12 12 11	WILTSHIRE—	
Runnywide	0 2 8	Calne, Mr. T. Harris, by Rev. F. J.	
Waterbarn (Juvenile Contributions) ...	1 0 0	Steward	1 0 0
LINCOLNSHIRE—		YORKSHIRE—	
Lincoln, Mint Lane (Subscriptions) ...	2 10 0	Huddersfield, Mr. Joseph Brooks	2 0 0
		Scarborough, by Miss Asworth	1 0 0
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—		Sheffield, Glossop Road, by Miss Tinker	19 0 0
Gullborough, Two Friends, by Rev.		Haifax, Trinity Road Chapel (Collection)	6 4 0
J. G. Scott	1 0 0		
Little Houghton, Miss R. York	0 5 0	SOUTH WALES—	
" (Don. for Tent)	0 10 0	Canton, Hope Chapel, by Mr. A.	
" Miss E. York	0 5 0	Chidgey (Subs.)	3 14 6
" (Don. for Tent)	0 5 0	" (Colls.)	3 9 10
OXFORDSHIRE—		IRELAND—	
Owensham, Mr. E. West	2 2 0	Banbridge (Collection at Tent)	3 12 8
Hook Norton (Subscriptions, by Mrs.		Dublin, Lower Abbey Street	14 5 7
Gibbe)	0 17 6	Largan (Collection at Tent)	2 6 10
Little Tew, Rev. W. Cloake	0 5 0		
		CHANNEL ISLANDS—	
SURREY—		Jersey	15 0 0
Addlestone (Collection)	2 8 0		
Reigate, Mr. T. Hill, J.P.	10 10 0	LEGACY—	
		The Executors of the late Mr. John	
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—		Edwards	195 10 5
Nottingham, Derby Road Church	11 12 6		
" George Street Church ...	3 18 8	Total for the month	£568 18 9
WARWICKSHIRE—			
Birmingham, Rev. J. J. Brown	0 10 6		

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British and Irish Baptist Home Mission.

NOVEMBER, 1882.



BEFORE this CHRONICLE is in the hands of our readers, they will have seen the reports of the meetings held during the Autumnal Session in Liverpool. The tone and spirit of the meetings could not but be very gratifying to all the friends of our Mission.

We have now the pleasure of preparing for distribution the Reports of the British and Irish Home Mission and of the Conference on Rural Churches; and also to call attention to the evangelistic work of the Union.

Evangelistic Services.

The following statement appeared in a recent issue of our weekly paper. It was prepared by the Committee, of which the Rev. J. T. Wigner is chairman, and clearly expresses what we wish our subscribers kindly to bear in mind:—

“The evangelistic work of the Baptist Union has, notwithstanding the pressure of other matters of importance, been steadily pursuing its course and preparing for autumnal and winter efforts among the churches. At a meeting of the Committee, held on Monday last, we learn that nine applications for help in evangelistic work were entertained, and evidence was given in abundance that their labours in the past had been fully appreciated by the churches and owned of God. To meet these nine appeals there is in hand only £44 13s. Quite double the amount is required, as some of the arrangements are very extensive, engaging several men for weeks, and embracing considerable districts.”

British and Irish Home Mission Report,
October, 1882.

In presenting the Report of the British and Irish Home Mission to the

Assembly of the Baptist Union, the Council, first of all, refer to the continued ill-health of the esteemed and beloved Secretary, and express their sincere and affectionate sympathy for him, and their prayer that he may be sustained by the constant presence of the Divine Lord, and in due time be restored to resume his place among the churches of the Union whose interests he has so faithfully and efficiently served.

AMENDED CONSTITUTION OF THE BAPTIST UNION AND OF THE HOME AND IRISH MISSION.

At the Annual Session of the Baptist Union held in London last April, a change was made in the relation of this Mission to the Baptist Union as representing the churches in affiliation with the Union. To this consummation the events of the past few years have been tending. In order to this amalgamation, the "object" of the Society was incorporated in the laws of the Baptist Union, and now forms the 2nd Article in the new Constitution of the Union. Under the amended Constitution the Committee is part of the Council of the Union, chosen by the Council for the conduct of the Mission. The influence of the change has yet to be developed; but, when the churches of the denomination realise the true significance of the change—when they come to see that the relation of the Mission to the churches is identical with the relation of the Council of the Mission to the churches—they will know that their own representatives are charged with the responsibility of this work, and that this work among the churches is the work of the churches themselves. They will also come to recognise the fact that the work of the Council cannot be in any sense antagonistic to the work of the Associations in their several localities, but that the Council and the Associations will henceforth be mutually helping to the same end.

THE TREASURER.

In November of last year our esteemed friend Colonel Griffin was chosen Treasurer, in place of Mr. J. P. Bacon, whose resignation, after so many years of valuable service, was reluctantly accepted. Colonel Griffin was kind enough to accept this office, and he has earnestly devoted himself to its duties ever since.

THE CONFERENCE ON RURAL CHURCHES.

The Conference on Rural Churches was held in London on the 4th of

July. Arrangements were made for the reception and entertainment of the delegates by the Committee of the Council. Sixty delegates, representing most of the Associations, were present. The Rev. J. J. Brown, President of the Baptist Union, was in the chair. The resolutions which were passed, and the Report based upon them, are to be presented to the Assembly during this session.

ENGLAND.

The reports received from the churches aided by the funds of the Mission are satisfactory. THE CHRONICLE for October contains details of several of the stations in the Northern, the Midland, the Kent and Sussex Associations, and the Channel Islands. "The church at Gateshead, under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. F. Riley, has become so far self-supporting as to be independent of help from the Mission, and there is a fair prospect of the church at Newark, under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. B. Shepherd, becoming self-supporting also."

At St. Leonards, on the South coast, the memorial-stone of a new chapel has been laid; the people have raised about £1,200, and they are hoping to obtain at least £2,000—one-half the entire cost—before the chapel is opened in the spring. In the east of London the tabernacle built on the Poplar side of Bromley-by-Bow—a substantial building admirably adapted for the purpose for which it has been built—was opened in September last. That church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. T. Lambourne, may now be regarded as able to support its own institutions.

When this Report is issued in its complete form, details from other mission-stations will be added.

IRELAND.

The condition of Ireland is more hopeful than at any time since the dark and threatening months of last winter and spring and the fatal days of May. There are signs of hope in every direction. The sad scenes of eviction and the terrible acts of crime ought to bring home to every Christian heart Ireland's need of a purer doctrine than the vast proportion of her people know. But the mode of reaching the Roman Catholic population is a problem at present solved by no section of the Protestant Church. Here and there some are reached by the preaching of the Gospel, especially by means of tent services of our own and of other denominations; but the mass of the people still under the influence of the Romish priesthood is untouched.

Details of the stations visited by the Rev. J. M. Murphy, Assistant-

Secretary of the British and Irish Mission, are given in the July number of the CHRONICLE. His Report to the Committee, while recommending certain changes and re-adjustments of the agents and their stations, was gratifying as to much that he saw and experienced during his visit to the churches.

The services in the tents—the larger of which has been purchased this year chiefly through the liberality of friends in Cardiff and other parts of South Wales—have been successful to an unlooked-for degree, and they have greatly encouraged the hearts of all who have been engaged in them. The smaller tent has been to Derrynil, Clough, Grange Corner, Randalls-town, Ballymoney, and Lisnagleer; and the larger one to Banbridge, Belfast, Lurgan, Omagh, and Ballymena. All the Mission staff have, with the exception of three brethren, taken part in these services. Everywhere, with two exceptions, large and often overflowing congregations have been gathered to listen to our missionaries; and it is believed that many have been by these services savingly led to the Lord Jesus Christ.

In Belfast the week in the tent was followed by special services in St. George's Hall, in which the Revs. W. Usher and J. T. Mateer were assisted by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, and the record of their work testifies to their zeal and their success.

But cannot more be done for Ireland than our churches are at present attempting? The offer from the anonymous friend at Bradford has been withdrawn because the conditions have not been met; but, though the comparatively large amount of £1,000, in twenty sums of £50 each, could not be hoped for just at first in response to the kind offer which we had thus received, smaller sums may yet be forthcoming, and the aggregate increased gifts for our Irish Mission ere long reach the proposed sum. The need of Ireland is the Gospel. Indications are not a few that the people will hear if we preach Christ, letting politics alone, saying nothing and doing nothing to excite hostility or provoke controversy—carrying simply the love for others in our hearts which the Saviour has borne for us. If we can go to them testifying how the Lord has saved us, and assuring them that any heavy-laden heart can find rest where we have found it, their hearts also will open to receive the message of Divine light and Divine healing.

FINANCES.

The Council of the Union wish to call the attention of the Assembly to the state of the finances. For several years the income of what was, until April, 1882, "The British and Irish Baptist Home Mission Society," had

not been equal to the demands made upon it. Nor has the change in the government of the Mission had time to produce its natural result in the increase of the funds now under the control of the Council of the Union. The deficiency in former years was met by the sale of stock, the proceeds of past legacies; those funds are now exhausted, and but for the falling in of legacies this year the balance-sheet would have shown a very serious deficit. The audited accounts show a balance at the bankers' and in hand of **£1,012 1s. 2d.** Had there been a legacy account, that balance would have been converted into a deficit. The legacies this year amount to **£1,775 6s. 5d.**; to that should be added the balance with which the year commenced—**£472 2s. 3d.**—as this was the balance of the legacy account last year, making together **£2,247 8s. 8d.** Had one-fourth only of the amount received from legacies during the year (**£443 16s. 7d.**) been carried to the credit side of the account, the receipts would have shown the total of **£4,685 12s. 1d.**, and, the expenditure being **£5,477 3s.**, the deficit would have been **£791 10s. 11d.** No doubt an analysis of the subscriptions shows an increase in general receipts; for, although the aggregate amount of contributions from the churches in the Home Mission department may appear less, the expenditure is also less; but this is due neither, on the one hand, to a diminution of contributions, nor, on the other, to a lessening of the work done, but to the operation of a recent rule regulating the keeping of accounts between the Associations and the Mission. The question for the churches in this country is whether they will increase their gifts from a wider area of contributing churches so as to bring up our receipts to the level below which we cannot meet our present obligations. The closing of the books earlier than last year, owing to the fact that the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union is held at Liverpool in the first instead of, as at Portsmouth, in the last week of October, has shut out a number of collections and subscriptions which otherwise would have lessened the balance against the Mission. We cannot too strongly urge our friends to increase the income of the Council of the Union for Mission work. If we exclude legacies, which ought to be reserved for entering on new fields of work, we require between £700 and £800 a-year more than at present we receive. We plead for the churches which we are accustomed to help in co-operation with the various Associations; but we plead more earnestly on behalf of those districts of the country destitute of the fostering care of county organisations, and which, if helped at all, must look for aid to the central fund.

Report of Conference on Rural Churches

HELD IN LONDON, JULY 4TH, 1882,

By the Committee appointed for the purpose at that Meeting and adopted by the Assembly at Liverpool, October, 1882.

At the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union held at Portsmouth, October, 1881, a paper was read by the Rev. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., on "The Condition and Prospects of our Rural Churches," after which the following resolution was passed by the Assembly:—

"That copies of this paper be forwarded to the Secretaries of the Associations, with a request that it be discussed by the Associations, and that representatives be appointed to represent their views at a General Meeting to be summoned to London, which meeting shall prepare a Report for the Autumnal Session of 1882."

In arranging for this Conference a short statement was issued, together with two Schedule Forms, as prepared by the then Committee of the Home Mission, with the view, first of all, to aid Associations when considering the instructions to be given to their delegates; and, secondly, to obtain information which, when tabulated, might be of service to the Conference in dealing with the question under discussion.

Sixty-five delegates were appointed, representing thirty-six Associations. Sixty of those delegates met in London at the time appointed, and the following were the resolutions passed at that meeting:—

"1. That, in the judgment of this Conference, the remedies suggested in Mr. Humphreys' paper would, if wisely and generously administered, and with modifications to suit particular localities, greatly help to relieve the more pressing necessities of the case.

"2. That, in view of the facts which have been elicited and re-affirmed by the delegates at this meeting, it is the judgment of this Conference that the work of seeking out, receiving applications from, grouping and affiliating where practicable, and rendering help and counsel to the village churches can be best accomplished by the Associations, and this Conference therefore urgently recommends that such work be remitted to them.

"3. That, in order to the Baptist Union being able to render to weak and struggling churches anything like the help they require, it is indispensable that its income be greatly increased; and that this Conference strongly recommends to the Assembly of the Baptist Union that for this purpose steps be taken forthwith in connection with the Associations.

"4. That, in addition to the plans recommended in Mr. Humphreys' paper, the two other methods named in the Report of the Home and Irish Mission Committee are worthy of encouragement—viz., the plan of lay pastorates and the plan of Association stations.

"5. That the following gentlemen be a Committee to prepare and present a

Report of the Conference to the Autumnal Session at Liverpool, with power to add to their number:—Revs. Dr. Landels, W. C. Upton, W. Woods, W. R. Skerry, G. Short, B.A., G. W. Humphreys, B.A., T. M. Morris, T. Watts, and W. Snape, Esq.”

Schedule No. 1 was intended as a record of Home Mission work now being done in the several counties. This was returned from nineteen Associations, including most of the largest, and the information thus obtained will be invaluable when the question of Home Mission extension comes on for practical discussion.

Schedule No. 2 was intended to obtain information for the Conference as to the nature and extent of the relief needed. That Schedule was returned by only twelve Associations, but these included the largest in number and wealth. That part of the Schedule that related to the affiliation of small churches with larger, the grouping of others under one pastorate, the placing of others under the care of Associations, supplied, with few exceptions, slender information. The blanks in most, and the insufficient details in others, conveyed the impression, not that the rural churches were less in need than had been supposed, nor that help could not be given, but that lack of funds and, perhaps, impediments on the part of churches most needing help made it difficult to give the special information asked for.

Referring to the resolutions adopted by the Conference, it may be remarked that the condition of our rural churches, to which Mr. Humphreys' paper alludes, was accepted as a fair statement of their case, and that the plea which was heard on their behalf was by no means too emphatic or too generous in its tone. It is true of such that

“They embody and diffuse the pure truths of the Gospel of the grace of God. And in vast numbers of localities these churches are the only faithful witnesses who hold forth the Word of Life. Were it not for their spiritual power and work, a great part of our rural population would either be left entirely without any religious teaching, or would be handed over to all the darkening and corrupting influences of the Ritualism which is so widespread in country parishes.”

It is also true that the communications which reach the Committees of such Funds as are brought more directly into contact with our village churches reveal a sad story of failure of the local resources by which such churches have hitherto been supported. Mr. Humphreys, however, adduced some facts which tend to moderate the disposition to alarm or despondency. He says :

“I very much question whether, taking a broad view, the churches in villages and rural districts are experiencing what has been termed ‘a rapid decadence.’ I have compared the numerical strength of a hundred village churches, scattered

through thirteen agricultural counties, as reported in the *HANDBOOK* in 1872 and 1881, and the result shows that, in spite of all causes contributing to reduce the membership, there has been progress during the nine years. In 1872, those hundred churches reported having 5,323 members; in 1881, the number of members was given as 5,678, or an addition of 355. The increase is not satisfactory; still there is some advance."

There can be no doubt that the difficulties with which our rural churches are at the present time struggling arise chiefly from the long-continued agricultural depression, and the consequent drafting of the population—especially of the young men and women, the hope of the churches under whose care they have been trained—from rural districts into cities and large towns. Such a state of things is aggravated by the fact that, in some localities, small Nonconformist churches, and even churches of the same denomination, have been unwisely multiplied. And, lastly, the development of High Churchism in the Establishment of this country, bringing in its train assumptions and social obstructions which demand no little moral heroism to confront, has tended greatly to depress the churches in country places. All this is true of other than our own denomination.

The Conference further expressed the opinion that the remedies suggested in Mr. Humphreys' paper were such as would, if wisely administered, meet the necessities of the case. Those remedies included the development of the internal resources of rural churches, the grouping of some with others, the affiliation of such as could not be grouped with a neighbouring larger church, an increase in the number of lay preachers, and, in addition to those, the plan of lay pastorates and of Association stations. When the Conference came to discuss the question as to how these remedies should be applied, it appeared to your Committee that **THE ONE GRAND DIFFICULTY IS THE WANT OF MONEY.**

The second resolution affirms that the work of seeking out churches needing help, whether in grouping or affiliating them with one another, or receiving pecuniary aid, could best be done by the Associations themselves. This was, in fact, simply advising the extension of plans in which Associations are actively engaged.

The third resolution affirms that, in order that the Baptist Union may be able to render to weak and struggling churches anything like the help they require, it is indispensable that the income of the Union be greatly increased.

The fourth resolution commends a suggestion of the Home Mission Committee respecting lay pastorates and Association stations.

And the fifth appointed the Committee for preparing this Report.

Upon a review of the whole case, your Committee observe :—

FIRSTLY,—That, in their judgment, there is no need of any new Fund or of any additional machinery to accomplish the ends we seek. We ought to increase the funds of the Associations themselves for distribution under their own supervision ; and then, acting on the strong recommendation of the third resolution passed by the Conference, greatly to augment the income of the Council of the Union. The Council would then be able, through its Home Mission Committee, first of all to come to the aid of County Associations by supplementing their local action, and then to enter on fields they cannot occupy.

The case of rural churches would be met by merely extending the work in which County Associations and the Council of the Union are now jointly engaged. The ability with which Associations conduct their Home-Mission work is an assurance that neither sympathy nor skill is lacking, with adequate means at their disposal, in order to convey to struggling churches the help they need ; but there are departments of the work which might best be undertaken by a Central Council. Such co-operation strengthens local action ; while there are large districts of the country entirely left to such aid as the Central Council alone can supply.

SECONDLY,—The Committee venture to suggest that, whatever stimulus may be given to local Funds through the discussion of this Report, an attempt may be made at once to increase the Home Mission income of the Council—a subscription list being opened for the purpose during the Session—by at least ONE THOUSAND A YEAR for three years, in the hope that before the end of that period the churches of our denomination will have doubled the present income of the Central Fund. The Committee urge this upon the Assembly, not merely because of the urgency of the claims upon the Council, but from the knowledge of the fact that their present income is not sufficient to meet the current outlay.

THIRDLY,—As to whether churches not yet aided by Associations, or by the Home Mission Committee of the Council, would be prepared to accept help on the only terms on which it could be rendered is a question which they must determine. There is no desire to interfere with their independence, but it seems only reasonable that, where outside help is sought, certain matters relating to the probation, settlement, or removal of a pastor should be dealt with by common consent. In saying this, the Committee refer to the existing practice of our larger Associations as evidence of the

cordial relations between them and assisted churches. Help is given and accepted without assumption on the one hand or loss of independence on the other.

FOURTHLY,—Should the Assembly resolve to adopt this Report, the Committee recommend the Assembly to refer the matter to the Council of the Union with a view to immediate action.

FIFTHLY,—As to one point mentioned in Mr. Humphreys' paper, respecting which no resolution was passed by the Conference—as to united action in the administration of the various Funds in the benefits of which our churches and ministers share—the Committee observe that they agree in all that has been said as to “injurious overlapping and giving aid.” And it is within their knowledge that, especially during the last few years, there has been an attempt on the part of the managers of such Funds to arrive at a common understanding in their distribution. Trustees cannot be expected to surrender any of their functions, but they are actuated only by a sincere desire to promote the best interests of our denomination, and there is no doubt they will work in harmony with the principles set forth in this Report.

Nothing in this Report is intended to put pressure either upon churches or upon Associations. It only preserves the line followed by the Conference out of which this Report has arisen. It is an attempt in all brotherly sympathy to stimulate the churches of our body to come to the help of those who, amidst such heavy discouragements, have maintained faithfully and honourably their obedience to Christ in the days of their comparative prosperity, and who, in many cases, now that adversity has gathered over them, no less honourably and faithfully hold forth the Word of Life.

The Committee observe, finally, that the Conference was characterised by much earnestness of purpose, which they consider a good omen for the discussion of this Report by the Assembly, to which it is now very respectfully submitted.

On a review of these Reports and of the meetings where they were presented, we think there is everything to encourage. The greater part of the £1,000 asked for on behalf of the rural churches was subscribed at Liverpool. Most of the subscriptions were promised for three years; some were only given as donations. We think there is no doubt we shall shortly be able to report that the whole has been subscribed. The way in

which the money shall be expended will engage the attention of the Council at their meeting during this month. We are glad to know that in this and all the other operations of the Home Mission we have the cordial co-operation of the Associations, and it is through these organisations that most of the money now expended by the Mission finds its way to the various fields which we occupy. The question still remains as to whether we are to be satisfied with what we are at present doing. If the Baptist Union, through its Council, is to take its proper share in the work of the churches for spreading the Gospel, its resources must be largely increased. Will our friends read carefully the closing paragraph of the Home Mission Report, in which the question of finance is discussed? No doubt there are indications that the churches are resolved to place larger resources at the disposal of the Council of the Union, because an analysis of the returns shows that the churches accustomed to subscribe are increasing those subscriptions, and that a larger number of churches are becoming interested in the work. But the rate of progression is too slow. Quite independently of the £1,000 asked for at Liverpool for more special objects, we ought this year to increase our ordinary income by from £500 to £600, and anticipate an equal additional increase in the year following. Even this will fall far short both of the needs of the case and of the ability of our churches to meet them. This is a matter which must be faced, and everything at the meetings at Liverpool seemed to indicate the determination of the Assembly, as representing the churches of our body, seriously to ponder this matter. There is no reason why, within the next three years, our income should not be doubled.

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by Rev. W. SAMPSON, Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission.

DECEMBER, 1882.

Death and Burial of the late Secretary, Rev. W. Sampson.



THE year closes for the Baptist Union under the shadow of a great sorrow in the death of their late Secretary, Rev. W. Sampson. He died at Rhyl, North Wales, on Saturday, November 11th, last, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, after many months of lingering and ever-increasing weakness, borne throughout with patience, and, at the end, with entire submission to the Divine Will. Owing to the absence of pain in the early part of his illness, he cherished the hope of being able to return to his public duties; and it was not until within a few weeks of his death that he realised his critical condition. After that, he was content to leave the issues with Him whose hand he knew had been his guide through life.

Mr. Sampson was esteemed by all who knew him, and beloved by many. His mental qualities were of a high order, and his moral qualities such as won for him a good position among the ministers of our denomination. He was an able preacher and speaker, and he brought to the advocacy of the truths in which he believed, and of any cause which he espoused, a heart full of love to Christ and of a strong and tender interest in his fellow-men. Before he became Secretary of the Union he had been engaged in missionary work in connection with the College of Serampore and as pastor of the church at Folkestone. In all these relations in public life he did good service to the Church of Christ. We are told that the

memory of his work in Calcutta survives in the grateful remembrance of some whose minds he helped to form. At Folkestone he secured the attachment of many, some of whom have entered into rest before him, and the chapel which was built during his ministry stands as a memorial of his business skill and tact. In 1879 he accepted the Secretaryship of the Baptist Union at the unanimous request of what was then the Committees of the Baptist Union and the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission. He entered upon the duties of this position at a time when some critical questions had fallen to the rear and others were looming. He brought to bear on the affairs of the Union and the British and Irish Mission a practical knowledge of business invaluable for the management of the various funds under his control. His Christian spirit and genial manners drew to him the agents of the Mission both in England and in Ireland. This was abundantly shown by the many messages of sympathy during his long illness. It was a transition period from an older to a newer order of things. He filled the position well, and many members of the Baptist Union were looking naturally and justly to him as a competent guide for many years to come; but God willed it otherwise. In His inscrutable wisdom who doeth all things well, He has seen fit to remove His servant in the full maturity of his powers from His service on earth to higher service in heaven. His loss will be long felt, and his memory cherished until those who were his fellow-workers have themselves passed away. He "served his generation according to the will of God," and then "fell on sleep." "I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

The following account of the funeral is by the esteemed President of the Union, and has already appeared in the *FREEMAN* and *BAPTIST*:—

"Our beloved brother entered into his rest on the 11th inst.; and on Friday last his remains were committed to the earth. The service was exceedingly simple, and in beautiful harmony with the character of the departed. He died away from his own house, in the house of his only sister; and his sufferings, which were very severe during the last month of his life, were relieved by the tender and loving ministries of his wife and sister. The little band of mourners, consisting, beside the family, of the Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown, President of the Union; Colonel Griffin, Treasurer of the Home and Irish Mission; Rev. J. Trafford, M.A., the colleague of Mr. Sampson in Serampore College; Rev. S. H. Booth, who has so faithfully discharged the duties of Secretary to the Union; the Rev. H. S. Brown and Mr. E. Mounsey, of Liverpool; and Dr. Hugh Jones, of Llangollen College, assembled in the house of the Rev. W. Evan Foote. Thence they proceeded to

the Baptist chapel, where a very solemn and pathetic service was held. The Rev. H. S. Brown read portions of the Holy Scriptures ; the President offered prayer ; and the Rev. J. Trafford delivered an address, and the Rev. Dr. Jones closed the service. The interment took place in the cemetery, and the Rev. S. H. Booth officiated at the grave ; and the body was laid beside that of another Baptist minister—the late Mr. Thorpe. Thus, with praises and with tears, were the last offices of friendship and love discharged towards one whose presence was dear to many, and whose work was valued by all. Within sight of the sea, beside which, though on another shore, for so many years he faithfully laboured, his remains rest ; but his memory, his example, and his spirit will be long with us to encourage and to stimulate.”

Space will not allow us to quote more than a sentence or two from the beautiful and touching address by the Rev. J. Trafford, M.A., who was a fellow-worker with Mr. Sampson in India, and who has been his life-long friend :—

“It is pleasant to remember what he was, and to magnify the grace of God in him. There was much in his natural constitution fitting him for important service. He had unusual power of quickly and clearly understanding questions of practical importance. He had public spirit to interest himself in all matters where his influence might be felt for good. He had the faculty of exposition to set forth to others what he himself understood. He had the attraction of a sweet amiability, and warm, loving sympathy, and earnestness of purpose, and unselfishness, and conscientious thoroughness in doing all he undertook to do, so that from the first it appeared evident that if God gave him life and health he would have power.

“In his early years he was led into the service of the Church and to labour in India, where I best knew him. Through nine years he filled an important position, for which he had peculiar fitness, and in which he constantly avowed satisfaction. How much those at Serampore owed to his hearty co-operation, the wisdom of his counsels, the tenderness of his sympathy, the inspiring influence of his missionary devotion, and the deep sincerity of his personal piety it would be difficult to estimate. His removal left a void that was never filled, and his memory is an influence in many hearts unto this day. Nor them alone. When he left India his loss to the Mission, as a whole, was great, for his understanding of all pertaining to the advancement of Christianity in India and his interest in it were unusual. He was efficient as pastor over a native church, and very successful in winning the confidence of the native brethren engaged in preaching. He had ample command of the Bengali language to itinerate when opportunity presented, and rejoiced in fruits of this labour which are now seen after many days. His influence among his European brethren of all denominations would have been great had he remained (this was sufficiently indicated before his leaving), from the catholicity of his spirit and the prominence he would have easily maintained in the discussion of all questions bearing on the well-being of the Christian community.”

On Tuesday, the 21st of November, a meeting of the Council of the Baptist Union was held. There was a large attendance of members, and there was in every one present a deep and solemn sense of the loss which all had sustained. The following resolution was passed:—"The Council of the Baptist Union have learned, with heartfelt sorrow, the loss which has fallen upon the denomination and the Union by the death of the late Secretary, the Rev. William Sampson. The Council place on record their high estimate of the personal character of their departed friend, and of the services which he rendered to the cause of Christ. His genial and loving spirit, his kindly intercourse with all his brethren, and his hearty sympathy with them in the work have endeared him to them all. It is not within the province of the Council to speak of the missionary life of their brother, or of the service which he rendered to missions at home, which will be more suitably expressed by those who have been more closely identified with him in that department of Christian work; but the Council record their grateful sense of the manner in which he responded to their call to the office of Secretary to the Union, and the zeal, the courtesy, and ability with which he discharged its various duties. The Council tender to his bereaved widow and children their sincere sympathy, and earnestly desire that they may richly experience the support and consolation of Almighty God in this season of deep sorrow."

Our readers will be glad to hear that the Council, with every expression of sympathy for Mrs. Sampson and her son and daughter under the heavy loss they have been called to sustain, resolved to make an appeal to the Denomination for a Memorial Subscription as a token both of their sympathy for her and esteem for their late honoured Secretary.

The Council appointed a committee for this purpose, consisting of Mr. J. Benham, Mr. R. Cory, Colonel Griffin, Mr. James Harvey, Mr. W. Olney, and Mr. W. E. Rickett, together with the officers of the Union, with power to add to their number. We regret that we cannot delay the printing of the CHRONICLE so as to insert the precise form of the appeal which the committee may adopt. We may, however, urge our friends to contribute to this fund as their kind feeling may prompt, and to remit their subscriptions to the Acting-Secretary. We sincerely hope the sum subscribed will bear some proportion at least to what we know to have been the wide spread esteem in which Mr. Sampson was held, and show that we are the children of Him who "relieveth the fatherless and the widow."

The Secretaryship.

The following record of the subsequent business of the Council in arranging for the business of the Union is quoted from the *FREEMAN* of November 24th :—

“The next consideration was the appointment of a successor to discharge the duties of the Secretariat, and the following resolutions were carried :—
‘ 1. That the Council offer to the Rev. S. H. Booth their hearty and grateful thanks for the self-denying and invaluable services which he has rendered to our late Secretary, and through our Secretary to the Union, and beg earnestly to assure him that they appreciate the brotherly love which was displayed in this service, and which has laid the denomination under such great obligations. 2. That the Rev. S. H. Booth be earnestly and affectionately requested to accept the office of Secretary to the Union rendered vacant by the lamented decease of the Rev. W. Sampson.’

“In response to this request of the Council, the Rev. S. H. Booth, referring in suitable terms to the peculiar circumstances in which they were all placed, said that, whilst he did not see his way at once to meet the wishes of the Council, he would continue as heretofore to be their Acting-Secretary until the annual meeting of the Assembly in April next.”

Ireland.

The removal of friends by death, while for a time disposing those who survive to thoughtful introspection, lays upon them nevertheless a more solemn responsibility to prosecute the work of the Lord. At the meeting of the Committee of the British and Irish Mission at Liverpool, the Acting-Secretary was requested, should he visit Ireland, to arrange certain matters on their behalf. On his return he reported that he had agreed to purchase the chapel at Moate, near Athlone, for £90.

The chapel belonged to the Primitive Methodists, and, on the amalgamation of the two sections of the Wesleyan body in Ireland, in many places one of their two chapels was for sale ; it was so at Moate. The property is held on what is called a fee-farm rent of two peppercorns a-year, which, by a simple process of law, can be converted into freehold. The purchase is justified on two grounds :—First, that we purchase a place for the use of which, for years past, we have been paying a rent of £4 per annum ; and, second, that, if we had not bought the chapel, we must have taken a repairing lease of it for ten years, at an increased rental of £8 per annum. Up to the present time the Episcopalians have been joint tenants with us,

and will now be our own tenants, paying a rental, for the use of the chapel when not required by us, of £4 per annum.

In his judgment, previous correspondence led to this decision. In this opinion the Committee unanimously agreed. We appeal to our friends kindly to aid in the completion of this purchase, as also in raising a further sum of £20 or £30 for the supply of proper vestry-room and certain internal repairs. The chapel is substantially built. It stands on an ample piece of ground, and will seat from 130 to 150 people. The deed of conveyance is in course of preparation, and it will be held in trust for the Baptist Union.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK IN IRELAND.

There are difficulties in working for Christ in any part of the world no less than in Ireland. We do not refer to the disinclination to receive the Gospel even when it is most faithfully preached, but to such hindrances as interfere with the consolidation and increase of Christian churches. Migration from rural districts in England, owing to the drafting of young men and young women to the great centres of commercial and manufacturing activity, greatly stimulated by the agricultural distress during the past few years, has raised the question of the existence of our rural churches into a perplexing problem. These causes operate also in Ireland, and, in addition there is the ecclesiastical and social opposition of Roman Catholicism. These facts come out in the simple narrative of ten years' labour at one of our stations sent to us by Mr. Ramsay:—

“As we held our tenth anniversary at *Clough* on the last Lord's-day of October, I thought you might be pleased to give a place in the CHRONICLE to the humble account we gave at the morning service of what had been accomplished by the blessing of God during the past ten years. We trust and hope that even more has been done than we are able to chronicle. Many have received lasting and eternal blessing whose names have not found their way into a church-book on earth. Of this we are sure, not only of those who have died in the faith, and blessed God for having ever heard the Message from our lips, but of those who have emigrated to America and other lands who did not decide for the Lord while with us, but have since received Him and obeyed His Word. Then there are those of whom we have neither seen nor heard, who have probably received good in our midst. And in either and every case we give Him all the glory, and encourage ourselves in Him and look for greater things to come. Well, we were able to report on this anniversary that that day ten years ago some nineteen or twenty joined hand and heart and formed the first baptized church of Christ in this place. Since then the Lord has added to us altogether *one hundred and two*. Of these, just the half have been removed from us either by exclusion, death, or

emigration—viz., fifty-one remain with us in membership; forty-one have emigrated to America, Scotland, England, and elsewhere; six have died; and four have been excluded. We do not know of so young a church, and so small a one, suffering so much from emigration as the church in Clough. In addition to the members who have removed to distant lands, more than fifty who were regular attendants at our Lord's-day meetings have also gone abroad. This has been to us a great trial, but the Lord comforts us in the midst of all. The Lord's-day evening meetings in the chapel are becoming very encouraging again, and some of the out-stations are improving. There is the appearance of much poverty and distress in some parts of this country. There are some poor members in our church, and if you can help us in any way before the winter sets in severely we shall be glad."

The following is an extract from a letter sent to us a short time since by Mr. Douglas, of Waterford, and illustrates still further certain social difficulties with which our churches in Ireland have to contend:—

"We have lately had the sorrow of parting with two valued members of the church. One who for several years was our treasurer has gone to reside in a neighbouring city. He was my first candidate for baptism here. There is no Baptist church where he now resides, but he has united himself with the Congregational church. The other was a convert from Romanism whom I baptized about three years ago, but owing to the unrelenting malice of the priests she has had to bear trying persecution at the hands of her former friends. Although her life has been most exemplary, her own father had been the most unrelenting of her persecutors; at length this became so intolerable that she found she must either bring him before the magistrates or leave the country. Her high sense of filial duty prevented her taking the former course, and so she felt compelled to leave her native land. This self-sacrificing loyalty to Christ is only one instance of several that have come under my notice in which converts from Romanism have literally 'forsaken all' that they might follow Him. In view of such facts it is not surprising that Protestantism does not make rapid headway in Ireland. There is, however, a bright side to the question. The Romish priesthood show, when any one leaves their ranks, how much they dread the power of the truth. They know that the presence of living converts in the country tends to loosen the bond by which their adherents are held, and that they are conscious that these conversions inevitably tend to undermine their power."

SCOTLAND AND THE WORK IN IRELAND.

Mr. Murphy, who has been travelling in Scotland during the last month, writes:—

"An appeal has been made to the Scotch friends to provide a new tent for the next spring in Ireland. The churches in Glasgow and Edinburgh have received the suggestion warmly, and will doubtless see that the thing is done, and well done. £200 is asked for; this will purchase the tent, furnish it, and pay the first season's campaign with it. We have already received of T. Coats, Esq., of Paisley, £50, and of Mr. T. Purves, of Berwick, £1, towards the matter."

We commend this to the liberality of our friends. The appeal last year resulted in liberal contributions from friends in South Wales, and the tent has been doing good service in Ireland during the past summer. Should Mr. Murphy's visit to Scotland result in a similar benefaction from the supporters of the Mission there, they will only add another to the many proofs they have already given of a loyal devotion to that department of Christian work this Mission is attempting to prosecute in the sister island.

The End of the Year.

During this month the pastors and deacons of our churches will be making arrangements for collections for 1883. The Committee respectfully, but very earnestly, request that the British and Irish Mission may have a place in the list of appeals. The Committee will be glad to arrange, as far as practicable, for deputation work. They also request collectors to send up whatever moneys they may have in hand before the close of the year, and, assured as they are of the willing co-operation of such friends by their ready help in the past, they thank God and take courage. The response to the appeal at Liverpool for special help has not yet resulted in bringing even the limited sum asked for of £1,000—£890 only having been promised; but the Council have instructed the Committee of the Home Mission to proceed with the business in hand without delay.

The years are rapidly passing away. To some of us but little time remains in which to do the work of the Lord. The burden of this number of the *CHRONICLE* forcibly reminds us of this. We little thought at the beginning of the year we should have to mourn, before its close, the loss of one like our late Secretary, whose "sun went down while it was yet day." May we who still survive be "not slothful, but followers of those who, by faith and patience, inherit the promises." Let us work while it is called day; "be watchful and strengthen the things that remain," so that, when the end of our day of work comes, the Lord may say to each of us, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Col. GRIFFIN, Seaton House, Adamson Road, N.W., and by the Secretary, at the Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co.'s, Lombard Street.